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MOORE'S

LIFE JOURNAL

CORRESPONDENCE.



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MEMOIRS,
JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY
THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P

"Spirat adhuc amor."—HOR.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the will of the late Thomas Moore, written in 1828, there occurs the following passage :

"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me), the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family."

Many years have elapsed since this paper was written, and since the promise referred to was made. But the obligation has not become less sacred, and the reader will not wonder that I have thought it right to comply with the request of my deceased friend.

The papers which have been thus left consist of, A Memoir of his Life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only reaching to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old. A Journal, begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846-7. Letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother.

I have arranged these materials in the following order: I have placed first the Memoir of his Life. I have then given upwards of four hundred letters, extended over the period from 1800 to 1818, with respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. With these letters there is inserted a short account of his duel with Mr. Jeffrey, written by himself. I have next proceeded with the Journal, which has been very carefully kept till the period of his illness.

In preparing these papers for the press, I have felt the embarrassments which must weigh upon any one who has a similar task to perform.

In the first place, it is not easy to choose between the evil of over-loading the work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving, and the danger of losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details.

Upon the whole, I have chosen to encounter blame for the former, rather than for the latter, of these faults. Mr. Moore was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life, and the lesser traits of his character. I know at least, that while I have often been wearied by the dull letters of insignificant men, I have been far more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man, than I should have been by a more general and compendious biography. The lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis derive much of their interest from the reality which profuse details give to the story. Indeed it may be observed, that the greatest masters of fiction introduce small circumstances and homely remarks in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Thus Dante brings before us a tailor threading his needle, and the crowds which pass over a well known bridge, in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. Thus Cervantes describes places and persons like one who has himself seen them. Thus likewise Defoe remarks every trifling circumstance which a real Robinson Crusoe might have retained in his memory; and Swift makes his Gulliver carefully minute in his measurements of Lilliput houses and Brobdingnag corn. This attention to little circumstances gives a hue of reality even to these wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare. But if this is the mode in which these great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight, but characteristic, details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life.

Returning to biography, I will here insert a remark of Mr. Lockhart in the seventh volume of his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*: "Let it be granted to me, that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time in full and honest detail?" Let us not forget, likewise, that our literature is spreading every year, both in the old world and in the new. In our own country, the diffusion of knowledge, and in foreign countries the greater acquaintance with our language, increases the number of readers. In the new world, millions are added every year to the number of those whose government and institutions are American, but whose literature is English. Among these increasing millions there will, in all probability, be communities holding aloft the literature of England through the ocean of time. They will neither be subject to conquest by a superior state, like the Greeks, nor exposed to the invasion of barbarians, like the Romans. To them the English will ever be a living language, and among them the names of Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Crabbe will ever be famous. Is it too much to expect that the life of each of these men will be the subject of inquiry, of curiosity, and of affectionate concern?

The second difficulty is of a more serious kind. If it is a bad thing to tire the world with details which are not entertaining, it is a much worse thing to amuse them with stories and remarks which are not harmless. The transactions and conversations related in *Moore's Journal* are of such recent occurrence, that it is difficult to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The world can well bear a great deal of scandal of the times of Charles the Second, which the gossiping pen of Pepys has presented to us. But the times of George the Fourth cannot be displayed with equal unreserve; and in disturbing the dark recesses of society, we may at every instant touch a web, which

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

In performing the task I have undertaken, I had two considerations to guide me:—In the first place it was plain that Mr. Moore intended to leave out of the materials of his *Memoirs, Letters, and Journal*, "the means of making some provision for his wife and family." In the next place, it was clear, that, by assigning

to me the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals, he might leave behind him, "for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs, or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.

With respect to the first of these considerations, the melancholy loss of all his children, and the death of his sister Ellen towards the close of his life, left his beloved and devoted wife the sole person for whom provision was to be made. Mr. Longman, anxious to comply with the wishes of Mr. Moore, at once offered for Mr. Moore's papers, on condition of my undertaking to be the editor, such a sum, as with the small pension allowed by the Crown, would enable Mrs. Moore to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses.

With respect to the second consideration, I have endeavoured to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected. It is a comfort to reflect, that the kindness of Moore's nature, and the general benevolence which his bright talents and warm heart excited, tend to exhibit society, in his view of it, in its best aspect. It is thus with a good portrait-painter. Not only would Sir Joshua Reynolds paint better that which was before him than an ordinary limner, but that which was before him would be better worth painting. For, by agreeable conversation, and by quickness in catching the best turn of the features, he would raise upon the countenance and fix upon the canvass, the wisest look of the judge, the liveliest expression of the wit, and the most brilliant glances of the beauty.

Moore's life, from infancy to decay, is represented in his own account, whether in the shape of a memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a school-boy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues

and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all."*

Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person, received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

* Miss Godfrey, Oct. 2, 1806.

His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter, and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Another characteristic quality of Moore, was his love of independence. Unfortunately for him, he entertained, as a young man, expectations of advancement and competency, if not wealth, from a patron. Lord Moira, who assumed that character, seems to have meant kindness, and, perhaps, to have done all in his power to help the rising poet, but his attempts were not altogether successful. He procured for Mr. Moore an office in the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, which produced the only great pecuniary embarrassment from which he ever suffered. When Lord Moira went to India, he lamented he could not take Mr. Moore with him, but made some indistinct offer of exchanging some portion of his patronage to help his friend at home. Mr. Moore's answer was prompt and conclusive. Whatever he might have done had employment immediately under Lord Moira been offered to him, he replied to this last proposal, "I would rather struggle on as I am, than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."*

Within a few days of giving this answer, he was obliged to write to Mr. Power, the publisher of his music, for an advance of three or four pounds, as he had not sixpence in his house.

Lord Moira, who seems to have esteemed Moore's character, was not offended by his spirit; continued to open to him his library and his house at Donington, and was in fact of more use to him by that kindness than if he had carried him to the East Indies to waste his genius in the details of office. It must also be recorded that Lord Moira had given his father an office in Dublin, which for many years relieved Mr. Moore from a burthen he could hardly have supported. It may, however, with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent distress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look

* Letters to Lady Donegal and Mr. Power, 1812.

to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the Crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence. Rightly did Mr. Moore understand the dignity of the laurel. He never would barter his freedom away for any favour from any quarter. Although the wolf of poverty often prowled round his door, he never abandoned his humble dwelling for the safety of the City, or the protection of the Palace. From the strokes of penury indeed, more than once, neither his unceasing exertion,

“— nec Apollinis infula, textit.”

But never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love for all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him.

It is true that Mr. Moore had a small office at Bermuda, and that in his latter days he received a pension of 300*l.* a year from the Crown. But the office at Bermuda was of little avail to him, was the cause of the greatest embarrassment he ever suffered, and obliged him to pass in a foreign country more than a year of his life. The pension which was granted to him by Her Majesty, near the end of his life, was no more than sufficient to defray, in the most humble manner, the expenses of subsistence. But this pension had no reference to political conduct, and left him as free as it found him.

Another marked quality of Moore was his cheerfulness. Keenly sensitive to criticism he was yet far more pleased with praise than annoyed by blame, and was always more elevated by admiration than depressed by censure. In all contingencies he could say,

“When equal chances arbitrate th’ event,
My mind inclines to hope rather than fear;”

and when the certainty of a misfortune left no room for doubt he could write in this tone to Miss Godfrey:—“Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly out of hand. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might perhaps (though I doubt whether it would) have damped my gaiety with them; but I don’t know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness:

“‘Stone walls do not a prison make,’ &c.”

I crossed from Dover to Calais with him not long afterwards, when he was leaving his country, embarrassed by an unforeseen incumbrance, and with but an uncertain hope of an early return. Yet he was as cheerful as if he had been going for a few weeks’ amusement to the Continent, and we amused ourselves with imaginary paragraphs, describing his exile as “the consequence of an unfortunate *attachment*.” His sensibility to happy and affecting emotions was exquisite. A return to his wife and children after even a short separation affected him deeply; music enchanted him; views of great scenes of nature made him weep. I shall never forget the day when I hurried him on from a post-house in the Jura mountains to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc.

As he grew older this sensibility gave a deeper gloom to his sorrows, but during the greater part of his life his love, and affections, and admiration being much keener than his dislikes, and antipathies, and aversions, he derived from this constitution of his nature a degree of happiness to which few men can attain. To the good qualities of Moore both Byron and Scott, his great cotemporaries, have borne witness.

“I have read Lalla Rookh (says Byron), but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and two or three other things, so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it. I say of the poem, for I don’t like the prose at all; in the meantime, the ‘Fire-worshippers’ is the best, and the ‘Veiled Prophet’ the worst of the volume.”

Lord Byron says elsewhere,

“Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—

poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—everything, in the ‘Post Bag!’ There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks ‘trumpet-tongued.’ He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here.”

Walter Scott, in his “Diary,” gives the following just account of the differences and resemblances between himself and Moore :

“Nov. 22, 1825. Moore. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say, this season). We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in perversity; God knows, not in conversation; for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description; moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman; and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alchouse, and who called himself ‘the great Twalmly, inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.’ He always enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron’s memoirs would satisfy his executors; but there was a reason—*Premat non alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received Thomas Moore with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.”*

I have placed in the notes some other testimonies to the merit of Moore, for which I am indebted to a cotemporary publication.†

The independence of his character, and the fastidiousness of his taste, affected his opinions both in politics and religion. His political sympathies in early youth were deeply and ardently engaged on the side of those who ex-

cited and partook in the Irish Rebellion, so wickedly provoked, so rashly begun, and so cruelly crushed, in 1798. But the sight of democracy triumphant in America soon disgusted him, and, speaking of Hudson, one of his earliest and most enthusiastic college friends, who had settled at Baltimore, he writes to his mother, “I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, this country must have cured him of republicanism.”

In another letter he says,—“I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married; they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh! if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine.”

Although the view which he took of America and her institutions was afterwards referred to by him as a mere boyish impression, yet a similar alteration took place in his views regarding his native country. Although nothing could be warmer or more constant than his love for Ireland, he never could look with complacency on the attempts at revolution by force, or even on the organised agitation of opinion which from time to time disturbed the peace of his unhappy country. Of his own feelings he speaks thus in one of the dedications of the *Irish Melodies*:—“To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England; to those too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that of Demophoon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered); to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the

* Life of Scott, vol. vi. p. 123.

† The Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI. See Note A.

danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.”*

Of the political agitation, which, whether under the name of Catholic Association, or any other, has so often been employed as a means to obtain redress, or change, he never speaks but with repugnance and dislike. The language used to move an ignorant mass was abhorrent to his taste; the machinery of meetings and societies suited ill with his love of domestic quiet; the fierce denunciations uttered by impassioned orators jarred with his feelings of kindness and goodwill to mankind.

On the other hand, his spirit of independence revolted against a proposition by which a seat in parliament was offered him in the days when Mr. O’Connell ruled supreme over the minds of the great majority of the Irish people. If I am not mistaken, he expressed to Mr. O’Connell himself his manly determination not to bend his political will to any one. Thus, in the midst of an agitation purely Irish, the most gifted of Irish patriots held aloof, foregoing the applause in which he would have delighted, and the political distinction for which he often sighed, that he might not sully the white robe of his independence, or file his soul for any object of ambition or of vanity.

An equal devotion to truth marked his literary character. The liberal opinions of the Whigs, combined with the literary tastes of the chief members of that party naturally led him to espouse their cause, and live in their society. Yet in his *Life of Sheridan* he did

* *Irish Melodies*, No. VI. Dedication to Lady Donegal.

not hesitate to question their policy, and to blame their great leader, Mr. Fox, when his own judgment led him to withhold his assent, or refuse his approbation. For he loved to examine history for himself, and to state fearlessly the opinions which he formed impartially. It is not my purpose here to defend those opinions, or to impugn them; it is enough to say that he did not frame them for any motives of interest, or suppress them from any personal regard.

On his religious opinions I shall touch very briefly. He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith. Yet he occasionally attended the Protestant Church; he had his children baptized into that Church; and when the Head of his own Church was restored to his throne, he dreaded the consequence of that triumph to the liberty which he prized.*

Yet he always adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, and when in London attended the Roman Catholic chapel in Wardour Street. His answer to a person who tried to convert him to Protestantism was nearly in these terms: “I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die.” In that intention he persevered to the end. Of two things all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbour, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good will to all men. In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife, “Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God.” That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of our literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions. Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the *Irish Melodies*, then recently published, “To me, some of Moore’s last *Erin*

* See Letter to Lady Donegal, April 10th, 1815.

sparks, 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters,' 'When He who adores Thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his Name,' are worth all the epics that were ever composed."

When we remember that to these early Irish Melodies were added so many numbers of Irish Melodies, National Melodies, and Sacred Songs, each full of the most exquisite poetry, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration at the fancy and the feeling of which the spring was so abundant, and the waters so clear, the *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, which seemed to flow perennially from an inexhaustible fountain. In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination; a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

Lalla Rookh is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed, there is no poet whom Moore resembles in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention by taking for his subject a well known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has indeed shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprise of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the wild realms of fiction, where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.*

* See Note B at the end of the Preface.

Moore has, however, taken a different course, and relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought in the abundant spring of his own imagination, the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends, and recorded revolutions, and in one of his letters he says that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of the Veiled Prophet and the Fire-Worshippers is, in fact, his own creation.

It must be owned that Spenser and Moore have subjected themselves to some disadvantage by thus building out of "airy nothing," and giving to the creations of their own brain "a local habitation and a name." Where the foundations are already laid, and are strong in popular belief, the architect finds his task much lightened, and the superstructure more easily raised. It is difficult to feel for Azim and Hafed the interest which the name of Achilles inspired in the Greeks, and that of Goffredo in the Italians. But neither Spenser nor Moore were made to wear the heavy armour of the epic poet: light and easy movement, weapons that might be thrown to a distance, and dazzle the beholder, as they glittered in the air, fitted them better than the broad shield and the ponderous sword. It is best that every poet should attempt that kind of poetry in which he is most likely to succeed. The Greeks used to say of Archilochus, "If Archilochus had written epic, Archilochus would have been equal to Homer." But it is not clear that Archilochus had a genius for the kind of poetry which he did not attempt. Besides, it is to be said that Moore wrote in an age, when, as Lord Jeffrey expressed it, men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic as to a whole ox.

Be this as it may, the execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of woman's love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism as are found in Lalla Rookh, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enliven, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were made to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of East-

ern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure.

It is difficult to give a preference to one of the poems which compose the volume over the rest. Crabbe preferred the Veiled Prophet; Byron the Fire-Worshippers. Of these, the Veiled Prophet displays the greater power; the Fire-Worshippers the more natural and genuine passion. The story of the Veiled Prophet is somewhat revolting, and requires the most musical and refined poetry to make it even bearable. The Ghebers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country most dear to his heart.

It may be remarked that the catastrophe of the two poems is too nearly similar. Mokanna and Hafed are both insurgents; both are defeated; both seek death to avoid captivity after the destruction of their armies, and the ruin of their cause. One, indeed, is a monster, and the other a hero; but the similarity of situation is undeniable.

Paradise and the Peri is a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume.

The Loves of the Angels is another work rich with the same freight of tenderness and fancy which are the true property of Moore. There is a falling off in the third of the stories which together compose the poem, and altogether the effect is not that which a single tale would have produced. Sweetness too much prolonged, tenderness not varied with the sterner and more deadly passions are a food too milky for our un-childlike nature.

I will not enter into the question of the propriety of Moore's earlier poems. Horace is very licentious, yet his odes are the delight of our clerical instructors and solemn critics. Prior is not very decent, but his tales are praised on a monument in Westminster Abbey, and defended by our great moralist, Dr. Johnson. Some of Little's poems should never have been written, far less published, but they must now be classed with those of other amatory poets, who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe.

Two of Moore's cotemporaries must be placed before him in any fair estimate of the authors of the first part of the nineteenth century. Byron rose as a poet above all his rivals. The strength of passion, the command

of nervous expression, the power of searching the heart, the philosophy of life which his poems display, are wonderful. In the last of these attributes only Wordsworth has equalled or surpassed him. In all the rest he has no equal. The personification of Greece, the Sunset at Athens, the lines on Solitude, those on the Gladiator, on the Ocean, on the Battle of Waterloo, are matchless in conception and in execution.

Scott is the other wonder of this age. Picturesque, interesting, and bard-like as are his narrative poems, the pathos, humour, description, character, and above all, the marvellous fertility displayed in the novels, show far greater power: a whole region of the territory of Imagination is occupied by this extraordinary man alone and unapproachable. Lope de Vega and many others have shown wonderful rapidity in composition, but their works, with very few exceptions, have died almost as soon as they were born. The fertility of Voltaire is wonderful, but great part of what he has written is so objectionable on the score of religion or morality, that even his wit does not furnish salt enough to keep from corruption the intellectual food he has lavished in such abundance. But the novels of Scott will furnish entertainment to many generations; nor is there likely to be any race of men so fastidious as to require anything purer, so spoilt by excitement as to need anything more amusing, or so grave as to scorn all delight from this kind of composition. When these two great men have been enumerated, I know not any other writer of his time who can be put in competition with Moore. If his poetry is not so powerful or so passionate as that of Byron, it is far sweeter and more melodious; if his prose works cannot be weighed either in number or value against those of Scott, his command of poetical resources is far greater, his imagery more brilliant and more copious, his diction more easy and more finished. In his hands the English language is no longer that jargon (*quel gergo*) which Alfieri declares it to be, but becomes a soft and tuneable tongue, conveying sentiments the most tender and the most spirited, the gayest, and the most melancholy in expressions the most appropriate.

Dr. Johnson, in quoting some verses of Pope expressing by sound the sense to be conveyed, gives the line,

"Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Nothing can less well express rapid motion than this verse. The word "unbending" sounds, as it means, stiff, resisting, &c., and thus clashes violently with the idea of rapid and easy motion, which Pope seems to convey. Much better has Scott said,

"E'en the light harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

But in fifty instances Moore has done better still. Thus,

"The young May moon is beaming, love!
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!"

Or,

"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

Again,

"But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name."

And in the address to the Harp of his Country,

"I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

It is the merit of these passages that they do not merely represent a sound, but they express by sound—scenery, action, and feeling. Lalla Rookh abounds with such passages. I know not how faithfully the translators have conveyed into various languages the beauty of the original, but that Eastern imagery was well transfused into his own tongue by the poet is playfully recorded by Luttrell, who expressed a fact when he wrote,

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

The political squibs are excellent, from their ease and playfulness: they are too well known to require further notice.

Of Moore's prose works I need say but little. The Life of Sheridan, and that of Lord Edward

Fitzgerald must, from their intrinsic merit, always be read with interest. In the former of these works the history of an extraordinary period is sketched with great candour and impartiality, however I may differ from some of the opinions of the author. The character and the fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock" abound in wit: the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" display a fund of learning on theological subjects on which Dr. Doyle pronounced his judgment in nearly the following form:—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox, and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." Ireland, which has the glory of having produced Burke and Grattan, both philosophers and orators, may justly boast of Moore as her first poet.

The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen, and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw such sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the poet and the wit were gone. As we left his house Lord Lansdowne remarked, that he had not seen him so well for a long time; Mrs. Moore has since made to me the observation. But that very evening he had a fit from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there never was a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he "warbled," as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life.

On the 26th of February, 1852, he expired calmly and without pain, at Sloperston Cottage. His body was interred within the neighbouring churchyard of Bromham, where the re-

mains of four of his children had been deposited. The funeral was quite private, as no doubt he would have desired.

The reader of the following memoir, correspondence, and journal may find, with ample traces of a "loving, noble nature," the blots of human frailty, and the troubles and anxieties of a combatant in this world's strife. If so, let him recollect the author's own beautiful words :

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :
There's nothing true but Heaven.

"And fade the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blessings gather'd for the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light our troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but Heaven !"

NOTES.

NOTE A.

I HAVE extracted from the Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI., some further notices of Mr. Moore's appearance, manners, and conversation. The evidence is all to the same effect, and from the most opposite quarters.

"Moore's country did not forget him ; and fancying that the author of Captain Rock, and the Life of Sheridan, must possess that stuff, of which popular patriots and members of Parliament are made, the electors of Limerick determined to offer to him, the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he (the Irish poet and novelist) should convey, to the poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel, thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend ;

"To Mrs. * * *

"Monday morning, March 31st, 1833.

"Pitman's, Senior, Taunton.

"My dear L.— Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing case to give L.— an account of our day's work : then I put it off, I believe, till morning : then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure : then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least ; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year ; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L.—, I saw the poet ! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me "get out of his way," as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him ; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me

"How I did, Mr. Griffin," and to speak of "my fame." My fame ! Tom Moore talk of my fame ! Ah, the rogue ! he was humbugging, L.—, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and, perhaps, he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, "I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can ;" for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him. But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling ; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth : an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and, besides, it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it ? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter, out came the important question, "How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes ?" "Sloperton, sir ? that's Mr. Moore's place, sir, *he is a poet, sir*. We do all Mr. Moore's work." What ought I to have done, L.— ? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little ? Well, we learned all we wanted to know ! and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton ; drizzling rain, but a delightful country ;

such a gentle shower as that through which he looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L——! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—"The Veiled Prophet," "Azim," "She is far from the Land," "Those Evening Bells." But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown upstairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honest language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of "Alps in the sunset," not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without some gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains pressed to run aground at the far end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company), and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a "good-bye," and left us to do as well as we could without him?"*

"Of his appearance and life in 1834, Willis gives the following sketch:

"June, 1834.

"I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat, and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him."

"This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when

"Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase; "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room,

* Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin, vol. i. p. 382.

enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had a frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards), and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but, perhaps, the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike any body else's in the world, and which, probably, suggested his soubriquet of "*Bacchus*," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *Chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three

songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"*

"I remember," writes Leigh Hunt, "it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," said he to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," says he, "but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward." His anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

"Amiable" is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities:

"I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one; and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (*The Blue Stocking*), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

"Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say "yes." There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthodoxy, but not more so than became a poet; and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said that an illustrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a wine-cooler; a proposition which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the Continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so: "Now

there's *Moore*, Thomas *Moore*; I look upon *Moore* as an active little man." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseshoe, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with "bumps" of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine, as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not nruvilled with care and passion; but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a Cupid for a picture; and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection, perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, "Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what,—I always consider him" (and this argument he thought conclusive), "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but, till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible development of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least, I used to think so), softens into a breath like that of the lute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter *R*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity.*

"Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his poetical works. It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own and Burns' service to the national music and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies with equal truth to himself as author of the *Irish Melodies*:—

"That Burns, however untalented, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, Father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns' most pathetic effusions: while, still more marvellously, "Hey tattle, tattle" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain. "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these higher inspira-

* Willis's Pencilings by the Way, p. 261, ed. 1838.

* Hunt's Byron and his Contemporaries. Ed. 1828.

tions, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright* and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song department of English poesy when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general,—
 “Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.”

“Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore:—

“‘Lyrical poetry, we opine, hath many branches; and one of them “beautiful exceedingly” with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories waving aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True, that Robert Burns has indited many songs, that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a black-bird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in “could clay biggin as in marble palace.” Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely without offence we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman.”†

* Stephen Kemble's daughter, the composer of the music of Tennyson's “Queen of the May.”

† Recreations of Christopher North, vol. i. p. 272.

NOTE B.

If Tasso has seldom full justice done him, it is because, in comparison with the great Epic poets, he appears wanting in grandeur. Armida, Erminia, and even Clorinda, the most beautiful creations of his muse, belong to a less severe order of poetry than the Epic. But let us compare his Satan, or Pluto, as he calls him, with the magnificent “Arch-angel ruin'd” of Milton.

CANTO IV.

6.

* * * * *

“Siede Pluton nel mezzo, e con la destra
 Sostien lo scettro ruvido e pesante;
 Nè tanto scoglio in mar, nè rupe alpestra,
 Nè più Calpe s'innalza, e l' magno Atlante,
 Ch' anzi lui non paresse un picciol colle;
 Sì la gran fronte e le gran corna estolle.

7.

“Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
 Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende:
 Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto,
 Come infuanta Cometa, il guardo splende;
 Gl' involge il mento, e su l' irsuto petto
 Ispida e folta la gran barba scende;
 E in guisa di voragine profonda
 S' apre la bocca d' atro sangue immonda.

8.

“Qual i fumi sulfurei ed infiammati
 Escou di Mongibello, e il puzzo, e 'l tuono;
 Tal della fera bocca i neri fiati,
 Tale il fetore, e le faville sono,” etc.

With the exception of the mountains and the comet, all the images here produced tend to produce disgust rather than terror. The look “infected with poison,” “the great beard enveloping his chin, and spreading thick and bushy over his shaggy breast,” the “mouth filthily with black blood,” “the stench and the sparks his dark breath,” all these compose the features of as foul and noisome a fiend as can well be described—but not Satan. Now let us look at the contrast which Milton's picture presents to us. First, the outward and physical appearance of him who has contested with the Almighty the supremacy of Heaven is presented to us:

“The superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fiesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure: and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Here all is great, and nothing is disgusting.
Presently our terror at this giant spirit is mingled
with respect for some moral qualities still left;
for,

"*Nathless he so endur'd*, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High overarch'd, embower; or scatter'd sedge
Alloat," &c.

Then, again, when they were assembled to hear
him, they beheld, not a foul fiend with dirty
beard, and filthy sulphureous breath, fit only to
frighten the nursery, but

"Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams: or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds

On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all, th' Arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of *dauntless courage*, and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of *remorse and passion*, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n," &c.

In these well-known and admirable lines, Milton has portrayed a Spirit, wicked indeed and without compunction for his crimes, but with a form still bright, and redeemed from utter abhorrence by fortitude in bearing pain, by dauntless courage, and by pity for his followers, over whom he is immeasurably raised as the sole cause of their rebellion.

Struck by similar contrasts, Boileau has spoken of one who prefers "*le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile*." But this is a foolish and unjust phrase. The metal of Tasso may be silver as compared to Virgil's gold, but it is not tinsel. A true poet, surpassed by very few, one of the glories of the glorious literature of Italy, he only loses when, leaving the regions of chivalry, of valour, and of love, he attempts to rise to the heights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or where

"daring Milton sits sublime."

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF, begun many Years since, but never, I fear, to be completed.—
T. M. (1833.)

OF my ancestors on the paternal side I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father and mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. When I came indeed to be somewhat known, there turned up into light a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins (my dear father having been a native of Kerry), who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with me; and I was from time to time haunted by applications from first and second cousins, each asking in their respective lines for my patronage and influence. Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Corn-market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow-townsmen.

It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into

the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, "You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you." At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received I rather think some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on 16th Feb. 1831; and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic chil-

dren. left to parents no other mode* of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised.

At a very early age I was sent to a school kept by a man of the name of Malone, in the same street where we lived. This wild, odd fellow, of whose cocked hat I have still a very clear remembrance, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. I was myself, however, a special favorite with him, partly, perhaps, from being the youngest boy in the school, but chiefly, I think, from the plan which then, and ever after, my anxious mother adopted, of heaping with all sorts of kindnesses and attentions, those who were in any way, whether as masters, ushers, or schoolfellows, likely to assist me in my learning.

From my natural quickness, and the fond pride with which I was regarded at home, it was my lot, unluckily perhaps,—though from such a source I can consider nothing unlucky,—to be made at a very early age, a sort of *show* child; and a talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me. The zealous interest, too, which to the last moment of her life, she continued to take in the popular politics of the day was shown by her teaching me, when I was not quite four years old, to recite some verses which had just then appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon his conduct on the question of simple Repeal. This short eclipse of our great patriot's popularity followed closely upon the splendid grant bestowed on him by the House of Commons; and the following description of an apostate patriot, in allusion to this circumstance, I used to repeat, as my mother has often told me, with peculiar energy:—

"Pay down his price, he'll wheel about,
And laugh, like Grattan, at the nation."

I sometimes wonder that it never occurred to me, during the many happy hours I have since passed with this great and good man, to tell him that the first words of rhyme I ever lisped in my life, were taken from this factious piece

* I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend Street Chapel, Dublin.

of doggerel, aimed at himself during one of those fits of popular injustice, to which all fame derived from the populace is but too likely to be exposed.

One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small neat house in Camden Street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time, away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's ambition, though with no undue aspirings for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests: most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from—they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.

About the same time, or it might be a year or two later, I was taken by my mother on a visit to the country-house of some friend of ours, whose name was, I think, MacClellan, and who, though with all such signs of wealth about them, as a carriage, horses, country-house, &c., left on my memory the impression of being rather vulgar people.

Though I was, by all accounts, a very quick child, I was still perfectly a child; nor had the least consciousness of being different from any other child in this respect. One tribute, however, to my precociousness struck my fancy too much to be unheeded or forgotten by me. A Captain Mahony, who was at this time one of the guests at our friend's, used to

say, laughingly, to my mother, that he was sure I passed all my nights with the "little people" (meaning the fairies) on the hills; and at breakfast he would often, to my great amusement, ask me, "Well, Tom, what news from your friends on the hills? It was a fine moonlight night, and I know you were among them."

I have said that Miss Dodd was the only person to whom my mother would trust me for any time away from herself; but there was also a family of the name of Dunn, long intimate with ours, with whom I once or twice passed some part of my holidays, at a small country-house they had at Dundrum. In the middle of a field, near the house, stood the remains of an old ruined castle, and some of my playfellows—who they were I now forget—agreed among themselves to make Tom-my Moore the king of that castle. A day was accordingly fixed for the purpose; and I remember the pleasure with which I found myself borne on the shoulders of the other boys to this ruin, and there crowned on its summit by the hands of some little girl of the party. A great many years after, when I was in Dublin with my family, we went one morning along with my mother, to pay a visit a few miles out of town, to the daughter of her old friends the Duns. I had not been apprised that her house was in the neighbourhood of that formerly occupied by her father; but as I stood by myself at the bottom of the garden, and looked at the field adjoining, there seemed something familiar to me in the whole scene, as if it had passed often before me in my dreams, and at last the field where I had been crowned came vividly into my memory. I looked in vain, however, for any signs of the castle that once stood in it. On my return into the house, I asked Mrs. Graham (the former Miss Dunn) whether there had not formerly been a ruin in the field next her garden? "There was, indeed," she answered, "and that was the castle where you were crowned when a child."

As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin,—the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the

year 1758, a boy had been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be "a most incorrigible dunce." This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children.

The circumstance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake:—"His talents," he is pleased to say of me, "dawned so early, and so *great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan, that,*" &c. &c.

The turn for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honour of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors,—to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. "Oh, he's an old little crab," said one of the rival Cornelias, on an occasion of this kind, "he can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age." "Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, "if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born." This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after.

To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both male and female; and of one of the three beautiful Misses Mont-

gomery, who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis personæ* himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the "Beggar's Opera," at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, on which occasion the Rev. Dean Marley, who was afterwards Bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was Lord Charlemont; the Lucy, Lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath.

At the representation of "Henry the Fourth," by most of the same party at Castle-town, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honour of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on another occasion, when the masque of Comus was played at Carton, his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme,—the prologue to the piece being announced as "written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan."

It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt.

In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued, I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that "Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-

room." A summons to the master's house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her "Alexander's Feast."

The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much.

Whyte's connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.

Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife,—she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affection, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and, in some private theatricals, held at the house of a Lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place, at the same little theatre, in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed, the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well-educated young person, while I myself—at that time

about eleven years of age,—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed-time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my *début*. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now “myself the little hero of my tale,” it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my Master’s Poetical Works, printed in Dublin 1792:—

“Lady Borrowes’ Private Theatre,
Kildare Street.

On TUESDAY, March 16th, 1790,

Will be performed

the Tragedy of

JANE SHORE:

Gloucester, Rev. PETER LEFANU.

Lord Hastings, Counsellor HIGGINSON,
etc., etc.,

And Jane Shore by Miss WHYTE.

An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, Mr. SNAGG.

Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul’s, Master MOORE.

To which will be added,
the Farce of

THE DEVIL TO PAY:

Jobson, Colonel FRENCH,
etc., etc.

The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a “bandalore,” and in English, a “quiz.” To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggel described it,—

“The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the
GREEN,

Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.”

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy’s reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aid-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket’s account, must have been a member of the Irish House

of Commons. “I remember,” said Lord Plunket, “being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee.” This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have heard about this great man’s apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke’s present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley’s vacant face, “Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not.” So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

To return to my small self. The next effort at rhyming of which I remember having been guilty, sprung out of that other and then paramount fancy of mine, acting. For the advantage of sea-bathing during the summer months, my father generally took a lodging for us, either at Irishtown or Sandymount, to which we young folks were usually sent, under the care of a female servant, with, occasionally, visits from my mother during the week, to see that all was going on well. On the Sundays, however, she and my father came to pass the day with us, bringing down with them cold dinners, and, generally, two or three friends, so that we always had a merry day of it.

Of one of those summers in particular I have a most vivid and agreeable recollection, for there were assembled there at the same time a number of young people of our own age, with whose families we were acquainted. Besides our childish sports, we had likewise dawning within us all those vague anticipations of a mature period,—those little love-makings, gallantries, ambitions, rivalries,—which in their first stirrings have a romance and sweetness about them that never come again. Among other things, we got up theatricals, and on one occasion performed O’Keefe’s farce of *The Poor Soldier*, in which a very pretty person

named Fanny Ryan played the part of Nora, and I was the happy Patrick,—dressed, I recollect, in a volunteer uniform belonging to a boy much older, or at least much larger than myself, and which, accordingly, hung about me in no very soldierly fashion.*

It was for this exhibition, which took place a few days before our return to school, that I made that second attempt at versifying to which I have alluded,—having written a farewell epilogue for the occasion, which I delivered myself, in a suit of mourning as little adapted to me as my regimentals. In describing the transition we were now about to undergo, from actors to mere school-boys, my epilogue had the following lines:—

"Our Pantaloon that did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book.
Our Harlequin who skip'd, leap'd, danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side."

In repeating the two last lines of kind farewell,—

"Whate'er the course we're destined to pursue,
Be sure our hearts will always be with you,"

it was with great difficulty I could refrain from blubbling outright.

The harlequin here described was myself; and of all theatrical beings harlequin was my idol and passion. To have been put in possession of a real and complete harlequin's dress, would have made me the happiest of mortals, and I used sometimes to dream that there appeared sometimes at my bedside a good spirit, presenting to me a full suit of the true parti-coloured raiment. But the utmost I ever attained of this desire was the possession of an old cast-off wand, which had belonged to the harlequin at Astley's, and which I viewed with as much reverence and delight as if it really possessed the wonderful powers attributed to it. Being a very active boy, I was quite as much charmed with Harlequin's jumping talents as with any of his other attributes, and by constant practice over the rail of a tent-bed which stood in one of our rooms, was, at last,

able to perform the *head-foremost* leap of my hero most successfully.

Though the gay doings I have above mentioned were put an end to by my return to school, my brothers and sisters remained generally a month or two longer at the sea-side; and I used every Saturday evening to join them there, and stay over the Sunday. My father at that time kept a little pony for me, on which I always rode down those evenings; and at the hour when I was expected, there generally came with my sister a number of young girls to meet me, and full of smiles and welcomes, walked by the side of my pony into the town. Though such a reception was, even at that age, rather intoxicating, yet there mingled but little of personal pride in the pleasure which it gave me. There is, indeed, far more of what is called vanity in my now reporting the tribute, than I felt then in receiving it; and I attribute very much to the cheerful and kindly circumstances which thus surrounded my childhood, that spirit of enjoyment, and, I may venture to add, good temper, which has never, thank God, failed me to the present time (July, 1833).

My youth was in every respect a most happy one. Though kept closely to my school studies by my mother, who examined me daily in all of them herself, she was in every thing else so full of indulgence, so affectionately devoted to me, that to gain her approbation I would have thought no labour or difficulty too hard. As an instance both of her anxiety about my studies and the willing temper with which I met it, I need only mention that, on more than one occasion, when having been kept out too late at some evening party to be able to examine me in my task for next day, she has come to my bedside on her return home, and waked me (sometimes as late as one or two o'clock in the morning), and I have cheerfully sat up in my bed and repeated over all my lessons to her. Her anxiety indeed, that I should attain and keep a high rank in the school was ever watchful and active, and on one occasion exhibited itself in a way that was rather disconcerting to me. On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being oc-

* About this time (1796) a general election took place, and Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald were chosen triumphantly to represent the city of Dublin. On the day of their chairing, they passed our house; both seated in one car; and among the numerous heads outstretched from our window, I made my own, I recollect, so conspicuous, by the enthusiasm with which I waved a large branch of laurel, that I either caught, or fancied I caught, the particular notice of Grattan, and was of course prodigiously proud in consequence.

cupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had attained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of "*l'honnête homme trompé*," namely, "*ne dire mot*,"—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to arouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I,—ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class.

But great as was my mother's ambition about me, it was still perfectly under the control of her strong, good sense, as may be shown by a slight incident which now occurred to me. About the beginning of the year 1792, a wild author and artist of our acquaintance, named Paulett Carey, set up a monthly publication, called the *Sentimental and Masonic Magazine*,—one of the first attempts at graphic embellishment (and a most wretched one it was) that yet had appeared in Dublin. Among the engravings prefixed to the numbers were, occasionally, portraits of public characters; and as I had, in my tiny way, acquired some little celebrity by my recitations at school and elsewhere, a strong wish was expressed by the editor that there should be a drawing of me engraved for the work. My mother, however, though pleased, of course, at the proposal, saw the injudiciousness of bringing me so early before the public, and, much to my disappointment, refused her consent.

Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music,—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music. While I was yet quite a child, my father happened to have an old lumbering harpsichord thrown on his hands, as part payment of a debt from some bankrupt customer; and when I was a little older, my mother, anxious to try my faculties in all possible ways, employed a youth who was in the service of a tuner in our neighbourhood, to teach me to play. My instructor, however, being young himself, was a good deal more given to romping and jumping than to music, and our time together was chiefly passed in vaulting over the tables and chairs of the drawing-room. The progress I made, therefore, was not such as to induce my mother to continue me in this line of instruction; and I left off, after acquiring little more than the power of playing two or three tunes with the right hand only. It was soon, however, discovered that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always fond of society), this talent of mine was frequently called into play to enliven our tea-parties and suppers. In the summer theatricals too, which I have already recorded, my singing of the songs of Patrick, in the *Poor Soldier*,—particularly of the duet with Norah, into which I threw a feeling far beyond my years,—was received with but too encouraging applause.

About this time (1792) the political affairs of Ireland began to assume a most animated or, as to some it appeared, stormy aspect. The cause of the Catholics was becoming every day more national; and in each new step and vicissitude of its course, our whole family, especially my dear mother, took the intensest interest. Besides her feelings, as a patriotic and warm-hearted Irishwoman, the ambitious hopes with which she looked forward to my future career all depended, for even the remotest chance of their fulfilment, on the success of the measures of Catholic enfranchisement then in progress. Some of the most violent of those who early took a part in the proceedings of the United Irishmen were among our most intimate friends; and I remember being taken by

my father to a public dinner in honour of Napper Tandy, where one of the toasts, as well from its poetry as its politics, made an indelible impression upon my mind,—“May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure!” I recollect my pride too, at the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, taking me, for some minutes, on his knee.

Most of these patriotic acquaintances of ours, of whom I have just spoken, were Protestants, the Catholics being still too timorous to come forward openly in their own cause,—and amongst the most intimate, was a clever, drunken attorney, named Matthew Dowling, who lived in Great Longford Street, opposite to us, and was a good deal at our house. He belonged to the famous National Guard, against whose assemblage (Dec. 9, 1792) a proclamation was issued by the government; and was one of the few who on that day ventured to make their appearance. I recollect his paying us a visit that memorable Sunday, having engraved upon the buttons of his green uniform a cap of liberty surmounting the Irish harp, instead of a crown. This unfortunate man who, not long after the time I am speaking of, fought a duel at Holyhead with Major Burrow, the private secretary of the Rt. Hon. — Hobart, was in the year 1798 taken up for treason. In looking lately over the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I found a note or two addressed to his family by poor Dowling, who was in the very prison to which the noble Edward was taken to breathe his last. What became of him afterwards I know not, but fear that he died in great misery.

Among my schoolfellows at Whyte's was a son of the eminent barrister Beresford Burston, who was about the same age as myself, and with whom I formed an intimacy which lasted a good many years. My acquaintance with this family was one of those steps in the scale of respectable society which it delighted my dear mother to see me attain and preserve. Mr. Burston was one of the most distinguished men, as a lawyer, at the bar; and possessing also some fortune by right of his wife, lived in a style not only easy but elegant; having, besides his town house in York Street, a very handsome country villa near Blackrock, at which I used to pass, with my young friend Beresford, the greater part of my vacations. This boy being an only son, was of course an

object of great solicitude to his parents; and my mother used always to look upon it as a most flattering tribute to me, that a man so sensible and particular, as was Mr. Burston in all respects, should have singled me out to be his son's most constant associate. In politics this gentleman was liberal, but retiring and moderate; and this moderation enhanced considerably the importance of the opinion which, in concert with the Hon. Simeon Butler, he pronounced, in the year 1792, in favour of the legality of the General Catholic Committee;—an opinion which at that time procured for him very great popularity.

The large measure of Catholic enfranchisement which passed in the year 1793, sweeping away, among various other disqualifications, those which excluded persons of that faith from the University and Bar, left my mother free to indulge her long-cherished wish of bringing me up to the profession of the law. Accordingly, no time was to be lost in preparing me for college. Though professing to teach English himself, and indeed knowing little or nothing of any other language, Mr. Whyte kept always a Latin usher employed in the school for the use of such boys as, though not meant for the University, their parents thought right to have instructed in the classics sufficiently for the purposes of ordinary life; and under this usher I had been now for a year or two studying. It had been for some time a matter of deliberation whether I should not be sent to a regular Latin school; and Dr. Carr's of Copinger Lane was the one thought of for the purpose. But there were advantages in keeping me still at Whyte's, which my mother knew well how to appreciate. In the first place, the person who had been for some time our Latin usher, had, thanks to my mother's constant civilities towards him, and perhaps my own quickness and teachableness—taken a strong fancy to me; and not only during school-time, but at our own house in the evening, where he was always made a welcome guest, took the most friendly pains to forward me in my studies. Another advantage I had was in not being tied to any class; for the few learners of Latin which the school contained, I very soon outstripped, and thus was left free to advance as fast as my natural talent and application would carry me. I was also enabled to attend at the same time to my

English studies with Whyte (far more fortunate, in this, than the youths of public schools in England, whose knowledge of their own language is the last thing thought worthy of attention); and, accordingly, in reading and recitation, maintained my supremacy in the school to the last. An early and quick foresight of the advantages and of the account to which they might be turned, had led my mother to decide upon keeping me at Mr. Whyte's; and I accordingly remained there till the time of my entering the University in 1794.

The Latin usher of whom I have here spoken, and whose name was Donovan, was an uncouth, honest, hard-headed, and kind-hearted man, and, together with the Latin and Greek which he did his best to pour into me, infused also a thorough and ardent passion for poor Ireland's liberties, and a deep and cordial hatred to those who were then lording over and trampling her down. Such feelings were, it is true, common at that period among almost all with whom my family much associated, but in none had they taken such deep and determined root as in sturdy "Old Donovan;" and finding his pupil quite as eager and ready at politics as at the classics, he divided the time we passed together pretty equally between both. And though from the first I was naturally destined to be of the line of politics which I have ever since pursued,—being, if I may so say, born a rebel,—yet the strong hold which the feeling took so early, both of my imagination and heart, I owe a good deal I think to those conversations, during school hours, with Donovan.

It was in this year (1793) that for the first time I enjoyed the honour and glory (and such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now indeed become a determined rhymist; and there was an old maid,—old in my eyes, at least at that time,—Miss Hannah Byrne, who used to be a good deal at our house, and who, being herself very much in the poetical line, not only encouraged but wrote answers to my young effusions. The name of Romeo (the anagram of that of Moore) was the signature which I adopted in our correspondence, and Zelia was the title under which the lady wrote. Poor Hannah Byrne!—not even Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "Dalia" was a more uninspiring object than my "Zalia" was. To this lady, however, was my first

printed composition addressed in my own proper name, with the following introductory epistle to the editor:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA."

"Aungier Street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader,

"TH—M—S M—RE."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

Then follow the verses,—and conclude thus:—

"When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel Love's stings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

The second copy of verses is entitled "A Pastoral Ballad," and though mere mock-birds' song, has some lines not unmusical:—

"My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

"The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to the song;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

"But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow."

This magazine, the "Anthologia Hibernica,"—one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured upon in Ireland,—was set on foot by Mercier, the college bookseller, and carried on for two years, when it died, as all such things die in that country, for want of money and—of talent; for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil. My pride on seeing my own name in the first list of subscribers to this publication, "Master Thomas Moore," in full, was only surpassed by that of finding myself one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine for the months of January and February, 1793, that I first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular

type in which it is there printed, and the very colour of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory.

Though I began my college course at the commencement of the year 1795, I must have been entered, as I have already said, in the summer of the preceding year, as I recollect well my having had a long spell of holidays before the term commenced; and if I were to single out the part of my life the most happy and the most *poetical* (for all was yet in fancy and in promise with me), it would be that interval of holidays. In the first place, I was not a little proud of being a student of Trinity College, Dublin, which was in itself a sort of *status* in life; and instead of *Master* Thomas Moore, as I had been designated the year before among the "Anthologian" subscribers, I now read myself Mr. Thomas Moore, of Trinity College, Dublin. In the next place, I had passed my examinations, I believe creditably; at least, so said my old master, Whyte, who, in publishing soon after, in a new edition of his works, some verses which I had addressed to him a short time before leaving school, appended to them a note of his own manufacture, stating that the author of the verses had "entered college at a very early age, with distinguished honour to himself as well as to his able and worthy preceptor." This favourable start of mine gave, of course, great pleasure to my dear father and mother, and made *me* happy in seeing *them* so. During a great part of this happy vacation I remained on a visit with my young friend Burston,* at his father's country seat; and there, in reading Mrs. Radcliff's romances, and listening, while I read, to Haydn's music, for my friend's sisters played tolerably on the harpsichord, dreamt away my time in that sort of vague happiness which a young mind conjures up for itself so easily, "pleased, it knows not why, and cares not wherefore." Among the pieces played by the Miss Burstons, there was one of Haydn's first simple overtures, and a sonata by him, old-fashioned, beginning



* Young Burston entered college (as a fellow-commoner) about the same time with myself.

These pieces, as well as a certain lesson of Nicolai's of the same simple cast, I sometimes even to this day play over to myself, to remind me of my young reveries.

Before I enter upon the details of my college life, a few particulars, relating chiefly to the period immediately preceding it, may be here briefly mentioned. Among the guests at my mother's gay parties and suppers, were two persons, Wesley Doyle and the well-known Joe Kelly (brother of Michael), whose musical talents were in their several ways of the most agreeable kind. Doyle's father being a professor of music, he had received regular instructions in the art, and having a very sweet and touching voice, was able to accompany himself on the piano-forte. Kelly, on the other hand, who knew nothing of the science of music, and at that time, indeed, could hardly write his own name, had taken, when quite a youth, to the profession of the stage, and having a beautiful voice and a handsome face and person, met with considerable success. He and Doyle were inseparable companions, and their duets together were the delight of the gay supping society in which they lived. The entertainments of this kind given by my joyous and social mother could, for gaiety at least, match with the best. Our small front and back drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity; and the supper-table in the small closet where people had least room was accordingly always the most merry. In the round of singing that followed these repasts my mother usually took a part, having a clear, soft voice, and singing such songs as "How sweet in the woodlands," which was one of her greatest favourites, in a very pleasing manner. I was also myself one of the performers on such occasions and gave some of Dibdin's songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small éclat.

My eldest sister, Catherine, being at this period (1793-4) about twelve or thirteen years of age, it was thought time that she should begin to learn music. The expense of an instrument, however, stood for some time in the way of my mother's strong desire on the subject. My poor father, from having more present to his mind both the difficulty of getting money and the risks of losing it, rather shrunk from an expenditure that was not ab-

solutely necessary. My mother, however, was of a far more sanguine nature. She had set her heart on the education of her children; and it was only by economy that she was able to effect her object. By this means it was that she contrived to scrape together, in the course of some months, a small sum of money, which, together with what my father gave for the purpose, and whatever trifle was allowed in exchange for the old harpsichord, made up the price of the new piano-forte which we now bought.

The person employed to instruct my sister in music was a young man by the name of Warren (a nephew of Dr. Doyle), who became afterwards one of the most popular of our Dublin music-masters. There had been some attempts made by Wesley Doyle and others, to teach me to play, but I had resisted them all most strongly, and, whether from shyness or hopelessness of success, *would not* be taught; nor was it till the piano-forte had been some time in our possession that, taking a fancy voluntarily to the task, I began to learn of myself.

Not content with my own boyish stirrings of ambition, and the attempts at literature of all kinds to which they impelled me, I contrived to inoculate also Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany (my father's two clerks) with the same literary propensities. One of them, Tom Ennis, a man between twenty and thirty years of age, had a good deal of natural shrewdness and talent, as well as a dry vein of Irish humour, which used to amuse us all exceedingly. The other, John Delany, was some years younger, and of a far more ordinary cast of mind; but even him, too, I succeeded in galvanising into some sort of literary vitality.

As our house was far from spacious, the bed-room which I occupied was but a corner of that in which these two clerks slept, boarded off and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a bookcase over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us, however, to board and lodge elsewhere, I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough was I of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of

Shenstone's at the Leasowes. Thinking it the grandest thing in the world to be at the head of some literary institution, I organised my two shop friends, Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany, into a debating and literary society, of which I constituted myself the president; and our meetings, as long as they lasted, were held once or twice a week, in a small closet belonging to the bed-room off which mine was partitioned. When there was no company of an evening, the two clerks always supped at the same time with the family; taking their bread and cheese, and beer, while my father and mother had their regular meat supper, with the usual adjunct, never omitted by my dear father through the whole of his long and hale life, of a tumbler of whisky punch. It was after this meal that my two literary associates and myself, used (unknown, of course, to my father and mother) to retire, on the evenings of our meetings, to the little closet beyond the bed-room, and there hold our sittings. In addition to the other important proceedings that occupied us, each member was required to produce an original enigma, or rebus, in verse, which the others were bound, if possible, to explain; and I remember one night, Tom Ennis, who was in general very quick at these things, being exceedingly mortified at not being able to make out a riddle which the president (my august self) had proposed to the assembly. After various fruitless efforts on his part, we were obliged to break up for the night leaving my riddle still unsolved. After I had been some hours asleep, however, I was awakened by a voice from my neighbour's apartment, crying out lustily, "a drum, a drum, a drum;" while at the same time the action was suited to the word by a most vigorous thumping of a pair of fists against my wooden partition. It was Tom Ennis, who had been lying awake all those hours endeavouring to find out the riddle, and now thus vociferously announced to me his solution of it.

This honest fellow was (like almost all those among whom my early days were passed) thoroughly, and to the heart's core, Irish. One of his most favourite studies was an old play in rhyme, on the subject of the Battle of Anghrim, out of which he used to repeat the speeches of the gallant Sarsfield, with a true national relish. Those well-known verses, too, translated from the Florentine bishop, Donatus,

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame," were ever ready on his lips.

Though by the bill of 1793 Catholics were admitted to the University, they were still (and continue to be to this present day) excluded from scholarships, fellowships, and all honours connected with emolument; and as, with our humble and precarious means, such aids as these were naturally a most tempting consideration, it was for a short time deliberated in our family circle, whether I ought not to be entered as a Protestant. But such an idea could hold but a brief place in honest minds, and its transit, even for a moment, through the thoughts of my worthy parents, only shows how demoralising must be the tendency of laws which hold forth to their victims such temptations to duplicity. My mother was a sincere and warm Catholic, and even gave in to some of the old superstitions connected with that faith, in a manner remarkable for a person of her natural strength of mind. The less sanguine nature and quiet humour of my father led him to view such matters with rather less reverent eyes; and though my mother could seldom help laughing at his sly sallies against the priests, she made a point of always reproving him for them, saying (as I think I can hear her saying at this moment), "I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

We had in the next street to us (Great Stephen Street) a friary, where we used to attend mass on Sundays, and some of the priests of which were frequent visitors at our house. One in particular, Father Ennis, a kind and gentle-natured man, used to be a constant sharer of our meals; and it would be difficult, I think, to find a priest less meddling or less troublesome. Having passed some time in Italy, he was able, in return for the hospitality which he received, to teach me a little Italian; and I had also, about the same time, a regular master, for the space of six months, in French, —an intelligent emigré named La Fosse, who could hardly speak a word of English, and who, on account of my quickness in learning, as well as my mother's hospitable attentions to him, took great delight in teaching me. To such a knowledge of the two languages as I thus contrived to pick up, I was indebted for that display of French and Italian reading (such as it was) which I put forth about five

or six years after, in the notes to my translation of *Anacreon*.

I cannot exactly remember the age at which I first went to confession, but it must have been some three or four years before I entered the University; and my good mother (as anxious in her selection of a confessor for me as she was in every step that regarded my welfare, here or hereafter), instead of sending me to any of our friends, the friars of Stephen Street, committed me to the care of a clergyman of the name of O'Halloran, who belonged to Townshend Street Chapel, and bore a very high character. Of this venerable priest, and his looks and manner, as he sat listening to me in the confessional, I have given a description, by no means overcharged, in the first volume of my *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*. It was, if I recollect right, twice a year that I used to sally forth, before breakfast, to perform this solemn ceremony—for solemn I then certainly felt,—and a no less regular part of the morning's work was my breakfasting after the confession with an old relation of my mother, Mrs. Deverex, the wife of a West India captain who lived in a street off Townshend Street; and a most luxurious display of buttered toast, eggs, beefsteak, &c., I had to regale me on those occasions. To this part of the morning's ceremonies I look back, even now, with a sort of boyish pleasure; but not so to the trying scene which had gone before it. Notwithstanding the gentle and parental manner of the old confessor, his position, sitting there as my judge, rendered him awful in my eyes; and the necessity of raking up all my boyish peccadilloes, my erring thoughts, desires, and deeds, before a person so little known to me, was both painful and humiliating. We are told that such pain and humiliation are salutary to the mind, and I am not prepared to deny it, the practice of confession as a moral restraint having both sound arguments and high authority in its favour. So irksome, however, did it at last become to me, that, about a year or two after my entrance into college, I ventured to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession; and, after a slight remonstrance, she sensibly acceded to my wish.

The tutor under whom I was placed on entering College was the Rev. — Burrowes, a man of considerable reputation, as well for clas-

sical acquirements as for wit and humour. There are some literary papers of his in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; and he enjoyed the credit, I believe deservedly, of having been the author, in his youth, of a celebrated flash song, called "The night before Larry was stretched," i. e. *hanged*. Of this classical production I remember but two lines, where, on the "Dominie" (or parson) proposing to administer spiritual consolation to the hero,—

"Larry tipped him an elegant look,
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil."

The fame of this song (however Burrowes himself and his brother dominies might regret it) did him no harm, of course, among the younger part of our college community.

Having brought with me so much reputation from school, it was expected, especially by my anxious mother, that I should distinguish myself equally at college; and in the examinations of the first year, I *did* gain a premium, and I believe a certificate. But here the brief career of my college honours terminated. After some unavailing efforts (solely to please my anxious mother), and some memento of mortification on finding myself vanquished by competitors whom I knew to be dull fellows, "*intus et in cute*," and who have, indeed, proved themselves such through life, I resolved in the second year of my course to give up the struggle entirely, and to confine myself thenceforth to such parts of the course as fell within my own tastes and pursuits, learning just enough to bring me through without disgrace. To my mother this was at first a disappointment; but some little successes which I met with out of the direct line of the course, and which threw a degree of *éclat* round my progress, served to satisfy in some degree her fond ambition. It was a rule at the public examinations that each boy should produce, as a matter of form, a short theme in Latin prose upon some given subject; and this theme might be written when, where, or by whom it pleased the Fates; as the examiners seldom, I believe, read them, and they went for nothing in the scale of the merits of the examined. On one of these occasions I took it into my head to deliver in a copy of English verse, instead of the usual Latin prose, and it happened that a Fellow of the name of Walker, who had the credit of possessing more literary

taste than most of his brotherhood, was the examiner of our division. With a beating heart I saw him, after having read the paper himself, take it to the table where the other examiners stood in conference, and each of them I observed perused it in turn. He then came over to the place where I sat, and, leaning across the table, said to me in his peculiar methodistical tone, "Did you write those verses yourself?" "Yes, sir," I quietly answered; upon which, to my no small pride and delight, he said, "Upon my word the verses do you much credit, and I shall lay them before the Board,* with a recommendation that you shall have a premium for them." He did so; and the reward I received from the Board was a copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis," in very handsome binding,—the first gain I ever made by that pen which, such as it is, has been my sole support ever since. The distinction, I rather think, must have been one of rare occurrence; as I recollect that when I waited upon the Vice-Provost (Hall) to receive my certificate of the honour, he took a long time before he could satisfy his classical taste as to the terms in which he should express the peculiar sort of merit for which I was rewarded; and, after all, the result of his cogitations was not very felicitous, the phrase he had used being "*propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum*."

About the third year of my course, if I remember right, an improvement was made in our quarterly examinations by the institution of a classical premium distinct from that which was given for science; and myself and a man named Ferral (who was said to have been a tutor before he entered college) were on one occasion competitors for this prize. At the close of the examination, so equal appeared our merits, that the examiner (Usher) was unable to decide between us, and accordingly desired that we should accompany him to his chambers, where, for an hour or two, he pitted us against each other. The books for that period of the course were the Orations of Demosthenes and Virgil's *Georgics*; and he tried us by turns at all the most difficult passages, sending one out of the room while he was questioning the other. At length, his dinner-hour having arrived, he was obliged to dismiss us without giving any decision, desiring that we

* The provost and senior fellows.

should be with him again at an early hour next morning. On considering the matter as I returned home, it struck me that, having sifted so thoroughly our power of construing, he was not likely to go again over that ground, and that it was most probably in the history connected with the Orations he would examine us in the morning. Acting forthwith upon this notion, I went to an old friend of mine in the book line, one Lynch, who kept a ragged old stall in Stephen-street, and, borrowing from him the two quarto volumes of Leland's Philip, contrived to skim their contents in the course of that evening, notwithstanding that a great part of it was devoted to a gay music-party at a neighbour's. When we reappeared before Usher in the morning, the line of examination which he took was exactly what I had foreseen. Returning no more to the text of either of our authors, his questions were solely directed to such events of the reign of Philip as were connected with the Orations of Demosthenes; and as the whole was floating freshly in my memory, I answered promptly and accurately to every point; while my poor competitor, to whom the same lucky thought had not occurred, was a complete blank on the subject, and had not a word to say for himself. The victory was, of course, mine *hollow*; but it was also in a more accurate sense of the word *hollow*, as after all I did not carry off the premium. It was necessary, as part of the forms of the trial, that we should each give in a theme in Latin verse. As I had never in my life written a single hexameter, I was resolved not to begin bunglingly *now*. In vain did Usher represent to me that it was a mere matter of form, and that with my knowledge of the classics, I was sure to make out something good enough for the purpose. I was not to be persuaded. It was enough for me to have done well what I had attempted; and I determined not to attempt anything more. The premium accordingly went to my opponent, on his producing the required quantum of versicles; and as my superiority over him in the examination had been little more than accidental, his claim to the reward was nearly as good as my own.

That the verses were meant as a mere form,—and a very bungling form too,—may be believed without any difficulty; our fellows, in general, knowing little more of Latin verse than their pupils. Indeed, neither in the Eng-

lish nor the Latin Parnassus did these learned worthies much distinguish themselves. Dr. Fitzgerald, one of the senior fellows in my time, was the author of a published poem called "The Academic Sportsmen," in which was the following remarkable couplet,—

"The cackling hen, the interloping goose,
The playful kid that frisks about the house;"

and Dr. Browne,—a man, notwithstanding, of elegant scholarship, and who is said to have ascertained accurately the site of Tempe, though never in Greece*,—was rash enough to publish some Latin poems, which, as containing numerous false quantities, were of course miserably mauled by the "aucupes syllabarum" of the English Reviews.

Another slight circumstance, during my course, which gave me both pleasure and encouragement, took place one morning at one of these comfortless Greek lectures which are held at so early an hour as six o'clock, and which, from not being a resident member of the college, I was seldom able to attend. Our Greek task at that period was the *Πως δει ιστοριαν συγγραφειν* of Lucian, and, as usual, I had prepared my translation in the best English I could stock my memory with,—a labour which was left in general to its own reward; as the common run of our examiners, particularly at that early hour in the morning, were but little awake to the niceties or elegancies of style. Our Greek lecturer, however, on this occasion, was Magee,—the highflying archbishop of after-days,—a man much beyond his compeers both in learning and taste. The usual portion of translation which each boy had to scramble through during the lecture was about half a page or so, lengthened out by constant interruptions from the examiner; and in this manner the operation had proceeded on the morning I am speaking of, till the book came to my turn, when, from the moment I commenced, Magee stood silently listening, and allowed me to go on translating, page after page, to the amount of perhaps four or five; when expressing in a marked manner his regret at being obliged to interrupt me, he passed the book on to my neighbour. From Magee's high reputation, I felt this compliment very sensibly; nor can I help saying that his being

* He proved, if I recollect right, in this Essay, that Pöcocke had actually passed through Tempe without knowing it.

so alive to a sense of taste or duty—whichever it might have been—at so early an hour, on a raw candle-light morning, was in a high degree creditable to him.

It was, I think, towards the end of the second year of my course, that a crack-brained wit, Theophilus Swift,—the same who called out, and was wounded by Col. Lennox, after the duel of the latter with the Duke of York,—commenced a furious pamphlet war against the fellows of our university, in consequence of some injustice inflicted, as he thought, by them on his son. The motto to his chief pasquinade was “Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;” and the most galling part of the attack was his exposure of the shameless manner in which the fellows, most of them, contrived to evade that statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying. This they effected by the not very seemly expedient of allowing their wives to retain their maiden surnames, and thus living with them as if they were mistresses. The wife of my tutor, Burrowes, for instance, went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson,—she being the daughter of Grierson, the King’s printer. Magee’s wife was called Mrs. Moulson; and so on. One of the points, indeed, enforced coarsely, but bitterly, by Swift was, that none of these ladies were, in the eyes of the law, really married; and that, in case of crim. con., their husbands would not be entitled to damages. In speaking of the lady of Burrowes, Swift commenced a sentence thus:—“If I or some more youthful adventurer were to be caught in an amour with Mrs. Letterpress,” &c.

I forget whether any legal proceedings were taken by any of the fellows against Swift. But Burrowes, my tutor, being tempted to try his wit, in a retort upon his assailant, published a squib in verse, with notes, for which he was prosecuted by Swift, and sentenced to confinement, for about a fortnight, in Newgate [Dublin]. I remember paying him a visit during the time of his imprisonment; and it was undoubtedly a novel incident in academic history for a pupil to visit his reverend preceptor at Newgate. Swift’s son (who had been christened Dean for the honour of the name) joined also in a literary onset with his father, and wrote a poem called the “Monks of Trinity,” which had some smart lines. In one,

where Magee was styled a “learned antithesis,” he seems to have prefigured the sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got involved, some years after, by the use of that same figure of rhetoric. In a famous charge of his, soon after he became archbishop, in speaking of the difficult position of the Irish establishment, between the Catholics on one side and the Dissenters on the other, he describes it as placed “between a Church without a religion and a religion without a Church.”* Of this pithy sentence he was made to feel the rebound pretty sharply; and one of the ablest of Dr. Doyle’s pamphlets was written in answer to Magee’s charge.

I am now coming to a period of my youthful days when a more stirring and serious interest in public affairs began to engage my attention, both from the increasing electric state of the political atmosphere, and my own natural predisposition to catch the prevailing influence. But before I enter upon this new epoch, a few recollections of my course of life, out of the walls of college, during the period we have just been considering, will not perhaps be unwelcome. In pursuance of the usual system of my mother, the person who instructed my sister in music—Billy Warren, as we familiarly called him—became soon an intimate in the family, and was morning and night a constant visitor. The consequence was that, though I never received from him any regular lessons in playing, yet by standing often to listen when he was instructing my sister, and endeavouring constantly to pick out tunes—or *make* them—when I was alone, I became a piano-forte player (at least sufficiently so to accompany my own singing) before almost any one was in the least aware of it.

It was at this period,—about the second year, I think, of my college course,—that I wrote a short masque with songs, which we performed before a small party of friends in our front drawing-room. The subject of the masque, as well as I can recollect—for not a trace of the thing remains—was a story of a lady (personated by my eldest sister Kate), who, by the contrivance of a spirit (Sally Masterson, an intimate friend of my sister), was continually haunted in her dreams by the

* “A church without what we can properly call a religion, and a religion without what we can properly call a church.” This, if I recollect right, is the correct version of this belligerent antithesis.—J. R.

form of a youth (myself) whom she had never beheld but in this visionary shape. After having been made sufficiently wretched by thus having a phantom which haunts her day and night, the lady is at last agreeably surprised by finding the real youth at her feet as full of love as herself,—having been brought thither by the kind spirit, who knowing that he had long loved her at a distance, took this method of preparing his mistress's heart to receive him. The song sung by the spirit I had adapted to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, in his Canzonets, and the lady had a ballad beginning "Delusive dream," which was very pleasingly set to music by Billy Warren, and continued long to be very popular as sung by myself at the piano-forte.*

The notoriety I had already acquired by my little attempts in literature, as well as my own ambition to become known to such a person, brought me acquainted, at this time, with Mrs. Battier, an odd, acute, warm-hearted, and intrepid little woman, the widow of a Captain Battier, who, with two daughters and very small means, lived, at the time of my acquaintance with her, in lodgings up two pair of stairs, in Fade Street; and acquired a good deal of reputation, besides adding a little to her small resources, by several satirical pieces of verse, which she from time to time published. Her satires were chiefly in the bitter Churchill style, and struck me,—*then*, at least,—as possessing no small vigour. What I should think of them now, I know not. Of all some admired so much in her writings, only two couplets remain at present in my memory. One was, where, in speaking of the oratory of Sir Lawrence Parsons (the late Lord Rosse), she said,—

"When Parsons draws in one continuous hum,
Who would not wish all baronets were dumb?"

This summary wish to silence *all* baronets, because *one* was a bore, strikes me even now as rather comical. The other couplet relates to Curran, and commemorates in a small compass two of his most striking peculiarities, namely, his very unprepossessing personal

* At the very moment when I am writing these lines, my poor sister Kate, who is here spoken of, lies suffering in a state of protracted, and I fear hopeless, illness; and though we have for many years seen little of each other, the thoughts of our early days together, and of what she may now be suffering, comes over my heart with a weight of sadness which it would be difficult to describe.

appearance, and his great success, notwithstanding, in pursuits of gallantry. The following is the couplet—

"For though his monkey face might fail to woo her,
Yet, ah! his monkey tricks would quite undo her."

There were also six or eight lines which she wrote about myself, and which I certainly ought not to have forgotten, considering the pleasure which they gave me at the time. They were written by her after one of my college examinations, in which it was supposed (perhaps unjustly) that the examiner,—a dull monk of Trinity, named Prior, still alive,—had dealt unfairly by me, in order to favour a son of the vice-provost, who was my opponent. Of course, we all thought the verses both just and witty.

As this lady (Mrs. Battier) was much older than my own mother, and, though with a lively expression of countenance, by no means good-looking, it is some proof of my value for female intellect, at that time (though I have been accused of underrating it since), that I took great delight in her society and always very gladly accepted her invitations to tea. One of these tea-parties I have a most lively remembrance of, from its extreme ridiculousness. There had lately come over from some part of England one of those speculators upon Irish hospitality and ignorance which at that period of Dublin civilisation were not unfrequent,—a Mrs. Jane Moore, who had come upon the double speculation of publishing her poems, and promulgating a new plan for the dyeing of nankeens. Whether she had brought letters of introduction to Mrs. Battier, or had availed herself of their common pursuit (in *one* at least of their avocations) to introduce herself, I cannot now say; but having expressed a wish to read her poems to some competent judges, she was invited by my friend to tea for the purpose, and I was, much to my gratification, honoured with an invitation to meet her. I rather think that poor Mrs. Battier was reduced to a single room by the state of her circumstances, for I remember well that it was in the bed-room that we drank tea, and that my seat was on the bed, where, enthroned as proudly as possible, with these old poetesses (the new arrival being of the largest and most vulgar Wapping mould), I sat listening while Mrs. Jane Moore read aloud her poems, making havoc with the *v*'s and *w*'s still as she went,

while all the politeness of our hostess could with difficulty keep her keen satirical eyes from betraying what she really thought of the nankeen muse.

I remember another English impostor of the same kind, who came out at a somewhat later period, for the purpose of giving lectures on literature. He had brought letters to some fellows of the college, and there was on the first day of his proposed course a small but very select audience brought together to hear him. While waiting for the company to collect, some of the most literary of those present were employed in conversing with the lecturer; and I myself ventured to sidle up to the group, and put in a little word now and then, though with a heart beating from nervousness at the thought of conversing with a distinguished English lecturer. The fellow was not a whit better than the poetical Mrs. Jane Moore. One of the questions I ventured to put to him was, "You know, of course, Sir, Shenstone's School-mistress?" "Yes," he answered, "but ha'n't seen her of some time." The lecture itself was quite with a piece of this specimen. Quoting a passage (from Lucan, I believe) which he said was counted, by some critics, very "helegant and hingenious,"—the passage being, according to his reading of it, "The evens hintomb im oom the hearth does not hinter,"—he declared his own opinion that it was neither "helegant nor hingenious." It is almost incredible that such a cockney should have contrived, thus even for once, to collect around him an assembly among whom were some of the most accomplished of the fellows of our university.

My recollections of poor Mrs. Battier have brought back some other events and circumstances of this period, with which she was connected. There was a curious society, or club, established in Dublin, which had existed, I believe, for some time, but to which the growing political excitement of the day lent a new and humorous interest. A mere sketch of the plan and objects of the club (to which most of the gay fellows of the middle and *liberal* class of society belonged) will show what a fertile source it afforded, not only of fun and festivity, but of political allusion and satire. The island of Dalkey, about seven or eight miles from Dublin, was the scene of their summer *rélations*, and here they had founded a *kingdom*,

of which the monarchy was elective; and, at the time I am speaking of, Stephen Armitage, a very respectable pawnbroker of Dublin, and a most charming singer, was the reigning king of the island. Every summer the anniversary of his coronation was celebrated, and a gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it), could not be well imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of his majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There was even cannon planted at one or two stations along the shore, to fire salutes in honour of his majesty as he passed. The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles all full of gay, laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air, (the day being, on the occasion I speak of, unclouded throughout) presented a picture of the most lively and exhilarating description.

The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignataries of the kingdom, were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church, by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy, certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation; as thus,—

"And then he up the chimney went,
The chimney went—the chimney went;
And then he up the chimney went,
And stole away the bacon."

There were occasionally peerages and knight-hoods bestowed by his majesty on such "good fellows" as were deserving of them; on this very day which I am describing, Incledon, the singer, who was with a party on the island, was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. My poetical friend, Mrs. Battier,

who held the high office of poetess laureate to the monarch of Dalkey, had, on her appointment to that station, been created Countess of Laurel. I had myself been tempted, by the good fun of the whole travestie, to try my hand (for the first time I believe) at a humorous composition in the style of Peter Pindar, and meant as a birthday ode to King Stephen. Of this early *jeu d'esprit* of mine, which, I remember, amused people a good deal, I can recall only a few fragments here and there. Thus, in allusion to the precautions which George the Third was said to be in the habit of taking, at that time, against assassination, I thus addressed his brother monarch, Stephen.—

"Thou rid'st not, prison'd in a metal coach,
To shield from thy anointed head
Bullets, of a kindred lead,
Marbles, and stones, and such hard-hearted things."

In another passage, a rather trite joke is thus with tolerable neatness expressed,—

"George has of wealth the dev'l and all,
Him we may King of Diamonds call;
But thou hast such persuasive arts,
We hail thee, Stephen, King of Hearts."

On the very morning after the celebration at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as his majesty's state gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred crowns, or Irish halfpence, to whatsoever person or persons might have found and would duly restore his majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and "measuring *both* sides of the road," according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head.

But "*hæ mugæ seria ducent in mala.*" Most serious and awful indeed were the times which followed these gay doings. The political ferment that was abroad through Ireland soon found its way within the walls of our university; and a youth destined to act a melancholy but forever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were fast approaching, had now begun to attract, in no ordinary degree, the attention both of his fellow-students and the college authorities in general. This youth was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant success in his college studies, and more particularly in the scientific portion of them, had crowned his career, as far as he had gone, with

all the honours of the course; while his powers of oratory displayed at a debating society, of which, about this time (1796-7). I became a member, were beginning to excite universal attention, as well from the eloquence as the political boldness of his displays. He was, I rather think by two classes, my senior, though it might have been only by one. But there was, at all events, such an interval between our standings as, at that time of life, makes a material difference; and when I became a member of the debating society, I found him in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners.

Besides this minor society, there was also another in college, for the higher classes of students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the same name, which had some years been (on account of its politics, I believe) put down by the fellows, but continued in defiance of them to hold its sittings *outside* the walls. Of this latter association, Charles Bushe, the present witty Chief Justice, was, if I am not mistaken, one of the most turbulent, as well as most eloquent, members.

Of the political tone of *our* small debating society, which was held at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion; one of which was, I recollect, "Whether an aristocracy or democracy was most favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" while another, still more critically bearing upon the awful position of parties at this crisis, was thus significantly put,—"Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the power of Emmet's eloquence was wonderful; and I feel at this moment as if his language was still sounding in my ears. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was found afterwards necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took, of course, ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the great republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of literature and the arts, hastened, lastly, to the grand and perilous example of the young republic of France; and, re-

ferring to the story of Caesar carrying with him across the river only his sword and his Commentaries, he said, "Thus France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles." On the other question, as to the obligation of a soldier to obey, on all occasions, the orders of his commanding officer, Emmet, after refuting this notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the case of a soldier who, having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing, after death, into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming, in the agony of remorse, while he holds forth his sword, reeking still with the blood of the oppressed and innocent, "Oh God, I know not *why* I have done this." In another of his speeches, I remember him saying, "When a people, advancing rapidly in civilisation and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of their government has lagged behind them; what then I ask is to be done by them in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people."

I forget whether I myself ventured upon any oratorical effort while in this society, but rather think I did not; and the practice of giving in compositions for prizes was not, if I recollect right, one of our usages. It must have been about the beginning of the year 1797 that our little society came to a natural dissolution, most of the members having dropped off or become absorbed in the larger institutions; so that at last there not being left a sufficient number to support the society by their subscriptions, those who remained resolved to divide among them the small library which had been collected (chiefly through gifts from different members), and to declare their meetings at an end. I have to this moment a copy of Bruce's Travels which fell to my lot in the partition, and there is written in it, "The gift of Sir E. Denny, Bart., to the Deb. Soc. Trin. Coll."

To form any adequate idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind at this period (1797), one must not only have lived through it, as I did, but have been also mixed up, as I

was, with the views, hopes, and feelings of every passing hour. Among the oldest acquaintances and friends of my father and mother were some of those, as I have before stated, who were the most deeply involved in the grand conspiracy against the government; and among the new acquaintances of the same description added this year to our list were Edward Hudson, one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's in 1798,—and the ill-fated Robert Emmet. Hudson, a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been, at that time, more than two or three and twenty years of age, was the nephew of Hudson, a celebrated Dublin dentist. Though educated merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life *tête-à-tête* with Edward Hudson,—now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feeling of her sufferings and wrongs.

Previously to this period my chief companions of my own standing had been Beresford Burston and Bond Hall,—neither of them at all studious or clever, but Hall full of life and good-nature, and with a natural turn for humour which made me take great delight in him. Had I been at all inclined to pedantic display in conversation, the society of this pair would have most effectually cured me of it, as the slightest allusion to literature or science in their presence was at once put down as something not fit to be listened to; and by Hall, with such good fun and *badinage* as I myself very much preferred to mere learning. Indeed, such influence have early impressions and habits upon all our after lives that I have little doubt the common and ordinary level of my own habitual conversation (which, while it disappoints, no doubt, Blues and *savans*, enables me to get on so well with most hearty and simple-minded persons) arises a good deal from having lived chiefly, in my young days, with

such gay, idle fellows as Bond Hall, instead of consorting with your young men of high college reputation, almost all of whom that I have ever known were inclined to be pedants and bores.

Whether at the desire of my mother, or from my own wish to distinguish myself—probably from a mixture of both these motives—I went in, in this year, as a candidate for one of the vacant scholarships, though well knowing, of course, that my labour would be in vain; as though I were to come furnished with all the learning of an Erasmus, I should still,—being, like Erasmus, a Catholic,—have been shut out from all chance of the prize. Among the examiners on this occasion was Dr. Kearney, who became soon after Provost, and was, as will be seen, a most kind friend and patron of mine. It was in Horace, if I recollect right, he examined me, and though seemingly well pleased with my manner of construing and answering, evidently winced, more than once, under my slips of prosody,—being one of the few fellows of our college who had made this branch of classical learning their study; and when I have since read of Vincent, the head-master of Westminster, who was said to have been killed by “false Latin,” I could not help remembering the half comic, half lugubrious face which Kearney used to put on when any confusion of “longs and shorts” occurred in his presence. On the list of those who were adjudged worthy of scholarships I obtained a pretty high place, but had only the barren honour of that place for my reward. How welcome and useful would have been the sixty or seventy pounds a year, which I believe the scholarship was worth, to the son of a poor struggling tradesman—struggling hard to educate his children—I need hardly point out; nor can any one wonder that the recollection of such laws, and of their bigoted, though, in some cases, conscientious, supporters, should live bitterly in the minds and hearts of all who have, at any time, been made their victims.

In the course of this year, though I cannot exactly say at what period of it, I was admitted a member of the Historical Society of the University, and here, as everywhere else, the political spirit so rife abroad continued to mix with all our debates and proceedings, notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, and of a strong party within

the society itself which adhered devotedly to the politics of the government, and took part invariably with the Provost and fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent among the supporters of power were a young man, named Sargeant, of whose fate in after days I know nothing; and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be throughout life, highly respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from among the subjects of debate all questions likely to trench upon the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers was, if I remember right, Geraghty; and it was in replying to a speech of his, one night, that Emmet, to the no small mortification and surprise of us who gloried in him as our leader, became embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and (to use the parliamentary phrase) broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior (for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave), he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

A struggle in which I myself was, about this time, engaged with the dominant party in the society, may be worth dwelling on for a few moments,—the circumstances attending it being, in no small degree, perhaps characteristic as well of the good as the bad qualities of my own character at that time of life. Besides

the medals given by the society to the best answerers in history, there was also another for the best compositions sent in at stated periods, either in prose or verse. These productions were all to be delivered in anonymously, and on the night when they were to be read aloud for the judgment of the society, a reader for each was appointed by rotation from among the members. Taking it into my head to become a candidate for this medal, I wrote a burlesque sort of poem, called an "Ode upon Nothing, with Notes by Trismegistus Rustifustius, etc. etc." My attempts at humorous writing had not been many, and the fun scattered throughout this poem was in some parts not of the most chastened description. On the night when it was to be read, whether by mere accident, or from a suspicion that the poem was by me, I was voted by the society to be the reader of it; and as I performed my task *con amore*,—though tremblingly nervous during the whole operation,—and in some degree *acted* as well as *read* the composition, its success was altogether complete; applause and laughter greeted me throughout, and the medal was voted to the author of the composition triumphantly. I then acknowledged myself in due form, and the poem was transcribed into the book of the society appointed to receive all such prize productions.

Being now open to the cool inspection of the members, the objectionable nature of some parts of this extravaganza began to be more seriously viewed,—at least by the party opposed to me in politics—my own side, of course, seeing nothing wrong whatever in the matter,—and at length notice was regularly given of a motion to be brought forward in the following week "for the expunging of certain passages in a composition entered on the books of the society, entitled 'An Ode upon Nothing, etc. etc.'" On the night appointed the charge was brought forward with all due solemnity by a scholar, I think, of the name of Whitty,—one whom, in enumerating the ablest of the party opposed to us, I omitted before to mention. At the conclusion of his elaborate charge I rose to answer him, and having prepared myself for the occasion, delivered myself of a speech which amused exceedingly my auditors on both sides. Speaking as the friend of Dr. Trismegistus Rustifustius, I stated that immediately on receiving notice of this motion, I had waited on the Doc-

tor himself to learn his feelings on the subject, and to take instructions as to the line he wished me to adopt in his defence. The description of my interview with this ideal personage, and the ludicrous message which I represented him to have sent by me to his critics and censors, excited roars of laughter throughout,—though not a trace of them now remains in my memory,—and I sat down amidst triumphant cheers. In proportion, however, as my own party was pleased with the result, they were in like degree doomed to be disappointed by the turn which the affair afterwards took. In order to do away with the effect of my speech, two or three of the gravest and most eloquent of the antagonist party rose in succession to answer me; and the first of them (who was, I rather think, Sargeant) began by saying in a complimentary strain, "I well knew what we were to expect from that quarter; I was fully prepared for that ready display of wit and playfulness which has so much amused and diverted the attention of the society from the serious, etc. etc." This tone of candour disposed me to listen to the speeches of my accusers with respect; and the solemn earnestness with which they pointed out the ill consequences of affording encouragement to such productions, by not only conferring upon them rewards, but even suffering them to remain as models on the society's books, all fell with due weight upon my mind. Accordingly, in the few sentences which I spoke in reply, I freely acknowledged the serious impression which my accuser's words had made upon me, as well as the sincere pain I should feel at being thought capable of *deliberately* offending against those laws prescribed alike by good morals and good taste. I do not pretend to remember accurately the words which I used, but such was in substance their import; and though I disappointed not a little, by this concession, the more ardent spirits of my own faction, who had looked forward to a tough party struggle on the occasion, I was certainly not made to feel by the other side that they took any very overweening credit to themselves for the result, or at all abused their triumph; for immediately on hearing my speech, they voluntarily, if I recollect right, withdrew their motion, without pressing it to a division, and the whole terminated without any further discussion. This, at least, is the

strong impression produced on my memory; and I remember also that as soon as the excitement of the affair had passed away, I myself, in order to prevent any recurrence to the subject, took an opportunity of quietly removing the composition from the books.

In the autumn of this year (1797) the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis that was fast approaching. This memorable paper, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent; the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder) under the signature of "Montanus," being almost the only compositions I can now call to mind as claiming notice for literary as well as for political merit. But it required but a small sprinkling of the former ingredient to make treason at that time palatable; and I can answer from the experience of my own home for the avidity with which every line was devoured. It used to come out, I think, three times a week; and on the evenings of publication, I always read it aloud to my father and mother during supper. It may easily be conceived that, between my ardour for the cause, and my growing consciousness of a certain talent for writing, I was not a little eager to see something of my own in these patriotic and popular columns. But my poor mother's constant anxiety about me,—a feeling far more active than even her zeal for the public cause,—made me fearful of hazarding anything that might at all agitate or disturb her; the aspect of the times being, in itself, sufficiently trying to her, without the additional apprehension of my being involved in their dangers. I had ventured indeed, one night, to pop a small fragment of mine into the letter-box of the paper,—a short imitation of Ossian. But this passed off quietly, and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I soon ventured, however, on a much bolder flight; and without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, addressed a letter "to the students of Trinity College," written in a turgid, Johnsonian sort of a style, but seasoned with plenty of the then favourite condiment, trea-

son; and committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected that it would make its appearance; but, lo and behold, on the next evening of publication, when seated, as usual, in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my father and mother, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, occupying a conspicuous station in the paper, and of course one of the first and principal things that my auditors wished to hear. I possessed then, I take for granted, the power which I have often experienced on far more trying occasions, of appearing outwardly at my ease while every nerve within me was trembling with emotion. It was thus that I managed to get through this letter without awakening the least suspicion in my auditors that it was my own composition. I had the gratification, too, of hearing it much praised by them; and might have been tempted, I think, into avowing myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of it were considered by both to be "very bold." I was not destined, however, to remain long concealed. On the following day, Edward Hudson,—the only person, as I have said, intrusted with the secret,—called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw —." Here he stopped; but my mother's eye had followed his with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That letter was yours, then, Tom?" she instantly said to me, with a look of eagerness and apprehension, and I of course acknowledged the fact without further hesitation; when she most earnestly entreated of me never again to venture on so dangerous a step, and as any wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required of me.

A few days after, in the course of one of those strolls into the country which Emmet and I used often to take together, our conversation turned upon this letter, and I gave him to understand it was mine; when with that almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is so often found in such determined spirits, he owned to me that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that the public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of

the University, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to *talk* or *write* about their intentions, but to *act*. He had never before, I think, in conversation with me, alluded to the existence of the United Irish societies, in college, nor did he now, nor at any subsequent time, make any proposition to me to join in them, a forbearance which I attribute a good deal to his knowledge of the watchful anxiety about me which prevailed at home, and his foreseeing the difficulty I should experience—from being, as the phrase is, constantly “tied to my mother’s apron-strings,”—in attending the meetings of the society without being discovered.

He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the piano-forte, while I played over the airs from Bunting’s Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air “Let Erin remember the Day,” and exclaiming passionately, “Oh that I were at the head of twenty-thousand men marching to that air.”

The only occasion on which, at this fearful period, I received any direct intimation of the existence of United Irish societies in college, was once in returning from evening lecture, when * * *, a man now holding a very high legal station, and of course reformed from all such bad courses, happening to accompany me a part of the way home, not only mentioned the fact of such associations being then organised in college, but proposed to me to join the lodge to which he himself belonged. Nothing more passed between us on the subject; but it will be seen, at a subsequent period, how fatal might have proved the consequences of this short conversation, both to myself and to all connected with me.

While thus, in political matters, such abundant fuel for excitement surrounded me, I was also in another direction of feeling thrown in the way of impressions and temptations, to

any of which my time of life, vivacity of fancy, and excitable temperament, rendered me peculiarly susceptible.

I had long before this begun by translating the odes attributed to Anacreon,—I say “attributed,” because there are but slight grounds, I fear, for considering them to be his,—and had even, so far back as the beginning of 1794, published a paraphrase of the fifth ode in the *Anthologia Hibernica*. But it was now that the notion of undertaking a translation of the whole of the odes occurred to me, and I had at this time made considerable progress in the work. I had been also in the habit of frequently availing myself of a permission of which I was not a little proud, to read in Marsh’s library during the months when it was closed to the public, a privilege I obtained through my acquaintance with the son of the librarian, Dean Cradock; and to the many solitary hours which I passed, both about this time and subsequently, in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I was indebted for much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading that may be found scattered through some of my earlier works.

The line of study that at this time chiefly attracted me was that which accorded most, not only with the task on which I was engaged, but unluckily also with one of the feelings then most dominant over my mind. I say “one of the feelings,” for it would be difficult to conceive a much greater variety of excitement than that with which, at this most combustible period of life, I was beset. The great Irish conspiracy, in which almost all the persons most intimately known and valued by us were embarked,—though of more than the mere outline of its objects and organisation we were ourselves ignorant,—was then awfully hastening to its *dénouement*; and, vague and unsearchable as was the future which it promised, this very uncertainty but rendered it the more exciting, as well as more capable of being heightened by a young and prospective fancy. Then the constant rumors and alarms that every succeeding day gave rise to,—some of them involving the safety of friends in whom we were deeply interested,—all this was fully sufficient to furnish no ordinary amount of stimulus, without taking into account any of the other sources of excitement to which I was exposed. The new stirrings of literary am-

bition, accompanied by the sense of pride and pleasure which the first exercise of power of any kind is sure to afford; the delight with which my early attempts at composition were welcomed by her whom it was *my* delight to please,—my dear and excellent mother; the bursting out of my latent passion for music, which was in reality the source of my poetic talent, since it was merely the effort to translate into words the different feelings and passions which melody seemed to me to express;—all this formed such a combination of mental stimulants as few, I think, of the same period of life have ever been surrounded by; nor can I conceive of a youth much more delightful and interesting to have ever fallen to any one's lot.

My first tutor, Burrowes, having a little before this time retired on a good living—the *euthanasia* of most of the monks of old Trinity,—I was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a civil and zealous man, though far more collegiate in mind and manners than the destined Dean* whom I had left. Being also, however, a much more warm-hearted person, he took a very kind and active interest in all my concerns; and showed this interest, by a step which though at the time not a little painful to me, I afterwards learned to appreciate as it deserved. Requesting a few minutes with my father and mother, he advised confidentially and strenuously that I should avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet; hinting at the same time that our intimacy had been much noticed, and that there were circumstances which rendered it highly imprudent. Though not aware at that time of the extent to which Emmet was implicated in the Irish conspiracy, we knew quite enough to enable us to understand this friendly warning, though if I recollect right, we but in a very slight degree acted upon it.

There was now left, however, but little time either for caution or deliberation, as the fearful drama of "The Plot Discovered," in all its horrors, soon after commenced; and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon, was that formidable Inquisition held within the walls of our college by the bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon. I must say in fairness, however, that strong and harsh as then appeared the measure of setting up this sort of tribunal, with the power of ex-

amining witnesses on oath, in a place dedicated to the instruction of youth, yet the facts that came out afterwards in the course of evidence but too much justified even this inquisitorial proceeding; and to many who like myself were acquainted only with the general views of those engaged in the conspiracy, without knowing, except in a few instances, who those persons were, or what were their plans and resources, it was really most startling and awful to hear the disclosures which every new succeeding witness brought forth.

There were a few,—and among that number were poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets,—whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions now about to be inquired into. But there was one young friend of mine whose appearance among the suspected and examined, quite as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. This was Dacre Hamilton, the son of a Protestant lady, a widow, with very small means, but of highly respectable connections; and he himself, in addition to his scholarship and talents, being one of the most primitively innocent persons with whom I was acquainted; and accordingly producing often among those who were intimate with him that sort of amusement mixed with affection, which the Parson Adams class of character is always certain to inspire. He and Emmet—both of them my seniors in the University—had long been intimate and attached friends; their congenial fondness for mathematical studies being, I think, a far stronger bond of sympathy between them than their politics. For whatever interest poor Dacre Hamilton may have taken *speculatively* in the success of the popular cause, he knew quite as little, I believe, of the definite objects of the United Irishmen, and was as innocent of the plans then at work for their accomplishment, as I can truly allege I was myself. From his being called up, however, on this first day of the inquiry, when, as it appeared, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there can be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the College authorities must have had some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In

* Burrowes was, some time after, made a Dean.

the course of his examination some questions were put to him which he refused to answer (most probably from their tendency to involve or criminate others), and he was dismissed, poor fellow, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects were all utterly blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was to be not merely banishment from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of the whole day had been such as to send me home to my anxious parents with no agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given compromising even the lives of some of those friends whom I had been most accustomed to regard both with affection and admiration; and what I felt even still more than their danger,—a danger ennobled at that time in my eyes, by the great cause in which it had been incurred,—was the degrading spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them; persons who themselves had, of course, been implicated in the plot, and now came forward, either as volunteer informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences to secure their own safety at the expense of their associates and friends.

I remember well the gloom that hung over our family circle on that evening, as we talked over the events of the day, and discussed the probability of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest father and mother came was, that overwhelming as the consequences were to all their prospects and hopes for me, yet if the questions leading to the crimination of others which had been put to almost all examined that day, and which poor Dacre Hamilton alone refused to answer, should be put also to me, I must in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal.

I forget whether I received any intimation on the following morrow that I should be one of those examined in the course of the day, but I rather think that some such notice was conveyed to me; and at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty; and by his side the memorable "Paddy" Duigenan,

memorable, at least, to all who lived in those dark times, for his eternal pamphlets sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my lord," said I, in a clear firm voice, "I have an objection to taking this oath."—"What's your objection, sir?" he asked, sternly. "I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. "How old are you, sir?" I told him my age, between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again looking towards me, "We cannot allow any person to remain in our University who would refuse to take this oath."—"I shall, then, my lord," I replied, "take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described."—"We do not sit here to argue with you, sir," he rejoined, sharply, upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair.

The following were the questions and answers that then ensued; and I can pretty well pledge myself for their almost verbal accuracy, as well as for that of the conversation which preceded them. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?"—"No, my lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?"—"No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?"—"No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?"—"Oh, no, my lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him, resumed: "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation." I was told afterwards that

a fellow of the college, named Stokes (a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men) turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some one who sat next him, and said, "That's the best answer that's been given yet."

I was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, though tolerably conscious in my own mind, that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject, till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall, and seen what sort of verdict their looks and manners would pass on my conduct. And here I had certainly every reason to feel satisfied; as all crowded around me with hearty congratulations, not so much, I could see, on my acquittal by my judges, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception at home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

* * * *

It was while I was confined with this illness, that the long and awfully expected explosion of the United Irish conspiracy took place; and I remember well, on the night when the rebels were to have attacked Dublin (May, 1798), the feelings of awe produced through the city, by the going out of the lamps one after another, towards midnight. The authorities had, in the course of the day, received information of this part of the plan, to which the lamp-lighters must, of course, have been parties; and I saw from my window, a small body of the yeomanry accompanying a lamp-lighter through the streets to see that he performed his duty properly. Notwithstanding this, however, through a great part of the city where there had not been time to take this precaution, the lights towards midnight all went out.

Among the many fearful and painful events that had, before then, succeeded each other so rapidly, there was none that had more surprised and shocked us than the apprehension of our manly and accomplished young friend, Hudson, among the delegates assembled at Oliver Bond's. That meeting was, if I recollect right, to be the last before the delegates should disperse each to his allotted quarters,

for the great general outbreak; and the watchword of admission (which Reynolds betrayed to the Government) was, "Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?" Major Sirr was, I believe, the officer who knocked at the door and gave this watchword; and I have heard from authority on which I could depend, that when he entered the room, my poor friend Hudson fainted; showing how little a stout heart and Herculean frame (both of which Hudson possessed) may be proof against sudden alarm, or exempt their owner from such outward signs of feminine weakness.

Of the events that occurred between this period and my first departure to London as a Templar, I shall not attempt any regular detail; but merely state, as they rise in my mind, whatever scattered recollections of that interval may occur to me. I have not mentioned, I believe, that among the efforts made by my dear mother to provide me with means of instruction, she had employed a French master, named La Fosse, to attend me; a most civil and intelligent poor emigrant, who, like all my other teachers, became a sort of friend in the family, and was always welcome to a share of our tea and *barne-breac* of an evening. When I had been about five months taking lessons of him, he proposed to me to write a short essay in French upon a subject which he suggested; and not long after I began to try my hand at French verse; and, among other daring attempts in that line, ventured a *Conte* in the manner of La Fontaine, in which I proceeded to the extent of about thirty or forty verses. There were at this time some emigrant officers of the Irish Brigade in Dublin, and two of them, named Blake and Ruth, were constant visitors at our house. From Blake, who played remarkably well on the Spanish guitar, I took some lessons on that instrument, but never made any progress with it.

Among the young men with whom I formed an intimacy in college, some were of the same standing with myself, others more advanced. One of the latter, Hugh George Macklin,—or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio,—had attained a good deal of reputation both in his collegiate course, and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymester to a consid-

erable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money,—which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case,—his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared in his conic sections,—“Prepared,” he exclaimed, “I could whistle them.” In a mock account, written some time after, of a night’s proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—“Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling, for whistling conic sections.”

My life from earliest childhood had passed, as has been seen, in a round of gay society; and the notice which my songs and my manner of singing them had attracted led me still more into the same agreeable, but bewildering, course. I was saved, however, from all that coarser dissipation into which the frequenting of men’s society (particularly as *then* constituted) would have led me; and this I owed partly to my natural disposition, which always induced me (especially in my younger days) to prefer women’s society infinitely to men’s; and partly to the lucky habit, which I early got into, of never singing but to my own accompaniment at the pianoforte. I thus became altogether dependent on the instrument, even in my convivial songs; and, except in a few rare cases, never sung a song at a dinner-table in my life. At suppers, indeed, and where there were ladies to listen and a pianoforte to run to, many and many have been the songs I have sung, both gay and tender; and, at this very moment, I could sing “Oh the merry days that are gone,” while thinking of those times.

It was in the year 1798 or 1799 (I am not certain which) that I took my degree of bachelor of arts, and left the University. Owing to rumours which had for some time prevailed, apprehensions had been felt in our home circle that the lord chancellor would object to admitting to degrees some of those who had been

summoned to the Visitation; and it was not without a feeling of nervousness that I now presented myself before him. As soon as he saw me he turned round to the provost, who was seated by his side, and said, “Is not that —.” I could hear no more of his question, but the provost answered him in the affirmative; and I could perceive that there was at least nothing unfriendly in the inquiry he had made about me. This, at the time, was an exceeding relief; and I had afterwards, indeed, good grounds for believing that the impression I had made upon him at the Visitation was far from being unfavourable.

That the provost himself, Dr. Kearney, was kindly disposed towards me, I had, through many years, very gratifying proofs; as an acquaintance from this time commenced between us, which was to me not only honourable (considering all the circumstances), but also useful, and in a high degree agreeable. His house was the resort of the best society in Dublin; and his wife and daughters were lively, literary, and fond of music; while he himself, in addition to his love of letters, had a fund of dry drollery about him, which rendered him a most amusing and agreeable companion.

I had at this time made considerable progress in my translation of the Odes of Anacreon; and having selected, if I recollect right, about twenty, submitted them to the perusal of Dr. Kearney, with the view that, should they appear to him worthy of a classical premium, he should lay them before the Board of the University. The opinion he gave of their merits was highly flattering; but he, at the same time, expressed his doubts whether the Board could properly confer any public reward upon the translation of a work so amatory and convivial as the Odes of Anacreon. He strongly advised me, however, to complete the translation of the whole of the odes, and publish it, saying that he had little doubt of its success. “The young people,” he added, “will like it.”

With my early friend and companion, Beresford Burston, I still continued on intimate terms; but we had both of us now begun to form acquaintances in the world, and in widely different lines, which detached us a good deal from each other. There was, indeed, no sympathy in our tastes, as regards either literature or society; and there remained, therefore, little more than the habits of early intimacy to

keep up much intercourse between us. So early as the year 1795 or 1796, his father had entered both our names at the Middle Temple; and, as I left college before him, I was the sooner ready to proceed to London to keep my terms.

Among the kind and agreeable acquaintances which I formed in Dublin, either now or after my first short visit to London, were the families of Mr. Grierson, the King's printer, and of Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board. The Griersons, with a fine house in Harcourt Street, and a handsome country-seat at Rathfarnham, lived at the full stretch of their income, or rather, I should say, a good deal beyond it, in a constant course of hospitality and gaiety. The Atkinsons, at a somewhat more regulated pace, but still with no less taste for social enjoyments, lived very much the same sort of singing, dancing, and dinnery life. It was also at this time, or perhaps a few months after, on my return from London, that I became acquainted with Sir George Shee* and his lady,—very amiable people, and she an accomplished musician,—and was by them asked (to me a most eventful circumstance) to meet Lord Clare, the arch-foe of my friends the rebels, at dinner. There was no other company, if I recollect right, at dinner, except some persons belonging to Sir George's own family, and, as Lord Clare, therefore, must have been apprised that I had been asked to meet him, the circumstance was the more remarkable. I took but little share, at that time of my life, or, indeed, for many years after, in general conversation, owing to a natural shyness, which, hackneyed as I have been since in all sorts of society, and, little as it may appear in my manner, has, strange to say, never left me. Of course the presence of such a man as Lord Clare was not very likely to untie my tongue; but, in the course of dinner he, with very marked kindness, asked me to drink a glass of wine with him. I met him once afterwards in the streets, when he took off his hat to me; and these two circumstances, slight as they were in themselves, yet following so closely upon my trying scene before him in the Visitation Hall, were somewhat creditable, I think, to both parties.

All this time my poor father's business con-

* Then holding some official station in Dublin.

tinued to be carried on; nor, to do my fine acquaintances justice, did any one of them ever seem to remember that I had emerged upon them from so humble a fireside. A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.

My journey was in so far marked by adventure, that I met with a travelling companion in the stage-coach, who, I have little doubt, belonged to the swindling fraternity, and conceived that in me he had found (in a small way) a fitting subject for his vocation. I have all my life looked younger than my years justified, and must then have appeared a mere school-boy. When we stopped on our way at Coventry to sleep, he enquired of the waiter whether his portmanteau had arrived; and when informed that it had not, expressed great disappointment. Then, looking at my portmanteau, which was nearly as large as myself, he seemed to speculate on a friendly share of its contents. But I thought it wiser to bear the inconvenience of wanting toilet myself than to run the risk of sharing with him my whole stock of worldly treasures. I had been consigned to an old friend of ours named Master-son, then living in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and to reach them was my first and immediate object, notwithstanding all the persuasions of my companion, who had set his heart, he said, at our dining together at our inn (Charing Cross), and then going to one of the theatres in the evening. "You ought to see a little of London," he said, "and I'll show it you." Allowing him to remain under

the impression that all this was likely to happen, I yet ventured to say that I must *first* visit those friends whom I have mentioned; and to this he considerably acceded, saying that he would himself, after we had breakfasted, walk with me part of the way. To this, not knowing how to get rid of him, I very unwillingly assented; and accordingly, arm in arm with that swindler (as I have no doubt the fellow was), I made my first appearance in the streets of London.

The lodging taken for me by my friends, the Mastersons, was a front room, up two pair of stairs, at No. 44 George Street, Portman Square, for which I paid six shillings a-week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants who were then swarming into London; and in the back room of my floor was an old curé, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine; so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. I found great convenience, however, in the French eating-houses, which then abounded in that vicinity, and of which their cheapness was the sole attraction. A poor émigrant bishop occupied the floor below me; and, as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written in large characters, "The Bishop's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop's gone out;" so that callers had but to look up at this placard to know their fate.

I had already, through the introductions I brought with me from Ireland, made several acquaintances, all of whom (being chiefly Irish) were very kind to me, and some occasionally asked me to dinner. Of this latter serviceable class was Martin Archer Shee; while his brother-in-law, Nugent, an engraver, and not very prosperous, poor fellow! was always a sure card of an evening for a chat about literature and a cup of tea. There was also a Dublin apothecary, named McMahon, who had transported himself and gallipots to London, and whose wife, at least, I ought not to forget, as, on some trifling difficulty arising respecting my fees at the Middle Temple (the money I brought with me, though painfully scraped together, being insufficient for the purpose), she took me aside one evening, and telling me in confidence of a small sum which she had

laid by for a particular use, said it should be at my service until I was able to repay her. I got through my difficulty, however, without encroaching upon her small means; but such generous offers come too rarely in this world to allow themselves to be forgotten.

I have no very clear recollection of the details of this, my first, visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I *do* recollect,—and that most vividly,—is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again. One of the forms of my initiation into the Middle Temple was a dinner, which, according to custom, I had to give to a small party of my brother Templars. But not being acquainted with a single creature around me, I was much puzzled how to proceed. I was soon relieved, however, from this difficulty by a young fellow who had, from the first, I saw, observed my proceedings (most probably with a view to this ceremony), and who, addressing me very politely, offered to collect for me the number of diners generally used on such occasions. I was much pleased, of course, to be relieved from my difficulty, and between this new friend of mine to provide the guests, and my poor self to pay the reckoning, we got through the ceremony very lawfully; and I never again saw a single one of my company. All this, as I find from the dates of some old letters in the year 1799, took place during the same period I made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, at the house of a Mrs. Cologan. Though I had long enjoyed his works, and was delighted, of course, to find myself face to face with such a *lion*, I thought him coarse both in manners and conversation, and took no pains to know anything more of him.

Having gone through all the forms of my initiation at the Temple, and likewise arranged through the medium of one of my earliest friends, Dr. Hume, that Stockdale, of Piccadilly, was to be the publisher of my translation of Anacreon as soon as the work was ready, I returned with delight to my dear Dublin home.

It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English re-

collections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself, to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand

my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.

HERE THE MEMOIRS END.

L E T T E R S .

1793—1806.

A Case for the
Opinion of Counsellor Burston.

1793 [T. M.].

"I am of opinion that the within copy of verses is a very good attempt, and does great honour to the young poet.

"B. BURSTON."

27th January, 1793.

[No. 1.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

August 12th, 1793.

We all expected your arrival, at least to-night, when your letter of to-day quashed our hopes of a sudden, and informed us you were still in Wexford. For God's sake will you ever be home? There's nothing here heard but wishes for your return.

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as

"THOMAS MOORE."

N. B. Excuse my scrap of rhyme; for you know poets will out with it. Poets! very proud, indeed; but don't mention it.

[No. 2.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

I have at length (Heaven be praised!) got something like a home; and any commands for me will be most *thankfully attended to* at No. 44 George Street. I assure you that I felt extremely delighted after my long journey to find myself at length a *fixed star*. The lodging which Mr. Masterson provided for me is a very comfortable little room on the second floor, at six shillings per week; which they

tell me is rather cheap, considering the present time of the year, when the world is flocking to London. The woman who keeps the house washes for Mrs. Masterson, and some others; this, you know, is also a convenience to me. My journey up was exceedingly expensive, though Mr. M. tells me it does not exceed the usual calculation. One circumstance, which certainly added to the expense, was my being obliged to take the mail from Chester instead of the coach, which I told you in my letter I expected would set off next morning; but I was mistaken; I should have waited till the morning after that, and two days and three nights passed *alone* in Chester, in the state of mind in which I then was, would have been too much for me to support; so I took to the mail; that was three guineas and a half, which, with 1*l.* 1*6s.* 6*d.* from Holyhead, the guinea for my passage, and the other contingent expenses (in which I was obliged to conform to the other passengers) has made the whole about eight guineas. Mr. M. tells me that the Parkgate way is not by the half so much. So *that* shall be the way by which I shall return, for I will certainly, with God's will, see you in summer.

"The summer will come when the winter's awa,
And I'll be to see thee, in spite of them a."

Let me have a letter immediately. Write to me that you are all well; that you expect to see me in summer; and I shall be as happy as absence from all that I hold dear will allow me to be. Yours ever.

P. S. Mr. and Mrs. M. are uncommonly attentive. I have not given any of my letters yet. Love to my dear father, my dear Catherine, and my dear little Ellen. Never was mortal in such a hurry as I am.

[No. 3.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday.

I have only this half sheet of paper to write upon, dearest mother, and it will easily hold all the news I have to tell you. I am at this moment in very ill humour with myself for having been seduced into three days' idleness, which has done my health and spirits no harm I confess, but has robbed me of so much profitable addition to my work, and added a little link to the long chain that is between us. However, I shall make up for it without difficulty. I was presented this morning to Mr. Foster, who recollected having known me before, and was civil. I go to his house this evening. Never was anything half so kind or good-natured as dear Lady Donegal. I must tell you a trait of my landlady in Bury Street. A few days before I came here, I happened to ask her about some tailor she knew, saying at the same time, that I meant to change mine, on account of his not treating me well, in urging me for the *small balance* of a *very large* bill I had paid him. The good woman took that opportunity of telling me that all her money was at her banker's, and would be much better to be employed by me than to lie idle, and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little at such kindness from a stranger, told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way. It is now terribly long since I heard from home. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 4.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

5th April, 1799.

Friday, 44 George Street, Portman Square.

I hope Warren was time enough to correct the omission which I made with regard to my residence. You cannot conceive how impatient I am to hear from you, and you ought not to let me remain long ungratified. Tell me whether you think my lodging is very dear; I assure you I find it extremely comfortable;

they have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the traiteur's like a prince, for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouilli, rice pudding, and porter, for ninepence halfpenny; if that be not cheap, the dence is in it. I am sure you will be delighted, too, when I tell you that Mr. Masterson has lent me a piano; that which he had in Ireland; a very good one; for Sally has one of Longman's by hire, and, indeed, she has made a wonderful proficiency. She has a very nice harp also, and is beginning to learn on it. Would you believe it? Mr. M'Mahon is here, and as deep in the gallipots as ever; apothecary and man-midwife! no less. I have dined with him, and find him exceedingly friendly. Nugent, to whom Mr. Dowling introduced me, has been particularly attentive. I scarcely saw any one of the persons to whom my letters were directed, but left the letters with my address. I have had three or four notes from them, regretting their not having been at home, and expressing a wish that I should call on them, but all in the *morning*.

I have been but at one play since I came, for I do not like going alone, and I have not found any one that would accompany me. As I have not, therefore, yet much interesting description to give you, I will tell you one or two anecdotes of my journey, by which you may conjecture how a novice like me was annoyed, and which will account for the gloomy letter which I wrote to you from Chester. We came into Holyhead at night, after a most tedious and sickening passage. The first thing to be done was to get a place in the Chester mail of next morning. The mail was full, but a gentleman told me that he would wish to resign his place, and that if I chose I might personate him, and answer to his name. I accordingly paid him, and when the names of the passengers were called over, answered to his. Before I went to bed, Mr. Patrickson represented to me strongly the danger of such counterfeiting in times like the present, which you may be sure prevented me from much sleep that night, but in the morning I contrived to have my proper name inserted. Well, when I was at Chester, I felt myself particularly unpleasant. Alone, and as sooty as a sweep, I wandered like a culprit through the streets, though conscious that nobody knew me. While I was at breakfast in the inn (for you

know I stayed there a day) a frantic fellow came in, who had just ridden post from Warrington, and after chasing the maids all about the house, and beating them, came into the room where I was, sat down with me, told me that he had just escaped from a strait-waistcoat, boasted of having killed a woman and child the night before in the theatre of Warrington, and finally, as he had never been in Chester before, he would wait for me, and we should walk through the streets together! Well, well! with some difficulty I got rid of this dangerous gentleman, and met very soon with one still more so, for a sharper is surely more dangerous than a madman. The mail set off from Chester with only two passengers; we took up two more at Northampton, one of whom, though a young man, soon appeared to be, what my father calls, an *old stager*. He had been on the Continent lately, talked of his hunters (though rather shabby in his appearance), and was going to London then only to get rid of a little money. When he knew that I was going to the Temple, and had never been in London before, he thought he had found a *nice subject*, and paid the most servile attentions to me. "He would show me the pleasures of the metropolis, we should go to the play together, dine together," &c. By the bye, it came out in conversation that he had been up all the night previously playing cards. In fact, he forced me to put up at the same inn (when we arrived) at which he did; was so *glaringly civil* as to offer to carry my portmanteau for me; ordered a room for himself and me; and bid the waiter take my coat, and brush it well, while we were at breakfast. When I mentioned my wish to go to a friend's in Manchester Street, who, I expected, had a lodging provided for me, he advised me to devote two or three days to *seeing* London. Observe, he said that he had sent his portmanteau before him, but, strange to tell, *it had not arrived!* He cursed the fellow that he gave it to—and what could he do? He could not go out without a clean cravat and shirt. Hints upon hints demanded the loan of them from me. I, however, did not open my portmanteau. When I was resolved to go to Manchester Street he accompanied me, and extorted a promise that I should meet him in a couple of hours. Well, well, well! now came another embarrassment. The first ques-

tion almost Mr. M. asked was, "What have you done with your luggage?" "Left them at the inn." "Did you give them in charge to the master of the house?" "No." "Did you get them booked?" "No." "Have you the key of the room?" "No." Off he sent me in a hackney coach; and, to be sure, I was not a little trembling for my portmanteau. Well, well, well! I got my luggage, left word for the kind gentleman that it was not in my power to meet him, and I have never seen him since. This one circumstance will make me believe all that I shall ever be told of the schemers of London. There were a thousand other little traits about him, which I have not time to detail, but they confirmed me in his character. Give my love to my father; *mille choses à Catherine et Ellen*. Yours to eternity.

[No. 5.]

TO HIS FATHER.

April 29, 1799.

I received your letter just when I was hurrying out to dinner, but I must stop to acknowledge its reception, and to assure you that nothing could come more seasonably than its contents; for the expenses of my board had left me penniless, and as there are some fees necessary on the first day of dining, I must have lost my term if the remittance had been two days later, as, after Friday, it would be impossible to serve it. Everything, however, is now as it should be. I sat near an hour with Lord Moira this morning, and am to dine with him on Saturday. He is extremely polite; so indeed are all the people to whom I had letters, and I was mistaken when I told you they took little notice of them. I was on Sunday at a little party at Lady Pesball's, and was introduced very particularly to Col. De Bathe and Capt. Plunket (Lord Dunsany's son). I have returned to my old habits of reading and scribbling again. I stay the forenoon always at home, and generally have a little cold dinner in my room, which never costs me more than a shilling. But I am staying too long; I will write to you immediately again, and will certainly answer my little Catherine's letters. I am uneasy that my mother's cough is not better. Remember me affectionately to her, and believe me ever yours.

How are aunt and uncle (J. and J.)? If

you ever see Croker, ask him did he receive my letter.

[No. 6.]

TO HIS FATHER.

May 11, 1799.

I am distressed to the very heart at having given you all such uneasiness; but indeed the situation was so new to me, that I am sure you are neither surprised nor angry with me for having expressed myself with such querulous irritation. You have, ere this, received another letter, which I doubt not will amuse you; but I hope that this one will arrive time enough to efface any uneasy ideas that *either* might have excited in your minds. I must confess that I feel I have acted very ungenerously in not having rather suffered a little inconvenience, than distress for a moment, by any melancholy complainings, the hearts of those so affectionately dear to me. I could cry for what I have done; but *do* forgive me. I feel that you live to make *me* happy, and surely I should not embitter *your* peace, my dear, dear father and mother! Oh, when shall I be able to repay your goodness!

I did not receive your letter with Mozart's introduction till last night; or you might have been saved the pain which my last letter may perhaps have given you; but I am convinced your good sense made you rejoice that I had found such an independent method of resource in my difficulties, as only for it I should have forfeited my term. I will now go with my draft to the post office. Everything is as it should be, but I cannot be in spirits till I hear that your uneasiness is dissipated. *Do* write and tell me so. Farewell my dearest, best of fathers. God give you all the happiness which you merit. Yours ever, ever.

[No. 7.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

May 15, 1799.

My dearest Mother,—My father's letter of the 8th, which I have just received, has affected me extremely: it shows me how ungenerous, how cowardly were my complaints; and convinces me more and more of the affections of my beloved father and mother. However, forget what I have done, and believe that I want nothing to make me perfectly happy but the assurance that those fears which I so thoughtlessly excited are now completely dissipated. But indeed, my dearest mother, I do

not remember that, in the midst of all my foolish despondence, I ever harboured the least suspicion of your neglect; and if I expressed anything like it, be assured it was owing to the agitation of my mind, which was disturbed by the *novelty*, still more than by the *perplexity*, of my situation. But reproach me no more with it. I have repented that letter (Heaven knows!) almost enough to atone for all its imprudence.

I thank my father from my heart for his letter to Mrs. M-M., and will fly with it to her immediately. I have found a very pleasant acquaintance in Mr. Hume: he seems already to feel a particular interest in me, and is a man of considerable talent. I dined last week with Miss Dodd's friend, Mr. Phibbs; and to-day I dine with our friend Harden. I need never be out of company if I chose it; but I rather avoid it, and am reproached on all sides with my neglect of visiting. Lady Peshall's family have been very attentive to me, and so has Mrs. Latonche; indeed, if I had indulged in going out often (though here I cannot call it an indulgence), there is scarce a night that I should not be at some female gossip party, to drink tea, play a little crambo, and eat a sandwich. I have been dancing after Mr. Atkinson this long time, and cannot meet him. I will write to my father immediately, and give him an account of my expenses, and likewise submit to him a few ideas which have occurred to me with regard to my future pursuits. My darling mother, shall we meet in summer? Oh! how I long for it! Tell me that you wish it,—that you approve of it,—and I will fly to you. Make Catherine write whenever my father writes: give my love to little Ellen and all, not forgetting my uncle Joice, and (when you write to her) to my aunt. Heaven preserve my father to us, my dear mother, and may we all deserve such a protector. God bless you, and make you happy. Farewell.

[No. 8.]

TO HIS FATHER.

"May 22, 1799.

Now that I know your uneasiness is done away, I want nothing to make me happy except that re-union with those I love, which I hope is not far distant. Mr. Gibson called on me yesterday, and gave me a letter of Catherine's, and Mrs. Grierson's delightful little

present, for which I shall write her a letter to-morrow. I have called two or three times on Mr. Goulding, but have not yet met him: before I seal this letter, I will go to him again. I dined on Sunday with Capt. Otway; he has been extremely attentive to me, and purely from courtesy; for he is one of those men whom I certainly can have no hold upon. Neither music, nor literature, nor any of those things does he seem to have a relish for *himself*, or to know that *I* am any way acquainted with them. My Lord This and my Lady That form the whole subject-matter of his conversation. I am to be at Mrs. Cologan's to-morrow night, where I believe I shall meet Peter Pindar. She is one of the first private performers on the harp. I dined with Mr. — the Sunday before last. I find him just like other men who are indebted entirely for their education to themselves. Having never had that idea of subordination which the controul of a superior inculcates, and which is so very necessary to chasten self-opinion, they gradually imagine themselves into an all-sufficiency of knowledge, and are generally the most egotising pedants in the world. But a truce with characters; and now for cold calculations of another kind,—my expenses I must confess I have not yet made such an estimate as to enable you to judge with any kind of accuracy. My lodging you know is six shillings a-week, and I pay the man two shillings a-month for cleaning my shoes and brushing my coat. Before I did this I was obliged to pay twopence for my boots every day, and a penny for my shoes. By the bye I let my boots go to the extreme (though I had got them mended), and I have bespoke a new pair, which will cost me twenty-five shillings, which is a low price here. Indeed, I want a total refitment; my best black coat, the only one I have been able to wear, is quite shabby. The usual expense of my dinner I mentioned to you already. Half-a-crown's worth of tea and sugar serves me more than a week. My washing I cannot accurately estimate, but soon will, and shall inform you more precisely in every thing.

I have just been with Mr. Goulding and have got two guineas, so that matter is settled. Give my love to my mother and all. Tell my mother that my next letter shall be to her. Farewell, my dearest father. Believe me, yours most affectionately.

[No. 9.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

June 11, 1799.

* * * I received a letter from Croker which pleased me very much. Does he ever call? He is a friend whom I am resolved to cultivate. London is growing insupportably warm, and will be a dreadful place to remain in all the summer. If I return to you, you must none of you be very inquisitive, for I am such an inenrious creature that I have not seen half the *lions* of this place. I have not yet been to this wonderful Pizarro of Sheridan's, which is putting all London into fevers.

My father complained of my neglect of writing. The interval between my letters was perhaps too long, but you will perceive that I have not omitted one week. Give my love to my dearest father, and bid him write his decision immediately. Remember me to Catherine, to Ellen, to my uncle, aunt, &c.

I have paid 18s. 6d. for my last term, and will have the same to pay for this. Farewell, my sweet mother. Yours, &c.

[No. 10.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday.

My dearest Mother.—I got Kate's letter, and it was very good of you to think I should be anxious at not hearing so long from home, but lazy Kate might have stretched her commission a little and given me a longer epistle. I think the wearisomeness of this place is beginning almost to make me bilious; after all, there are few samenesses more disagreeable than that of seeing faces you don't care twopence about, returning periodically and domestically, and mixing themselves as if they belonged to you, with every function of life. Oh solitude! solitude! you hold the very next rank to the society of the few we love. I wish prudence did not keep me away from you, dearest mother, and I should exchange all my finerics for Irish stew and salt fish immediately. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 11.]

TO HIS FATHER.

Thursday, June 20, 1799.

I forgot to mention, with regard to my coat and pantaloons, that Mr. Nugent, if you please, will settle for them with Mr. Herbert's money, and you may pay *him*. I am wishing very much to hear from you. In reading Warren's letter over again, I perceive what I

did not observe at first; he tells me that my mother is reconciled to my staying during the vacation. Now, as *that* was, I confess, my chief motive for soliciting my return, because I had in a manner promised it to her; if she be *really* reconciled to my absence, and you not very much inclined to my going over, I will endeavour to have the same self-denial, and all my other objections to my remaining will be easily surmounted. I believe I will wait for your answer to this, if something else does not determine me, for I should be sorry to have no arguments for my return, but my own inclinations. If I go, I shall leave a few of my trifling poems with Hume, to get them published: it is more through a wish to get rid of them, than with any hopes of emolument: if the latter *does* result from them, I can rely on Hume for taking advantage of it. Pray let me hear from you immediately, on receipt of this. I perhaps may determine, however, before you write. Love to all. Yours, &c.

[No. 12.]

TO HIS FATHER.

June 27, 1799.

I was not mistaken in thinking that no immediate emolument would result from those poems. The booksellers shrink from risking anything on a person who has not a *name*; so that one must, at first, sacrifice a little expense, or be content with eternal obscurity; and indeed I am so vexed that I could almost determine to acquiesce in the latter. I think I will set off to-morrow, but if I do not, I will write. Oh father! I hope I may one day or other repay you; but Heaven knows how! I am now in such a disposition that one word from you would decide me in staying here. Perhaps I may receive your answer to my letter, the last but one, before I go away. I will go now to the coach office, and if there be a place to be got, I *will* set off to-morrow. I shall feel happy, *very* happy in seeing you, but indeed I shall feel disappointed at the idea of not having in some manner lightened the burthen which is on you. If I can add, however, one moment of happiness to my poor mother's life by returning, I shall hope that we cannot regret it. Give my love to my sisters, my dear good sisters; and believe me, dearest father, to be your most grateful and affectionate son.

[No. 13.]

TO HIS FATHER.

Parkgate, July 2, 1799.

Dear Father.—The packet will not sail to-day, and here I am imprisoned for one night more: the place is insipid, my companion is insipid, and all these circumstances combining with my impatience to see my beloved home, make this delay most dreadfully irksome to me. However, to-morrow morning, Captain Brown has pledged himself to sail, and you may expect me, with Heaven's permission, the day after to-morrow or the next, for the winds are very uncertain, and we will hardly be over in less than eight-and-forty hours. I hope I shall find you all well and happy. Tell Billy Warren that I am afraid to see him, as I bring him no new music, except that of Pizarro, which is rather uninteresting and common.

Yours, &c.

Love to my mother: I am longing to meet her.

[No. 14.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Chester, Oct. 23, 1799.

I have been detained here to-day, by not being able to secure a place last night. However, I have taken my seat for to-night in the mail, and hope to be in London early, Wednesday morning. Poor Hobart was almost shaken to death, during ninety-seven miles, on the outside of the coach. I have been with him to visit some of his Irish friends here; and we expect to be accompanied to the theatre to-night by Miss Beaver, a very pretty little girl. This will diversify the scene to us, and amuse our time till the departure of the mail. I have long wished for an opportunity of seeing the Chester theatre: there are some good actors here. I hope you will contrive to send my books to me very soon: tell Catherine to take Macbean's Ancient Geography out of the bookcase in your room and send it to me. I forgot too to put the *Pastor Fido* among the books: let her look for it in my room. I do not think I have forgot any thing else of importance. The volumes of Anacharsis, Hall, I suppose, has sent home. Our journey was extremely pleasant; very little chequered by adventures, and very little disturbed by accident. I am in very good spirits, and feel very differently from what I felt when I first travelled; except in that affection for you, and that longing to return to you, which, in the

farthest part of the world, never could desert me. Send me what I have mentioned, and remember me ; for indeed I am,

Your fond and affectionate,
T. M.

[No. 15.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Manchester, Thursday night, half-past Ten.

My dearest Mother,—I have been obliged to come round by Manchester, from being disappointed last night of a seat on to Litchfield. To-day I came twenty-six miles of my journey in a canal boat, at the cheap rate of *three* shillings ; and in about *four* hours hence, I shall be off in the mail for Derby, so as to reach Donington to dinner to-morrow. This is the state of my affairs at present, and but for the uncomfortable hours of darkness I have before me in this night's journey. I am as well and contented as either you or I could wish me to be.

My canal journey to-day was not unpleasant. Contrasted with the rattling of the mail, its movement was as agreeable as it was new, and our way lay through a very pretty country. Love to father and dear girls. Yours, my dearest mother.

[No. 16.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 9, 1799.

Dear Mother,—By some strange error I did not receive Catherine's letter till to-day, when it was given to me with the subsequent one from my father. I was, I confess, extremely anxious, and they relieved me not a little. I should have told you that I took up four guineas from Mr. Goulding, out of which I have bought, in the extra way, a pair of boots (six and twenty shillings) and a little writing portfolio, which I have promised myself this long time. I hope you have got my letter with the enclosure for Cuming ; Nugent will write to him immediately. Tell Dr. Stevenson he may expect a letter from me very soon, and that I dine with Incedon to-morrow, when he promises to introduce me to Irish Johnson.*

Hobart has taken the first floor under me, but does not intend to continue. I wish he would ; for I stay at home very much, and our breakfasting together takes off the *ennui* of *total solitude*. I suppose I shall soon have

* Moore always writes the name Johnson. In the play-bills it was Johnstone.

my books over, and shall pay attention to my father's wishes with regard to Mr. Brownrigg. I am very domestic, and have full leisure to think of all my dear friends at home. Do not forget me, any of you. My love to Billy Warren. Warmest remembrances to father and sisters. Yours, yours.

[No. 17.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 14, 1799.

Dear Mamma,—I have left now so many days of this week without writing, that my letters will come "not single *spies* but in *battalions*."

Beresford Burston and I will dine together to-morrow or the next day, I believe. He appears to me to be drinking deep the intoxications of this place. I was out very late last night at a party at the Honourable Mrs. Gardiner's. She is an *English* woman, but has an *Irish heart*. On Sunday last you know I was to dine at Incedon's. Johnson and I got very great : he is to introduce me to Coleman, the manager and author. I met there too Dr. Mosely, the king's physician. He took my address, and seemed to wish the cultivation of an acquaintance : he is in the first circles. Poor Incedon is deplorably hoarse : we might say to him, what he himself said to Peter Duffey (coal factor) the first time he heard him sing, "By the holy St. Peter, you haven't a *note* in your *sack*." Miss Biggs, the present heroine of Drury Lane, dined there, and gave me her orders for the ensuing evening. Lord Moira is in town. I left my card with him yesterday. I am very much afraid that you did not get my letter with the enclosure for Cuming ; let me know immediately. I have not got my breakfast yet, and as Shakespere says, "with veins unfill'd we're apt to *pout* upon the morning." Has the music-book been procured from Mrs. Grierson's for Dr. S. ? I hope it has. Farewell, my good mother. Believe me, with the tenderest remembrances to my father and my dear little girls, yours ever.

[No. 18.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Dec. 14, 1799.

I had intended to write earlier in the week, but was waiting for the printing of the proposals, the first proof of which I enclose to you. I had yesterday a long visit from a Mr

Biggin—a very famous and very respectable man here. By the bye, it is from *him* the coffee biggins take their name, and from *them* he has taken his money. He has a box at the Opera House, and promises me frequent admission. Johnson, of Covent Garden, I hear, sings some of my songs in company. I wish Cuming would be more active in his drawing. Nugent has begun the head of Anacreon. I am to be at a large party on Wednesday at Mrs. Campbell's, and on Friday at Lady Rich's, and am perfectly stout again. I will write very early next week, and tell you more news. I have got ten guineas from Mr. Goulding, and must immediately get a couple more; but I shall not now require such expense, for dining at home, the hiring of a sofa, which I was obliged to do, rather expensively, and coach-hire, were inevitable expenses. I hope, however, I shall clear at least a hundred guineas, by Anacreon. Love to all. Yoursever.

I shall soon get the rest of the printed papers, and will send them to you.

[No. 19.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Dec. 19, 1799.

I hope the printed papers, which I enclosed, went safe and undamaged: they are very nicely executed, and that I owe entirely to Hume, who has taken the whole negociation with the bookseller for me on himself: he has procured that I shall be announced in the next Reviews: every thing goes on swimmingly; but why is not Cuming's drawing sent out before this? I will enclose him, perhaps to-morrow, a few of the odes for his designs; and pray entreat of him to lose no time, and spare no trouble, in the execution of them. I am getting a good number of names here, and have received *two hard guineas* already from Mr. Campbell and Mr. Tinker, which I hope will be lucky. They are the only guineas I ever kissed; and I have locked them up religiously. Mr. Gardiner sent a paper of my proposals, with a very flattering letter, indeed, to the Duchess of Devonshire, and another to Mrs. Fitzherbert. I must immediately send some of them to Captain Atkinson, Grierson, the Provost, &c., &c. I shall be greatly surprised if my friends in Dublin do not make it an ample subscription. Do not be diffident in your applications. I have learned other things here, but shall be long before I conquer my

Irish *mauraise honte*. Hume has given me the name of Lord Cloncurry (of the Tower), whose physician he is. I dined with Mr. Biggin on Sunday. I was mistaken when I told you that his money was made in the coffee pot business; they were only inventions of his. He is a man of very easy fortune, and quite a virtuoso: he is a great chemist, mechanic, musician, and he has undertaken to eradicate my bilious complaint. A charming woman made the third at a very elegant dinner. She is the most exquisite performer I ever heard on the piano; and he has a beautiful organ, which she plays in the grandest cathedral style. They have lately been at Brussels, and collected all the newest music on the Continent. I never had such a banquet. Dearest mother, are you quite well, and in spirits? Give my love to my best of good fathers, to Catherine, Ellen, my uncle, &c., &c., and believe me, yours.

I got the bill on the merchants: in the next letter I hope to send you a new glee of mine, which Longman is printing!

[No. 20.] DR. LAWRENCE TO DR. HUME.

Dr. Lawrence's remarks on some of my Anacreon before it was published, 1799.

Dec. 20, 1799.

Dear Sir,—I return you the four odes, which you were so kind as to communicate for my poor opinion. They are in many parts very elegant and poetical; and in some passages Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are in not a few places rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation. In the 53rd there is, in my judgment, no less a sound than beautiful emendation suggested,—would you suppose it?—by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning too in the former part of that passage, which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure. "It is sweet even to prove it among the briary paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the

flower of love." This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenbach. If this be right, instead of

"Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence, &c.

I would propose something to this effect :

"Tis sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid beauty thence;
To wipe with tender hand away
The tears that on its blushes lay*,
Then to the bosom of the fair
The flower of love in triumph bear.

I would drop altogether the image of "the stems, dropping with gems." I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

There is another emendation of the same critic in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem by accident to have sufficiently expressed in his phrase of "*roses shed their light*." The * * * should be omitted. They ought to be all unnecessary to the learned reader; and there is one which, though it is witty enough, is a little too *open* to be missed by the unlearned reader of either sex, especially as it is marked with italics. The first line of the note will be alone sufficient. It is upon the 29th ode.

I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent.

Believe me to be, dear sir, very sincerely,

Your obedient, humble servant,

F. LAWRENCE.

[No. 21.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 6, 1800.

I have just received a very *interesting* letter from my father, in which, though he has not been very eloquent, he has enclosed eight pounds or so. I wrote to you on Saturday a letter which I am sure you did not understand; however, it is now no matter, as the business is settled. I wrote to the Marquis of Lansdowne, to Bath, enclosing my *state* letter of introduction, with some plausible apologies and compliments, and a paper of my pro-

* *Query*, if it ought not to be "lie." The lines might run:

With tender hands the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush.

T. M.

posals. I received a very polite answer from him, requesting that his name should be put down, and that I should call on him any morning about eleven o'clock, when he comes to town, which will be very shortly. Dr. Lawrence has read my *Anacreon*; paid wonderful attention to it; and has written a Greek ode himself, which he allows me to publish. I have got Mrs. Fitzherbert's name, and Mr. Biggin promises me the Duke of Bedford's. Everything goes on delightfully. Tell Cuming not to let a creature see the odes which I enclosed to him for the designs, but to send them back to me with the drawings; and all as soon as possible. The opening of the opera is deferred every night, on account of some misunderstanding with regard to the license. This annoys me, for I expect I shall be there every night with Mr. Biggin and Mrs. Birom. I am become this lady's pupil in thorough bass.

My next shall positively be to my dear Catherine: she must not, however, be affronted: she ought to consider how much I have on my hands—*Anacreon, thorough bass, &c. &c.*

[No. 22.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Feb. 4, 1800.

I received my father's letter yesterday, and I am sorry to find that your enrolment is diminishing so soon; but he said that he enclosed me a list of subscribers, and I found no such thing in the letter. I have got the Duke of Bedford's name, and I believe I shall have his interest, for Mr. Biggin is to show him some of the work: in short, my list is about fifty, without including Mr. Solly, who is very attentive to me, or Major Archdall, with whom I have dined two or three times, and who has introduced me to a Mr. Cope, of Manchester Square, with whom I am to dine to-morrow. I have not heard anything from Lord Moira; so I shall write to him very soon. Let Cuming send me the drawings immediately. Nugent is very much advanced in the engraving from the Provost's picture. Whatever damp I might have felt at the idea of the subscription slackening was, I assure you, my dear mother, infinitely compensated by being told that your health was better than it had been: Heaven preserve it long to make us happy! As the time approaches for my return, I begin to be

still more impatient for it. I find the retouching and finishing my Anacreon to be an increasing and almost endless labour. I am at it night and day; it will soon be in the press, and shall fly over before me to harbinger my return. I hope it will succeed. Success makes every one more welcome, but it cannot make me more so to you, can it, my dear mother? Give the warmest remembrances of my soul to my good, good father.

[No. 23.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, March 20, 1800.

My dearest Mother,—All is well again, and I am again quite stout. Once more laid on my back, under the physicians, I have once more shaken them off, and am drinking bottled porter and old port wine every day. Dearest mother, how anxious I have been at not being able to write to you! and I know now that you are all tremble and anxiety at the long interval there has been between my letters; indeed, the last I wrote was just, caught in a lucid interval of ease, when I was allowed to sit up for an hour; and happy enough did it make me to avail myself of it in writing to my own darlings. I have not wanted for care and nursing of the best kind. Dr. Baillie, the first physician here, has attended me every second day, and Woolriche, the surgeon, twice a-day. I shall in my next letter tell you fully what was the matter with me. It began like my old pain, in the side, and they first tried calomel, but that failed, and they were obliged to let it form an abscess, which has now completely discharged itself, and I feel as healthy, as full of appetite and spirits as ever; a little weak, that's all. God bless you. Don't be the least uneasy. I am as one in full health.*

[No. 24.] TO HIS MOTHER.

May 14, 1800.

* * * I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening—Mrs. Harwood's and Dr. Grant's. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!* "Away with melancholy."

* Moore had in fact been in great danger from a large abscess in his side. He evidently diminishes the illness not to alarm his mother.

[No. 25.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday [no date].

My dear Mother,—I have got the Prince's name, and his permission that I should *dedicate* Anacreon to him. Hurra! hurra! Yours ever.

[No. 26.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 9, 1800.

* * * How I long to return to you: as soon as the books are published and distributed, you shall see me. I have written a Greek ode, which is now before the tribunal of Dr. Lawrence, and, if he approve of it, I shall have it prefixed to the Anacreon. *This*, I hope, will astonish the scoundrelly monks of Trinity, not one of whom, I perceive, except the Provost and my tutor, have subscribed to the work. Heaven knows they ought to rejoice at anything like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body! I can do without them; but tell Phipps that I will not put F. T. C. D. after his name, as I should be ashamed of the world's observing that but one of the fellows of the university where I graduated, gave his tribute to a classical undertaking of this kind. They are a cursed corporation of boobies! and if it were not for my friend, their Provost, the public should know my opinion of them. * * * I was last night in company with Godwin.

[No. 27.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 21, 1800.

I am surprised at not having heard from home near this week past. I hope you are all well; and, Heaven knows! I wish I were with you. I have already begun this piece, and only wait for the expression of your wishes to go on with it. It *may* succeed and it *may not*; but still, my dearest mother, you will feel that I have made the effort, and then I shall fly to your arms "like a young bridegroom, dancing to his love." I have been obliged to adopt a particular plot prescribed to me, so that I must be considered as connected in the writing as well as the music. This is one reason that I do not wish it to be known that I am engaged in such a thing; but if a hundred or two hundred pounds be the result of it, why, we shall have no reason to regret it. At all events,

we shall meet, I hope, in the course of a month, and we shall *indeed* be very happy, for *you* deserve to be happy, and I feel that I am, perhaps, not unworthy of it. Farewell, my sweet mother. God bless you.

[No. 28.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

July 5, 1800.

My dearest Mother,— * * * I hope you got my Anacreon, which I enclosed to Cooke. How did you look at it? What did you feel? Oh! I know what you felt, and I know how you looked! My heart is with you, though I am so delayed from meeting you. Good God! when we *do* meet, may it be in happiness! Write to me, my dear father and mother; tell me you are in health and content, and I shall then be as happy as absence from you will allow me. Farewell. "Forget me not."

[No. 29.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

July 12, 1800.

I am trying every day to be off to you, but distributing this book is taking up my time; and waiting to be introduced to the Prince. I met his brother, Prince William, the other night, at a very elegant party at Lady Der- ington's, and was introduced to him. A young girl told me, that he had been asking her questions about me and my birth, parentage, &c., with all the curiosity of the royal family. I was obliged that night to sing every one of my songs twice. The day before yesterday I was at a splendid dinner of Sir John Coghill's: we had charming music. I sang several things with Lord Dudley and Miss Cramer (sister to Sir J. Coghill). These people I was introduced to by Lord Lansdowne. I got your welcome letter; any account from my dear ones at home is heaven to me. I hope the Anacreon will soon be with you, and the *young boy* soon after them. Oh heavens! how happy we shall meet! God send it,—and immediately, "a *speedy* meeting and *soon*," as an *Irishman* would say. You see how conceited I'm grown. Love to all. My heart is with you.

[No. 30.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

July 28, 1800.

I hope in a very few days to be able to leave London and see all those I have been so long,

so tediously separated from. I am delighted to find by my father's letter, that Hume has made your mind so happy in regard to me. He is certainly an inestimable young man. I never met with any one more capable of friendship, or more adapted to cherish it. He has a peculiar delicacy (which must always make him an amiable companion), never to touch upon anything grating to one's feelings. I could write a volume about him, and even if he had not *one* estimable quality, still gratitude for his interest in my welfare should tie me to him. I hope he will dine with you some day; and on that day there will not in Europe be three more honest souls together.

[No. 31.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

August 4, 1800.

I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know *a man of my abilities*; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely* his, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society*; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat*; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds. By the bye, I am still in my other tailor's debt. To change the topic. I have heard Lord Moira's opinion of my Anacreon (not from himself, for, when I saw him, he very elegantly thanked me for a vast deal of gratification which it had given him); but he had spoken a vast deal of it to a gentleman who told *me*: said there were scarce any of the *best* poets who had been so strictly grammatical in language as I had been,—that the notes discovered a great extent of reading,—

and that, in short, it was a very superior work.

Do not let any one read this letter but yourselves; none but a father and a mother can bear such egotising vanity; but I know who I am writing to—that they are interested in what is said of me, and that they are too partial not to tolerate my speaking of myself. * * *

[No. 32.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 3, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—Still at Donington; but I am sure I shall leave it to-morrow. Lord Moira wishes me to stay, but I shall promise in a little time to return here, which is the best way to escape pleasantly. There cannot be anything more delightful than this house,—an inimitable library, where I have the honour of being *bound up* myself, a charming piano, and very pleasant society. What can be more delightful however? I am so anxious to get to London that I *must* fly away. * * *

[No. 33.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, Jan. 5, 1801.

* * * I was not allowed to leave Donington Park till I had promised that, as soon as leisure allowed me, I should return. They were, indeed, uncommonly polite. The morning I left it, breakfast was ordered an hour earlier than usual to accommodate me, and Lord Moira requested I should return as soon as I could. * * *

[No. 34.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 27, 1801.

Dearest Mamma,—Forgive me for only writing a *billet doux*; but I have written by this post to Capt. Atkinson and Lady Moira, and have not time to say more than that I am very well, and in high spirits. What do you think? Lord Moira, who came to town but yesterday, called on me in person to-day, and left his card: is not this excellent? I got dear Catherine's letter, and shall answer it immediately. Yours totally and eternally.

[No. 35.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Feb. 2, 1801.

* * * I dined on Saturday in company with Suett and Bannister. Read the piece to them. Suett is quite enchanted with his part, particularly the mock bravura.

[No. 36.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

March 1, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—You may imagine I do not want society here, when I tell you that last night I had *six* invitations. Everything goes on swimmingly with me. I dined with the Bishop of Meath on Friday last, and went to a party at Mrs. Crewe's in the evening. My songs have taken such a rage! even surpassing what they did in Dublin. Let me know if the Steeles are in Dublin, and write to me oftener. Sweetest, dearest mamma! keep up your spirits and health till we meet, which shall, please Heaven! be in summer. Yours dearly.

[No. 37.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

March 6, 1801.

My dearest Mother,— * * * * There is not a night that I have not three parties on my string, but I take Hammersley's advice, and send showers of apologies. The night before last, Lady Harrington sent her servant after me to two or three places with a ticket for the "Ancient Music," which is the king's concert, and which is so select, that those who go to it ought to have been at Court before. Lady Harrington got the ticket from one of the Princesses, and the servant at last found me where I dined. You may be assured I hurried home and dressed for it immediately. These attentions from such great people are no harm, and they are flattering. * * *

[No. 38.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

March 18, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—Never was there any wight so idly *busy* as I am—nothing but racketing: it is indeed too much, and I intend stealing at least a fortnight's seclusion by leaving word at my door that I'm gone to the country. I must "tie up my knocker, say I'm sick—I'm dead!" I last night went to a little supper, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were: I was introduced to her. * * *

I dine with Lord Moira to-morrow, and go in the evening with Lady Charlotte to an assembly at the Countess of Cork's. I assure you I am serious in the idea of being at least for a fortnight incog. * * *

[No. 39.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

March 24, 1801.

I find Grierson leaves this but to-day: he has been so occupied with business that I have

seen very little of him. I never told you that, at the time I came here, I found I was near 70*l.* in Hume's debt: he is now paid by the sale of the copyright, and has left another debt of strong obligation behind, for he is a very honest fellow. You see how I push through these matters. Ah! my dear mother, with the favour of Heaven, there is no fear of me; if you are but happy, I have everything I can wish for. I have not been able to get down so far as Keinvan's yet: it is (as Major Swayne says) eight miles into that cursed city! I shall soon, however, take the walk, and get my five guineas. What do you think, young Lord Forbes and another young nobleman dine *with me* to-morrow! This was a thing *put on me*, and I shall do it with a good grace.

I assure you I am six feet high to-day after discharging my debt of 70*l.* yesterday, and I have still some copies on my hand to dispose of for myself. The new edition will soon be out: it will be got up very handsomely: perhaps if I send you over twenty copies of the last which I have, you may pick up so many guineas there for them; but the manner of sending them is the thing. Love to all.

[No. 40.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March 28, 1801.

* * * I was last night at a ball, which (as we say) *swept the town*—everybody was there—two or three of the Princes, the Stadtholder, &c., &c. You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, "How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you." * * * I kept my piece back too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it; and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which perhaps I shall do. But, please God, I must, I think, see my dear ones in summer again. Don't let me be forgot in your lodgings: keep a corner for Tom. Love to you all—to the whole rookery.

[No. 41.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, April 1, 1801.

How d'ye do, my dearest mother? Did you see my name in the paper among the lists of company at most of the late routs? This is a fool-

ish custom adopted here, of printing the names of the most *distinguished personages* that are at the great parties, and Mr. Moore, I assure you, is not forgotten. I have an idea of going down to Donington Park, to seclude myself for about a month in the library there: they are all in town; but Lord Moira tells me I may have an apartment there, whenever I wish. 'Tis a long time since I heard from you. Are you all well and happy? Grierson has not left this yet. I dined yesterday with George Ogle, and he was there. I met the Prince at supper at Lady Harrington's, on Monday night; he is always very polite to me. You cannot think how much my songs are liked here. Monk Lewis was "in the greatest agonies" the other night at Lady Donegal's, at having come in after my songs. "'Pon his honour, he had come for the express purpose of hearing me." Write to me soon, dearest little mamma, and tell me you are well.

[No. 42.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April 18, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—I go on as usual; I am happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish; not very rich, nor yet quite poor. All I desire is that my dear ones at home may be as contented and easy in mind as I am. Tell me are you all happy and comfortable? I do not hear from you half often enough. The other day I dined with the Dowager Lady Donegal; we had music in the evening. Lady Charlotte Rawdon and I were obliged to sing my little glees three times. I go to Donington in about a week, I think: about that time my poems will be all printed. I suppose Captain A. told you they are coming out as "The poetical works of the late Thos. Little, Esq." You shall have a copy over immediately. I wrote a long letter to *Miss Catherine Little* this week. Make her answer me soon.

[No. 43.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April 25, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—I am expecting every day to leave town, and on Tuesday I hope to effect it. I look to a new vein of imagination entirely in the solitude of Donington. I have seldom, never indeed, been two days alone, and I expect that in such a situation, with the advantage of so fine a library, I may produce something far beyond any of my past attempts.

I dined *en famille* with Lord Moira on Thursday last, and he told me everything was prepared at Donington for my reception. * * * I hope the post will be convenient enough to allow my regular correspondence; indeed, I have no doubt of it, and my darling dears shall hear from the Hermit of the Castle all the progress of his fanciful Incubations. What delays my little Catherine's letter? I am anxious for it. I shall let you know the day before I leave town, in what manner you are to direct your letters to me. I am well, happy in spirits; thinking hourly of the dear ones at home, and anticipating the pleasure I shall have in rejoining them in summer.

[No. 44.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Tuesday, May 5, 1801.

My time here by no means hangs heavily on me, notwithstanding that I am so little accustomed to solitude. I rise rather early, breakfast heartily, employ the day in walking or *hunting*—among old books, dine off two courses, no less; in the evening sing down the sun like a true Pythagorean, and then seasonably take to my pillow, where I sleep sweetly, nor dream of ambition though beneath the roof of an earl. Such is my diary. * * * My love comes more pure to you now from the clear air of Donington; take it, my dear mother, and believe me yours ever.

[No. 45.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, May 13, 1801.

* * * It is now a fortnight since I came to Donington: it has not by any means seemed tedious to me; and I think another week will be the conclusion of my visit. I shall let you know particularly when I leave it.

[No. 46.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, May 21, 1801.

I am now more than three weeks at Donington, and in that time I have received but one short letter from home,—this is not fair. I am sure *my* regularity ought to be a little better rewarded. My father I excuse. I trust and hope from my soul he has business to keep him from writing; but the little idle gipsy, Catherine, who can have no other employment than to improve herself, ought surely to make correspondence with me one medium of that

improvement. I am almost growing anxious from this silence, to *me* so very gloomy; and I sometimes dread that all is not right at home, or the common occupations of the day could never so interrupt your writing to me. Tell me truth, my darling mother, are you all happy and in health? Make Catherine write to me oftener: there are a thousand little nothings of the day's news which I should like to hear, and which it is her province more immediately to communicate. Let her not mind postage either; I throw away many a shilling foolishly, which I should much rather bestow on a little intelligence from dear home.

I never committed a *murder* till I came to Donington, but I've been shooting young rooks every morning for this week past. You cannot imagine how rosy I am grown: these good hours would make an Adonis of me, so that, in pity to the Chloes, I must dissipate when I go to town again. I shall, I believe, make out the month here: next Wednesday I look to leaving Donington, and I think not sooner. Good by, dear mother. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 47.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, June 6, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—

* * * My little poems are very much admired here, and have increased my fame. I hope I shall soon get my shirts and cravats. Atkinson is as cordial and friendly as I could expect almost from my father. We dined together yesterday at Mrs. Fancourt's: we have contrived indeed not to separate in our enjoyments since he came. You cannot imagine how much my name is gone about here: even of those poems my bookseller sells at the rate of twenty copies a-day; and the shabby demand of Ireland for fifty copies (which Grierson has written over) will surely appear very contemptible to this. It is not his fault, however; and, indeed, I am very indifferent about it, for they are not very liberal to the style of my youthful productions. Lord Moira had one of the first copies.

[No. 48.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 16, 1801.

46 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

My dearest Mother,—I know you will forgive my irregularities in writing at present,

when you know that I am as well as possible, and as happy as good spirits and a vast deal of pleasant company can make me. The night before last I was at the most splendid ball that has been given this season, at the Duchess of Devonshire's; and I returned at four this morning from another, given by Sir Watkin W. Wynne. This work will soon be over, so you need not dread my having too much of it. Carpenter has thought it most prudent to defer publishing my book till Christmas; the only inconvenience attending this is, that I must be drawing on him in the meantime, without anything going on to liquidate it; but this he has no objection to. I am only afraid it will delay my visit to dear home beyond what I expected, as my only plan now is to go to Donington, to Lord Moira's, where I shall be at less expense than in town. Lord Moira, last night, went a great round out of his way to set me down at Sir Watkin's, from Mrs. Duff's, where we met at a large rout. He is uncommonly kind and attentive. I think the reports about him have again died away. Love to father, dear Kate, and Nell. Yours ever, dearest mother.

[No. 43.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 26, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—* * * I find the papers here have all been quoting passages from my *Anacreon* for public notice. This your readers of the "*Packet*" in Dublin never could spy out, though they could be lynx-eyed to anything they thought unfavourable. Accordingly, we never heard of this from them.
* * *

[No. 50.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—This letter I know has been *waited* for, but in leaving Donington I was hurried into the omission of it. I arrived in town yesterday with Curran, who kept me in an uninterrupted fit of laughter all the way. We had a dance at the Park the night before I left it, and I footed it away merrily till four o'clock in the morning. Tell Kate that I, immediately on receiving her letter, copied out the song for Lady Elizabeth, and gave her some lessons in singing it. I shall tell in my next letter what I think about her

excursion to Castle Forbes. I was obliged to come to town to try and get this music into hands. The second edition of *Anacreon* is published, and it is certainly very beautifully got up. The print is universally thought to be like, and he is selling off hundreds of them singly. There is a copy at the binder's for my dears at home. * * *

[No. 51.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I am flying off to the Temple this instant to eat my dinner; it's about two miles and a half, so I have little time to write. I don't know which, Kate or I, is generally in the greatest hurry. I go in the evening to a *Blue Stocking* supper at Lady Mount-Edgcombe's; it is the first this season, and I shall be initiated. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, the Misses Berry, &c. &c., form the *coterie*. I met all my old fashionable friends at a rout last night, the opening of the season,—300 people. I wait my answer from Dalby, Lord Forbes' tutor, to arrange my plans for leaving London; it is necessary to me for some time.

Love to all dears at home. Tell me how Hobart's play comes on. Tell him I have attempted something, but don't like what I have done. I had rather write merely the words, and Stevenson compose the music. * * *

[No. 52.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Feb. 1, 1802.

The idea of Lord Moira's coming into administration begins to be entertained very strongly here. Heaven send it! I have heard from Dalby, and shall about the end of this week go to Donington. The Granards seem to approve very much of my resolution in leaving the seductions of London for a month or two of study. You may have some idea of the increasing popularity that follows my *Anacreon*, when I assure you that on Saturday last Carpenter sold *ten* copies of the new edition in the course of the day; and so, more or less, every day.

I am going to a rout at Lady Talbot's to-night. There is a volume of designs from the *Anacreon*, I hear, preparing for publication by some eminent artist. I breakfast with Monk

Lewis to-morrow morning in order to go to see them. Tell Stevenson he could not at present choose anything more likely to catch the public than his publication of the glees from *Anacreon*: it is universally read, and hardly can be said to have been known till now. I do not hear from you half so often as I should wish. Bid Kate never to wait for a frank, and to write very often. Dear, darling mother, your own boy,

TOM.

[No. 53.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, March 4, 1802.

My darling Mother,—I don't know how I let Saturday pass without a letter, but I believe I was in a little fuss about a civil kind of scrape that the good nature of some of my fashionable friends brought me into. While I was away, they did me the troublesome honour of electing me into a new club they have formed, and it was on Saturday that I thought I had to pay my subscription. However, I have more time for it than I imagined, and, when the debt is discharged, I must get quietly out of the business, highly sensible of the honour they have done to my pocket. I am deferring too long my letter to my dear uncle, but to-morrow I think it shall be done. The people will not let me stay at home as much as I wish, and I sometimes wish all the duchesses and marchionesses *chez le diable*. * * *

[No. 54.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 6, 1802.

Dearest Mother,—I find, by to-day's paper, that we are all at *loggerheads* again. I believe what my countryman says is true, "that the French can never be at peace but when they are in some war or other." Why is Kate so long silent? She has not acknowledged either of the letters which I wrote to her. I am getting quite rosy with the air of this fine weather. Nothing could take me to town now but *Banti's* benefit. She plays the chief man herself, and Mrs. Billington *la prima donna*; there's a treat! I have some shows myself here; I went last night to look at the satellites of Jupiter, through a telescope, with Dalby; and this morning I was introduced to Dalby's sweetheart! How do you like the way "Lady Fair" is got up? My best love

to dear, good father. I pray for you all every night.

[No. 55.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May 1, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—It is very, very long since I heard from home: what is my little Kate about? The Granards are still lingering here. * * * Lady Granard is uncommonly kind. I think I should rather wish Kate to go with them to Castle Forbes, if I *can* (as I expect) help her to rig herself out for it. London is most killingly gay, and my spirits keep up to its gaiety. Have you got the heads by Maurice Fitzgerald? I dine to-day with Lady Donegal and her sister; *none* but the trio of us. The day of the great illuminations I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount-Edgumbe's, and Lady Call's, which was a ball, where I danced till five in the morning.

[No. 56.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, June 3, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I this morning received Kate's account of your dance, but she did not tell me who were of the party. The Union Masquerade on Monday was rather a Bartholomew Fair business, though tickets sold for *fifteen* guineas each. Mrs. Fancourt, as *Wowski*, was the best dressed and supported character I ever saw. I accompanied her as Trudge. The Morning Post of to-day, I see, speaks of her, though they do not know her name, and says she was attended by "*Anacreon Moore*." I had a long conversation with Lord Moira yesterday about going to Brunswick with Lord Forbes: it is his wish decidedly, and he begged me to consider, what beyond my expenses would make it necessary for me to draw on this country. Do not breathe a word of this. I am still looking out for some one to take charge of the dresses for Kate. I am going to publish Memory. It depends now upon Lord Moira how soon I shall visit my dear, dear home; it may be immediately, it may not be for two months or so. See you all, I must, of course, before I arrange any plan whatsoever about Brunswick. Love to my good father, dear Kate, and Ellen. Yours, dearest mother.

[No. 57.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, July 15, 1802.

* * * I am happy to learn that the Catch Club have done themselves so much justice by their tribute to Stevenson. I wish he were here; he would soon, I think, put down Kelly. Poor *Mick* is rather an *imposer* than a composer. He cannot mark the time in writing three bars of music: his understrappers, however, do all that for him, and he has the knack of pleasing the many. He has compiled the Gipsy Prince extremely well, and I have strong hopes of its success.

[No. 58.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Sept. 20, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I have been kept very busily employed in viewing all the beauties of this country, which are, indeed, extremely interesting; and I hope in a very short time to describe them to you by word of mouth. I had the courage the other day to descend into a coal-pit, 360 feet depth; never was anything so true a picture of the infernal regions; very few, except those condemned to work in them, venture to visit them. I was let down in a bucket, and, indeed, expected to *kick* it before I got up again. The deuce take Mr. Holmes, wherever he is; though I hope by this time, at least, the box has arrived. I received Kate's last letter, enclosed to me, from Egham. As soon as I can get off from this place I shall, please Heaven! lose no time in flying to you. Who could Kate have been with at Seapoint? Love to dearest father, and my little girls. The Atkinsons have quite flattered me by the account they gave of Ellen. Good by, dearest mother.

[No. 59.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 17, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I have come to town just time enough to see Lord Moira, with whom I dined yesterday at the Cocoa Tree. Lord Hutchinson was of the party. Lord Moira expresses very warm regret at the disappointment I have met with; and I feel not a doubt that, as he has now more *power* than before, he certainly has not less *will* to do me service. Every one has met me with smiles; not a frown, even from my tailor! My chief anxiety now is about the money I owe my

dear uncle. *Do* bid him write, and set my mind at ease. Let him not consult his delicacy, but say fairly whether he is pressed for it, as I *can* make an effort to pay him immediately. Dearest mother, is it not a pity, when I am brought so near you, that I must deny myself the gratification of instantly being amongst you; but I *must* work off these scores, and, thank Heaven! I have it abundantly in my power. I think I shall go to Donington: there I shall be still nearer home; and when seeing you all is to be the crown of my task, it cannot fail to sweeten and accelerate my labours. I find they have had frequent reports here that I was *dead*. I hope they did not reach *you*. I never was more *alive* in my life.

I am so anxious to get a lesson from dear Kate upon the pianoforte, and to hear little Ellen warble. Well, well! it must be enough for me to know you are all well, for some time at least. God bless you, and my father, and sweet girls.

[No. 60.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, March 24, 1803.

My dearest Mother,— * * * I have had a letter from Lord Forbes since he went. From what he says, his uncle's opinion seems to be that war is inevitable! Sad days we are thrown upon: the world will never be in amity, I fear. * * *

[No. 61.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday morning, April 17, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I have been busier than you imagine all this last week, transcribing part of my work for the press. I *do* really think *transcribing* must be the punishment for bad poets in hell; there is nothing so tiresome. It is now a good while since I heard from home, but I know my prattling correspondent is absent, and my father perhaps too much occupied to write: however, I hope to-day's post may tell me you are all well, and as I could wish. I would very gladly give up my solitude now, but I have still a vast deal to do, and must stay a little longer. Lord Strangford is publishing his translation of Camoens with Carpenter. I got some proof sheets of it, which Lord S. sent me here, and I think it will do him very great credit. I hope, my dearest mother, you walk out these glorious days: there never was such fine weather in

the memory of any one about me, at the time of the year. Nobody has told me whether the notes to my uncle and Mrs. Mills arrived: pray, bid my father mention. I believe I told you I had a letter from Lewis. There are no less than three families about this country who are teasing me to spend the spring at their houses: so, you see, I am not without my usual resources. Good by, darling mother.

[No. 62.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, May 14, 1803.

Lady Granard left town on Monday. I sent by her a little enclosure of five pounds for Ellen's music. I hope I shall be able to follow it up more *nobly*. There is nothing but masquerades going on here. I was at Mrs. Orby Hunter's, in the character of a little Irish boy just come to London, and had a vast deal of fun. I go to-morrow night to Martindale's; there are twenty guineas offered on every side for a ticket for this, which is a f. te given by one of the Clubs. I am going as Lingo.

[No. 63.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, May 20, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—Yesterday I received my good father's letter: it was quite a cordial to me, and *decided* my conduct instantly. Never could I have had the faintest idea of accepting so paltry and degrading a stipend, if I had not the *urging* apprehension that my dears at home wanted it; but Heaven be praised that you are not in *instant* necessity for an assistance which necessity alone could reconcile. I will do *better* for you, at least *as well*, by means more grateful to my feelings. The manner in which Mr. Wilkham communicated the circumstance to me would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him. I accordingly, yesterday, after the receipt of my father's letter, enclosed the Ode for the Birth-day, at the same time resigning the situation, and I slept sounder last night in consequence, than, I assure you, I have done for some time. It would place me on "*a ladder*" indeed, but a ladder which has but the *one rank*, where I should stand stationary for ever. Feeble as my hopes are of advancement under government, I should be silly to resign them, without absolute necessity, for a gift which would authorise them to consider me provided for, and leave me without a chance of any other or further advantage: it would

"write me down an *ass*" and a *poet* for ever! Having considered the matter much since I came to town, and found every instant fresh reason to be disgusted with it, I consulted every one I met with upon the subject, and every one, *except* Croker, advised me peremptorily to reject it. Carpenter's conduct is uncommonly liberal. When I told him that my only motive for retaining it was a very particular use to which I had applied the stipend, he insisted I should not hesitate upon that point, as he was ready, abstracted from our business-account, to pay a hundred a-year for me till I could discharge him and pay it myself. So you see my resources. The only thing I was anxious about was Lord Moira and my dear inestimable friend Atkinson, whose interest had been so actively employed to procure it for me; but Lord Moira has totally relieved my mind upon the subject, by assuring me, that whatever resolution I adopted should meet with *his* concurrence; and I trust that Atkinson's good sense and liberality will in the same way induce him to forgive the necessity which obliges me to decline the favour as totally incompatible with my feelings. I shall write to him to-morrow.

There is a very promising *periodical work* to commence in about a month or two, in which I bear the principal part. We have all advanced fifty *pounds* each, and I expect it will very soon *double* the *income* of the laureateship to me: so why should I burthen my mind with a situation whose emolument is so contemptible, compared to the ridicule which is annexed to it. Love to the dear girls when you write. God bless you, good father and mother, and your own,

TOM MOORE.

I send this by post, lest any accident happen. I should be glad, if you have no objection, that you would *send* this letter to Captain Atkinson, as I have not time to write to him till to-morrow; and I wish him to be as soon as possible apprised of my resignation.

[No. 64.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, July 16, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I was gratified with a letter from my father, which, I must confess, is rather a *singular* pleasure; but I always console myself with the idea that he is more profitably employed.

I have agreed for the piano for dear Kate: it will be sent off in a few days to Liverpool, and from thence to Ireland. I hope it will arrive safe. It is not by any means as good as I could wish for her, but it is sweet toned, and of course much better than the wretched machine she has at present. I think, as soon as you have received the new one, you had better sell the old trumpery, if any one will give a guinea for it. On Tuesday next I shall be off to Donington. Good by, sweet mother.

[No. 65.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Twelve o'clock, Sunday night, Aug. 7, 1808.

My dearest Mother,—I am going to town to-morrow morning on a business which *may* prove as fallacious as all the rest have been, but which I think myself bound to follow up, as it will possibly in the end be productive of something, even if it be not itself a desirable object. Lord Moira told me to-day that he had had a letter from Tierney, offering him the gift of a place which government had left at his (Tierney's) disposal. It must be something far from contemptible, as Lord M. told me, in confidence, Tierney was under obligations to him, and that this was the first opportunity he had of, in any manner, repaying them. I fear, however, it is a situation not in either of these countries; and I fear it *solely* from the violence which a *wider* separation would cause to your feelings, my dearest mother: as for my *own* part, I should not consider any sacrifice of either comforts or society at all to be avoided, if it promised me a permanent subsistence and the means of providing for those I love. I have hopes that even if it *be* necessary to leave this country, the place may be considerable enough to allow you all to accompany me. This would be delightful; but I know nothing certain of it yet. I take a letter to Tierney from Lord Moira, and the circumstances will of course be explained to me. Be assured, however, that I will do nothing without the total concurrence of your *feelings* as well as your *judgment*.

Poor Lord Moira met with a very disagreeable accident the other evening. As he was leaving the judges' dinner at Leicester, he fell in going down stairs and hurt his back, I think, very seriously; for he has been in very great pain ever since, and cannot rise from a sofa without assistance. It is a pity that

hearts like his should be perplexed by such common casualties of life, which should be only reserved for the every-day pedlars of this world. He is indeed most amiable. I hope, however, it will not long be troublesome.

This journey is a new expense and perplexity to me, which I, of course, could by no means foresee. However, I am very well able for it both in purse and spirits; and God knows but it may be a "tide in my affairs" which will "lead to fortune." Fortune or not, I am still the same, your own devoted Tom.

[No. 66.]

FROM HIS FATHER.

Dublin, Aug. 16, 1808.

My dearest Tom,—I regretted very much not having written to you on the receipt of your letter of the 7th, but I wished to have a fuller account of the situation of this appointment, which we had reason to expect from yourself, and which we have had this day by your letter. Your uncle came here yesterday for the purpose of disclosing the whole secret to your mother, so that we only anticipated what you had done of yourself to-day. There could be no such deception carried on with her, where you, or indeed any one of her family, were concerned, for she seems to know every thing respecting them by instinct. It would not be doing her the justice she well deserves to exclude her from such confidence. Her fears are greatly removed and relieved by the various accounts we have of this island, possessing good air and almost every other advantage that can possibly be wished for: there is nothing unpleasant in it but the distance, and Heaven knows that ought to be reckoned a blessing to be almost any distance from these two countries at present. Poor Kate came to town to-day in consequence of my having written to her on this business, for there is no one ought to be more interested in your affairs than her, and my poor child knows it. However, after all that was natural for her to feel on such a separation, she was quite delighted, and said she wished to accompany you. She returned back to Atkinson's; he, A., does not know of this business, nor do I think it right he should until it's all determined; for though he is, I believe, one of the best of men, he blabs a little too much.

However, you know when and how to let him know of it. Your uncle Joice wrote you yesterday: he is one of the best of creatures; he mentioned his wish to know something certain of the emoluments of this place, which was very natural, but your letter of this day clears up that point. For my particular part, I think with you, that there is a singular chance, as well as a special interference of Providence, in your getting so honourable a situation at this very critical time. I am sure no one living can possibly feel more sensibly than your poor mother and me do at losing that comfort we so long enjoyed, of at least hearing from you once every week of your life that you were absent from us; for surely no parents had ever such happiness in a child; and much as we regret the wide separation which this situation of yours will for some time cause between us, we give you our full concurrence, and may the Almighty God spare and prosper you as you deserve. Your own good sense, I hope, will always direct you. It will be most material, and I hope what you will be able to accomplish, that of being called to the bar either here or in London; for it would give you not only sanction and consequence at present, but give you an honourable profession after. I need not suggest those things to you, for I am sure you will not leave any thing undone. I should be glad you would now write to us more frequently, as you may suppose our anxiety about you will be every day increasing, and I hope you will be able to come to see us before your departure. You will hear from me again in a post or two. Your mother joins me in love to you, and I am, my dearest child, your ever affectionate,

JOHN MOORE.

[No. 67.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I have just got my father's letter, which has made me *very happy*. I am quite consoled by the idea of your keeping up your spirits so well, and I entreat of you to let nothing depress them in my absence, for I shall come home, please that Heaven which watches over me, better stocked in constitution as well as pocket than I ever should become by loitering here. I find Bermuda is a place where physicians order

their patients when no other air will keep them alive. I am still uncertain about the time of my going, but I pray that Merry may not leave me behind. I could not possibly have such another opportunity. * * * I mentioned to another friend of mine, Woolriche, the surgeon, what I had asked of Atkinson, and he said if it failed, or was not time enough, *he* would contrive to manage it for me. These are Englishmen! without any profession or ostentatious promises, but with a soberly liberal readiness to help the man who is worthy of being helped. Oh! the *gold mines* of sweet Ireland! God Almighty bless you and keep you in health and happiness till I return. I will write again on Monday. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 68.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Sept. 12, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I enclose you a note I received from Merry yesterday, by which you will perceive that everything is in train for my departure. Nothing could be more lucky. I shall have *just* time to prepare myself; and all difficulties are vanishing very fast before me. Heaven smiles upon my project, and I see nothing in it now but hope and happiness. Tom Hume is arrived, to my very great delight, as his kindness will materially assist in smoothing the path for me. He is a perfect enthusiast in the business, and says that nothing could be presented so totally free from every alloying consideration,—so perfectly adapted to my disposition, constitution, and prospects; and he is right. If I did not make a shilling by it, the new character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country, all these are objects invaluable of themselves, abstracted from the pecuniary. [The rest of the letter is torn away.]

[No. 69.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Sept. 1803.

My dearest Mother,—To-morrow morning Merry has fixed on for going to Portsmouth, and to-morrow night I shall follow him. We may be detained there a long time before the ship sails. Tell my dear uncle that I cannot sufficiently thank him for his readiness in supplying my wants; I don't know what I should

have done without him, as there is a number of little contingent necessities for which I should otherwise have been obliged to trench on my hundred pounds. * * * I think I shall find Mr. and Mrs. Merry very agreeable companions. They are but lately married, and she has been a fine woman. Our passage they seem to fear will be tedious; but I shall write to you from on board, and take the chance of meeting some ships which may bring letters for us to England. Among the *lighter* sacrifices I make, the poor pianoforte is included. I shall be strangely at a loss without that favourite resource of mine. However, I must carry music in my heart with me; and if that beats lively in tune, 'twill supply the want of other harmonies. In case of my finding that I shall stay long in the island, an instrument shall be sent after me. I hope to find Kate advanced in all that is elegant and polished on my return; and the little Nell I expect to see—anything but tall and termagant. God bless and preserve our whole circle.* * *

[No. 70.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Portsmouth, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1803.

Just arrived at Portsmouth, and the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to English ground with pockets *more heavy*, and spirits *not less light* than I now leave it with. Everything has been arranged to my satisfaction. I am prepared with every comfort for the voyage, and a fair breeze and a loud yo-yo-ee! are all that's now wanting to set me afloat. My dear father should write to Carpenter, and thank him for the very friendly assistance he has given me; without that assistance the breeze would be fair in vain for me, and Bermuda might be sunk in the deep, for any share that I could pretend to in it; but now all is smooth for my progress, and Hope sings in the shrouds of the ship that is to carry me. Good by. God bless you all, dears of my heart! I will write again if our departure is delayed by any circumstance. God bless you again, and preserve you happy till the return of your

Tom.

Urge Stevenson to send Carpenter the songs; I shall write to him. Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good by!

[No. 71.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Oct. 10, 1803.

My own dear Mother,—There is a ship in sight which we suppose to be homeward bound, and with that expectation I prepare a few lines, which I trust in Heaven will reach you safe, and find you all well and happy. Our voyage hitherto has been remarkably favourable. In the first week we reached the Azores, or the Western Islands, and though our second week has not advanced us much, from the almost continual calms we have had, yet the weather has been so delicious that there is but little to complain of, and in another fortnight we hope to be landed in America. We are at present in latitude 33° or thereabouts, and in longitude 38°. Though this you cannot well understand yourself, yet you will find many who can explain it, and I know all minutiae about my situation must be interesting to you now. I have had but one day's sickness, which I feel has been of service to me; and though we are now in as warm a climate as I shall have to encounter, I find not the least inconvenience from the heat, but am convinced it will agree most perfectly with me. Nothing could possibly be more pleasant than the accommodations of this ship; and though I shall never feel much passion for voyaging, yet it scarcely could be made less disagreeable than it is to us. The table we sit down to every day is splendid, and we drink Madeira and claret in common: but I am beginning to gossip with you, when I have hardly time to say what is necessary. Make Stevenson give all the songs he can possibly make out to Carpenter. I hope the packet I sent through Erche, from Portsmouth, has arrived safe. Keep up your spirits, my sweet mother; there is every hope, every prospect of happiness for all of us. Love to darling father, to my own Kate and Nell. I am now near two thousand miles from you, but my *heart* is at home. God bless you. The ship is brought to, and our lieutenant is just going aboard, so I must stop. Your own,

Tom.

I wrote a line to Carpenter by a ship we met off the Western Islands: I hope he has got it. Here is a *kiss* for you, my darlings, all the way from the Atlantic.

(No. 72.)

TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1803.

Safe across the Atlantic, my darling mother, after a six weeks' passage, during which my best consolation was the thought and remembrance of home, and the dear hope that I should soon be assured of what I anxiously persuaded myself, that you were all well and happy. We met a ship off the Western Islands, which was bound for Lisbon, and I took the opportunity of sending a letter by it, with, I fear, but very little chance or expectation of your ever receiving it; if, however, it has been so lucky as to reach you, you have some part of that solicitude removed, which you must, dear mother, most cruelly feel at such a new and painful trial of your fortitude. Heaven send that you have not suffered by it! Keep up your spirits, my own dear mother; I am *safe*, and in health, and have met friendship and attention from every one. Everything promises well for your dear absent boy; and, please God! there will be a thousand things to sweeten our re-union, and atone to us for the sacrifice we are making at present; so let me entreat of you not to yield to those anxieties, which I now guess by myself how strongly you must suffer under. Our passage was rather boisterous upon the whole, and by no means kept the flattering promise the first week of it gave us; but the comfort of our accommodations, and the kindness of the captain, which was exhibited towards me particularly, served very much to render it not only supportable, but pleasant. * * * With Cockburn, who is a man of good fashion and rank, I became extremely intimate; and, the day we landed, he took a seal from his watch, which he begged I would wear in remembrance of him. Never was there a better hearted set of fellows than the other officers of the ship: I really felt a strong regret at leaving them,—the more so, as it then, for the first time, appeared to me, that I was going among strangers, who had no common medium of communion with me, and who could not feel any of those prepossessing motives for partiality, which those to whom my name is best known have always found strong enough to make them kind and attentive, almost at first sight, to me. This, I assure you, weighed heavy on me the night I quitted the ship, and though I

knew I was to be presented to the British consul here, under the auspices of Mr. Merry, and so might be tolerably sure of every attention, yet I dreaded meeting some consequential savage, who would make me regret the necessity of being under an obligation to him. I was, however, most agreeably disappointed. I found the Consul, Colonel Hamilton, a plain and hospitable man, and his wife full of homely, but comfortable and genuine civility. The introduction I brought him from Lord Henry Stuart was of no little weight, as it told him the light I was considered in in England; and on my mentioning Lord Moira by accident, I understood from him that they were old friends in America, and that he should be happy to show his remembrance and love of Lord Moira by attention to any one whom he honoured with his friendship. I shall, of course, mention all this when I write to Lord M. I am now lodged at the Consul's with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, where we have been entertained these two days, in a manner not very elegant, but hospitable and cordial. * * * They will set off in a day or two for Washington, and on Wednesday next (this is Sunday) I think I shall have an opportunity of getting to Bermudas: it is not a week's passage, and I am so great a sailor now, I shall think nothing of that. Colonel Hamilton will give me letters to every one of consequence in the islands. I am much more hardy, dear mother, than I ever imagined; and I begin to think it was your extreme tenderness that made either of us imagine that I was delicate. In the course of our passage towards the southward, it was so hot, that the thermometer was at 90° in the shade; and about five or six days afterwards, when we came along the American coast, a pair of blankets was scarcely enough at night, the weather became so suddenly cold. Yet this violent change has not the least affected me, and I never was better in health, or had a more keen appetite. I often thought of my dear father's "sea-room" when we were rolling about in the vast Atlantic, with nothing of animated life to be seen around us, except now and then the beautiful little flying fish, fluttering out of the water, or a fine large turtle floating asleep upon the surface. This Norfolk, the capital of Virginia, is a most strange place; nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes, and the few

ladies that *pass for white* are to be sure the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon. The first object I saw on entering Colonel Hamilton's drawing-room was a harpsichord, which looked like civilisation, and delighted me extremely; and in the evening we had a Miss Mathews, who played and sung very tolerably indeed; but music here is like whistling to a wilderness. She played some of dear Kate's lessons, which brought the tears into my eyes with recollection. I saw some of my own songs among the music-books, and this morning I met with a periodical publication full of extracts from my Anacreon and Little's poems, and speaking of me in the most flattering terms of eulogium. All this is very gratifying; it would be so naturally at any time, and is now particularly so, from the very few hopes I had of being cheered or welcomed by any of those little pleasures or gratifications I have been accustomed to so long. They tell me that the people of Bermuda are very musical, and I find Admiral Mitchell and his squadron winter there, so that I shall not be very much at a loss for society; and as I intend to devote all my leisure hours to the completion of my work, my time may be filled up not unpleasantly. From what I have heard, however, since I came closer to the channels of correct information, I strongly suspect that we shall not, dearest mother, be long separated. I am delighted that we all had the resolution to enable me to make the effort, but as that is the chief point, and almost the only one I ever expected to attain by the step, I believe I shall not find enough, otherwise advantageous, to induce me to absent myself long from my home-opportunities of advancement. My foot is on the ladder pretty firmly, and that is the great point gained.

When I was leaving Portsmouth, just on the instant of my coming away, I folded up a packet in a hurry, which I enclosed to Jasper Erche, but (I believe) forgot to direct it inside. There were some songs in it for Stevenson to arrange. I anxiously hope it arrived safe. At the same time I had a letter written to Captain Atkinson, but not having time to fold it ashore, I was obliged to send it back by the boat which left us to return to Portsmouth. This too I have hopes arrived safe; but my confusion was so great, that I cannot now remember what I wrote or what I did. Explain all this

to my dear good friend Atkinson, and tell him he shall hear from me by the next opportunity. It astonishes me to find that Colonel Hamilton does not recollect him, for he knows Doyle and Marsh, and all Lord Moira's old cronies. If Atkinson could get Lord Moira to write a few words about me to Hamilton, I think it would be of singular service to me while I remain at Bermuda. Show him this letter, and give him with it the warmest remembrances of my heart. I trust Stevenson has not forgotten me, and that he has by this time furnished poor Carpenter with some means of freeing himself from the incumbrances I feel he has submitted to for me. If any delay has taken place, do, dear mother, conjure him from me to give all the assistance he can in collecting my songs, and forwarding the publication of them. This business I have very much at heart, and shall be extremely grateful to Stevenson if he accomplishes it for me.

I have this instant received an invitation to dinner from one of the Yankees of this place: if the ambassador and his lady go, of course I will. Oh! if you saw the vehicles the people drive about in here, white coaches with black servants, and horses of no colour at all; it is really a most comical place. Poor Mrs. Merry has been as ill-treated by the musquitoes as she is by every one else. They have bit her into a fever. I have escaped their notice entirely, and sleep with a fine net over my bed. The weather now is becoming too cold for them, and indeed a little too much so for me. I shall be glad to escape to the mild climate of Bermuda, which I still hear is the sweetest and most healthy spot in the world; but I am sorry to find that meat is rather a scarcity there, and that it is sometimes no fish, no dinner. He that can't feed well, however, upon good poultry, fish, and fruit of all kinds, ought to be condemned to eat roast mutton all the days of his life; and this, my dear mother, in your mind and mine, would be sufficient punishment for him. Tell my beloved, darling father, that if there is anything in the mercantile way which he can learn, that I may assist him or Mr. Gillespie in here, they shall find me a steadier fellow than I am afraid I have hitherto appeared (at least to Mr. G.), and I shall manage for them like a solid man of business. Seriously, though I know nothing at

present about the trade here, it is not impossible but something may occur to Mr. Gillespie in which I may be made useful. * * *

[No. 73.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 28, 1803.

My darling Mother,—By a ship which sailed last week for England, I wrote you the first account of my arrival at Norfolk, safely and prosperously, as I could wish. Heaven speed the letter to you, my sweet mother! It is very painful to be uncertain upon a point so interesting, as the little communication we are allowed must be to us all; but it is impossible to answer for the arrival of my letters, and I shall be doomed to still more uncertainty at Bermuda. I must, therefore, take every opportunity that presents itself, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if some of my communications do not reach you. I have now been here three weeks, waiting for a ship, to take me to Bermuda. I could scarcely have hoped, dear mother, to bear the voyage and the climate so well, as (thank Heaven!) I hitherto have done. Since I left England, I have had but one day's illness, which was the mere ordinary sea-sickness, upon coming on board. There are two or three points I am very anxious about: first, whether you got the packet I sent from Portsmouth, folded in a hurry, and, I believe, not properly directed, but which contained an enclosure of songs for Stevenson; secondly, whether Captain Atkinson received a letter I sent ashore by the pilot-boat, to be put in the post-office; and again, whether you, dear mother, got the letter I wrote you on the passage, by a ship bound for some part of the Continent. If these have been fortunate, all is well. Mr. and Mrs. Merry are gone to Washington, after remaining here more than a fortnight. I am lodged at Col. Hamilton's, the British consul, from whom I have experienced all possible kindness and hospitality; and if any of the squadron off this station touch here in their way from Halifax to Bermuda (where they are to winter), I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for I am sure of a passage with them, without expense, and most comfortably. Dear darlings at home! how incessantly I think of you: every night I dream that I am amongst you: sometimes I find you happy and smiling as I could wish you: sometimes the picture is not so pleasant,

and I awake unhappy, but surely Heaven protects you for me, and we shall meet, and long be united and blessed together. In that hope I bear absence with a lighter heart, and I entreat of you, sweet mother! to look on it with the same cheerful confidence—the same consoling dependence on that God of all pure affection, who sees how we love each other, and has, I trust, much prosperity in store for us. I shall lose no opportunity whatever that occurs of writing to you, and saying how affairs go on. My dear father, I am sure, will often give me the consolation of seeing his hand. Good Kate and Nell too must not be idle, but show me that their thoughts are frequently employed upon me.

I write this merely as a *duplicate* of my last letter, to tell you of my arrival, and let you know how I am at present situated: never was my health or spirits better.

Tell Capt. A. everything: show him my letters: he has my heart's warmest remembrances, and I will write to him by this or the next opportunity. I kiss you all. God bless you. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 75.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Dec. 2, 1803.

Again, my dearest mother, I avail myself of an opportunity which just offers for Ireland, and again I repeat what I have said in my former letters, lest they should be so dreadfully unfortunate as not to reach you. I arrived here this day month in perfect health; am lodged at the British consul's, where I have found the most cordial hospitality, and only wait an opportunity of getting to Bermuda. When I was leaving Portsmouth I sent off a packet for you, with songs enclosed for Stevenson. I trust they have arrived safe, and that Stevenson has lost no time in assisting Carpenter's publication. I left with the latter some words to be written under the title of "Come, tell me, says Rosa," acknowledging to whom I am indebted for the air: lest he should forget them, let my father write to remind him. I sent too, from Portsmouth, a letter for Capt. Atkinson, the arrival of which I am very anxious about: mention all these points when you write. When you write! Oh, dear mother! think it is now three months since I had the sweet consolation of seeing any memorial of

home. This is a long period, and much may have happened in it; but I hope, I trust, I depend on Heaven that it has preserved you all well and happy for me, and that we shall not long be this dreary distance asunder. My good Father! how often, how dearly, I think of *him*, and *you*, and *all*! I feel how anxious your hearts must be at the long interval you have passed without hearing of me, but the letter I wrote to you in the third week of our passage, and sent by a ship bound for some part of the Continent, if it reached in any reasonable time, must have been a happy relief to your solicitude. I did not regret so much the foul winds we had afterwards, because they were fair for that vessel which bore some tidings of comfort to my dear home. Oh, if the wretches have been neglectful, and not forwarded the letter! But I will hope the best, and think that, long before this, you have seen my handwriting and are comforted, dear mother. The kindness of these good people, the Hamiltons, is fortunate and delightful to me. If I were not so completely thrown upon it though I should be more gratified by, and enjoy it more pleasantly: but is it not a most lucky thing, when I am obliged to remain here, to be received cordially by a family whose hospitality is of that honest kind which sets one at home and at ease, as much as is possible in such a situation? I have been obliged to get a servant, and am fortunate enough to have one who cannot speak a word of English, which will keep me famously alive in my French. It is extraordinary that I cannot, even here, acquire any accurate information with respect to the profits of my registrarship. One thing is *certain*, that a Spanish war *alone* can make it worth a very long sacrifice of my other opportunities, and our government has so long hesitated upon that point, that it seems now more doubtful than ever. However, I am too far from the source of information to guess how politics stand at present. Perhaps we are at this moment engaged in a Spanish war; if so, *tant mieux pour Jeannette*. I know that my friends in Dublin will all be very angry that I do not write to them by the same opportunities I have found for writing to you, but I can't help that; till I have satisfied myself pretty well with respect to *your* certainty of hearing from me, I confess I cannot think much about any one else. This is, however,

the third letter I have written since my arrival, and the winds and waves must be cruel indeed if they do not suffer at least one of them to reach you. The next opportunity I shall make use of to write to my dear friend Atkinson. Tell him so, and give him my warmest remembrances: they are not the less warm for being Transatlantic. Absence is the best touchstone of affection: it either cools it quite, or makes it ten times warmer than ever it was; and I can never judge how I *love* people till I *leave* them. This is a strange climate; yesterday the glass was at 70°, and to-day it is down to 40°. I consider myself very hardy to bear it so well: my stomach has seldom been in such good order, nor my whole frame more braced and healthy. If Bermuda agrees so perfectly with me, I shall return to you the better for my trip. Return to you! how I like to say that, and think it, and pray for it. Dear mother, kiss Kate and Nell for me. I need not bid Kate read, but I bid little Ellen, and they must both apply closely to their music. I expect such a treat from them when I go home; for, indeed, there is a sad dearth of that luxury in these parts. God bless you again and again. The captain waits for the letters; he goes to Cork. Ever your own.

[No. 75.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Dec. 10, 1803.

My darling Mother,—You will have received, I hope, long before this arrives, two letters which I wrote since the one I now enclose. I am extremely unhappy at the delay, for I know how you must have suffered in the interval; but the ship Ritson, by which I sent the enclosed letter soon after I landed, returned yesterday so much damaged by the bad weather that she could not get on to England, and had been obliged to put back. Can any thing be more unlucky? I so pleased myself with the idea that you were by this time apprised of my safety, for it is now near five weeks since the Ritson sailed, and to have the letter come back to me thus is quite dreadful. God grant, my dearest and beloved mother, that you have had resolution to combat the solicitude you must have endured so long. I was perfectly happy in the hopes that a quick passage would have attended the ship which bore you the intelligence of my arrival, and every thing else has turned out so fortunate with me, that this

is the only subject of regret I have met with. If you, however, my dear mother, have got well over it, as I trust in Heaven you have, there is nothing else which at present gives my heart one painful thought: is not this delightful for you to hear? The expectation I expressed in all my letters, that some of the ships of war bound for Bermuda would touch here is gratified most fortunately. Captain Compton of the *Driver* is arrived, and I go with him. Nothing could be more lucky; beside the safety and comfort of such convoy, it saves me between twenty and thirty guineas, which I should have to pay for passage and provision in a merchantman. He gives me a very favourable account of Bermuda, and I have no doubt of passing my time very pleasantly there. Every thing is succeeding to my utmost wishes, and my spirits are as wild as ever you have witnessed them. Till this cursed *Ritson* returned with my poor dear letter, I had not one uneasy thought, for even my regrets at the distance that separates us was softened by the hope that you would soon hear of my safety, that you would be happy in the promise of good fortune that awaits us, and that no very distant day would see us in the possession of all our hearts wish for.

I have not time, darling mother, to say more, for the ship that takes this goes away in a few hours. In less than a week, I think, Captain Compton sails for Bermuda, and I shall have an opportunity of writing again before we go. God bless you—Father, Kate, Nell, and all dears. * * *

[No. 76.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, Jan. 19, 1804.

My darling Mother,—Here have I been more than a week, without any opportunity of sending a letter even to take its chance at sea in some of the cruisers, since none have arrived or left this during that time; and it gives me so much uneasiness to think you should be long without hearing of me, that I am hardly so selfish as to bestow a thought upon my own privation. Yet indeed, dearest mother, it is a very cruel privation to have been now near five months without a whisper of intelligence from home; and if every thing here was as prosperous as I have been flattered into supposing, this dreadful anxiety would em-

bitter it all, and the brightest advantages of the situation would be very dearly purchased. In coming from Norfolk hither we had most tremendous weather; you may guess what it must have been to an inexperienced sailor, when all the officers of the ship declared they seldom, scarcely ever, had encountered such serious and continued gales of wind. The passage, however, was pretty short for this season of the year; we made it in seven days, though for three days of that time we remained without venturing to set a stitch of sail, and of course lost as much as we gained of our way. Yet I bore it all so stoutly, that would you believe it, dearest mother! on the day of the worst gale we had, I eat the heartiest dinner of beefsteaks and onions that ever I have made in my life; though, as during the whole time of the passage, we were obliged to be tied to the table at dinner; and at night, when the ship was rolling her sides into the water, and when it was in vain to think of sleeping from the noise and the motion, I amused myself in my cot by writing ridiculous verses and laughing at them. Sailors, to be sure, think nothing of all these storms; but I *do* say, for a novice, it requires a little philosophy to be so cool and careless in such new and uncomfortable situations. Indeed, there has never been a severer winter than this upon the coast of America, and often, very often, darling mother, have I dreaded that you would see some accounts of the storms and the accidents that have happened, and that your heart, already too apt to catch at an intimation of danger, would find in these accounts too much food for its solicitude. I felt some regret, indeed not a little, in leaving the *Hamiltons* at Norfolk. Mrs. *Hamilton* cried, and said she never parted with any one so reluctantly. The colonel gave me the warmest letters of introduction to every one that could be serviceable or amusing to me here; and as I know dear mother loves to see anything which flatters her boy, and shows he is not neglected in his absence from her, I enclose one of these letters, which by the merest accident has returned into my possession, and which, being to one of the young sea captains, I have reason to think is not half so strong as some others.

These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and

the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest coloured sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid. But I shall refer you for a fuller description of this place to a letter I have written to my good friend Atkinson; and to come to the point which is most interesting to us, dear mother, I shall tell you at once that it is *not* worth my while to remain here; that I shall just stop to finish my work for Carpenter, which will occupy me till the spring months come in, when the passages home are always delightfully pleasant, and that then I shall get upon the wing to see my dear friends once more. I perfectly acquit those whose representations have induced me to come out here, because I perceive they were totally ignorant of the nature of the situation. Neither am I sorry for having come; the appointment is respectable, and evidently was considered a matter of great patronage among those who had the disposal of it, which alone is sufficient to make it a valuable step towards preferment. But this is all; so many courts have been established, that this of Bermuda has but few prize causes referred to it, and even a Spanish war would make my income by no means worth staying for. I have entered upon my business, however, and there are two American ships for trial, whose witnesses I have examined, and

whose cause will be decided next month; it is well to be acquainted with these things. I have seen too a little more of the world, have got an insight into American character and affairs, have become more used to inconveniences and disappointments, have tried my nerves and resolution a little, and I think very considerably improved my health, for I do not remember ever to have been more perfectly well than I am at present. All these advantages are to be calculated, and as they reconcile me completely to the step I have taken, I have hopes that my darling father and you will consider it in the same favourable light, and not feel much disappointment at the damp our expectations have experienced. Please Heaven! I shall soon embrace you all, and find you in health and happiness once more; and this will amply, dearly repay me for much more exertion than I have yet made towards your welfare. How I shall enjoy dear Kate's playing when I return! The jingle they make here upon things they call pianofortes is, oh! insupportable. I hope Carpenter has not forwarded my books to America, for, if he has, they run a risk of being lost; let dear father inquire about them. In one of the last English newspapers, I was shocked beyond measure at reading of poor Biggin's death: it made me feel the horrors of absence, which keeps one from knowing these calamities till they come by surprise, and without any preparation to soften their impression. It made me resolve almost not to look into another English paper till I return. In closing my letter now, it is a very uncomfortable feeling to think that, perhaps, not a word I have written will reach you; however, Heaven speed it! I will write by as many chances as I can find, let the letters be ever so short, in order to make it more likely that you will receive some of them; and, accordingly, I shall reserve Atkinson's letter for another ship, which sails soon after the one that takes this. Best love to my adored father: I hope Providence favours his exertions for the dear ones about him. Darling Kate and Ellen have my heart with them always. There is a little thing here very like Nell, only much darker, and I go very often to look at her. Good bless you, sweet mother, for your own, own affectionate,

T. M.

[No. 77.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, Jan. 24, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have written you a long letter, which I sent by the way of Norfolk from this place; but for fear any unfortunate chance should rob you of it, I take the opportunity of a ship going to the West Indies, which at least doubles the likelihood of your hearing of my arrival in Bermuda in health and in spirits, dear mother, as good as I have had ever to boast of. As I have every hope that you will receive the letter I sent to Norfolk, and as I am given but a moment's time for the dispatch of a few words at present, I shall merely repeat the most important things I have to say, and tell you that in *May or June I expect to sail for England!* yes, darling mother, to see and embrace you once more, since there is nothing here worth staying for, and I have acquired every advantage which I looked to in the excursion.

You cannot conceive how much the change of scene and climate has improved my health; and though the pecuniary value of the situation is not enough to authorise my stay here, yet I have derived quite enough of pleasure and instruction from the step to make me by no means regret having undertaken it. Dear, good darlings at home, how I long to hear of you! Oh! think what a painful interval it is, sweet mother, to have been five months without a word from home. I could hardly have hoped to bear it so well, but we shall all meet soon again, please Heaven! and be happy; and the talking over the past will sweeten the present, and the absence we have endured will endear us more closely to each other. It is now near twelve o'clock. I have just returned from a grand turtle feast, and am full of callipash and Madeira: the ship that takes this is to depart before daybreak, and I shall hardly be time enough to send it to the captain; but in full trust and expectation that you will receive the other letter I have written, in which I have told you a few more particulars, I shall kiss you, in fancy, dear mother, and have done, giving a thousand loves to good father and my own Kate and Nell. God bless you. I shall take every opportunity of writing. Yours, yours, most affectionately, darling mother.

[No. 78.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. George's, Bermudas, Feb. 17, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—Every ship that comes, I look with impatience to, as bringing me some intelligence from some friends at home; but I am still disappointed, and it is now five months since I saw the last dear paper that brought the *odour of home* on it to me. I begin to fear that it is not unlikely I may be on my return to England before any news of you can reach me; for, unfortunately, I did not know myself, nor therefore could I instruct you in, the most frequent and safe method of forwarding letters to me. The address I gave you, however, in everything I wrote from Norfolk (Col. Hamilton, His Britan. Majesty's Consul, Norfolk, Virginia) ought soon to bring me something, and I hope in Heaven it may. From Norfolk I sent you several letters, and this is now the third I have written from Bermudas. In the former one I told you of my resolution to return in the spring, unless some appearances, much more flattering than the present, should make it expedient for me to remain a little longer; though that I scarcely look to, as even a war with Spain would render my situation by no means adequate to the sacrifice I make in absence. My health has never been more perfect or regular than at present; indeed it is almost impossible to be ill in such a delicious climate as this island enjoys in the winter. Roses are in full blow here now, and my favourite *green peas* smoke every day upon the table. I have been extremely fortunate here (as indeed Providence seems to please I should be every where) in conciliating friendship, and interesting those around me in my welfare. The admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, has insisted upon my making his table my own during my stay here, and has promised to take me in his ship to America, for the purpose of getting a passage home to England, there being no direct conveyance from this little corner thither. They threaten me here with an impeachment, as being in a fair way to make bankrupts of the whole island. There has been nothing but gaiety since I came, and there never was such a *furor* for dissipation known in the town of St. George's before. The music parties did not long keep up, because they found they were obliged to trust to me for their whole orchestra; but the dances

have been innumerable, and still continue with very great spirit indeed. The women dance in general extremely well, though, like Dogberry's "writing and reading," it "comes by nature to them," for they never have any instruction, except when some flying dancing-master, by the kindness of fortune happens to be wrecked and driven ashore on the island. Poor creatures! I feel real pity for them: many of them have hearts for a more favourable sphere; but they are here thrown together in a secluded nook of the world, where they learn all the corruptions of human nature, without any one of its consolations or ornaments. The ship by which I send this letter goes to Providence, in the Bahamas, an express having arrived from that place to the admiral for a reinforcement, as they dread an attack from the remains of the French army of St. Domingo, who are at this moment actually preparing at Cuba for a descent. If this conduct of the Spaniards does not produce a war, we have peaceable ministers indeed. But I must not talk to you of politics, darling mother, for I have only time to bid you kiss all the dears around you for me. Tell my darling father, that I shall be able to talk to him about West India trade on my return. Throw your arms about his neck for me, and bless the dear girls from their own remembering and affectionate brother. God bless you all, for yours truly ever,

Tom.

[No. 79.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, March 19, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I take every opportunity of writing that offers, though perfectly uncertain whether my letters will ever reach you. This is now the fifth time I have written since my arrival in Bermuda, besides a letter to Atkinson, one to Carpenter, &c., &c., which I beg you will apprise the latter of, in case any accident should have interrupted my communications. Oh! darling mother, six months now, and I know as little of *home* as of things most remote from my heart and recollection. There is a ship expected here daily from England, and I flatter myself with hopes you may have taken advantage of the opportunity, and that to-morrow, perhaps, may bring me the intelligence I pine for. The signal post, which announces when any vessels are in sight of the island, is directly before my window, and often

do I look to it with a heart sick "from hope deferred." I am, however, well and in spirits; the flow of health I feel bids defiance to melancholy; and though now and then a sigh for home comes over me, I soften it with sweet hopes, and find in the promises of my sanguine heart enough to flatter away such thoughts. There have been as many efforts at gaiety here as I could possibly have expected in so secluded a nook of the world. We have a ball or two every week, and I assure you the weather is by no means too hot for them; for we have had some days so cold, that I almost expected to see a fall of snow, miraculous as that would be in a region so near the sun as this is. A week or two since I rode into (what they call) the country parts of the island: nothing could be more enchanting than the scenery they showed me. The road lay for many miles through a thick shaded alley of orange trees and cedars, which opened now and then upon the loveliest coloured sea you can imagine, studded with little woody islands, and all in animation with sail-boats. Never was anything so beautiful! but, indeed, the mission I went upon was by no means so romantic as my road. I was sent to swear a man to the truth of a *Dutch invoice* he had translated. "Oh! what a falling off is there." Indeed I must confess that the occupations of my place are not those of the most elegant nature: I have to examine all the skippers, mates, and seamen, who are produced as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels. I should not, you may be sure, think a moment of the inconveniences of the situation, if the emoluments were anything like a compensation for them; but they are not; and accordingly, dear mother, you will soon have me with you again. About May, I dare say, I shall be able to leave Bermuda; and I shall endeavour, if my purse will compass it, to see a little more of America than before I had an opportunity of doing; so that, about the end of summer, darling mother, you may *look to the signal-post* for your Tom, who will bring you back a sun-burnt face, a heart not the worse for the wear, and a purse, like that of most honest fellows, as empty as—richer fellows' heads! Never mind, though! I am young and free, and the world is a field for me still. While I have such motives for exertion as *you*, my dear father, and sisters, I may say "warring an-

gels combat on my side." I shall leave this letter open, in case I have anything further to add, as the brig which is to take it, I find, does not sail till to-morrow.

I have but just time to close my letter in a hurry, as the vessel is on the point of sailing. God bless you, my sweet mother, my own dear father, and good, *good* little girls. Write to Carpenter to say I sent a letter to him last month, and that I shall be the bearer of my work to him myself. Give my dearly remembered Joice the best wishes of my heart; and to all those who love or recollect me, say every thing kind that you can imagine me to feel. Again Heaven bless you all, for your own,
TOM.

I enclose some letters for people here: the English one you will get franked, and that to Switzerland you must have put into the Foreign Office in London, not in Dublin. I kiss you, darlings.

[No. 80.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

New York, May 7, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have but just time to say, *here I am*, after a passage of nine days from Bermuda; never was better; and the novelty of this strange place keeps me in a bustle of spirits and curiosity. The oddest things I have seen yet, however, are young Buonaparte and his bride.*

My plans are not settled yet. Captain Douglas, of the Boston frigate, who brought me here, sails in a few days for Norfolk, whither I shall accompany him; and my intention is, if I can manage it, to come up by land through the States, and rejoin him at Halifax, from whence I believe he will be sent to England,—a fine opportunity for me, and I anxiously hope it may occur so. I go to the theatre this evening, and to a concert to-morrow evening. Such a place! such people! barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which *heart* is concerned. * * *

I have no more time; my heart is full of the prospect of once more seeing and embracing you, dear mother, good father, and my own

Kate and Ellen. God bless you. I wrote to Carpenter and Lord Moira by the same ship. Your own Transatlantic Tom.

[No. 81.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Aboard the Boston,
Sandy Hook, thirty miles from New York,
Friday, May 11, 1804.

My darling mother.—I wrote to you on my arrival at New York, where I have been near a week, and am now returned aboard the frigate, which but waits a fair wind to sail for Norfolk. The Halifax packet is lying along side of us, and I shall take the opportunity of sending this letter by her. At New York I was made happy by my father's letter of the 25th January, and dear Kate's of the 30th, which make four in all that I have received from home. I had so very few opportunities at Bermuda, and they were attended with so much uncertainty, that I fear you may have suffered many an anxious moment, darling mother, from the interruption and delay of the few letters I could dispatch to you. But, please Heaven! we shall soon have those barriers of distance removed; my own tongue shall tell you my "travel's history," and your heart shall go along with me over every billow and step of the way. When I left Bermuda I could not help regretting that the hopes which took me thither could not be even half realised, for I should love to live there, and you would like it too, dear mother; and I think if the situation would give me but a fourth of what I was so deludingly taught to expect, you should all have come to me, and though set apart from the rest of the world, we should have found in that quiet spot, and under that sweet sky, quite enough to counterbalance what the rest of the world could give us. But I am still to seek, and can only hope that I may find at last.

The environs of New York are pretty, from the number of little fanciful wooden houses that are scattered, to the distance of six to eight miles round the city; but when one reflects upon the cause of this, and that these houses are the retreat of the terrified, desponding inhabitants from the wilderness of death which every autumn produces in the city, there is very little pleasure in the prospect; and, notwithstanding the rich fields, and the various blossoms of their orchards, I prefer

* M. Jerome Buonaparte and Miss Patterson.

the barren, breezy rock of Bermuda to whole continents of such dearly purchased fertility.

While in New York, I employed my time to advantage in witnessing all the novelties possible. I saw young M. Buonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, which are two things I could not often meet with upon Usher's Quay. From Norfolk I intend going to Baltimore and Washington; if possible also to Philadelphia and Boston, from thence to Halifax. From Halifax I hope to set sail in the cabin where I now write this letter for the dear old isles of the Old World again; and I think it probable that twelve months from the time I left England, will very nearly see me on its coasts once more.

I thank dear Kate for the poem she has sent me: it is written, I believe, by a Mr. William Smith, some of whose things (extremely pretty) are in the Metrical Miscellany; a collection of poems published by my little friend Mrs. Riddell. But why doesn't Kate say something about Nell?

My first object when I return shall be to discharge my obligations to Carpenter: as I must, for that purpose, seclude myself entirely, the less you say about the time of my return the better. The completion of the work I have in hand will much more than extricate me from all engagements I am under. My dear uncle shall not want his money *one moment* after my arrival: tell him so, with my heart's truest and affectionate remembrances. God bless you, darling mother. Kiss them all round for me, father, Kate, and Nell together. Your own.

T. M.

[No. 52.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Baltimore, Wednesday, June 13, 1804.

I am now, dearest mother, more than three hundred miles from Norfolk. I have passed the Potomac, the Rappahamock, the Occoquan, the Potapsio, and many other rivers, with names as barbarous as the inhabitants: every step I take not only *reconciles*, but *endears* to me, not only the excellencies but even the errors of Old England. Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars! How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematic of the *government* of this country

than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all "hail fellow well met," driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step. God comfort their capacities! as soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate for what I care. I stopped at Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, for near a week: they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic president, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though, at the same time, petty hostility. I was presented by Mr. Merry to both the secretary of state and the president. * * *

I hope, my darling mother, that all I write to amuse you may meet your eye, and find your heart in a mood to enjoy it. Oh yes, be happy, my own mother! be *you* but well and happy, and no sorrow can come near any of us. I know, in saying this, I speak for *all*; for my dearest, beloved father, and the sweet, good girls; we all hang on you equally. Never did Heaven form a heart more kind than I have found in Mrs. Hamilton of Norfolk, and she has caught the way to my heart by calling herself my *mother*. She sends a pair of ear-rings by me to Kate with the sincerest affection possible; she loves you all through me. I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, *this country* must have cured him of republicanism. Farewell, my sweet mother; Heaven preserve you to me, and to the dear ones about you, who have always my heart and soul with them. Yours and theirs for ever.

I was going to tell you about writing to me, but that is unnecessary, for in less than six weeks I hope to sail from Halifax for England. I am going to the northward just in right time, before the violent heat sets in, and the Halifax summer is delicious.

Philadelphia, June 16.

I have brought this letter on with me from Baltimore, as there was no opportunity likely to occur from thence. I travelled all night in

one of the most rumbling, wretched vehicles. Oh dear! I am almost tired of thus jogging and struggling into experience. I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married: they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh, if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine. Good by, sweet mother! Your own everywhere.

[No. 83.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Passaic Falls, June 26, 1864.

My dearest Mother,—I *must* write to you from this spot, it is so beautiful. Nothing can be more sweetly romantic than the cascade of the Passaic; and yet I could not help wishing, while I looked at it, that some magic could transform it into the waterfall of Wiclow, and then but a few miles should lie between me and those I sigh for. Well, a little lapse of time, and I shall be, please Heaven! in your arms. But there have ships come, darling mother, from Dublin, and I have received no letters; none with a date more recent than January: perhaps they have been sent on to Colonel Hamilton, and I shall get them at Halifax. God send that I may, but till then I cannot feel at ease. Not a line has reached me from Carpenter since I left England. I sometimes forget the contingencies and accidents which delay and embarrass the forwarding of letters, and almost begin to think myself neglected by those at home; but I ought to recollect how very short a time I have been stationary anywhere, and I shall look with hope to Halifax for the long arrears of comfort which begin to impoverish the treasury of my spirits, rich as it is in stores of consolation and vivacity.

My reception in Philadelphia was extremely flattering: it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve. But their affectionate attentions went far beyond this deference to reputation; I was quite caressed while there; and their anxiety to make me known, by introductory letters, to all their friends on my way, and two or three little poems of a very flattering kind, which

some of their choicest men addressed to me, all went so warmly to my heart, that I felt quite a regret in leaving them; and the only place I have seen which I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia.

The Boston frigate, in which I expect to return, is now watching the French frigates (off New York), which are come to steal away young Mister Buonaparte: this, perhaps, will delay her arrival at Halifax, where I hope to be in less than a fortnight. Never was I in better health; I drink scarcely a drop of wine, which is a plan I am determined to adhere to, as I have always found wine heating and injurious to my stomach. * * *

[No. 84.] FROM CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, R.N.

Boston, June 29, 1864.

My dear Friend,—Before I received yours last evening, the boat set off for New York: however, I am extremely happy to find, after all you have experienced (respecting break-neck roads and break-heart girls), that you are as well as can be expected. Now, my good fellow, allow me to advise you not to be *too careless* about the *warm reception you received* at Philadelphia: in my opinion, those new acquaintances ought always to be treated with the greatest *respect* and *attention*. I wish you had come down yesterday, as I do think few of your friends would feel much more gratified by taking you by the hand than myself. Respecting your Niagara expedition, I think you may yet have time; as Capt. Bradley says, before he left Halifax, he was informed that the next ships would not be ready to sail before the first week in August. If you think you can get to Halifax on or before the last day of July, I would advise you to go; but, at the same time, *do not risque* losing your passage with *me*, as that will deprive me of a satisfaction and advantage I should ever regret. Remember me kindly to Col. Barclay's family, and believe me, your true friend.

J. E. DOUGLAS.

[No. 85.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saratoga, July 10, 1864.

My darling mother, I hope, has received the letter I wrote from the Passaic Falls. Since that I have passed a week in New York, but was afraid to write from thence, through fear

you might be uneasy at my being there in so warm a season. Till the day before I left it, there was no appearance of any infection: on that day, some reports of yellow fever *were* made, and indeed I have no doubt the visitation of this calamity will be as dreadful this year, as any that has preceded. I have now come two hundred miles from New York, and if anything can add to the blessing of the health which I feel, it is the idea of having left such pestilence behind me. Oh that you could see the sweet country I have passed through! The passage up the Hudson river gave me the most bewildering succession of romantic objects that I could ever have conceived. When it was calm, we rowed ashore and visited the little villages that are on the river: one of these places they have called *Athens*, and there, you may imagine, I found myself quite at home. I looked in vain though for my dear *gardens*; there were *hogs* enough, but none of *Epicurus's herd*. If you, or sweet Kate could read *Latin*, I would quote you here what I allude to; but you have not "been at the great feast of languages, or *stolen the scraps*," so I'll not tease you with it. Two or three days ago I was to see the Coho Falls on the Mohawk river, and was truly gratified. The immense fall of the river over a natural dam of thirty or forty feet high, its roar among the rocks, and the illuminated mist of spray which rises from its foam, were to me objects all new, beautiful, and impressive. I never can forget the scenery of this country, and if it had but any endearing associations of the heart (to diffuse that charm over it, without which the fairest features of nature are but faintly interesting), I should regret very keenly that I cannot renew often the enjoyment of its beauties. But it has none such for me, and I defy the barbarous natives to forge one chain of attachment for any heart that has ever felt the sweets of delicacy or refinement. I believe I must except the *women* from this denunciation; they are certainly flowers of every climate, and here "waste their sweetness" most deplorably. Dear mother, I know you will be pleased with a little poem I wrote on my way from Philadelphia; it was written very much as a return for the kindnesses I met with there, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested by my songs, and flat-

tered me with many attentions. You must observe that the Schuylkill is a river which runs by, or (I believe) through, Philadelphia.

[Here follows,

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,"

already published.]

I am now near the spot where the accomplished but ill-fated Burgoyne incurred the first stain which the arms of England received from the rebel Americans. The country around here seems the very home of savages. Nothing but tall forests of pine, through which the narrow, rocky road with difficulty finds its way; and yet in this neighbourhood is the fashionable resort, the watering-place for ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the United States. At Bell Town Springs, eight miles from this, there are about thirty or forty people at present (and, in the season, triple that number), all stowed together in a miserable boarding-house, smoking, drinking the waters, and performing every necessary evolution in concert. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels in our rooms, and thought we might "con- descend, indeed, to come down to the *Public Wash* with the other gentlemen in the morning!" I saw there a poor affectionate mother who had brought her son for the recovery of his health: she sat beside him all day with a large fan, to cool his "feverish brow," and not a moment did she rest from this employment; every time I passed I saw her at it with the sweetest patience imaginable. Oh! there is no love like mother's love; the sight made me think of home, and recalled many circumstances which brought the tears of recollection and gratitude into my eyes.

I enclose you a scrap from a New-York paper of last week, which will show you I do not pass unnoticed over this waste, and it will please our dear Kate's friend, Mrs. Smith, to see her poem selected even in America. God bless you all. Love to my darling father, and the good girls. From your own devoted son,

Tom.

[No. 89.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Geneva, Genessee Country, July 17, 1804.

I just pause a moment on my way to give one word to my dearest mother. I hope the letter I wrote, four or five days since, from

Seenectady, will find its way to you. Since then I have been amongst the Oneida Indians, and have been amused very much by the novelty of their appearance. An old chief, Seenando, received me very courteously, and told us as well as he could by broken English and signs, that his nation consisted of 900, divided into three tribes, entitled the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle; poor, harmless savages! The government of America are continually deceiving them into a surrender of the lands they occupy, and are driving them back into the woods farther and farther, till at length they will have no retreat but the ocean. This old chief's manners were extremely gentle and intelligent, and almost inclined me to be of the Frenchman's opinion, that the savages are the only well-bred gentlemen in America.

Our journey along the banks of the Mohawk was uncommonly interesting: never did I feel my heart in a better tone of sensibility than that which it derived from the scenery on this river. There is a holy magnificence in the immense bank of woods that overhang it, which does not permit the heart to rest merely in the admiration of *Nature*, but carries it to that something less *vague* than *Nature*, that satisfactory source of all these exquisite wonders, a Divinity! I sometimes on the way forget myself, and even you so much, as to wish for ever to remain amidst these romantic scenes; but I *did not* forget you; you were *all inseparable* from the plans of happiness which at that moment might have flattered my fancy. I can form none into which you are not woven, closely and essentially.

To-morrow we shall set out for the *Falls of Niagara*! After seeing these (which I shall consider an era in my life), I shall lose no time in reaching Halifax, so as to be ready for the sailing of the frigate. I told you in a former letter, that it is this lucky opportunity of a passage *gratis* to England which has induced me to devote the expenses of my return to the acquisition of some knowledge respecting this very interesting world, which, with all the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no very distant competition with the first powers of the Eastern hemisphere.

We travel to Niagara in a *waggon*: you may guess at the cheapness of the inns in this

part of the country, when I tell you that, the other night, three of us had supper, beds, and breakfast, besides some drink for two or three Indians who danced for us, and the bill came to something less than seven shillings for all. I must own the accommodations are still lower than their price; nothing was ever so dirty or miserable; but powerful curiosity sweetens all difficulties. I shall not have an opportunity to write again for some time, but I shall send you thoughts enough, and you must imagine them the dearest and most comfortable possible. When I say "for some time," I mean a fortnight or three weeks. Good by. God bless you, dears. Oh! that I could know how you are at this moment. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 57.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Chippewa, Upper Canada, July 22, 1804.

Dearest Mother,—Just arrived within a mile and a half of the Falls of Niagara, and their tremendous roar at this moment sounding in my ears. We travelled one whole day through the wilderness, where you would imagine human foot had never ventured to leave its print; and this rough work has given a healthier hue to my cheek than ever it could boast in the Eastern hemisphere of London. If you look at the map of North America, you will be able to trace my situation. I have passed through the Genessee country, and am now between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Such scenery as there is around me! it is quite dreadful that any heart, born for sublimities, should be doomed to breathe away its hours amidst the miniature productions of this world, without seeing what shapes *Nature can* assume, what wonders *God can* give birth to.

I have seized this momentary opportunity, dear mother, for writing a line to you, which I will entrust to the waggoner who returns to Geneva, from which place I last wrote to you. Heaven send you may receive all the letters. I feel they would interest even a stranger to me, then what must they be to you! Love to dear father and girls. Your own,

TOM.

I am now on British ground; we arrived yesterday evening to dinner, and drunk the King's health in a bumper. Just going to see the Falls. Good by.

[No. 88.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Niagara, July 24, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. "Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

* * * * *

Chippewa, July 25.

So much for my journal; but if, notwithstanding all this enthusiastic contempt for matter-of-fact description, you still should like to see a particular account of the Falls, Weld, in his Travels, has given the most accurate I have seen. On the Sunday morning before I left Chippewa, I wrote you a letter, darling mother, which I entrusted to the waggoner (who was going back) to have it forwarded. Oh! if the stupid scoundrel should have neglected it. Since I left New York (July 4), this is the fourth letter I have written to you. How dreadfully provoking if they have miscarried. Never was I in better health than I have been during my journey. This exercise is quite new to me, and I find the invigorating effects of it. My heart, too, feels light with the idea that the moment is approaching when I shall fly on the wings of the wind to the dear embrace of all that is dear to me. God bless you, loves. I pray for you often and fervently; and I feel that Heaven *will* take care of us. A thousand kisses to dear father and the girls, from their own boy on the banks of Lake Ontario. Again God bless you, dearest mother. Ever, ever your

Tom.

[No. 89.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Quebec, August 20, 1804.

My darling Mother,—After seventeen hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses.

In my passage across Lake Ontario, I met with the same politeness which has been so gratifying, and indeed convenient, to me all along my route. The captain refused to take what I know is always given, and begged me to consider all my friends as included in the same compliment, which a line from me would at any time entitle them to. Even a poor watchmaker at Niagara, who did a very necessary and difficult job for me, insisted I should not think of paying him, but accept it as the

only mark of respect he could pay to one he had heard of so much, but never expected to meet with. This is the very nectar of life, and I hope, I *trust*, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, which I am convinced is not unamiable: the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously around it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart. Dearest mother! you will feel this with me. I cannot write more now; the fleet which sails for England is on the point of sailing. To-morrow or next day I am off for Halifax, where I shall bid my last adieu to America, and fly home to my darlings once more. Love to all. Your own boy.

[No. 90.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Windsor, Nova Scotia, Sept. 16, 1804.

My darling Mother,—I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. I wrote to you while at Quebec; but from what I have since heard of the time of the fleet's sailing from there, it is likely this letter may reach you first. Well, *dears of my heart!* here am I at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tiptoe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between forty and fifty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is, as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed, where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness? They have smoothed every step of my way, and sweetened every novelty that I met. The governor of Lower Canada, when I was on the point of leaving, sent his aide-de-camp to the master of the vessel which was to take me, and begged it as a favour he would defer sailing for *one* day more, that I might join a party at his house the next day. All this cannot but gratify my own sweet mother, and she will not see either frivolity or egotism in the detail. All along my route I have seized every opportunity of writing to you, and it will be more than unfortunate if my letters do not reach you. You cannot imagine how anxious I have been lest I should lose the opportunity of the Boston frigate home; for I have been

unavoidably detained a month beyond my time, and the orders of service are imperious. I know that with all Douglas's friendship, he could not wait for me, and I almost gave up the hope. But, still lucky, I have found him here refitting, and *in about three weeks we shall sail for England*. How my heart beats with delight to tell you this. I have got Kate's letter of the 29th. God bless her! dear, good girl.

You must not be surprised at such a scatter-brained letter, for I have this instant heard that the packet leaves Halifax before I return thither, and I scribble these dithyrambics (just risen from dinner) to send into town by a gentleman who goes in the morning.

Tell Carpenter I am coming with a volume of poetic travels in my pocket; and tell Kate I have learnt some of the "*Chansons des Voyageurs*," in coming down the St. Lawrence, which I hope before three months, at the utmost, to sing for her. Love to good father and girls, and good by. Sweet mother, your own,
Tom.

There is a nephew of Lord St. Vincent's sent out here on the same wild-goose chase with myself; so that it is beyond a doubt they thought them good appointments.

[No. 91.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Plymouth, Old England once more, Nov. 12, 1804.

I almost cry with joy, my darling mother, to be able once more to write to you on English ground. After a passage of eight-and-twenty days, here I am, without a blemish either in heart or body, and within a few hundred miles (instead of *thousands*) of those that are dearest to me. Oh dear! to think that in ten days hence I may see a letter from home, written but a day or two before, warm from your hands, and with your very breath almost upon it, instead of lingering out months after months, without a gleam of intelligence, without any thing but dreams—[here the letter is torn]. If the idleness I have had was voluntary or intentional, I should deserve to pay for it; but without giving me any thing to do, my friends have increased the necessity of my doing something. However, there is one satisfying idea; which is, that I am not at a loss for employment, and that I have it

within my own power, in the course of two or three months, to draw the sponge over every pecuniary obligation I have contracted. How few in a similar situation could say this! and how grateful do I feel to Heaven, and my dear father and mother for those means! * * *

[No. 92.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday [after my return from Bermuda].

My darling Mother.—I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night, at a small supper party at which I met him: every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these: "I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you (laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time) it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially—was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing.

It was at Lord Harrington's. I enclose you the invitation I received from Lord Petersham, because it is friendly, and because nothing else could have induced me to break the studious retirement I have adopted. I am delighted I went. God bless you all.

[No. 93.] TO HIS MOTHER.

27 Bury Street, St. James's,
Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1805.

My darling Mother,—I find that London itself, with all its charms, will be unable to seduce me from my present virtuous resolutions. I work as hard as a Scaliger all the mornings; and a dinner now and then with Lady Donegal or Mrs. Tighe is the utmost excess I allow myself to indulge in. I have often thought, and what I feel now confirms me in it, that I never was in such even spirits, as when employed to some purpose of utility. I don't know though that even the worldly necessity I am under of doing something would be sufficient to urge me so industriously, if I were not impelled by my anxiety to get

to Ireland; and, please Heaven! about six weeks hence will, I think, see me on my way thither.

'Tis a long time since I have heard from you. The Moiras are just come to town.

God bless my dear father and mother, and spare them to their
Tom.

I have just finished the epistle to Kate, and have talked politics to her in it.

[No. 94.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—If I were not so occupied, the time would go very heavily that keeps me from you. It is extremely lucky for me that none of my lounging friends are in town, or I should not have half the leisure I now enjoy, nor look forward to so speedy a release from my business. Though it has been a great sacrifice, I am happy that I resolved not to indulge myself with a sight of home till I completed my task, for it gives me a whet of industry which no other object could inspire; still, where are dear Kate's letters? I have just finished an epistle to Lady Donegal: no one deserves such a compliment better; she is the kindest creature in the world.

Poor Mrs. Tighe has had a most dreadful attack of fever, and a very serious struggle for life: her surmounting it gives me great hopes that she has got stamina enough for recovery.

Are you quite well, darling mother? It is long *indeed* since I heard from you; and perhaps you will complain the same of me; but I am such a stout fellow, there is no need for anxiety about me. God bless you all. Your own,
Tom.

[No. 95.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday, —, 1805.

I write to-day, merely because I *said* I would—(a reason, by the bye, which I have sometimes been perverse enough to let operate in quite a contrary direction), but it is now half-past five o'clock, and I have been all the day beating my brains into gold-beater's leaf, wherewith to adorn and bedaub the Honourable Mr. Spencer, and the last sound of the bell-man is now fading most poetically upon my ears, so God bless you! Heaven reward you both for the pleasant feelings and sweet recollections you have given me to enliven my

task and my solitude ; they are quite a little *Tunbridge lamp** to me, and will throw the softened light of remembrance over everything I shall do or think of. God bless you both again and again. I shall not attempt to tell you the feelings I have brought away with me, but if I have left *one* sentiment behind, of the same family, of the *remotest kin* to those you have given me, I am but too happy. I have not stirred out these two days. The weather is very dreary, and "suits the *scribbling* habit of my soul;" but my fire burns bright, and, we flatter ourselves, so does our poetry ; so that between the two, and the sweet, comfortable recollection of my friends at Ramsgate, I contrive to keep both heart and fingers at a proper degree of temperature, just a little below *salamander heat*. Ever your own, and dear Lady Donegal's, T. M.

[No. 96.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March 30, 1805.

My darling Mother,—I gave Mrs. Tighe the little glee yesterday to copy and send to Kate. I am sure it will be popular. I should be glad she would show it to Stevenson, to know if there be anything *glaringly* wrong in the harmony. Perhaps the second voice might be improved at the words "We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn," but I rather doubt it. I cannot see the postman pass my door every morning without a little bit of a grudge to Kate, that he brings nothing from her to me. I have now "sighed away Sundays" more than once since I saw any thing from home but my dear good father's letter.

Every one that I ever knew in this big city seems delighted to see me back in it: this is comfortable, and if the flowers strewed before me had a little *gold leaf* on them, I should be the haapiest dog in the world. All in good time ; but it is strange that people who value the *silk* so much, should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself in spinning it out to them. Lady Donegal is the dearest creature in the world. God bless you all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 97.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, — 1805.

Another devilment has just come across me that will prevent my leaving town to-morrow ;

* The Donegals were then at Tunbridge.—T. M.

but on the day after, by all that's least brittle and breakable in the world, by women and wine-glasses, love and tobacco-pipes, I'll be with you by the time the coach arrives, most *punctually*: now pray, believe me this once: besides, I'll tell you what, or (as Lord Grizzle says), "shall I tell you what I am going to say?" General Phipps has made a dinner for me, to meet George Colman in the beginning of next week: now, by stopping in town to-morrow, I shall open a little loophole of escape for myself, and so get off the necessity of returning to town so soon as I otherwise should do. I own I am a little terrified by Rogers's account of your multitudinous company-keeping at Tunbridge, but I hope you are quieter than he represents you. I like Rogers better every time I see him. Yours on Thursday, and always, T. MOORE.

[No. 98.]

FROM MISS GODFREY.

Friday, May 24, 1805.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd,
In disappointment ends ;
In short, there's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends.

But most of all, you Thomas Moore, the most faithless of men! If I had any spirit at all, but I have not, I would not write you another line. But what can a poor woman do, if the heart will still dictate, and the hand still obey. I would have you to know, however, that the heart dictates nothing but rage and anger and scolding, and luckily the hand can only make use of a pen upon the occasion. Lady Charlotte has bit you, and what use is there in my writing to you: so here I "whistle you down the wind to prey at fortune."

However, if you should beg and pray, prostrate yourself in the dust, and put on sackcloth and ashes, why, I am such an easy, yielding, gentle composition of flesh and blood, to say nothing of being rather foolish into the bargain, that possibly I might be persuaded to forgive you. I should blush for my weakness. But then weakness is very feminine, and blushing not unbecoming. So if you should ask pardon, and I should forgive you, and blush afterwards for my weakness, I shall only look the better for it, that's all. It is very near a fortnight since I wrote to you, and it is very near a month since I heard from you. I hope at least that your time has been well employed,

but I fear that the book will not come out this year. I am quite impatient for it: so pray tell me how far you are advanced.

For us, in this gay world, we go on much as you left us: there are more assemblies, but nothing very pleasant: very few calls; much talk of impeachments, French fleets, and such like matter of fact subjects, which you, mounted in your highest heaven of invention, would not condescend to listen to. Mr. William Lamb is to be married to Lady C. Ponsonby, and Lord Cowper to Miss Lamb, and Miss Call to Mr. Bathurst, and very probably I told you all this before. I suppose conscience smote you about *two hundred and eighty*, and you had not courage to write to me.

Adieu. If you don't answer this, it is the last speech and dying words of the much insulted, cruelly treated, and extremely ill-used, &c., &c.

M. G.

Remember me affectionately to Lady Charlotte, though I don't flatter myself that I shall evermore behold her hand-writing.

[No. 99.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Aug. 17, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—Kate's letter has given me a vast deal of pleasure, as it shows me how comfortably you coalesce with my dear uncle's family. Tom Hume goes off at last to-morrow: he has endeavoured to *reason* me into going with him; but when I can resist the *true feelings* that impel me to it, the *false reasons* he brings for such a step have been easily resisted; and *false* they are, for I am bound, not only by *agreement* but by *honour* to Carpenter, to finish this work without any unnecessary delay, and as long as he has the slightest objection, I should consider myself trifling with *both* if I interrupted it. I am getting on very nicely, and I know my darling mother sacrifices with willingness a little present gratification to the pleasure of seeing me with a mind unburdened by any sense of duty unperformed—don't you, dearest mother? Pray let me know in some of your letters what yourself, Kate, and Ellen, are chiefly in want of in the useful way: I should not like to take you any unnecessary, baubles, but wish to turn my *galantries* to account: you must not be delicate in telling me, for I shall not be so in saying whether I can compass what you want. God bless you. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 100.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, August 22, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—I think I shall on Monday go for a couple of days to Tunbridge again: these little trips are of service to me, though, indeed, I am now quite stout and well. I am quite happy at having corresponded with my darling father's wishes in retaining my situation at Bermuda. I have no doubt that it will turn out something to me: the men I have appointed are of the most respectable in the island; and I shall get a friend of mine to write to the new governor, and beg him to have an eye to my little interests in that part of the world. Heaven bless all. Poor Mrs. T.* is ordered to the Madeiras, which makes me despair of her; for she *will not* go, and another *winter* will inevitably be her death. Your own, Tom.

[No. 101.]

FROM LORD MOIRA.

Edinburgh, Sept. 12, 1805.

My dear Sir,—With very sincere satisfaction I accept the distinction you are kindly disposed to offer to me by the dedication of your work. It is not the parade of false modesty when I say that I think you ought to have sought some more marked name. Mine has been a life of effort, "signifying nothing;" and its unproductiveness has lasted so long, that folks have made up their minds to consider the character as barren in its nature. At all events, the time has gone by; so that I am only one of the out-of-fashion pieces of furniture fit to figure in the steward's room. Your dedication will be a memorial of me, which will keep me from total oblivion. Judge, therefore, how I am bound to estimate the compliment. Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

Thomas Moore, Esq.

[No. 102.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 2, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—It is now near six o'clock, and I have hardly time to say How d'ye do? I have been sitting this hour past with Lady Harrington: she is very kind to me, and says the more and oftener she sees me in Ireland, the better.

The whole town mourns with justice the death of Nelson: those two men (Buonaparte

* Tighe.

and he) divided the world between them—the land and the water. We have lost ours.

I got my dear father's letter, and forgive Tom Hume for the many kind affectionate things my charge has produced from you. Your own. Tom.

[No. 103.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 8, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—This weather is only fit for poets, lovers, and murderers: there is hardly light enough to pursue any other calling. It is now but four o'clock, and I can scarcely see to write a line. I am just going to dine *third* to Rogers and Cumberland: a good poetical step-ladder we make—the former is past forty and the latter past seventy.

I wish I could hope to dance at Eliza A.'s ball. I have not capered much since I left Bermuda; though I forget myself—at Tunbridge, my toe had a few fantastic sallies. God bless you all, dears, and good friends. Your own, Tom.

They say now Lord Powis is going as lord lieutenant. I don't know him at all.

[No. 104.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington, Monday.

My dearest Mother,—* * * I was at a beautiful little fête champêtre at Mrs. Siddons's cottage on Saturday evening: it was the most fairy scene I ever witnessed; and even the duchesses and countesses looked romantic in the illuminated walks. Bless you, darling mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 105.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1806.

Dearest Mother,—The town has been a good deal agitated to-day by various reports about Mr. Pitt's death. It still seems uncertain; but every one appears to agree that he cannot live. What a strange concurrence of circumstances we have witnessed within this short period. Something bright, I hope, will rise out of the chaos; and if a gleam or two of the brightness should fall upon me, why, Heaven be praised for it!

I am quite stout again, but have not yet ventured upon wine. Nothing ever was like the ferment of hope, anxiety, and speculation that agitates the political world at this moment.

They say the King will certainly offer the premiership to Addington, but it is strongly expected that Addington will refuse it.

Good by. God bless you all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 106.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1806.

My darling Mother,—I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fortune is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and my fate now depends upon his sincerity, which I think it profanation to doubt, and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence. Tierney goes to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for dear father's advancement. In short, everything promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune looks most smilingly on me. "If that I prove her haggard," no hermit or misanthrope has ever fled further or more heartily from the commerce of mankind than I shall from the patronage of grandees. But this sounds like doubt of Lord Moira, which I hate myself for feeling. I have not seen him yet, nor do I expect it for some days; but the instant anything turns out one way or other, you shall know it.

God bless us all, and turn this dawn of our hopes into full daylight, I pray of him. Your own, Tom.

[No. 107.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1806.

My darling Mother,—I this morning breakfasted with Lord Moira, and have had all my doubts about his remembrance of me most satisfactorily removed; he assured me in the kindest manner that he had not for an instant lost sight of me; that he had been a good deal burdened by the friends of others (alluding to the Prince); but that he still had a very extensive patronage, and would certainly not forget me. What gave me most pleasure of all, and what I am sure will gratify *you*, dearest mother, is his saying that he could *now* give me a situation immediately, but that it would require residence abroad, and he added, "We must not banish you to a foreign garrison." I answered, "that, as to occupations, I was ready to undertake any kind of business *whatever*."—"Yes," says he; "but we must find that business *at home* for you." I deferred writing

till to-day that I might have this interview to communicate to you, and I know you will share my satisfaction at it. God bless you, dears.

Your own, Tom.

I have hopes that Tierney will go chancellor of the exchequer to Ireland, which will give me an opportunity of putting in a word for father.

[No. 108.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1806.

My dearest Mother.—I can hardly trust or listen to the hopes which every one is forcing upon me now from the change that is taking place in administration. Certainly, if Lord Moira comes in, I may look with confidence to something good. He has so often assured me (and particularly once, when he believed he was just about to join the government, and when I could not doubt of his sincerity), that I cannot let my heart mistrust his interest in my advancement for an instant. Darling mother! think how delightful if I shall be enabled to elevate you all above the struggling exigencies of your present situation, and see you sharing prosperity with me while you are yet young enough to enjoy it. God bless you, dears. A little time will determine the success of my friends, and their goodwill towards me. I am quite stout again.

Your own, Tom.

My best congratulations to dear uncle and aunt on their new relation.

[No. 109.] TO HIS MOTHER.

April 30, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I cannot help now thinking of the poor Negro, who said when he was going to be hanged, what a hard thing it was for a poor man "to die and be no sick." With all the feelings of health about me, and such roses and *even* lilies in my face as there were never there before, I am obliged to lie up again for a week or so, in order to give the *coup de grace* to my maladies; in short, the abscess, though quite well, would not close, and I have within these two hours undergone a little operation for the purpose of closing it, which has given me more pain than I have felt yet, and will confine me for about eight days. It is a good thing to know, however, that, at

the end of those eight days, I shall be turned out sound and perfect as I ever have been in my life.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Tighe, and shall answer it when I get off my back.

Now that I have written this letter, I feel almost afraid that you will be fool enough to be alarmed at it; but if you saw my cheeks at this moment, almost bursting with health and cheerfulness, you would even *laugh* at the little pain that I feel. Your own, Tom.

[No. 110.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May 5, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—Here I lie, fat and saucy, eating and drinking most valorously, reading and writing most wisely, but not stirring an inch. On Monday or Tuesday I am to be relieved from this impalement, and after two or three days, which it will take me to heal, I shall be quite well again. Lord Moira sent Lord Raneliffe to me this morning, to ask me to dinner; but of course I can't go.

I am glad to see that the elements are taking the opportunity of my illness (or rather confinement), and are amusing themselves with all sorts of rain, hail, and inclemency; for that makes me hope that they will be able to afford me a little sunshine, when it will please my surgeon to rid me of this *stitch in my side*. In order that you may understand this joke, I must inform you that I have at this moment a large skein of cotton passed through my side in the most scampstress-like manner possible. God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. Your own, Tom.

[No. 111.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, May 8, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Moira sent Lord Raneliffe to me the other day, to say that he had a small appointment to give away, which I might have till something better offered. I weighed the circumstances well, and considered both the nature of the gift and the advantages it would bring to me: the result of which deliberation was, that I determined to decline the offer. I wrote, however, a very long letter to Lord Moira upon the subject, explaining the reasons of my refusal, and stating the circumstances of my present situation; from all which it appeared to me better to wait till

something worthier both of *his* generosity and *my* ambition should occur: at the same time I suggested how much less difficulty there would be in finding some appointment for my dear father, which, while it relieved my mind from one of its greatest causes of anxiety, would make me even much more devoted and grateful to him than any favour conferred on myself. The enclosed note is in answer to my letter; and it gives me much pleasure, as showing me both his approbation of my bold and manly language about myself, and his attention to the solicitude which I expressed about my father. Good by. God bless you all. I believe I shall be let out to-morrow. Your own, Tom.

[No. 112.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I missed one letter this last week, for which I cry "*peccavi*;" but I enclose something now to you, which will, I think, make you feel very happy; and I hope that, by the time this reaches you, Atkinson will be returned and at hand to arrange every thing about my father's appointment. You must not say a word to any one about this promise of Fox's, as it would be wrong on many accounts.

I believe I told you the kind things the Prince said to me about my book.

I feel uncommon spirits, which I hope every thing will justify me in. All around me looks bright and promising, and the respectability of the situation they intend for me flatters my hopes most delightfully.

God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. You may tell *them* of Fox's promise. Your own, Tom.

Why does not saucy Kate write to me about my book?

[No. 113.]

FROM LORD MOIRA.

June 21, 1806.

My dear Sir,—I have completed the arrangement for your father's being fixed in the barrack-mastership at Dublin. Let me know his Christian name, that the warrant may be made out. Faithfully yours, MOIRA.

[No. 114.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, —, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I have seen Lord Moira, and presented him my father's thanks.

He told me, that it is one of the *Irish* commissionships I am to have, and that these will not be arranged till those in England are settled. He spoke with the utmost kindness to me; and I am sure, when he has it in his power, I need not doubt his good-will to serve me. He said, at the same time, that there was nothing to prevent my visiting Ireland, as he should not forget me; so that, I think, in about a fortnight I shall take flight for the bogs. Darling mother! how happy I shall be to see you!—it will put a new spur on the heel of my heart, which will make life trot, for the time at least, sixteen miles an hour. I trust in Heaven that you are recovering, and that I shall find you as you ought to be. Ever your own, Tom.

Love to uncle and aunt.

[No. 115.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Wednesday, July, 1806.

I certainly may say to *you* as Cowper says to one of his correspondents, that "you understand trap," for nothing was ever more skillfully anticipated than the scolding which you know you deserved from me, and which you were resolved to be beforehand with. Sheridan himself could not manage an impeachment against money-defaulters with a more unblushing brow of innocence, than you have assumed in charging me with neglect; after your having remained a fortnight at Worthing, with nothing on your hands but your gloves, and nothing to distract you but Chichester, and yet, during that whole time, not feeling *one twitch* of the pen (a disorder too that I know you to be at other times so subject to), nor thinking it necessary to bestow one moment of your idleness upon the "poor forsaken *gander*" whom you left *hissing hot* upon the pavement of London, with a pain in his side and the wind-colic in his heart, with the dust in his eyes and the devil in his purse, and in short with every malady, physical, phisical, and quizzical, that could shake the nerves of a gentleman, or excite the compassion of a lady; and there are you, between *sunbeams* and *mists*, between *Ossians* and *Chichesters*, taking a whole fortnight to consider of it, before you would even say, "How are you now, sir?" Well—I forgive you, though I cannot help thinking it the very refinement of Irish modesty, the very

quintessence of the bogs, to follow up such delinquency with an attack instead of an apology; it is like Voltaire's Huron, who, when they send him to confession, seizes the unfortunate priest, whirls him out of his sentry-box, and forcing him down upon his knees, says, "Now, *you* must confess to *me*!"

Now as to *Worthing*, when *am* I to visit you? I *solemnly and assuredly* hope to leave London for Ireland *about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the following one*. Lord Moira has told me that my absence will not interfere with anything that he has in prospect for me; that the commissionership intended for me is to be in Ireland; and that,

if there are any such appointments, I am to have one of them. Such are my plans, and such my hopes. I wait but for the arrival of the *Edinburgh Review*, and then "a long farewell to all my greatness." London shall never see me act the farce of gentlemanship in it any more, and, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," I shall vanish and be forgotten. Say how and when I am to go to you. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Saturday, if you have got to *Worthing*, I think I shall be able to go down to you: this at least imposes upon you the task of writing to me to-morrow to let me know.

DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

1806.

Particulars of my hostile Meeting with JEFFREY in the Year 1806.

SOME letters of my own, written in the year 1806, having lately fallen into my hands, which contain allusions to my hostile meeting, in that year, with my now sincerely regarded and valued friend Jeffrey, I suspend the regular course of the Memoir of myself commenced in these pages, in order, while yet all the circumstances are fresh in my memory, to note down some authentic particulars of a transaction concerning which there has been a good deal of foolish mis-statement and misrepresentation.

In the month of July, 1806, I had come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at *Worthing*. The number of the *Edinburgh* containing the attack on my "Odes and Epistles" had been just announced, and, as appears by the following passage in one of my letters, I was but waiting its arrival to set off to *Worthing*. "I wait but for the arrival of the *Edinburgh*. * * * Say how and when I am to come to you." The *Review* did not, however, reach me in London;

for I have a clear recollection of having, for the first time, read the formidable article in my bed, one morning, at the inn in *Worthing*, where I had taken up my sleeping quarters, during my short visit to the *Donegals*. Though, on the first perusal of the article, the contemptuous language applied to me by the reviewer a good deal roused my Irish blood, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to me, I think, till some time after. I remember, at all events, having talked over the article with my friends, Lady Donegal and her sister, in so light and careless a tone, as to render them not a little surprised at the explosion which afterwards took place. I also well remember that, when the idea of calling out Jeffrey first suggested itself to me, the necessity I should be under of proceeding to *Edinburgh* for the purpose, was a considerable drawback on my design, not only from the difficulty I was likely to experience in finding any one to accompany me in so Quixotic an expedition, but also from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, which ren-

dered it doubtful whether I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey.

In this mood of mind I returned to London, and there, whether by *good* or *ill* luck, but in my own opinion the *former*, there was the identical Jeffrey himself just arrived, on a short visit to his London friends. From Rogers, who had met Jeffrey the day before at dinner at Lord Fincastle's, I learned that the conversation, in the course of the day, having happened to fall upon me, Lord F. was good enough to describe me as possessing "great amenity of manners;" on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, "I am afraid he would not show much amenity to me."

The first step I took towards my hostile proceeding was to write to Woolriche, a kind and cool-headed friend of mine, begging of him to join me in town as soon as possible; and intimating in a few words the nature of the services on which I wanted him. It was plain from his answer that he considered me to be acting from the impulse of anger; which, though natural to conclude, was by no means the case; for, however boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was, certainly, but little, if any, mixture, either of ill-temper or mere personal hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert. But if this sort of feeling *did* mix itself with my motives, there certainly could not have been a more fitting punishment for it than the sort of result that immediately followed.

As Woolriche's answer implied delay and deliberation, it did not suit, of course, my notions of the urgency of the occasion; and I accordingly applied to my old friend Hume, who, without hesitation, agreed to be the bearer of my message. It is needless to say that, feeling as I then did, I liked him all the better for his readiness, nor indeed am I at all disposed to like him a whit the less for it now. Having now secured my second, I lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver; and as actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory;

but, after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: "To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine." I am not quite sure as to the exact construction of this latter part of the note, but it was as nearly as possible, I think, in this form.

There was, of course, but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty now was where to obtain a case of pistols; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements; and as for me, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an overloaded pistol, and that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms. William Spencer being the only one of all my friends whom I thought likely to furnish me with these *sine qua nons*, I hastened to confide to him my wants, and request his assistance on this point. He told me if I would come to him in the evening, he would have the pistols ready for me.

I forget where I dined, but I know it was not in company, as Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I bought in the course of the evening at some shop in Bond Street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, "They are but too good." I then joined Hume, who was waiting for me in a hackney-coach, and proceeded to my lodgings. We had agreed that for every reason, both of convenience and avoidance of suspicion, it would be most prudent for me not to sleep at home; and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly (having let myself in by my key, it being then between twelve and one at night) took the sheets off my own bed, and, huddling

them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's.

I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.* And then it was that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered, with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself maisy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it

bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street.

On our way thither Hume told me, that from Horner not knowing anything about the loading of pistols, he had been obliged to help him in the operation, and in fact to take upon himself chiefly the task of loading both pistols. When we arrived at Bow Street, the first step of both parties was to dispatch messengers to procure some friends to bail us; and as William Spencer was already acquainted with the transaction, to him I applied on my part, and requested that he would lose no time in coming to me. In the meanwhile we were all shown into a sitting-room, the people in attendance having first inquired whether it was our wish to be separated, but neither party having expressed any desire to that effect, we were all put together in the same room. Here conversation upon some literary subject, I forget what, soon ensued, in which I myself took only the brief and occasional share, beyond which, at that time of life, I seldom ventured in general society. But whatever was the topic, Jeffrey, I recollect, expatiated upon it with all his peculiar fluency and eloquence: and I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay upon his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing this subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after our rencontre, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in

* One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

the field; and I can truly say that my liking for him is of the same early date.

Though I had sent for William Spencer, I am not quite sure that it was he that acted as my bail, or whether it was not Rogers that so officiated. I am, however, certain that the latter joined us at the office; and after all the usual ceremony of binding over, &c., had been gone through, it was signified to us that we were free to depart and that our pistols should be restored to us. Whether unluckily or not, it is hardly now worth while to consider; but both Hume and myself, in quitting the office, forgot all about our borrowed pistols, and left them behind us; and, as *he* set off immediately to join his wife who was in the country, I was obliged myself to return to Bow Street, in the course of a few hours, for the purpose of getting them. To my surprise, however, the officer refused to deliver them up to me, saying, in a manner not very civil, that it appeared to the magistrate there was something unfair intended; as, on examining the pistol taken from me, there was found in it a bullet, while there had been no bullet found in that of Mr. Jeffrey.

Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, "Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right." We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which

had been found in one of them; and this very bullet, by-the-bye, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me, (as a sort of *polemic* relique, I suppose), and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession.

The following letter, which I wrote immediately to Miss Godfrey (she and her sister, Lady Donegal, being among the persons whose good opinion I was the most anxious about), will show, better than any words I could now employ, what were my feelings at that time.

[No. 116.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Monday.

I have just time to tell you that this morning I was fool enough (as I know you will call it) to meet Mr. Jeffrey by my own invitation, at Chalk Farm, and that just as we were ready to fire, those official and officious gentlemen, the Bow Street runners, appeared from behind a hedge, and frustrated our valorous intentions, so that we are bound over to keep the peace for God knows how long. William Spencer is the cause of this very ill-judged interruption, though he pledged his honour to keep the matter as secret as the grave. I never can forgive him; for at this moment I would rather have lost a limb than that such a circumstance had happened. And so there is all my fine sentimental letters which I wrote yesterday for posthumous delivery to your sister, you, &c., &c., all gone for nothing, and I made to feel very like a ninny indeed. Good by. I have not yet had time to read your letter. Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister.

Ever your Tom Fool till death.

What I asserted in this letter, namely, that it was through Spencer's means the meeting had been interrupted, was communicated to me by Rogers, and, I have no doubt, was perfectly correct. Spencer dined alone with the Fincastles, and, after dinner, told all the circumstances of the challenge, the loan of the pistols, &c., to Lord Fincastle, who (without, as it appears, communicating his purpose to Spencer) sent information that night of the intended duel to Bow Street.

The manner in which the whole affair was misrepresented in the newspapers of the day is too well known to need any repetition here; but I have been told, and I think it not im-

probable, that to a countryman of my own (named Q——), who was editor of one of the evening papers, I owed the remarkable concurrence in falsehood which pervaded all the statements on the subject. The report from Bow Street was taken first (as I have heard the story) to the office of the paper in question, and contained a statement of the matter, correctly, thus:—"In the pistol of one of the parties a bullet was found, and nothing at all in the pistol of the other." Thinking it a good joke, doubtless, upon literary belligerents, my countryman changed without much difficulty, the word "bullet" into "pellet;" and in this altered state the report passed from him to the offices of all the other evening papers.

By another letter of my own, written on the following day, to Lady Donegal, I am enabled to give to my narrative not only authenticity, but a good deal of the freshness of the feeling of the moment to which it refers.

[No. 117. TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday.

You will see that I am doomed inevitably to one day's ridicule, by the unfortunate falsehood which they have inserted in all the morning papers, about the loading of our pistols; but, of course, a contradiction will appear to-morrow, signed by our seconds, and authorised by the magistrate. This is the only mortifying *suite* that this affair could have, and Heaven knows it has given me unhappiness enough. Do not scold me, dearest Lady Donegal; if the business was to be again gone through I should feel it my duty to do it; and all the awkwardness that results from it must be attributed to the ill-judged officiousness of the persons who were sent to interrupt us. To be sure, there cannot be a fairer subject for quizzing, than an author and a critic fighting with pellets of paper. God bless you. Tell every one as industriously as you can the falsehood of to-day's statement, and stem, if possible, the tide of ridicule till our contradiction appears. Love to your dear sisters. Ever your attached

T. M.

The statement announced in this letter was regularly drawn up, signed by Horner, and authorized by the magistrate; but, alas! never appeared. My friend Hume (now again my friend, though his conduct on that occasion

caused a severance between us for more than thirty years) took fright at the ridicule which had been brought upon the transaction, said that he did not like to expose his name; that he "did not know who Mr. Horner was;" in short, he refused to sign the paper; and the only effort made at public explanation was a short letter on the subject from myself, which, of course, to those who did not know me personally, went deservedly for nothing.

Through the kind offices of Rogers, a treaty of peace was negotiated between Jeffrey and myself; I mean those formalities of explanation which the world requires, for in every other respect we already understood each other. In the two letters that follow will be found some particulars of the final arrangement of our strife.

[No. 118.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Aug. 29, 1806.

I have been looking for a frank (like that best of all thrifty good girls, Miss J* * *), in order to send you back Hayley's letter, which is as pretty a specimen of the old gentleman's twaddling as I could wish to see. But the last person I asked for a frank was Humphrey Butler; and he told me if I had applied before the Union he could have given me one,—which, however satisfactory it was, made me resolve to keep Hayley's letter from you a little longer, and I shall return it the instant I get a cover, and not a soul shall see it, I assure you. Lord Moira has written to me a very kind note, in consequence of my communicating to him the explanations which I had from Jeffrey, and he assures me he feels "uncommon satisfaction that it has terminated so pleasantly." If I were just now seated upon the couch, with my legs turned up, I could show you this letter; but, as I am not, I must only give you an extract from it, thus:—"I feel perfectly for you how disagreeable it is to be obliged to start one's self as the butt for all the wild constructions of the public; misrepresentation, in some way or the other, is the inevitable lot of every one who stands in such a predicament; but the squibs against you were only momentary, and a *fair tribute to the spirit with which you vindicated your character will remain.*

This high Spanish approbation of my con-

duct has given me much pleasure, as I know it will to you; indeed, nothing can be more gratifying than the generous justice which every friend whose opinion I value has done to my feelings upon this occasion. I was particularly happy to hear that Horner, the other day, at Holland House, spoke warmly in praise of what he called "the mixture of feeling and fortitude which my conduct exhibited."

I met your friend the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, in a dinner party of eight only the other day at Harry Greville's. In short, I do nothing but *dine*; yesterday at Ward's, to-day at Lord Cowper's, &c. Somebody told me, and made my heart flutter not a little, that you are coming to town before your Tunbridge trip. I believe it was Chichester that "*whispered* the flattering tale," but I am almost afraid to believe it. I should in that case see you once before I go to bury myself among my St. Chrysostoms and Origenes, and to shake hands with a dearer father than whole centuries of such fathers. Carpenter is to give me forty pounds for the Salust, and I wait but for this forty-pounder to discharge me at one single shot to Dublin.

Best love to dear Mary (why shouldn't I call her Mary, as well as that old ridiculous Hermit), and to sister Philippa, too, a thousand remembrances. Ever yours, most truly,

T. M.

I suppose you have heard of this officious clerk of the Bank's accusation of Lord Moira. I know no more than you have read in the papers.

[No. 119.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, August, 1806.

I have the pleasure to tell you that this morning I had a pacific meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, at Rogers's, and received from him the most satisfactory apologies for the intemperance of his attack upon me. He acknowledged that it is the opinion, not only of himself but his friends, that the Review contained too much that was exceptionable, and that he is sincerely sorry for having written it. He has given me a statement to this purpose in his own autograph, which concludes thus: "I shall always hold myself bound to bear testimony to the fairness and spirit with which you have conducted yourself throughout the whole trans-

action." Is not this all pleasant? I know you will be glad to hear it. The letter which you will see in to-morrow's Post was a very necessary step, and will put an end to every misconstruction of the affair; so that (for the first time since I took the business into contemplation) I feel "my bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne," and the sooner I receive your congratulations upon the subject the better. Ever yours,

T. M.

I have now done with these *bulletins*, and shall write you *letters* hereafter.

[No. 120.]

FROM MISS GODFREY.

Tunbridge, Oct. 2, 1806.

Well, how are you after your sea-sickness, and how do you feel yourself in Dublin, after your brilliant career here among the learned and the dissipated? If it were not for the extreme joy which I know you feel at being with your family again, I should grieve for the change; but you have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home, fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise: it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all. We have had the whole history of your affair with Jeffrey from Rogers, even to the slightest particulars. If I had never known you, the story would have interested me, the way he tells it. He makes you out a perfect hero of romance, and your conduct quite admirable. But what pleased me most was, to hear that Jeffrey took a great fancy to you from the first moment he saw you in the field of battle, pistol in hand to kill him. I believe Rogers to be truly your friend upon this occasion. Lord Clifden says he has heard the affair talked of by several people, and that you had got universal credit for the manner in which you had conducted yourself throughout the whole of it. In short, I am quite agreeably surprised to find the turn it has all taken in your favour. You don't know how happy we feel at it, for I am sure you don't know to this good day how much we care for you. But never take a pistol in your hand again while you live. I dare say in Ireland, where you have *beaucoup d'envieux*, every pains has been taken to misrepresent and blacken you. I desired Philly to write

Rogers's whole account of it to Miss Crookshank, that she may tell your friend Joe of it, and spread it about in her society; for it is in that line of life that the prejudices against your writings, and the envy of your talents, are the strongest. The old ones have more morality, and the young ones more pretensions than one finds in the higher ranks of life. All I want is to have justice done to you, perhaps a little more than justice. But I would have all the world to understand, that I am a very moral woman; and I must honestly confess to you by the way, that all my illusions about the beautiful Susan have vanished, and left not a wreck behind them. We are all very tame this year, and neither blindman's buff, or puss in a corner, have yet

made their appearance amongst us; but as Souza is expected, there is no knowing how soon the revels may begin. The place is quite full, and many more people of our acquaintance than were here last year; but we would give them all rank and file for you, and there's the sea rolling away between us, as satisfied as if it were doing the thing in the world we liked the best. Philly was offended with you for leaving her name out in your last letter.

I suppose your sister is quite delighted to have you with her. I hope you found her and all the rest of your family happy and comfortable in their new situation. Tell me something of your way of life in Dublin. Adieu! Sincerely yours,

M. G.

LETTERS.

1807—1818.

[No. 121.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Dublin, Monday, Feb. 23, 1807.

I am quite ashamed of myself—at which you ought to be very much delighted, because it humiliates me most profoundly before you, and gives you ten times more merit in my eyes than I would condescend to allow you if I felt that I had exactly done what I *ought* to do; but, indeed, if you knew the efforts I am obliged to make to throw some sort of *ballast* into the little pleasure-boat of my existence—if you knew how difficult I find it to *square* the gains and losses of *time*, and set off the savings of the morning against the expenditures of the night, you would not be very hard upon me, but would be very glad to hear that I have contrived to study about three hours and a half every day since I came here. And though I have said every morning, in going to old Patrick's Library, "Well, I shall return time enough to-day for the post," yet once I get into that bewildering *seraglio*, what with making real love to one, flirting with some, and merely throwing my eye upon others, the whole day has passed in dalliance, and I have hardly had

time enough afterwards to make myself decent for company. I have now, however, bid adieu to this harem, and have made up my mind for a week's idleness before I leave Ireland, which will be, I hope, on Friday or Saturday next, and then once more for Donington, for the Muses, and for *you*!—dear Donington! dear Muses! and dear *you*! Sorry am I to think, however, that both *you* and the *Muses*, however you may visit my thoughts, must be equally *invisible* to me; and I would willingly give up the society of my whole *Nine* just to be, as I could wish, with my *Two* in Davies Street. By my *Two* here I mean you and your sister Philly, for Lady Donegal has long forgotten me.

I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss * * *, the apothecary's daughter. Odds pills and boluses! mix *my* poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal. Volatile, or Sall * * *; and I don't know *which* would put me

into the greatest *purgatory*, *matrimony* or *physic*. The Novice of St. Dominick is bringing out an opera here, for which I am most wickedly pressed to write a prologue; but I shall run from it, and leave Joe to do it.

What you communicated to me about Jeffrey pleases me extremely, because it justifies my conduct most amply, and does honor to both of us. I have written nothing since I came here, except *one song*, which every body says is the best I have ever composed, and I rather prefer it myself to most of them. When am I to sing it to you? Oh! *when, when?* I am an unfortunate rascal, that's certain.

You may direct your answer to this to Donington, and I have full reliance on your being my *sick heart's nurse* while I am there. God bless you. Very much yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I would have sailed with *Miss Linwood* the other night, only I was afraid she would give me a *stitch* in my *side*!!

[No. 122.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Monday night, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here on Sunday to dinner, after a very pleasant journey, during which Crampton recovered from his trance, and gave us the plots of all the new pantomimes, &c. I parted with him at Birmingham, and gave a sigh towards London as I turned out of the road; but it is all for the better. I am here re-established in *all* my former comforts, and though most of my old friends are gone, yet the two or three that remain know me well enough to be attentive. I was a little dismayed at entering, as the place never before in my time looked half so deserted; but I am quite comfortable now, and shall not stir from this except for Ireland, unless some good star should shine out upon the London road to justify, by golden reasons, my resignation of solitude.

I forgot to bring Bunting's Irish Airs with me; get them from Power; and if any one that you know is coming, they can bring them for me as far as Lichfield, and send them from thence by the coach to Derby. Get Miss Owenson's too; the Atkinsons will give them to Kate for me. Love to all dears. God bless you.

Tom.

[No. 123.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday, March, 1807.

My darling Mother,—It maketh me marvel much that I do not hear from home; but I suppose Kate is writing such long letters to Anne Scully, that she has not a scrap of paper left to say, "How d'ye do" on to *me*. I have not heard yet from Mrs. Tighe, but of course you have sent to inquire, and will let me know how she is. The day before yesterday (St. Patrick's) was kept here with great festivity: of course I *bled* freely for the saint; a kind of blood that works more miracles than even St. Januarius's. I am, indeed, quite tranquil and happy here, and shall not feel the least wish to leave it till summer, if I find that I can with any decency remain.

I danced away among the servants on Tuesday night with a pretty lacemaker from the village, most merrily.

Old Cumberland has devoted a page of his Memoirs in the second edition to *me*, which pleases me more than I can tell you. What he says is so cordial, considerate, and respectful, and he holds such a high and veteran rank in literature. God bless you. Yours, Tom.

[No. 124.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Donington Park, Loughborough,
Friday morning, March, 1807.

Though I think you do not care much to know "my whereabouts," or I should have had a letter here as I petitioned, yet I cannot help telling you that here I am, and here shall be, for God knows how long. I am made very comfortable, and it certainly is friendly of Lord Moira to do me these little kindnesses; but the main point is still wanting: "*Il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise.*" I read much more than I write, and think much more than either; but what does it all signify? The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way. It is a dreadful thing not to be necessary to one's friends, and there is but *one* in the world now to whom I am anything like a *sine qua non*. While that one remains, *il faut bien que je vive*; when that one goes, *il n'y a plus de nécessité*. You see I have brought no wife with me from Ireland, notwithstanding all

that the kind match-makers of this world did for me. I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's Day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lace-maker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay.

Have you met with old Cumberland's second edition? He has spoken of me in a way that I feel very grateful for, and if you ever see him, I wish you would tell him so. How go on Spenser and Rogers, and the *rest* of those agreeable rattles, who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it?

Write to me immediately upon receiving this; and to bribe you, after such a stupid letter, I will write you an epitaph that will make you laugh, if you never heard it before:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

Yours, T. M.

[No. 125.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—We know nothing decisive yet about the ministry. The last accounts gave me rather a hope that Lord Moira would stay in, though I don't know whether one would wish him for his own sake to continue, after his public vow not to serve with the Duke of Portland: if, however, as it is said, the Prince takes the part of the new arrangement, he will most certainly stay in. It is all a bad business for the country. Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one. I see Lord Hardwicke is very active in the business, so I suppose he will return to Ireland. I got Kate's *one* letter in the course of three weeks, and congratulate her much on her activity. Love to all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 126.]

FROM LORD MOIRA.

London, April 9, 1807.

My dear Sir,—You will have been well aware of all the occupation which has attended our expulsion from office; therefore, I think, you will have ascribed my silence to that cause, and not have charged me with inattention. Had you been here on the spot, your pen might have been exercised with great effect in displaying the importance of the constitutional question which we have been defending. The matter, however, will now be at an end before any publication could appear; and in the vehemence of contest all real consideration of the point at issue will be lost. Most sincerely do I lament that I had not the means of obtaining some fit situation for you before we were turned out. Perhaps your prospects are not worse now than they were; for my own patronage afforded nothing of a kind to suit you, and my colleagues had too many objects of their own to fulfil.

I will thank you if you will send up Barrow's Travels hither, that I may have the second volume bound correspondently with that which is at Donington; and I shall be obliged if you will examine if there be a quarto edition (the *Princps*) of Ossian in the library. I have the honour, dear sir, to be your very obedient servant,
MOIRA.

[No. 127.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—The time flies over me here as swift as if I was in the midst of dissipation, which is a tolerable proof that I am "arm'd for either field," for folly or for thought, for fiddlers or philosophers. The family do not talk of coming till June, and, if that be the case, I shall not budge. From this to Ireland shall be my only move. Tell the Atkinsons that, to show them I have not forgot their choice scraps, I send them one which I found in a paper of last year, and which I think too good to be lost. I am anxious to hear whether my packet of letters, which I entrusted to Jane, arrived safe.

Good by. I have been writing letters since eight o'clock, and my breakfast is coming up.
Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 128.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Donington Park, Monday, April 27, 1807.

"We are commanded (says Cosmo de Medici) to forgive our *enemies*, but I cannot find that we are any where ordered to forgive our *friends*." Now, though this is a very deep and good saying of Cosmo's, yet it is not at all applicable to you; for, notwithstanding that I *did* suspect you of a sort of *leze amitié*, a kind of compassing and imagining the death of our friendship, yet I now entirely acquit you, and hope everything from your loyalty in future. As to absence, I have said very often, and I believe to you among others, that recollections are too like the other perishables of this world, and that it is hard even for those who take the best care of them, to keep up a stock without a supply now and then; so that, though I feel I am strong in that article at present, yet I trust for all our sakes I shall be able to open shop in Tunbridge this year, and shall come back "laden with *notions*," as the Americans call their fancy goods. I suppose you will only allow *love* to come under the head of *fancy* goods, but I am afraid all the feelings of our heart have but too much of *her* manufacture in them. I am here very busy, and yet if I were to try and tell you about *what*, it would puzzle me a little: only this I must inform you "to God's pleasure and both our comforts," that I am not writing *love-verses*. I begin at last to find out that *politics* is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better even to *rebel* against government, than have nothing at all to do with it; so I am writing politics: but all I fear is, that my former ill-luck will rise up against me in a new shape, and that as I could not write *love* without getting into —, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason*. As to my gaiety and dissipation, I *am* to be sure *very* dissipated, for I pass my whole time among *knowing-ones* and *black-legs*, the former in the *library*, the latter in the *rookery*: it is true, I see some *white* legs now and then upon the lawn, but I have nothing at all to do with them, I assure you.

I had a long letter from America the other day; and what do you think? My Epistles were, in January last, going through their *third* edition there! and Carpenter is only just now getting out his *second*, of which I have seen some proof-sheets, and they are very beau-

tiful. My correspondent tells me that, to the last edition that had come out in America, there was prefixed "some account of the author," but he had not yet seen it. A pretty account, I dare say, it is; but there is some glory in being even abused so generally; and I have that at least in common with most of the great men who have lived, just as I am little like Horace, and love dozing in the morning like Montaigne: it is comfortable to resemble great men in anything. Tell Miss Godfrey that I cry "*peccari*," and beg pardon for what I said in my last billet, but that I said it merely for the pleasure of transcribing that epigram, which I knew she would like, and which is written by her friend, the man that wrote "*Mille fois*," &c. I shall send her a palinode in a day or two, that is (for fear she should expect anything great from this hard Greek word) my recantation, justification, and renunciation of the *aforsaid* and all other errors thereunto belonging and appertaining, and what not. You must know I have been reading law very hard, and you must not wonder at its breaking in in my style. *I am determined on being called to the Irish bar next year*. Best remembrances to your dear sisters, and believe me, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 129.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I take both exercise and your Spa in plenty. What put it into Kate's head, or rather into her *hand*, to write me such a *beautiful* letter last time? I never saw anything like it; it was quite a picture. Seriously, it was very nice writing, and if she keeps to that the girl may do.

Sweet weather this. The May thorns are beginning to open their eyes. The new ministers are in full blossom of folly and prosperity, and the *snows* and the *Parliament* have dissolved away. I wish I were in Dublin now, and I would make speeches on the hustings for Grattan. Good by. God bless you all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 130.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I don't know what your Irish skies have been doing all this month (I suppose *raining*, as usual), but *here* we

have had the severest frost and snow till yesterday, when I think a change in the administration of the weather took place : before then it was what Dr. Duigenan would call a *white-boy* administration, for we had nothing but snow. My "Pastor Fido," Dalby, has been prevented from coming to see me as he used to do, by his wife's illness, which is a great loss to me ; but the time never hangs heavy, and reading, writing, walking, playing the pianoforte, occupy my day sufficiently and delightfully, without either "the tinkling cymbal" of talk, or "a gallery of moving pictures" about me.

You need not mind Miss Owenson's airs ; for I can do without them till I go to Ireland.

God bless you, dearest mother. I got Kate's letter on Monday. Ever your own,

TOM.

Best love to the barrack-master.*

[No. 131.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April, 1807.

I send an inclosure for Power, which you will forward to him immediately. Carpenter is preparing a second edition of the Poems, to be printed splendidly by Ballantyne, of Edinburgh. I hope these *fellows* will get in again ; but if the King dissolves Parliament, their chance, I fear, is but indifferent. However, my resolution is taken, and I care no longer about them. If I am to be poor, I had rather be a poor counsellor than a poor poet ; for there is ridicule attached to the latter, which the former may escape : so make up your minds to having me amongst you. I shall exchange all my books for a law library, and knock down my music with the first volume of Coke upon Lyttleton. Why does not Nell write to me ? She promised when I came away. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 132.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday night, May 26, 1807.

These good people are come down upon me at last ; so there is an end at once to all my musings and meditations. They have brought so many *Misses* with them too, that my muse, I think, must shut up her *paper-mills* and go into the *linen-trade*. But there is *one* thing, I assure you, I write to you with some pleasure now, because I *want* you more. Except when I *actually* have the society of those I love, I

* His father.

am never so much *with* them as when I am alone ; and though this may sound very Irish, I flatter myself it is Irish in much more than sound. All my pursuits, all my thoughts in solitude have a reference to my dear and distant friends. I enjoy my own feelings *best*, when I think *they* would sympathise in them, and am never proud of what I do, except when I can hope *they* will approve of it ; but in the bustle of such society as I have now, neither my feelings or my business are worthy of being associated with such friends as you are, so that I begin to miss you exceedingly, and am glad to fly to a quiet moment like this, when I can call you back and tell you that my heart is fit to receive you. There is another circumstance by which you are a gainer in my present situation, and that is *comparison*. Oh the sweet happy days of friendship and boiled mutton ! how unlike were you to the disguised hearts and dishes, the iced wines and looks, of my present dignified society. But I am beginning to talk too sentimentally for your wag-ship. You must know I shall soon leave this ; but I wish to Heaven either I or you could know that I shall leave it for Tunbridge. I am afraid, alas ! that Ireland must be my destination again, and that I must leave our friendship to take care of itself, without any looking after, for six or seven months longer : this is a hard case, but the *softest* hearts meet with the *hardest* cases in this world. I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with "This is glass" written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely ; but if she was not blind, she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us. She would see that I ought to be allowed to go to Tunbridge, and that *you* ought to be without ache or ailment to receive me there. You always speak so *waggishly* about your own grievances (and, indeed, other people's) that I cannot collect from what you say of your illness, whether you are really very bad or not ; but I sincerely hope it was more fatigue than ill-health that you complained of. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Thursday I shall be *seven and twenty* round years : * drink my health, and more sense to me.

* In fact, according to the medal, twenty-eight.

[No 133.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

May, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—There is a fishpond here, which Lord Moira has always been trying to fill; but he couldn't; and it has long furnished me with a very neat resemblance to *my own pocket*, which I dare say he would like to do the same with, but couldn't. This pond however, in the late rain, has got the start of my pocket, and is brinful at this present writing, which will delight his lordship so much that I am afraid he will come down in a hurry to look at it. Believe me, your own,

Tom.

[No. 134.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday night, June, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I beg, when you write to Kate, you will scold her, for making Mel-field a pretext to avoid writing to me. I get on here very well. The ice begins to thaw on all sides, according as we know each other better; and if idleness were not the root of all evil to me at present, I could lounge away my time here very agreeably. We still have no other man amongst us but Lord Moira and the old Duke de l'Orge.

I wait but for some supplies I expect to decide upon my movements from home. London I certainly shall avoid, though Carpenter presses me very hard to go there; and the only excursion I can possibly be tempted to, before I set out for Ireland, is to Tunbridge, to see Lady Donegal. However, even this is by no means probable at present, and I think, in about a fortnight, you may count upon seeing me. I wish, dearest mother, you would have a look-out in the neighbourhood, for either two tolerable rooms or one very excellent, large bed-room for me, where there would be some one merely to bring me up breakfast. I shall work very hard all the summer. Love to all dears. From your own,

Tom.

[No. 135.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Saturday, 1807.

Not one letter this long time, my darling mother. I should think Kate sleeps even longer than she used to do and doesn't get up till post-time is over. (Here I was thinking of London post-time, which I wish to Heaven you were as well acquainted with as I am.)

Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still*, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little, and even if they merited all that they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things they should get it. They have done much towards the ruin of Ireland, and have been so well assisted by the Protestants throughout, that, between them, Ireland is at this instant as *ruined* as it need be.

Lord Moira is again called to town; I suppose upon some errand quite as useless as the rest. He takes Buxton in his way; and I suppose will return here from London to escort his lady to Edinburgh.

I should be glad they were all there now, for I thrive in my solitude amazingly. God bless you, dearest mother. I hope your health is better than I think it. Love to my good father, and the girls. Your own,

Tom.

[No. 136.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Saturday, 1807.

That racketting old Harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead*: she expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gaiety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at eight o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately. I hope I shan't meet the perturbed spirit at Tunbridge, for this is to notify that, in *the course of to-morrow*, you will see your humble servant on the —; what's the name of the place? No matter, but *there* I shall be to-morrow, if Fortune have but one smile left, or if Joddrel's barouche can hold me. Yours, most faithfully,

T. MOORE.

[No. 137.]

FROM MISS GODFREY.

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30, 1807.

Well monk, hermit, philosopher, misanthrope (or whatever title please thine ear), what are you about? My pen would naturally fall into its old habits of accusing you of forgetting absent friends, and not caring for any thing that was not stuck upon its chair before your eyes, if I had not made an effort over myself, and taken up a new system. I intend from this day forth and for evermore, to form myself upon the model of Charity, which, as St. Paul tells us, "suffereth long, and is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all

things, endureth all things." So I suffer your long silence and seeming forgetfulness, and yet am kind; and I believe that you care for us, and I hope that you care for us: but as to enduring, I don't know what to say; it is an ugly word, and I am sorry I wrote it down. The beautiful Miss Fawkeners came here yesterday and went away to-day. I did not see them; but they told Harry Greville, who asked me if it were true, and I said it was a lie, that you were actually married to an attorney's daughter with a large fortune. Miss Joddrel and her mother arrived here yesterday. The girl asked a thousand questions about you, and desired many pretty things to be said to you. She is in great beauty just now, and I thought in your little cottage you might be glad to hear that you were regretted by your former belles; and to show you that you are remembered by others also, I have cut out of a newspaper a copy of baddish sort of verses for your edification. What are you about now? every body asks us, and we can tell nobody. I should like to know for my own satisfaction, and I would keep it a most profound secret if you wished it; for when discretion and secrecy are required from me, I am without an equal upon this wide earth. So you live near an obelisk that I used to drive out to with the Crookshanks when I was last in Ireland: a dreary spot it is, as well as I recollect, without tree or bush to shelter you from sun or wind. I grieve at your banishment from this country, for I think you are thrown away in Ireland; and life is so short, and youth still shorter, that it is melancholy not to be able to enjoy it all, and still more melancholy to be obliged to live at all for the future in such times as these, when the future may come so frightful to us as to give us nothing but regrets for not having enjoyed the past while there was any good to enjoy. And yet you were wise too, and I have your real welfare too much at heart not to be glad for your sake at the sacrifice you have made, but I lament that it was necessary to make it. I hope nothing will prevent your return here this winter. You are so popular that I am afraid your head will be turned at the joy which your arrival in London will create among all your friends and acquaintance. You will find them all pretty much as you left them; hardly any chances or changes having

occurred since you turned your back upon this gay world last summer, except that for the women, *un an de plus, et une grace de moins* are something. You have of course seen and heard the Catalani. What do you think of her? She had outlived her fame in this country. Her voice astonished at first, but when the novelty was over they said she was more surprising than pleasing, and that she sung out of tune. She asked and got more for singing at concerts than anybody ever got before. She never went anywhere without her odious husband at her elbow, who never could bear that she should sing without being paid for it. Mr. Knight gave her some gay dinners, as he was one of her greatest admirers. I saw her at the Fincastles and the Berrys, where she was made much of, and sang, and appeared good-natured. La Cammé and she hated each other, and would never sing at the same parties. Have you read Madame de Staël's new novel, *Corinne*? Read it, if you have not; it will amuse you in your cottage. You will hate the heroine, for you like to chain women down to their own firesides; and provided that they are beautiful and foolish, you ask nothing more. Now, I don't quarrel with you about the fireside and the beauty, but I think it a pity you should protect and preach up folly. And note, I don't love *Corinne* myself, but I was interested in the book, for I like a fine, exaggerated, extravagant passion, that breaks one's heart, such as one never sees in the natural course of human affairs. But you can't deny, much as you are disposed to dispute all my wise opinions, that in the natural course of human affairs things go on dully and stupidly enough, and that to-day is too much the ditto of yesterday. When once I take up the pen to write to you there is no getting rid of it; it sticks to my fingers, and keeps moving on, in spite of me; and here I have written you a long letter about nothing, and have never told you of the miserable anxiety of every one about our expedition to Copenhagen, which is, however, the only subject that any one talks of. What do you say to King Jerome Napoleon marrying our king's great niece, the Princess of Wirtemberg? Her mother was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, and sister to the Princess of Wales, so his son will be presumptive heir to the throne of England. I hope it will be a very wet day, and that you may be

fired of books and writing, when you receive this letter, and that you may be glad of anything to make a little variety in your life; then perhaps you may welcome this with all its dullness. A thousand kind things to you from us all. Never, while you live, forget us. Adieu!

M. G.

[No. 138.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, April 29, 1808.

Though I don't much care how light and inconsiderate I may seem to the world in general, yet with regard to the opinion of *friends* I am not altogether so indifferent; and therefore, though I allow the good people of Dublin to think (as indeed I have told them) that it was the toss-up of a tenpenny token which decided me against going to London, yet to *you* I must give some better signs and *tokens* of rationality, and account for my change of mind in somewhat a more serious manner. As this task, however, is very little to my taste, seeing that I would rather vindicate any one else than myself, the present *exposé* must serve for "all whom it may concern;" and I therefore enjoin you to make the said document known unto our friend and *cozen*, Miss Mary, not forgetting our trusty and well-beloved Rogers, to the end that we may be no farther troubled therewith. In the first place, then, my motives for going to London may be comprised under the heads of *pleasure* and *ambition*, and the purest part of the former object you must take solely to yourselves, for (though, I confess, the taste of pleasure has not quite yet left my lips) the strongest attraction that my Epicureanism would have in London at present is the pleasure of being near you, with you, and about you,—“About you, goddess, and about you.” Well, then, there's the *pleasure* of the thing settled. Now, with respect to the *ambitious* part, I don't know that I can be quite so explicit upon that head, for the objects of all *ambition* are generally as vague as they are distant; and luckily for the humble people of this world, those joys that give most pleasure to the heart are easiest defined and easiest attainable. I thought, however, that by republishing those last poems with my name, together with one or two more of the same nature which I have written, I *might* catch the eye of some of our patriotic

politicians, and thus be enabled to serve both *myself* and the *principles* which I cherish; for to serve one at the expense of the other, would be foolish in one way and dishonourable in the other. Though, however rash it would be to sacrifice myself to my cause, I would rather do it a thousand times than sacrifice my cause to myself. How happy when the two objects are reconciled! Well, against these motives of pleasure and ambition, I had a sad array of most cooling considerations; indeed, many of the reasons why Austria should not go to war, were the very reasons why I should not go to London—an *exhausted treasury*, *dilapidated resources*, the necessity of seeking subsidies from those who would fleece me well for it in turn, the unprepared state of my *capital*, &c. &c. “I have here a home, where I can live at but little expense, and I have a summer's leisure before me to prepare something for the next campaign, which may enable me to look *down upon* my enemies, without *entirely looking up* to my friends; for, let one say what one will, *looking up* too long is tiresome, let the object be ever so grand or lovely, whether the statue of Venus or the cupola of St. Paul's.” Such were my reflections, while I waited for the answer to a letter which I had written to Carpenter, sounding him upon the kind of assistance which he would be willing to give me, and suggesting that, as it was entirely *for his interest* that I should go over (to get the work through the press which I left in his hands), I thought he ought at least to defray my expenses. His answer was so niggardly and so chilling, that it instantly awakened me to the folly of trusting myself again in London without some means of *commanding* a supply, and I resolved to employ this summer in making wings for myself against winter to carry me completely out of the mud. I have not time to add any more to this, which I have written in a great hurry, and have not now time to read over again; but I trust you will be able to make out from it very good and sufficient reasons for the sacrifice which I have doomed myself to make in not going to London this year. With respect to sister Mary's intelligence of my being in love, I shall answer that charge to herself, and shall only say that I wonder *she* is not sick of imputing to me a sensation of which, I am sorry to say, I have

not felt one flutter these three years. Do not forget me ; above all things do not forget me.

T. M.

[No. 139.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, August, 1808.

Dearest Mother,—For fear you should think I love to tantalize, I shall say no more about my departure till I am quite fixed upon the time ; but one thing, I hope, will give you pleasure, and that is, that I have a task before me, which will keep me pretty long amongst you ; but I must contrive to have lodgings in town, as my chief business will be with the libraries : so pray have your eye about for something comfortable.

This next year, with a little industry and economy, will, I expect, make me quite independent even of friends (I mean of my debts to them) ; for I have been offered a *thousand pounds* for a work which I think I can finish within the year, and which I intend to dedicate to Rogers. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I quite threw away the Melodies ; they will make that little smooth fellow's fortune.

O Kate ! the laziest Kate in Christendom !

[*The following letter only came into my hands very lately. It relates to the marriage of Mr. Richard Joyce Codd, Mr. Moore's maternal uncle. I insert it here as it relates to the same person whose death forms the subject of the letter immediately following. He was very little older than Mr. Moore.*—J. R.]

[No. 140.]

TO RICHARD J. CODD, ESQ.

Donington Park, Monday.

My dearest Uncle,—Though my pen has been slow to congratulate you, my heart, I assure you, has not been behind-hand in the interest we must all feel in whatever regards your happiness ; but I have been obliged to keep my wits in such a hot-house for this work, that plain prose is a thing I have hardly time to condescend to, and I could have written you a dozen of epithalamiums at shorter notice than one letter. While *you* are so well occupied with one fair one, no less than *nine* are tormenting *me*,—the nine Miss Muses, from the cold country of Parnassus, with nothing but their wits to keep them in pin-money !

Seriously, my dear uncle, nothing has ever come nearer to my heart than the joy I have felt at your progress to happiness in every way. In taking to yourself what you love, you have secured the only sweet consolation in this world for those rude shocks which the hard corners of life must give now and then even to him who most cautiously turns them. *Few* may those corners be to *you*, dear uncle, and that love may *cover* them with *velvet* for you is my prayer and my confidence. I am quite anxious to see and know your chosen one. I dare not yet say when that can be, but I look to a happy summer amongst you with delight, and I trust to your goodness for conciliating her kind opinion of me. My dear mother and Kate, I know, love her, and I am sure will come as close as she can draw them to her, and altogether I think there will not be *one inequality* on the *perfect little circle* of affection we shall form.

God bless you. Best and dutiful love to my dear aunt, and believe me, my good uncle, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 141.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday morning, 1809.

My dearest Mother,—From what I have heard of our poor Richard, I fear you must prepare your heart for *the worst* ; and I am happy to think that you have not been very sanguine in your hopes for his recovery, as this will soften your feeling of a calamity, which, I own, requires *all* the softening that philosophy and preparation can give it. As for myself, he is the first dear friend it has ever been my fate to lose ; and though he did not bring me close enough into intimacy to leave any very sensible void in my life, yet I am too well convinced of his worth and his warmth, and the zeal with which he would have stood by us in every extremity, not to feel his loss most deeply and sorrowfully. It is for *you* however, dearest mother, that I most particularly feel it. Those who die as he did, are not to be pitied ; but I know how much and how justly you will lament him. You must not, however, let it sink too deep, darling mother ; but while you mourn for the dead as he deserved, remember what you owe to the living. Indeed I dread less from your *grief* than I did from your *anxiety* : the latter had *hope* to keep it alive, while the former will naturally

yield to time and good sense and consolation. It is for *us* who are still left to you to do all in our power to make you forget the melancholy loss which you have suffered, and as those who are deprived of *one sense* have generally the *remaining ones* more lively and exquisite, so I trust you will find in the love of those who still live for you, but an increased sensibility to everything in which your happiness is concerned.

I mean to go out on Sunday to you, and shall stay till your mind has recovered a little from the first feelings of this event. Dearest mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 142.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 3, 1810.

I was quite sorry to hear from Rogers that you have had another attack of those sad fainting fits which used to annoy you so last year, and think you are very right in trying Baillie, instead of your old *state* physician Sir Francis. I shall be more anxious than, I fear, you will give me credit for, till I hear that you are recovered; and if you do not let me know immediately, even by a short bulletin, how you are getting on, I will never play Paddy O'Rafferty for you again. You will perceive by my seal that death has been a visitor in my family; and indeed it is the first time that I have had to lament the loss of any one very dear to me. My poor uncle, who went to Madeira, with but faint hopes of recovery from a decline, died there in four days after his arrival. I am so hourly prepared for these inroads on our social happiness, that the death of even the healthiest friend about me could scarcely, I think, take my heart by surprise; and the effect which such calamities are likely to have upon me will be seen more in the whole tenor of my life afterwards, than in any violent or deep-felt grief of the moment: every succeeding loss will insensibly sink the level of my spirits, and give a darker and darker tinge to all my future hopes and feelings. This perhaps is the natural process which many a heart goes through that has to survive its dearest connections, though I rather think it is not the commonest way of feeling those events, but that, in general, the impression which they make is as *short* as it is keen and violent; and surely it is better to have one moment

darkly blotted, with the chance of the next moment's washing it all out, than to possess that kind of sensibility which puts one's whole life into mourning. I am not doing much; indeed, the downright necessity which I feel of doing something is one of the great reasons why I do almost nothing. These things should come of their own accord, and I hate to make a *conscript* of my Muse; but I cannot carry on the war without her, so to it she must go. London is out of the question for me, till I have got ammunition in my pocket, and I hope by April to have some combustibles ready. How a poor author is puzzled now-a-days between quantity and quality! The booksellers won't buy him if the former be not great, and the critics won't let him be read if the latter be not good. Now, there are no two perfections more difficult to attain together, for they are generally (as we little men should wish to establish) in inverse proportion to each other. However, I must do my best.

Take care of yourself for *my* sake, best and dearest friend; and with warm remembrances to our well-beloved Mary, believe me, most faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Many a year of happiness and good health to you both.

[No. 143.]

TO MR. POWER.

Dublin, 1810.

My dear Sir,—If you have no objection, I rather think I shall take the liberty of drawing upon you very soon for whatever sum you may find it convenient to accommodate me with, and I shall discharge the obligation, *partly* in songs, or *entirely*, as you may think fit. I shall wait your answer, and propose, with your consent, to draw upon you either at *two* months for thirty pounds, or at *three* for fifty: in the latter case I shall take up *twenty* of the same myself, as I should not have songs enough for the whole; and in return for the kindness of the accommodation, I shall not avail myself of your offer of twelve guineas, but content myself with *ten*. I have some idea of writing a song for Braham, and *that*, if it succeeds, shall be among the number.

I have no objection to your brother knowing this negotiation between us, but I would rather have the telling of it to him myself, as, without some explanation, he would have a right

to think me very extravagant of late, knowing how much he has accommodated me in; but the truth is, a very expensive honor has been conferred upon me, in the shape of admission to our leading club house here, which urges me more than I expected at this moment. Your answer as soon as possible will oblige.

Yours very truly, THOMAS MOORE.

You will of course consider these particulars between us as sacred from everybody except your brother: he already is aware that it is my intention to give you songs occasionally, according to the promise I made you. Direct to me, 22 Molesworth street, Dublin.

[No. 144.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bury Street, Saturday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here on Wednesday; but was so hurried at first that I had scarcely time to send for pen, ink, and paper to write. I bid Power, however, to whom I wrote about business, let you know of my arrival; and you may be assured of my continuing frequent and punctual as usual. I have written a most pathetic little letter to Connor, which I would hope will make my dispatches pass glibly through his hands. Lord Moira is out of town, and so is Rogers. Lady Donegal, however, is at her post, and as steady as ever. It is strange that two years should have made so very little difference. I came into my rooms as if I had left them but last week; my flannel-gown airing at the fire; my books lying about the tables; and the very same little girl staring in at me from the opposite windows. I found Miss Godfrey asleep in the evening, as usual; and, as usual, she awakened with a joke. I found my landlady as fond of me; and Carpenter as fond of himself as ever. In short nothing seems altered but myself.

The King has got bad again within these two days past. God bless you my dearest mother. Ever your own, TOM.

I hope you got my letters from Holyhead and Birmingham.

[No. 145.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I am told that the report of the physicians is very unfavourable,

and that a regency will be proceeded on immediately with no other change for some time, however, than the introduction of Lord Moira into the cabinet. I left my name this morning at Carlton House.

You would be amused if you knew all the letters and visits I am receiving from booksellers, music-sellers, managers, &c., with offers for books, songs, plays, &c. I rather think I may give something to Covent Garden; but I know you will be happy to hear that I am able to *keep myself up*, without any precipitate engagement or involvement of any kind, and that I am not hurried or urged from *any quarter*. Best love to father and the dear girls. From ever your own, TOM.

I have seen the Sheddons about my Bermuda treasury, and they say I may expect to receive something very shortly.

[No. 146.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I am going on very quietly here, and have, as yet, seen nobody but the Donegals.

My cough is a good deal better; and I begin to think that the little waterfalls in Mrs. Booth's room tended considerably to keep me coughing.

They say now there will be measures taken for a regency; but, for some time, I do not think there will be any material change in the Ministry. Lord Moira is still out of town.

I am happy to find, dearest mother, by Kate's letter, that you have got better of the illness you had after I left you. If my letters are any medicine to you, you shall have the dose regularly, "as before;" and I hope, in the course of some time, I may have something *cordial* to mix up with them. Ever yours, TOM.

[No. 147.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—The plot begins to thicken here very fast, and yesterday was expected to be a hard-fought day. I have not heard yet what was the result, but I think some time must yet elapse before there will be such a change of administration as I can take advantage of.

I have often *said* I was careless about the

attractions of gay society, but I think, for the first time, I begin to *feel really* so. I pass through the rows of fine carriages in Bond Street, without the slightest impatience to renew my acquaintance with those inside of them.

Best love to all dears about you. Ever affectionately your own,
Tom.

[No. 148.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 3, 1811.

I wonder whether you have as beautiful a day before your eyes this moment as I have. "The green blood dances in the veins" of the young rose trees under my window, and the little impudent birds are peeping out as boldly as if it were May-day. I am afraid, however, it is rather a rash speculation of theirs: like Spanish patriots, they are bursting out too soon, and General *Frost* will some night or other steal a *march* upon them. You may conclude from all this that I write to you from a garden; and so I do, from a garden most romantically situated at the end of Dirty Lane, which leads out of Thomas Street, well known in the annals of insurrection for

"The feast of treason and the flow of punch."

On my right is the "hanging wood" of Kilmainham, and from my left I catch the odoriferous breezes of a tanyard; so that you must not be surprised if such a sweet and picturesque situation should inspire me with more than usual romanticity. I am certainly, somehow or other, in most sunshiny spirits to-day; and I believe the principal reason of it is, that I have resolved this morning to be in Davies Street in the course of a fortnight. *Don't tell any one*, but I think my having *resolved* it is the *only thing* likely to prevent its taking place. I cannot find in my heart to let you have a revolution, without being up in town to attend it. You know most Irishmen are amateurs in that line, and I have not a doubt but John Bull soon means to give us a specimen of his talents for it. What will your friend the Duke* turn to? He may become a schoolmaster, like Dionysius, and instruct young gentlemen in the "art of polite letter writing;" and if he will condescend to join the *Quakers*, we shall have another union of the houses of York and Lancaster. I am

* The Duke of York.

afraid you will be angry with me for laughing in this manner at such serious events and such illustrious people, but I cannot help it; at least *to-day* I cannot help it; and if I do not send off this letter till to-morrow, you shall have a most loyal and dismal postscript to make up for my profane and "unparliamentary" levity. It is some comfort to you to think that *all* your countrymen are not such refractory reprobates as I am, and that there is but little fear of our incurring much suspicion for honesty or independence, while Messrs. B. and C. are alive to vindicate our characters. But why do I talk politics to you (in which we don't agree) when there are so many pleasanter things in which we *do*? One of them, I flatter myself, is the wish to see each other, and in that I seriously think we shall soon be gratified. Now be sure you meet me with all your heart and soul, for my stay will be but short. I stay a good deal at home with my father and mother here, eating boiled veal and Irish stew, and feeling very comfortable; in short, very much the same diet and feelings which I was used to in Davies Street; only that those about me *know* how much I love them, which you and *Mary* sometimes *pretended not* to know.

Rogers has not answered my letter, but I shall fire another at him soon.

This little note is a specimen of the sort which I intend to write to you *often* now; for, indeed, it is a sad thing to be long without knowing how this hard world deals with those who are away from us; and though I would willingly dispense with telling you about myself, yet it is a cheap price after all to pay for the delight of hearing from you.

Tell me something, when you write, about the political *secrets* of London, and particularly say whether you have heard any thing about the *Plenipo's* difference with the Prince Regent. Ever yours,
T. M.

Best love to sister. Many happy returns of this year.

I have been waiting in awful suspense for a letter about the tickets, but I fear that Fortune's usual *blindness to merit* will leave us in the lurch as well as many other excellent people. "Call me not fool till Heaven shall send me fortune," is as much as to say that we wise personages need never expect a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery. But how *very*

convenient it would be! How much it would brighten up all my views of politics, law, divinity, &c. For what *I* cared, they might send Mr. Percival to be second in command to St. Narcissus, or employ Sheridan's nose in bringing about a *thaw* for the armies in Finland; but there's nae sic luck for us, I fear. You are very right in saying that every pursuit is a lottery, and *my* ticket-wheel is my *head*, from which I draw ideas sometimes *blank* enough, God knows; but the fact is, I have kept Cupid too long for my drawing-boy, and as he is quite as blind as Fortune, it is no wonder that nothing *capital* has come forth, but I have dismissed him this good while.

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[No. 149.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Feb. 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I forgot whether I told you that my excellent friend Douglas was among the many persons enriched by the old Duke of Queensbury's will.* He has been left 10,000*l*. I saw him this morning for the first time these six years; I believe, *five* at least: he has never written a line to me during that time, and after an hour's conversation to-day, he said, "Now, my dear little fellow, you know I'm grown rich: there is at present seven hundred pounds of mine in Coutts's bank; here is a blank check, which you may fill up while I am away, for as much of that as you may want." I did not of course accept this offer, but you may imagine what my feeling was at this unexampled instance of a man bringing back the warmth of friendship so unchilled, after an absence of five years. I never heard anything like it.

I got dear Ellen's letter, which is beautifully written, and I hope she will often let me have such. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 150.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I dined with Lord Holland on Wednesday, and yesterday with old Sheridan, who has been putting us off from day to day as if we were his creditors. We had yesterday Lord Lauderdale, Lord Erskine, Lord Besborough, Lord Kinnauld, &c., &c. My old friend, Lady A—, still faithful in her faithless way, took me to dinner in her

* Charles, Duke of Queensbury, died in December, 1810.

carriage. I have at last got a little bedroom, about two miles from town, where I shall fly now and then for a morning's work. It was quite necessary for me, if I did not mean to starve gaily and fashionably in London, though, indeed, the starvation part is not very likely.

I have found a method of getting a second-hand paper, or rather a second-day paper, at rather a cheap rate, and I have long been wishing for it, in order to indulge you, my darling mother, with a sight of London paper and type once more. I send the first to-day, and direct it to my father at Island Bridge. It is the Morning Post, a terrible back in politics: however, I have some hopes of getting it exchanged soon for a more liberal paper. Best love to all dears about you. From your own affectionate, Tom.

[No. 151.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have been so busy preparing the enclosed packet for Power, that I have hardly left myself time to say more than that I am very impatient to hear from you; as I long to know whether you have taken my prescription of airing and jolting, and whether it has made you stout again.

I am just now in a quandary of doubt about the levee. To dress or not to dress, that is the question: whether 'tis nobler keeping in my pocket seven guineas, which 'twill cost me for a waistcoat, or &c., &c. If Lord Moira was in town I would consult him and ask him to take me, which is another weighty point to be looked to. I rather believe, I shall wait till there is another levee. Ever yours, darling mother, Tom.

[No. 152.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have been these two or three days past receiving most flattering letters from the persons to whom I sent my Melologue. I was, however, much better pleased to get dear Kate's letter with news from home, as the long silence you all kept was beginning to make me a little uneasy.

Jeffrey, my Edinburgh friend, is in town: we have called upon each other, and I am to meet him to-morrow morning at breakfast with

Rogers: to-day, I shall touch the two extremes of anarchy and law, for I dine with Sir F. Burdett, and go in the evening to Lord Ellenborough's.

Tell Kate I cannot give any opinion of Miss Owenson's novel; for *one* reason, *i. e.* because I have not read a line of it. Ever yours, my dearest mother,

TOM.

[No. 153.] TO HIS MOTHER.

May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have just seen Lady Donegal, as kind and delightful as ever. Her praises of *you*, too, were not the *worst* recommendations she returned with. She came last night. I breakfast with her on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week.* God bless you, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 154.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—You will be sorry to see this letter unfranked; but Connor has written to me to say, that he did not authorise any one to tell us that the channel of the War Office was again opened: he has added, civilly, that he regrets it very much, &c. &c: however, do not fear, darling mother; I shall find some ways of letting you have your two letters a-week notwithstanding. It was but two days ago I got my dear father's letter about the letting of the house. If I thought, for an instant, that this resolution arose in any degree from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and, indeed, am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be *quite* sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you; and that, while my readiness to do everything towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God! much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon. Indeed, *I may* be a little too alive to apprehension; but it struck me that there was rather a degree of coldness in the manner in which

* Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke, on March 25, 1811, at St. Martin's church in London.

my dearest father's last letter mentioned my marriage; and if you knew how the cordiality and interest of all my friends has been tenfold increased since this event, you would not wonder, my darling mother, at the anxiety which I feel lest those, whom in this world I am chiefly anxious to please, should in the least degree withhold that full tribute to my conduct which my own conscience tells me I deserve, and which the warm sympathy of all my other friends has given such a happy and flattering sanction to; but I know I am (like *yourself*) too tremulously alive upon every subject connected with the affection of those I love, and I am sure my father by no means *meant* to speak coldly.

With respect to letting the house, I do believe (if you really *like* to leave it) that it would be the best thing you could do. I know you want a little society, and in lodgings more convenient to those you are acquainted with you could have it. Besides, I should think my father might get something handsome by letting it, as that neighbourhood has become so much more promising since he took the place. All I want is, that you should not leave it from any fear that I shall be unable to do anything in future towards helping you through any occasional difficulties you may encounter; for, on the contrary (even if the present change in politics does not do all it ought to do for me), I have every prospect of having it more in my power to assist you, in my little way, than ever; and, if my father wants some money now, let him only apprise me, and draw on Power for it without hesitation.

I have not a minute to write more: my next letter shall go through Lord Byron. Ever yours, dearest mother,

TOM.

[No. 155.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, June 21, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête, which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eyes

with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. There were many reports previous to it (set about, I suppose, by disappointed *aspirants*), that the company would be mixed, &c., &c.; but it was infinitely less so than could possibly be expected from the strange hangers-on that all the Royal Brothers have about them, and of course everything high and noble in society was collected there. I saw but two unfortunate ladies in the group (mother and daughter) who seemed to "wonder how the devil they got there," and everybody else agreed with them. While all the rest of the women were outblazing each other in the richness of their dress, this simple couple, with the most philosophic contempt of ornament, walked about in the unambitious costume of the breakfast-table, and I dare say congratulated each other, when they went home, upon the great difference between their becoming simplicity and the gaudy nonsense that surrounded them. It was said that Mr. Waithman, the patriotic linendraper, had got a card; and every odd-looking fellow that appeared, people said immediately, "That's Mr. Waithman." The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.

This is a little *gossiping* for you, dearest mother, and I expect some in return from Kate very soon. God bless you. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 156.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, — 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I did not write on Saturday, as I was a little nervous about my reading to the manager; but I came off with him ten times better than I expected, as I have indeed very little confidence in my dramatic powers. He was however very much pleased, and said its only fault was, that it would be too good for the audience, that it was in the best style of good comedy, and many more things, which, allowing all that is necessary for *politeness*, are very encouraging, and I begin to have some little hopes that it may succeed. I was very much amused by Kate's astonishment at my full-dated and full-signed-letter. I suppose I had been writing a

few *formal* epistles before it. Kate says that Boroughes is very curious about *franking*; but he has rather a curious mode of doing it, as the letter of my father's (which she says he franked the week before) I *never got*, and this last one of hers (which she says he *also* franked) I paid postage for. By the bye, I had begun to feel a little uneasy at not having heard from my dear father so long, and the only consolation I had was seeing some of his directions of the newspapers at Power's.

I am right glad to hear that little Dolly's lover, after holding out as long as Saragossa, has surrendered to her at last. Ever your own, my dearest mother,
TOM.

Do not mention my opera to any one, and bid Kate muzzle old Joe upon the subject.

[No. 157.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Friday, —, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I got Kate's last letter here from town, and am delighted to think that you are all well and happy. Nothing can equal the luxury of this house, especially since *Monsieur's* arrival. I can imagine that it *may* be surpassed, but I am sure it *seldom* is: the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon have come with him.

How does Herbert's play go on? Tell him I wish to have a particular description of the situation in which he desires to have the *song* introduced, and I shall endeavour to make out something suitable to it.

If I could, I should like very much to return to Ireland with Lord and Lady Granard; but it is not very probable. Send the enclosed letter to Mrs. Mills: it will save her so much postage, and I ought to have written to her.

Love to Kate, dear father, and yourself.

TOM MOORE.

[No. 158.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, August 17, 1811.

* * * * *

The season is now, indeed, so far gone, that I should not wonder if I were yet to have you witnesses of my first plunge; and oh! if I could pack a whole audience like you, with such taste for what is good, and such indulgence for what is bad; but I think there is not in the world so stupid or boorish a congregation as the audience of an English play-

house. I have latterly attended a good deal, and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion when the Athenians applauded him, and ask what wretched *bêtise* had produced the tribute. I have been a good deal and most *loyally* alarmed, lest a certain catastrophe should interrupt the performances at the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before he is—(N. B. before he is *dead*, I mean—don't mistake me). His conversation latterly has been all addressed to George the First.

Your sister bids me give an account of my mode of living, and I promise to do so in my next letter, which, now that I am released from my joke-manufactory, shall follow up this in closer order than I have hitherto preserved; but, in the meantime, I know I cannot tell you too often, that I am more rationally happy than ever I was; that, to compensate the want of worldly advantages, I have found good sense, simplicity, kind-heartedness, the most unaffected purity, and *rightness* of *thinking* upon every subject connected with my welfare or comfort.

I have no news for you. Rogers is still at his brother's in Shropshire. I suppose you saw the account in the paper of the apartments at Windsor into which the poor King was turned loose, and suffered to range blindly and frantic about, like Polyphemus in his cave. I never read anything more melancholy; the mockery of *splendour* which, they said, was preserved in these preparations (that he might knock his head royally against velvet and satin), made the misery of his situation so much more glaring and frightful, that I am quite happy to find it was all a fabrication.

I shall write to *dear Mary* next week. I have *told my Bessy* that you know it, therefore you may write without restraint. Ever most truly yours,

T. M.

I would enclose this through the War Office, but the paper is too *thin* for stranger eyes.

[No. 159.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Killarney, September 22, 1811.

You are so severe upon your poor opera, that, upon first opening your letter, we gave it up for

lost, and thought it must certainly go to the regions below. However, upon going a little further on, it was an agreeable surprise to find it had succeeded; and, upon turning to the *Globe*, the paper which we get, we had great consolation in seeing that it had been very well received, and was likely to go on with great success. What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself and half a dozen people of taste very much, that had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people, but the public would not have borne it the second night. You wrote to please the public and not yourself; and if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame, if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this piece has a great deal more merit than you allow that it has, and that whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip you have put in something excellent in your own way. At all events, the *Globe* gives us a very good account of it, and I'll stick to that; and I hope we shall see it next November with a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure we shall with a great deal of interest. Pray don't let Mr. Arnold cheat you: it really is too bad that everybody cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and that you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them.

It gave us both great satisfaction to hear so pleasant an account of your domestic life, as that which your last letter to Bab contained. Be very sure, my dear Moore, that if you have got an amiable, sensible wife, extremely attached to you, as I am certain you have, it is only in the long run of life that you can know the full value of the treasure you possess. If you did but see, as I see with bitter regret in a very near connection of my own, the miserable effects of marrying a vain fool devoted to fashion, you would bless your stars night and day for your good fortune; and, to say the truth, you were as likely a gentleman to get into a scrape in that way as any I know. You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary: it covered a multitude of sins in your eyes, and I never can cease wondering at your good luck after all said and

done. Money is all that you want, and it is very provoking to think how much that detestable trash has to do with our happiness here below. What between my sister's lawsuits, and settling my brother's affairs, we are sick of the word money, and I hope I shall live to see the day when it may never be mentioned in my hearing. We reckon upon leaving this place towards the end of October. We stay later than we intended on account of my brother, who has not been well; and we have great pleasure in thinking that we have been of material service to him in every way, and have contributed as much to the restoration of his health as to the tranquillity of his mind. I like this county a thousand times better than any part of Ireland; and the common people are delightful. They are savages, with the strongest feelings and the most intelligent minds I ever met with, and so alive to kindness, and so unused to it, that they seem to adore any one that treats them with humanity. To be sure they cheat whenever they can, and they have not the smallest value for their own lives and the lives of others; and as they have strong feelings of gratitude, they have also strong feelings of resentment, so that murder too often occurs amongst them. But I intend to prove to your satisfaction when we meet, that their vices are the work of the gentlemen of the country, and their virtues all their own; so wait till then, and bless your good fortune in escaping my reasoning for the present. The beauty of all this part of the country is not to be told. The lake does not belong to this world at all, but is certainly some little corner of heaven that broke off, and fell down here by some accident or other; and the musical echoes can only be produced by some of the choirs from heaven, who fell with this little corner, but don't choose to show themselves to mortal eyes. You think, I dare say, in England that we are all in an uproar about the proclamation, and the Roman Catholic petitions. I really don't believe that there are fifty people in all Ireland that think upon this subject after the meetings are over, and the resolutions sent to the paper. There is not depth or steadiness enough of character in Irishmen to make great patriots of them. They talk much and do little: this, too, to be proved to you when we meet. This is one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland, yet none of the leading ones attended

the meeting, for they condemn all violence. I must say we set an example of toleration in this country worthy of a more enlightened people. Bab has got great credit for asking the Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop to the same party at her house. I suppose, because she is a courtier, they expected her to be a bigot. I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland upon the same subject as I can for this county, but I can't; and unless they all turn Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians. And so now God bless you. If you intend to write soon, direct here; if not, to 11 Leinster Street, Dublin. Bab sends you a thousand kind things, such as loves, and friendships, and good wishes. And if you like to say anything from us to Mrs. M., we give you a *carte blanche* to say everything you would like for us to say to your wife, and when the time comes for saying it to herself, we will with pleasure. Adieu, cher Tom,

M. G.

[No. 160.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, Oct. 23, 1811.

My opera has succeeded much better than I expected, and I am glad to find that Braham is going to play it at Bath; but I have been sadly cheated. What a pity that we "swans of Helicon" should be such geese! Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon * * * and * * often enough, God knows, singing of them like Cadet Rousset's children, "*L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon—ah! ah!*" &c. &c., but it all won't do.

I suppose you have heard that I have had the magnificent offer of Lucien Bonaparte's poem to translate, and that I have declined it. I wrote to ask Lord Moira's advice about the matter, and his answer contained one thing most comfortably important in my opinion, as showing his thoughtfulness about my future interests; he bid me, in case I should find the poem unobjectionable in its political doctrines, to mention the circumstances to McMahon, and get the Prince's assent to my translating it, adding, that if I could wait till he arrived in town, he would mention it to the Prince himself.

The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street, leading direct from it to Carlton House. This is one of the

"Primrose paths of dalliance" by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart.

I have nothing more to say now, but that I am as tranquil and happy as my heart could wish, and that I most anxiously long for the opportunity of presenting *somebody* to you. If you do not make haste, I shall have *two* somebodies to present to you. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 161.]

TO MR. LONGMAN.

Wednesday, Bury Street, St. James's, 1811.

My dear Sir,—I am at last come to a determination to bind myself to your service, if you hold the same favourable dispositions towards me as at our last conversation upon business. To-morrow I should be very glad to be allowed half an hour's conversation with you, and, as I dare say, I shall be up all night at Carlton House, I do not think I could reach your house before four o'clock.

I told you before that I never could work without a retainer. It will not, however, be of that exorbitant nature which your liberality placed at my disposal the first time I had the honour of applying to you; and I still beg, as before, that our negotiations may be as much as possible between ourselves. Whatever may be the result of them, I shall always acknowledge myself indebted for the attention I have already experienced from you, and beg you to believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 162.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

—, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I find the Master of the Rolls is in town, and, if possible, I shall go in to meet him. There is so much call for the opera, that I have *made a present* of it to little Power to publish; that is, *nominally* I have *made a present* of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—*one*, that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light of the piece myself; and the *second*, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman. Little Power is of wonderful use to me, and, indeed, I may say, is the first *liberal* man

I have ever had to deal with. I hope both for his own sake and mine, that his business will prosper with him. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 163.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1812.

I did not like to write to you during the first moments of your unhappiness, because indeed there is nothing harder than to know what to say to friends who are in sorrow, and the best way is to feel with them and be silent. Even now, I am afraid if I speak honestly, I shall confess that a selfish feeling is predominant with me, and that I am much more grieved by your absence, which is *my* distress, than the cause of it, which is *yours*. This after all, however, is very natural, and I am sure you will give me more credit for sincerity in *missing* you, whom I know and love, than in mourning over your brother, whom I scarcely was lucky enough to be even acquainted with. Most happy shall I be to see you back once more from a country which could have but little charms for you at any time, but which the sadness and perplexity you have met there now must render particularly gloomy and disagreeable. I shall be the more happy at your taking your leave of it for ever, as I have every hope and thought of being able to live in England myself; and the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I should want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it: so that I own I shall not be *quite* easy till you are once more upon English ground.

I have been living very quiet and very happy, with the exception of those little apprehensions which I must naturally feel at the approaching trial of poor Bessy's strength. She is very delicate indeed, but her spirits and resolution are much better than they were at first.

I was going to talk to you about being god-mother, but as you will not be here at the time, we shall wait till the *next*, though I sincerely hope they will come "like angel visits, *few and far between*."

Rogers has been at Lord Robert Spencer's this fortnight past, but I have this instant got a note from him, asking me to a tête-à-tête dinner.

On Sunday last I dined at Holland House. Lord Moira took me there and brought me

back. There is no guessing what the Prince means to do: one can as little anticipate his measures as those of Buonaparte, but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness's hair is much more settled than anything in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Percival's much more stoutly. At the same time I must say, that there are not the same signs of his jilting Lord Moira, as there are of his deserting the rest of the party. Lord M. is continually at Carlton House, and there was a reserve among the other statesmen at Holland House on Sunday in talking before him, as if they considered him more in the *penetralia* of the sanctuary than themselves: it was only in groups after dinner that they let out their suspicions upon the subject. Lord Moira has not, for a long time, been so attentive to me as since his last return to London.

I never am let to write half so much as I wish; but now that I have broken the chilling ice which the last sad misfortune cast between our communications, you shall hear from me constantly. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 164.] TO HIS MOTHER.*

Saturday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I never had such a *flattering*, but embarrassing scene as yesterday. I dined at Lord Holland's, and there were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Morpeth, &c. Their whole talk was about my poem, without having the least idea that I had written it: their praises, their curiosity about the author, their guesses, &c., would have been exceedingly amusing to me, if there had been *no one* by in the secret; but Lord Holland knew it, which made me a good deal puzzled how to act. Nothing for a long time has made such a noise. The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I dare say it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you.

Rogers has this instant sent me a present of a most beautiful reading-desk, which puts the rest of my room's furniture to the blush.

* On the appearance of his Parody of the Prince's Letter.

God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,
Tom.

I am going to dine with Croker on Monday.

[No. 165.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, 1812.

I take advantage of a frank, and have but one moment to say that I am a papa! and, contrary to my express intentions, it is a little girl.* It is well for you that I have not time now to tell all I feel about your neglect of my last letter. You I forgive a little, because you don't like writing; but it is so unlike dear Mary, that I am afraid I am beginning to be forgotten. The Berrys and C. Moore hear continually, and Rogers, indeed, very often taunts me with the preference shown to them; but I tell him I have no doubt they deserve it, however I may lament that I have *lost* such *valued ground* to them. Will you be god-mother to my little girl? I would not add to your responsibilities in the child line, if the god-father, who is rich and generous, did not *ask* to stand for the very purpose of taking care of the little one, if any thing should happen to us. Therefore it is the high, precious, *heart-felt sanction* (the *honour* I would say, if it were not too cold a word), the *sanctification* which your name would give to my present happy tie. This is what I want, and what I am sure you will grant me.

I hardly know what I write, but I shall be more collected next time. We are all doing well. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 166.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

— 1812.

I wrote to you last week; at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's "Ode to Posterity," will never be delivered according to its address. Instead of directing to Leinster Street, as you bid me, I have dispatched it to *Killarney*, with the same idea of shortness that the Irishman had when he said, "my name is Tim, but they call me O'Brallaghan *for shortness*;" I dare say it will be some weeks before it reaches you, which, however, I hope it *will* do at last, as there

* Mr. Moore's eldest daughter, Anne Jane Barbara, was born on the 4th February, 1812.

were some little family details in it not quite fit for the eyes of the uninitiated: for instance, there is an account of a *birth*, and rumours of a *christening*, and a modest request that you would take the poet's first production under your patronage; seriously, I have been unreasonable enough to ask that you would allow me to give your name to my little daughter; and I have at the same time told you, that I would not have added to your responsibilities in this way, only that the god-father, who is rich enough to buy all Parnassus, has taken the worldly risk entirely upon himself, and left only the spiritual and godly responsibilities to your ladyship, who will, I am sure, be as *willing* as you are *able* to undertake it.

I also threatened you with a little overflowing of my heart on the subject of your silence to me; but this I feel too deeply to venture upon in a letter. Charles Moore tells me that you are certainly coming in April, and Charles Moore has been indebted to my anxiety to know something about you, for two or three visits, which otherwise I might not perhaps have paid him; for, after all, though I can bear *participation* in what I value, I am very impatient of *monopoly*, and nothing but my real wish to know that you are well and happy could make me submit to inquire news of you from a person who so *totally* engrosses your attention. You never before left a letter of mine so long unanswered as the one I last sent to Leinster Street.

One thing is pretty certain, that you will soon be rid of me. In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power, I see an end to the long hope of my life; and my intention is to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life to the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness. It will make me very unhappy to be forgotten by you, but not half so much so as I should be if I thought I *deserved* it. I have not time for more. Ever your sincere friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have not time to look over this, but I fear there is a little *spleen* in it; and the truth is, that the political events of these few days, so suddenly breaking up all the prospects of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.

[No. 167.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Friday, March 6, 1812.

Your letters have made ample amends for your silence, and I am always ready to believe, at a minute's notice, the kindest assurances of recollection which you can make me; indeed, I cannot hear them renewed too often, and I should not wonder if there were at the bottom of all my *complaining*s a little lurking wish to draw these kind professions from you rather than any serious supposition that I am *really* either forgotten or supplanted. No, I believe I have a ninety-nine years lease of your hearts, which is *pretty nearly* as long a term as I shall want them for; and you may set up the sign of the *Angel* over them afterwards. I suppose I can tell you nothing in politics that you have not heard already; but I dare say I should give a very different colouring to my intelligence. Your correspondent is one of the *livery-servants* in politics, and his sentiments of course take the colour of his *facings*; but I, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I find him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege. You seem to think, both Lady Donegal and you, that the late events are likely to depress my spirits; and I am not sorry that you *did* think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lost; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is, I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance. My intention now is, as I have told you already, to live in the country upon the earnings of my brains, and to be as happy as love, literature, and liberty can make me. I think of going somewhere near Lord Moira's for the sake of the library; and though I shall have but few to talk to me, I will try to make many talk of me. This now shall be my only ambition, and I mean to lay the whole *lever* of my mind to

it. Lord Moira has behaved with all that delicate highmindedness, which those who know him well expected from him. When he told the P. that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did once when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, "You'll desert me then, Moira?" "No, sir," says he; "when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side to sink, if it should so please God, under its ruins with you!" He is certainly going to Vienna.

(TO LADY D.)

Your answer about my little girl was so long coming, and mamma was so impatient to have her made a Christian (seeing, as she said, that "children always *thrive better* after it"), that I was obliged to take my chance for your consent; but not wishing to presume too much, we have not placed you in the *van* of responsibility, but merely made you bring up the rear in the following long army of names, "Anne Jane Barbara Moore."

We are all well, at least *pretty* well, for poor Bessy is sadly altered in looks; indeed, so totally, that, though she says nothing ails her, I cannot think how health can be compatible with such pale emaciation, and am therefore not a little anxious about her. I hope you will come before we leave London.

Ever most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 168.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday night, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,—After long wishing and waiting, I got a letter from my dear father to-day, and I quite jumped at it with impatience, after the long silence you have all kept. I hope *now*, however, since I have told you of the convenience of inclosing to Lord Byron, that you will let me hear a *little* oftener about you; for, indeed, all this time that Kate has been with you, you have been three writers in family, and I am but one; besides I write for the public, and Kate and Nell have little other authorship than gossiping now and then to me, which I hope they will afford me oftener.

I think of taking a little tour the beginning of next week, to look for some rural retreat somewhere, as I am quite weary of London, and I find my friend Dalby is confined with an illness which may prevent him for some time investigating the neighbourhood of Donington for me.

I wish, whenever you have a good opportunity, dear mother, you would send me the remainder of my books, as I am collecting a library, and am resolved to get all together that I can. Tell Kate she must leave her Boileau to me in her will. I owe her many books still, and, as soon as I can get an opportunity, I will send her Lord Byron's book (which is *every thing* now), and one or two more new publications.

My Lord Byron liked so well the way I conducted my *own* affair with him, that he chose me as his friend the other day in a similar business, and I had the happiness of bringing him through it without going to extremities. When I say that "he liked so well," &c., I don't mean that he gave that as a reason for employing me, but I think it was a tribute that amounted to pretty much the same thing, and I was flattered by it accordingly.

I am quite sorry, my darling mother, to find that you have had your winter cold; but the sweet season that we feel now will, I trust, quite restore you.

I shall take care and not write any thing in the papers. Poor Hunt is *up* for his last article but one against the Prince. God bless you, darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 169.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have not had an answer from Dalby yet, but am in the same mind about retiring *somewhere*, and I should prefer Donington both from the society and the library. Lord Moira told me himself that he meant to withdraw entirely from politics, so that I look upon all hope from him in this way as completely extinguished, and must only look to myself for my future happiness and independence; indeed, I rather think, from the appearance of the times, that the best of the great ones hold their places and possessions by a very precarious tenure, and he that has nothing to *fall from* is the only one that has

nothing to fear. I don't know whether I told you before, (and if I did not, it was my uncertainty about it for some time which prevented me), that the Powers give me between them *five hundred* a-year for my music; the agreement is for seven years, and as much longer as I choose to say. This you will own (however precarious, as depending on their success in business) is very comfortable as long as it lasts, and shows what may be done with my talents, if exerted. You will not mention this much. As soon as I have leisure to finish a long poem I have in hand, I shall get a good sum for it, which will, I hope, enable me not only to pay my debts, but to assist my dearest father with something towards *his* establishment. So you see, darling mother, my prospect is by no means an unpromising one, and the only sacrifice I must make is the giving up London society, which involves me in great expenses, and leaves me no time for the industry that alone would enable me to support them: this I shall do without the least regret.

My friend Lord Byron's poem is doing wonders, and there is nothing talked of but him every where; he certainly is * * * [*The rest of the letter has been lost.*]

[No. 170.]

FROM MR. DALBY.

Castle Donington, March 31, 1812.

My dear Moore,—Your determination to quit the great city, and take up your residence among humble villagers equally delights and surprises me. From the hint you gave me in your first letter, that you intended to explain your plan to Lord Moira, I formed a hope that you would be *made* to abide in the very centre of attraction, the house at the Park, with your books all around you. This, however, was not by any means the cause of my delaying to give you an answer in due time. One of the worst colds I ever had, in combination with a long series of the worst weather I ever remember, absolutely prevented me from making that industrious search after a house for you in this neighbourhood, which I no less wished, than you seemed to require me to make. I could, indeed, at once have said that there is no house in Donington to be had for you, that is, which would suit you; but this “not satisfactory” answer was what I could not, in obedience to my own feelings, think of sending you. As

soon as my present unwelcome visitor, that has detained me in the house for the last fortnight, has taken its leave, I intend to form a complete circle with a radius—(when a poet talks of “ratio,” surely one that fancies himself something of a mathematician may indulge himself with his “circle and radius”)—of three miles round the library at the Park, and industriously examine every point of the whole superficial contents to find out a house, neither too large nor too small, with a garden to it, that will do for the residence of a poet. By the bye, you don't say whether it must be a flower-garden or a potato-garden; and, between the poet and the Irishman, I am at a loss to determine which. This you must determine for yourself; and therefore you may, in good earnest you may, depend upon it, that the moment I have found a house which appears to me in any manner suitable for you, I shall give you information.

I have had two or three letters from Lord Moira since the restrictions expired, but he does not say one word of his disappointments. I am, dear Moore, most sincerely yours,

JNO. DALBY.

Lord Byron writes a worse hand than I ever saw before. It is almost impossible to believe that English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was originally written in so vile a hand.

[No. 171.]

TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, May 23, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I send you the commencement of our fifth number, and I am glad we have begun so auspiciously, as I think it will make a very pretty and popular duet.

Many thanks for your inquiry at the inn, but we have got our things. They were carried by mistake to Derby.*

I have written two more verses to the inclosed air, as I mean now to finish as I go on.

You cannot imagine what a *combustible* state this country is in—all the common people's heads are full of revolution. Yesterday the bells of this and the neighbouring villages were ringing all day for the change of Ministry. Pray, let me know everything curious that comes to your knowledge in music, literature, and politics. Bessy sends best regards. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

* Mr. Moore settled in Kegworth in the spring of 1812.

[No. 172.]

FROM LADY DONEGAL AND MISS GODFREY.

May, 1812.

The sight of your handwriting does one good; and the general joy which even a line from you diffuses throughout the house, would, I think, give you pleasure if you could witness it. But as you cannot, you must take my word for it. We are happy to find that your journey was performed without accident, and that Bessy is so much pleased with her new habitation, though I dare say that its greatest charm is its distance from London, and seclusion from the "haunts of man." I hope that your friends will not officiously break in upon you; but I hear that Lord Byron meditates a visit to Kegworth, as Rogers has told you in the enclosed note. He (Rogers) talks of you both in the most amiable manner, and Lord Moira and Lady London * * * As usual, here am I, the poor *pis aller*, to tell you the rest, for she was obliged to go off in the midst of what she was saying, and I must supply her place as well as I can; and so, as she was saying, everybody that you care about speaks and thinks and feels about you precisely in the very way you would like. And for that most ungrateful of Bessys, she has made the most favourable impression upon all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from. I hope you are all unpacked and settled comfortably by this time; and that you both find everything exactly as you like it should be in this best of all possible worlds. You have a happy talent of persuading yourself that you *intend* to write the longest letters containing the fullest details of every interesting particular about yourself to your intimate friends in the course of *next week*. But for my part, I have long heard talk of those long letters and that next week; as to seeing them, I have never yet had that pleasure. However, to be just to you, you are not near so bad as you were before you married, and I live in hopes of Bessy's making you wiser and better every day. I dare say you are almost mad with delight and fit to be tied, at the thoughts of Mr. Wortley's success. The poor departed Ministers were thunderstruck, for he was their supporter through many a year of hard labour to keep their places. Lord Wellesley, they say, will move heaven and earth to make up a

Ministry with Lord Holland, Lord Moira, Lord Lansdowne, and Canning. His first measure, to give the Catholics all they ask; his second, to send every soldier he can lay his hands on to Spain, and to make a sublime effort there; and his third, to tax us within an inch of our lives. If we live to tell the story, we shall tell it grandly, and you had better get ready your epic poem for the occasion. If we die, we shall die like demi-gods, but what'll become of your poem?

Yesterday, at the levee, Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Hertford were leaning on a writing-table which broke, and down they came: that good honest man, that nobody cares for because he is honest, Lord Sidmouth, caught at the table to prevent the fall, and got his hands all over ink. "Well," he said, "I did hope to have gone out of office with clean hands." In the Prince's interview with Lord Wellesley and Canning, when he was trying to persuade them to join with the relics of Percival, he tried all ways to soften them, and finding them inflexible upon the Catholic question, he rubbed his hands and said, "I must try then to get Liverpool and Eldon to give up this point." Bab thinks you may enclose once more to Lord Glenbervie when you have a large packet, but he is tottering with the rest, and I suppose only holds his place till arrangements are made. She has got two packets from Power for you; they came yesterday; but she has not yet been able to get a large frank for them, but will for Monday's post.

I am in a violent hurry, so make the best of my blots and scratches, and give our love, downright, honest love, to Bessy; and we send the same to yourself, wishing you places and pensions in this new order of things.
Yours ever, M. G.

Bab will really write soon.

[No. 173.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Kegworth, Wednesday—1812.

This is *not* "the long letter next week," so don't mistake it for it. Campbell, you know, says that "coming events cast their shadows before;" so this is only the *shadow* of the coming letter, which you shall have, please pen and ink, before next Tuesday. The first glass of wine of *my own* that I've drunk since I came here was the day before yesterday to

the late Ministry, and (as we say in Ireland) "sweet bad luck to them," I feel more indifferent about chances and changes than ever I did in my life, which makes it more likely, perhaps, that I shall get something good out of them, for Fortune is one of those ladies who are piqued by indifference, and generally makes her advances to those who could contrive to do very well without her.

I took Bessy yesterday to Lord Moira's, and she was not half so much struck with its grandeur as I expected. She said, in coming out, "I like Mr. Rogers's house ten times better;" but she loves everything by association, and she was very happy in Rogers's house. By the same rule, I think 56 Davies Street would excel, in her eyes, every mansion in the Lady's Almanack.

Good by. I was very near forgetting though, that you have kept me in sad suspense about a packet (one of those that were sent to you) which comes from Bermuda, and which, I shrewdly suspect, contains *money*; if you had had a suspicion of this, I know you would have contrived, somehow or other, to put wings to it for me; but I dare say you sent it flying yesterday. Good by again. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I am sorry the old *Woodman** is going out; but we shall get somebody else perhaps.

Since I wrote the above, I have received the packet from you, and it *is money* indeed! Bessy imputes this luck entirely to a little robin redbreast that has haunted us these two days.

[No. 174.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Wednesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother, — You missed one letter from me last week on account of my bustle in town, but now that I am returned (and right happy to get back), you shall have your weekly dues as regular as ever. I came yesterday morning, very much fatigued indeed with sitting up all night, and I found Bessy and the little one pretty well. Bab *had* been very ill during my absence, on account of something wrong they gave her to eat at Dalby's, but she is now getting round again.

I dined with Lord Moira again a day or two before I left town, and from what I could collect from him and others, I do not think there

* Lord Glenbervie.

is much probability of his going over to Ireland. He will not go without full powers of emancipation, and those they will not give him. The Chancellor is the dire stumbling-block in the way both of him and the Catholics.

This little trial of London has only made me love my quiet home and books better. Indeed, I want but *you*, darling mother, and my good father and Ellen with me, to confine all my desires within this dear circle. My friends in London were astonished at my *fat*. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 175.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother, — I dined with Lord Moira yesterday, and I fear I shall be obliged to go there again to-morrow. I say "I *fear*," because I do not like to leave Bessy alone; and, besides, she is always so anxious about my returning at nights, which are now growing dark: however, to-morrow is Lady L.'s birthday, and as they will most probably be off in a day or two more, I think I shall go. I believe I told you about her kindness in undertaking to consult her own physician in London about Bessy's health. She is to call upon us the day after to-morrow, for the purpose of hearing accurately from Bessy herself the state of her health, and getting Dr. Clarke's opinion upon it when she arrives in town. I got the paper my dear father sent me with Curran's speech. I am delighted to find that Lord Moira is regaining so fast the popularity which he lost for a moment with the Catholics; and, indeed, from the general aspect of affairs, I don't think it at all improbable that we shall see him lord lieutenant of Ireland this next year.

I have had a very kind letter from my friend Colonel Hamilton. Bessy was to have written to-day, but she has Mary Dalby with her, and therefore only sends her love. Ever your own,

TOM.

Let me know whether my letters go regularly now.

[No. 176.]

TO MR. POWER.

Friday, — 1812.

My dear Sir, — I got the parcel yesterday, which I find you had sent off before you received my letter through Lord Glenbervie. I shall therefore despatch this by post, lest there

should occur any delay in its reaching you; and I have to ask pardon for having omitted answering two or three questions in your former letters. In the first place, with respect to a subject for the engraving to this number, I agree with you that the Minstrel Boy would be a very good subject, and more simple than Love, Wit, and Valour, which occurred to me as offering a tolerable field for the fancy of a good artist; but the other is, as you say, very national, and I should suppose you mean the boy to be taken when fallen on the ground and tearing away the strings of his harp. The title of "Merrily oh!" I would have as follows: "The Tyrolese Song of Liberty; a national air, arranged with English words, and dedicated to Miss Rawdon;" but I should like to see it as arranged for a single song before you print it, if that be not already done, or at least a proof of it.

With respect to which of the songs I mean for the *Book*, that is entirely as you may think proper yourself; you are the best judge of the mode in which they will tell to the most advantage. The order of the Melodies I shall think over against Tuesday, when I will send you those back you may wish for, through Lord Glenbervie. Let me know by letter to-morrow, which of the manuscripts you sent you wish returned.

If you have a verse of "Oh! see those Cherries," beginning "Old Time thus fleetly," it is all I have written or intend to write to it.

I shall finish the number of the Melodies this month. I am sorry to find that there is no air in it at all likely to suit my own singing, which does not tell well for the number. When I write to your brother, I will bid him send me some more: there is one lately published by him with words of Curran's, but it is no great things.

I looked over Gardiner's preface as you desired me, and if the subject you were thinking of be a New Version of the Psalms, I am afraid that is a task that would be sure to bring disgrace upon me, for I agree with Dr. Johnson, that such a work must "necessarily be bad." But I'll tell you what I should be very glad to undertake with Stevenson, and that is, a series of Sacred Songs, Duets, &c.; the words by me, and some of the airs. If you think this would do, I shall very readily join him in it.

I am still without any further intelligence about Lord Moira's plans. Ever yours, my dear sir,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 177.]

TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, June, 1812.

I send you the Tyrolese air, which I have just written words to, and I think it goes beautifully. Pray let me know whether anything more is done with Stevenson; if not, I shall send you up a letter, which you must forward to him with my songs to be arranged. The second verse of "Cease, oh! cease," is to be thus:

"Say, oh! say no more that lover's pains are sweet,
I never, never can believe the fond deceit.
*Thou lov'st the wounded heart,
I love to wander free;
So, keep thou Cupid's dart,
And leave his wings to me."*

This will sparkle better in the page. Ever yours,
T. M.

[No. 178.]

TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, June 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I hope you got my little parcel last week with the Tyrolese air, and that I soon shall hear from you about Stevenson. I got the proofs you sent through Lord Glenbervie; but unfortunately it was most deceitful intelligence that Joe Atkinson gave me about the War Office being again opened to me, for it is as shut as ever; and all I can do is to send my packet back to Lord Glenbervie, and get him to frank it to Ireland. You shall have the proofs at the same time. I wish we could get the Irish airs your brother has. Pray write to him about them.

What an unexpected turn these long delayed arrangements have taken! I cannot suppose, however, that the House of Commons will allow these *invalided* gentlemen to go on with the Ministry. The tone in which you write about *my* political expectations is as liberal as usual, and very cheering to me. I do not think I ever met any one who feels so rightly about me as you do.

Do you think do the Americans mean *seriously* to put a few hundreds a year in my pocket?

Within this week past I feel something like settlement to business; *and ten days shall seldom pass over my head* without your seeing some proofs of my industry.

Mrs. Power is very good-natured to think of little Nanny, and Bessy means very soon to write her a long account of all our domestic felicities. You certainly *must* come down to us: we have already a room which is called Mr. Power's room.

Believe me, with the best regards of Bessy and myself to Mrs. Power and you, ever sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 179.]

TO MR. POWER.

Thursday night, — 1812.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely sorry to put any *drag* upon the *wheel* of a business, which seemed to run so glibly and prosperously to-day; but, upon mentioning the kind of *forms* which we had used in our agreement to the friend with whom I consult about everything of this kind, he made me feel the very great irregularity I had been guilty of, in putting myself totally in the power of your brother and you, while I had not a *line* in return to give me the least claim or binding upon *you*. I need not tell you how much I wish our compact to depend solely upon the good-will and convenience of all those concerned in it; but still it is rather sinking *me* into a comparative nothingness in the arrangement to make me write a formal agreement to *your* terms, without letting me have one line in writing from *you* to guarantee an equal observance of the stipulations on your side. Indeed, I am well convinced that it is only from oversight that you or your brother could have proposed such a very unequal arrangement, and I therefore feel less hesitation in begging that you will both return me the letter I have written you, and let us strike out some mode of giving a form to our government, in which the securities may be somewhat more regular and reciprocal. I am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 180.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Kegworth, June, 1812.

This is merely an experiment to try how I can get at you through the Woods and Forests*, and as soon as I have cleared the vista, we shall have many a peep at each other. We arrived here safe and tired, though, I must say, I never made a journey with less fatigue,

* Through a kind friend of mine, Lord Glenbervie, we long continued to enjoy this privilege.

for we had the inside of the stage to ourselves, and it was like travelling in the family coach. Bessy is quite pleased with our new house and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton. But we are still in all the horrors of settling, and if a life could be found worse than that of "buttoning and unbuttoning," it would be packing and unpacking. We talk often over your kindness to us the morning we came away, and I think often of your kindness to me every morning I have ever seen you. God bless you for it all; and, as I intend now to go to church every Sunday, you shall have many a prayer offered up for you; none of your worn-out devotions, that have been hacked till they are good for nothing, but bran new prayers, that (at least *in church*) are very little the worse for the wear. Love to dear Mary and your sister, from theirs and yours ever,

T. M.

[No. 181.]

FROM MISS GODFREY.

June, 1812.

I had much rather be hanged than write to you, for you treat my letters with the utmost contempt, and always answer them to Bab, which is as much as to say, "I implore you not to write to me any more." But yet, being as good-natured a fool as you ever had the pleasure of knowing, I will give you a few lines, because Rogers says you want to know the whys and the wherefores, and the on dits of all these late political follies. It will puzzle me to tell you *why* Lord M., from a high-flown sense of honour, quite above the common flight of common understandings, has thought it right, and loyal, and patriotic to keep in a set of Ministers, whom he has hitherto appeared to think knaves and fools, and to be the champion of Lord Yarmouth, &c., for whom he feels a thorough contempt. And when he thought the salvation of the country depended upon the Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Orders of Council, in short, upon a total change of men and measures, *why* he sacrificed his poor dear country, and only thought of saving Lord Hertford's and Lord Yarmouth's places, and all in the name of *honour*, is what I never can tell you; at least, I can only tell you that his friends say it was all

honour; that Lord Yarmouth had behaved particularly ill to him, and that he felt it was a *point of honour* not to allow the Prince to dismiss him, lest it might be supposed he was actuated by personal pique; that it would be acknowledging that he believed in the influence of the house of Hertford over the Prince if he recommended their dismissal; that Lord Grey and Lord Grenville insisted upon it in so high a tone, that yielding to them was lowering the Prince; so that, over and above his own tremendous honour, he took the Prince's also under his protection—*c'étoit bien peu de chose*. There he made his stand. And I am firmly persuaded that he acted a most disinterested part, and that he has been the dupe of his own honourable feelings, and the Prince's tears. To these he must believe he has sacrificed his country, for he has long said these Ministers and their measures were ruining it. He may set up for a pattern of an honourable man and devoted friend, but as to a patriot or statesman, I suppose he cannot. Do you think he can? The Opposition are also condemned for not coming in without saying a word of the household; and, after arranging the Ministry, they might have dismissed the household with impunity, for the Prince would then have been afraid to object. Lord Ellenborough says, they have lost the game with four by honours and the odd trick in their hand. Mr. Sheridan is accused of having acted so unaccountable a part, that he thinks it right to come forward with explanations in the House of Commons. Lord Yarmouth says he told him he intended to resign the moment the Opposition came in, on purpose that he might inform them of it. Sheridan says he heard him make such a declaration, but it appeared to him to arise from the pettish feeling of the moment, and that he was not authorized to repeat it. Lord Yarmouth says he was. So the story is to be told in the House of Commons. In the mean time I am now persuaded that the ministers we have are as good as any others. They manage their own affairs so well, that I live in hopes of their outwitting Buonaparte, as they have outwitted the Opposition. And as to patriots, I don't believe in the existence of any such creatures. Don't write any more good things. Lord Moira says the P. must no longer be trampled on,—that he must be kept up to the people. There are some ill-natured

remarks now and then upon potato-heads, and sneers at the word honour, which grieve me, for I think highly of the man—but, alas for the statesman!! I might just as well have spared you all this, for you may read it in the papers. Rogers put it into my head to write, though I have but little to say. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. Yours sincerely,

T. M.

There was a fine scene about the ribbon that the P. took off his own shoulders to put on Lord Moira's at the installation. Tears ensued.

[No. 182.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Monday, June 22, 1812.

You must take every line I write to you now as pure matter of friendship, without one grain of self-interestedness in it, for my Lord Glenbervie has given me free leave to make use of him *on my own account*, and so I am now independent of you, and might crack my fingers at you, if it were not for a little sneaking kindness that makes me think of you even when you are *not* doing me services; a sort of repose, in which you so seldom indulge yourself, that I ought to avail myself of every such short opportunity as you allow me for the display of my disinterestedness.

I thank you very much for the pamphlet, and if you think the Quarterly Review will come within the limits of Lord G.'s privilege and good-nature, Power shall now and then trouble you with one for me. I would not ask you to send me the Edinburgh, because that is growing too heavy to be franked.

They are preparing at Donington for Lord Moira, but I should suppose he is tied too fast by the ribbon to come away; and, in the mean time, I meet very good company at the Park, both ancients and moderns, Greeks and Persians; and the best of it is, I have the privilege of bringing home as many of them as I please to a visit with me.

I have heard nothing whatever of Lord Byron, and I dare say he will return to London without my seeing him. Lord Tamworth called upon me yesterday, but I was at church!

From what I see of this place, I have the pleasure to tell you that I think we shall be able to live very cheaply in it. There is no

fear of my getting too fat with eating; the market is as bad nearly as that of Bermuda, where they ring a bell to announce the *event* of their going to kill a *creatur*.

Bessy is plagued with headaches. You never say anything about your health, but I think often of those vile attacks you have, and wish you would tell me whether they are less frequent. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I shall write to Rogers this week, but I am ill myself to-day with a pain, something like rheumatism, in my shoulder: it may, however, be a strain which I have got in *hoisting* little Barbara. How is *your* little Barbara?

No. 183.] FROM LORD GLENBERVIE.

London, June 25, 1812.

Dear Sir,—I can assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to be in any respect instrumental in enabling you to continue, with your accustomed periodical regularity, the exercise of that tender office in which your filial affection has been so long engaged. I request that you will not deprive your mother of the comfort of hearing from you as often as formerly from any scruple in making me the channel of your correspondence. I lost, too early in life, the blessing you have still the happiness to possess, to have personally experienced the gratification you seem so worthy of enjoying. I have, however, ample domestic observation to confirm what our earliest feelings teach us, that there is no sentiment so tender, so permanent, and so pure as the reciprocal sympathy of filial and maternal love. Believe me, dear sir, most sincerely yours,

GLENBERVIE.

[No. 184.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Kegworth, Monday, June 29, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—Do not think that I did not deeply *feel* your letter because I have been slow in acknowledging it. I am one of the ruminating animals, you know, and chew the cud of a letter long after others would have swallowed and forgotten it. Really and sincerely the most solid benefit you could do me (and I know no one who would be more ready to do me one) could not affect me more strongly than the kind, prompt, and cordial feeling with which you received the intelligence of my marriage. It has been a happy marriage indeed,

my dear Dalton, and I doubt whether I could have arrived at a wife by any other process that would have made me equally sure of her attachment, purity, and disinterestedness. You know we found, with some degree of pleasure upon both sides, that Mrs. Dalton and she had taken a strong fancy to each other, even at the distance by which they were then separated; and it will give me the most heartfelt pleasure to see them side by side, a sort of *companion pictures* in friendship to *you and me*. I don't know when this time will arrive, but, whenever it does, it will be sure to make me happy.

I am ashamed to say a word about the "*olim promissum carmen*" for the club, except that I own it cooled my zeal a little to find that Power and Corry have never heard a syllable about it; and as I know, of course, that they would be among the first of the *élite*, I thought that nothing but your abandonment of the idea could have kept them from knowing something about it. I have written a song very lately, which I think would suit Mrs. Dalton, and I intended it should accompany this letter, but I find I *must* write again to you in a day or two about some business with Stevenson, and the song shall go then.

What a mess you must have made of poor M. P., in Dublin! They are playing it, I see, at the Lyceum again.

I wish (as you have so often thought of retirement in England) that you would come and live near us here, and let us be happy and musical together. Lord Moira's library, which I will insure you the use of, and the use of *my* voice as a third, now and then, in our old favourites, Haydn and Mozart, would make a country life pass, not only pleasantly but profitably. Living here is as cheap as any poet or musician could wish; and, for myself, I see every prospect of being able, in a few years, to be *just* to my friends as well as grateful, and gradually to emancipate myself from debts of all kinds. But I am forgetting all this time your plaguy plan, which of course will keep you in Ireland, and put an end to the vision of having you here completely.

Our little child, which is quite a *fairy*, and was very puny at first, is getting as fat and merry as a young sucking cherub.

You shall hear from me again very soon,

and in the meantime believe me ever, your sincere friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I did intend to send this to Corry for you, but as it is doubtful whether he is in Dublin, you shall pay postage for it.

[No. 185.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

— 1812.

I have not much to say to you, but as I have said nothing to you since I received your last note, which was a very amiable production, I feel disposed to give you a few lines to-day as I can get a frank. Your retirement will soon be broke in upon, I suppose, by your great neighbours, who are either gone, or just going, to Donington. You will also soon see Rogers, who will tell you all about this gay world that you have so wisely quitted. You will still like, I hope, to hear something of us poor fools who yet remain in it. I wish you had pitched your tent within reach of Tunbridge, that you and *Bessy* might make us a visit there. We mean to go there about the middle of August. I dare say you feel much more indifferent about politics, and all the ambitious pursuits of men, now that you have got out of their way, than you did when you were in the midst of the bustle; and if Heaven has blessed you with a fine large tree and a seat under it, you sit there rejoicing on a fine evening with your wife at your side, your child at your feet, and a book in your hand, and wondering at poor foolish man that can wish for more; and many is the word of contempt you bestow upon your poor fellow-creatures who keep toiling on their weary way. I am sure these are the moments in which men think themselves wisdom itself; and I believe they are right, but why abuse the rest of mankind? Dear Tom, look upon us all with kindness from under the shade of your oak tree. May one venture to hint to you, how the rest of the world employ themselves? I'll try, and you can but go to sleep, or burn my letter. There are people whose spirits are greatly revived by this war in the north, and who foresee all sorts of happy results. One cause of hope is the part Bernadotte takes. They say he has formed a very fine Swedish army, and that he directs the Russian campaign. It is the first time that Buonaparte has had one of his own generals opposed to him, which at least makes a change

in the state of things. In Spain Lord Wellington has got a *carte blanche*, and he is for the future to pursue his own plans, unchecked by Ministers at home. He complains that the English papers give too much information to the enemy, who have no other intelligence from Spain but what they get through this channel. I saw a French gentleman yesterday, who is lately arrived in this country, and I am told one may believe everything he says. He gave a very entertaining account of Buonaparte's impatience to have the English papers translated to him. While his secretary is translating them, he stands looking over his shoulders, reading every word as fast as he writes; not a word must be omitted upon any account, not even the paragraphs against himself. This gentleman, and a Russian, who has arrived within the last week, say nothing can equal the enthusiastic admiration that is felt for Lord Wellington all over the Continent, and that they can take back no present to their friends which would be half so much liked as a print of him. I wonder if Lord Moira will talk to you about his unfortunate negotiation, and I should like to know if he has yet any suspicion how much he was the Prince's dupe. If one may judge from the outside of things, he appears to have been treated with the most mortifying neglect also. The Thursday after his negotiation with the Opposition ended, when he had accepted the Garter, and the present Ministers secured their places, there was a drawing-room at which the whole house of Moira was; the Prince went about inviting company to Carlton House that evening, but never asked any one of that family; which, considering all the tears he shed at the reconciliation, might have been expected as a thing of course. On the Friday, Lord M. went to the levee, and was installed. The next day the Prince had a great dinner of what he called friends, to which Lord M. was *not* invited. And three times that day, both before and after dinner, he declared that if Lord Grenville had been *forced* upon him he should have *abdicated*. This was his expression. A friend of ours was there, and asked if this declaration was to be kept a secret, and one of the Princes who was present told him not, that the Regent wished to have it known. This is an absolute fact, and shows what a dupe poor Lord M. was.

The Prince also, as we heard the other day, now declares that he never did hold out any hope to the Irish Catholics; and he says he has written to Lord Kenmare to tell him so, and to beg he will contradict the report of such a declaration in their favour ever having been made to him. And he desires to have his letter and Lord Kenmare's answer published in the Dublin Evening Post. I think it is hardly possible that this can be true, but yet we were assured that it came from himself. This is all that I have to tell you at present, but I dare say Rogers will have a thousand amusing anecdotes for you.

My sisters both desire their kindest remembrances to you and Bessy, and so do I. Ever sincerely yours,
M. G.

[No. 186.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Tuesday, July, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have but just time to thank you for your beautiful book, which I am playing through with the greatest delight. The subjects are most tastefully selected, and admirably arranged. Your copy for Lord Moira I will willingly take charge of, and you had better lose no time in sending it, as it is doubtful how long they will stay at Donington Park.

I find I shall have an opportunity of forwarding your Sermons to you in the course of the week. Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 187.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I was in hopes I should be able to send to you the ballad for Mr. Ashe to-day, in order that Stevenson might have it to take with him to Cheltenham to-morrow. I have not, however, been able to please myself in it; but by to-morrow's post I think I shall at least succeed so far as to send you *one verse*, which you can forward after him, if he is gone, and I can write the remainder afterwards, one verse being quite enough for him to set to. In the meantime I shall write at the other side some words, which I think, with a gay and elegant air, might be made popular. I could add a third verse if it was thought absolutely necessary; but the idea is so completely put into the *two*, that I had much rather leave it

as it is, and I think there is enough of it. Bid Stevenson take pains with it, and not repeat *too often* the last line. Am I to see him here? If he does not think it worth while to take Kegworth in his wanderings, I shall never have a good opinion either of his *taste* or his *friendship*.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from us both. Bessy has just had visits from Lady Tamworth and Lady Rumbold. We are unluckily in the *thick* of fine people here. Ever sincerely yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"She has beauty—but still you must keep your heart cool;

She has wit—but you must not be caught so:

Thus *Reason* advises—but *Reason's* a fool,

And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,

Dear Fanny!

'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

2.

"She is lovely—then love her, nor let the bliss fly,

'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:

Thus *Love* has advis'd me, and who will deny

That *Love* reasons much better than *Reason*,

Dear Fanny!

Love reasons much better than *Reason*."

My name may be put to these words. I intend to alter the second line of the second verse.*

[No. 188.] TO MR. POWER.

— 1812.

My dear Sir,—I send to you the song for Braham in this parcel. I feel almost sure he will like it. You had better take my copy to him, and tell him that what I have put as bass now must be turned into accompaniment. He may alter as he likes, and, as soon as I know he approves of it, you shall have the second verse, which I will make applicable to any purpose he may wish it for. I am just going into Ashbourne with this parcel, and to get my bill changed: if I succeed, I will send it by the morning's post. Yours ever,
T. M.

First Verse.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,

As clouds o'er the morning fleet?

Too fast have those young days faded,

That even in sorrow were sweet.

Does Time with his cold wind wither

Each feeling that once was dear?

Come, child of misfortune! hither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* It does not appear that the verse was ever altered. It is not so melodious as Moore's lines usually are.

[No. 189.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Kegworth, — 1812.

I have only time to say two words, and that is to beg you will send me a kiss a-piece by Rogers, who, you know, is coming down to me on Sunday next. I forget who the man was that set fire to his house after the Constable Bourbon had been in it; but I believe I shall do the same by mine (though from a different reason) after this memorable visit. I shall be so happy to have had a right good, excellent friend under my *own* roof!

The Moiras are come, and I am just going to do the honours of the country to them. Millions of thanks for your last letter. I knew your head was bad, though you would not tell me of it. Ever yours, T. M.

N. B.—This is *really* only a note; but such a letter as will follow it!

[No. 190.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I know you must be anxious about your little grand-daughter's (only think—your grand-daughter!!) getting over her weaning, and I have great delight in telling you that she hardly seems to have missed the nurse at all, but has taken to the bread and milk as naturally as if she and it were old acquaintances.

I believe I shall have to fly up to London in a day or two about some business with Power and Stevenson, and I shall avail myself of the opportunity of calling upon the Sheddons about my deputy at Bermuda, though I rather think now there will be no American war.

A draft which I sent out to Colonel Hamilton some time ago (in payment of money which he quite *forced* upon me when I was going upon my tour in America) shared the fate of my other arrears from my old deputy, and was never paid; so that I have been obliged, since his arrival, to produce *forty pounds*! Nothing could be more kind about it than my old friend the colonel, for he never mentioned the circumstance, and it was only by a round-about way I found out that he had not been paid.

God bless my darling mother. Lady Loudoun and Lord M. called upon us on their way to town, and brought us pine-apples, &c. How

shockingly Lord M. has been treated in the Edinburgh Review. It quite goes to my heart to think of his having exposed himself to such profanation of abuse. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 191.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday night, 1812.

My dearest Mother,—To-day I drove Bessy over to our own house to see dear little Barbara, whom we found quite well and in high spirits. I think it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder than all the best worldly connections could possibly have done. The dear girl and I sometimes look at each other with astonishment in our splendid room here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream. Indeed, Lady Loudoun's attentions are most kind and delicate. We think of going on with Rogers the day after to-morrow to see Matlock, which is a most beautiful place, within four-and-twenty miles of this.

God bless you, my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 192.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Thursday, 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I am just returned from a most delightful little tour with Rogers. We left Donington on Sunday (poor Bessy being too ill and too fatigued with the ceremonies of the week to accompany us), and went on to Matlock, where I was much charmed with the scenery, and from thence proceeded to Dove Dale, which delighted me still more. It is the very abode of Genii. I parted with Rogers at Ashbourne, and came home yesterday evening. I found Bessy by no means well, but the little thing in high spirits. We are both right glad to be quietly at home again. Nothing could equal the kind attentions of Lord M. and Lady Loudoun; the latter gave Bessy the most cordial advice about her health. The day we were coming away, Lord M. took me aside, and asked me in his own delicate manner about the state of my

pecuniary affairs; and when I told him that I had every prospect of being comfortable, he said, "I merely inquired with respect to any *present* exigence, as I have no doubt there will soon be a change in politics, which will set us all on our legs." This was very pleasant, as being a renewal of his pledge to me, though I fear the change he looks to is farther off than he thinks. Ever your own,
TOM.

I am afraid, on account of my *tour*, you will be stinted to *one letter* this week.

[No. 193.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Wednesday night, twelve o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I send you my last parting words. To-morrow morning we are off, and be assured that we leave some of our best recollections with *you*. Hall the carrier will take you your books on Saturday, and I hope they may arrive safe.

I am in your debt for my comforts the last winter, but I hope to pass through Leicester at no very distant period, when this and *higher matters* shall be settled between us.

I can scarcely see to write, so weary with the fatigues of packing, bill-paying, &c. &c. Bessy joins in best remembrances to you, with yours very truly,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 194.] TO EDWARD DALTON, ESQ.

Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—This evening we are off; and if you knew the demands I have had upon every thought and moment during the last week, you would not have written me so cross a letter. I did not *enumerate* to you the various obstacles there were to my going to Beau-Parc, because I thought you would give me credit for *wishing it heartily*, and for not allowing mere "laziness" or "want of stimulus," to prevent me. In the first place, there was my sister, who came up, at very great risk, to have a few days of us, before our departure. In the next place, there was little Power from London, full of fuss and fury, about Cymon, Sacred Melodies, his brother, &c. &c.; and in the last and chief place, there was my daily and hourly anxiety about our little girl, lest the efforts making to prepare her for the journey, by air and exercise, might

expose her to cold and bring on a relapse of the complaint. Notwithstanding all this, and the offence I knew it would give my sister, to leave her after the effort she had made to come out of a sick bed to take leave of us, your letter was in such a tone of accusation, that I had made up my mind to set off on Sunday for Beau-Parc (of which Corry and Joe Atkinson will be my witnesses), when the arrival of little Power from London on Saturday totally put it out of my power, and has made my last moments here one uninterrupted paroxysm of bustle, wrangling, and anxiety. Now that I have explained everything, I must say you owe me a kind and prompt atonement for the unreasonably angry tone of your last letter; and let me have it by return of post, directed to Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Be particular in telling me all about your health, and believe me, with best regards to Mrs. D., ever yours,
T. MOORE.

[No. 195.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Thursday, —, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—Just when I received your letter, and almost ever since, I have been occupied by a *job* which has taken up all my thoughts and time; but now I am free to think of goblets and flowers again, without the *amari aliquid* of business to embitter them; and the first thing I shall do will be your Charter Glee, if I can get time enough to anticipate that *consummation* of all Baviuses and Mœviuses—Mason. At all events, I will write the words; and even though they should not be time enough to get the dip in the *baptismal* font of your club, they will do for the ceremony of *confirmation*. I have not a moment now to say more. I am off to-morrow night to Donington, where I shall not, however, make any long stay.

The beginning of next week you shall have a *Plenipo* letter from me. Best remembrances to Mrs. D. from hers and yours ever and ever,
T. MOORE.

[No. 196.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to tell you that I arrived safe and sleepy yesterday morning, and to ask a thousand pardons for having left you so much in the style of a schemer, for

I find I did not even pay for my *washing*, and the salt-fish gave likewise *leg-bail* for itself; but I don't know which it was, my shortness of *time* or of *money*, that occasioned these oversights; whichever it was, I am sure you will forgive me.

I have found here a letter from your brother announcing to me the intelligence that he has had his little child christened *Thomas Moore*: what do you think of that? *Yours*, if a little girl, will of course be Miss *Melody Power*, to keep him in countenance.

I have found Bessy and the little thing *only* pretty well; but (notwithstanding you made me so comfortable) I am right glad to get back.

You shall soon have more Melodies. Ever
yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 197.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—I was in London when your letter arrived here, or it should have been answered sooner, and now and then I have been *dreaming* of answering it *in person* at Kilkenny; but it has been *only* dreaming, for the thing would be quite impracticable. I would not give a rush to go without taking Bessy with me, and that would be “double, double toil, and trouble,” which I never could attempt; besides, she is not in a portable state at present; but how I should have delighted to exchange places with the dear girl, and see her in the boxes and myself on the stage.

I, of course, saw a good deal of Stevenson in London, and, if he “in aught may be believed,” we may expect him down here to pass some days with us: he is as boyish and paradoxical as ever, and makes the grave matter-of-fact Englishmen stare wherever he goes. I have one or two *inert* subjects to play him off upon here, and expect a good deal of amusement from it. I see the run of Code's piece is already interrupted after only six or seven nights in sequence; indeed, but for the base abuse of Buonaparte, and the clap-trap allusions to the Spaniards, it could not have stood at all, for it is *pestilently bad*, and Stevenson's music is seldom at all worthy of him.

I had heard of your fame with the commissioners before you mentioned it, and heartily congratulate you not only upon your enjoyment of the *sweets* of place, but (much more)

upon your keeping yourself free from its *corruptions*. Every day more and more convinces me that there is but *one* right way of thinking upon political subjects, and that few take the wrong one who have not some flaw in their *hearts* as well as their *heads*. There was some faint negotiation, I believe, lately with Lord Moira, about the lord lieutenancy of Ireland; but he will not *always* be their dupe, and I only hope he may live long enough to prove, that, though he forgot himself, he has never forgot his country. I don't know whether I have written to you since Bessy and I were on a visit at Donington Park, but it would give you, I am sure, heartfelt pleasure to see the kind, the familiar, and cordial attentions with which both Lord Moira and Lady Loudoun treated her. Lady L. has written to her since she went to town, and there is a degree of good feeling and good taste in the unformal and hearty manner she writes, that will always make me both respect and love her; for she has with others the character of being cold and high, which makes her relaxation in this instance more amiable and well-intentioned.

I am flattered more than I can tell you, by Mrs. Dalton's anxiety to get the song I promised, and must tell you how truly flattered I felt at Stevenson's saying (when I sung him another I have done since), “How finely Olivia would sing that!” but, I fear, you must wait till you either see *them* in print, or *me* in Dublin; for I thought it but right to sound little Power with regard to the propriety of giving copies, and he did not seem to wish it. This must also be an answer to your request of a song for Kilkenny, though I doubt whether I have one that would suit your purpose.

Tell Power that I called on my *fellow-labourer* Cardon when I was in town, and was sorry to find that he had been very ill, and obliged to go to the country. If I have a right to make any request of the manager, it is that he will not too hastily determine this to be the last season: tell him this, and with my hearty good wishes to him and all his merry men, and a hope that I may be sometimes remembered over their claret, believe me, my dearest Dalton, ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

My Bessy's best regards to you and Mrs. Dalton.

[No. 198.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy has received your letter, and if you could witness the pleasure it gave both her and me, you would think it was the only one thing in this world which we wanted to make us *quite* happy; but there is still more wanting, and that is the delight of our being all together in love and quiet: and, please God! I trust that happiness is not very far distant; though on every account it would be imprudent of me to break in upon the leisure and profitable retirement I am enjoying at present. I shall let you pay the postage of this letter, as I shall not trouble Corry till my next. I feel a little compunction about him, as his letters do not go free; but their postage is all paid by the board. However, once or twice a week will not break the Great Linen Board of Ireland. You shall have a letter from Bessy herself with my next, but to-day she is very busy preparing for a tea and supper party which she gives to-morrow evening to some of the *Natives* here. I am much afraid that Lord Moira has ruined his reputation as a statesman. The only thing that can save him is (what I suppose he reckons upon) the present Ministry giving up the Catholic question; in which case he will, of course, go to Ireland. But if they deceive his hopes in this respect, I look upon him as a gone man with the Catholics, the country, and, what is worse, *himself*. I shall send a letter for Kate with my next packet. God bless my dearest mother and father. With the best love and duty of our hearts, believe me, ever your own,

TOM.

Love to dear Nell.

[No. 199.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, — 1812.

My dear Sir,—I suppose you have heard this (to me) very important news of Lord Moira's being appointed governor-general of India. Himself, Lady Loudoun, and the three eldest children are to sail in January next. What effect this will have upon *my* destinies I cannot at present conjecture, but it must be something very tempting indeed which would take me so far from all I have hitherto loved and cultivated. He could, of course, get me something at home by exchange of patronage, but

I cannot brook the idea of taking anything under the present men; and, therefore, it will be either *India* or *nothing* with me. If he goes off without me, which is most probable, all I have left for it is, hand in hand with you, to make my own independence, and, I trust, contribute to yours: there will be an end then to all expectation from patronage, and *our plan* will be the only object to attract all my attention and energy. I am at present, as you may suppose, in rather a fidgetting suspense, and shall be till my fate is decided one way or the other, which cannot be till I see Lord Moira himself, and he intends, I find, coming down here in a fortnight.

I inclose you the last letter I had from your brother. You perceive he still clings to the idea of separate deeds. Did you tell him I had written a poem to prefix to my picture? I am glad he is thinking of an engraving from it; and think it was not a bad plan to induce him to let us have it.

Bessy and I have been passing these five last days very merrily at the high sheriff's, eating turtle and turbot, singing, dancing, &c.

I am going to attack Savourna Deilish: it is a hazardous effort after Campbell, but I will put my shoulders to it. Best regards to Mrs. Power, from hers and yours ever,

T. MOORE.

[No. 200.]

FROM MISS GODFREY.

Nov. 2, 1812.

You may say what you will against it, but I maintain that there is nothing like my vituperative style (I return you your own hard word, not a bit the worse for wear, as I never made use of it since), for, after all, I am indebted to it for a very cross, scolding, amiable note, which all my former begging and praying, and humbly entreating, had not been able to extort from you. So I give you warning that I shall scold and growl without shame or remorse for the rest of my life, whenever I have any point to carry by it with you. And I recommend the same amiable practice to Bessy's consideration: if she does not rule you with an iron rod, woe be to her. We are all in great anxiety to know what the governor-general and commander-in-chief of India will do for you. Will he make you viceroy over him, or poet-laureate of all the Indies? But do tell us seriously whether he has said anything to

you, and whether you have any hopes or are forming any plans. Pray do not keep us long in suspense, as you know how impatient we shall be to hear. We earnestly hope he may not think of taking you to India with him, but that he may serve you, as I suppose he might do, by some exchange of patronage at home. In short, tell us all about it, and soon, or the *groul* shall begin again; for you know better than I can tell you, with what warm hearts we enter into all your hopes and fears; and I need not for ever repeat what you have so often heard, and so well believe. I think poor Lord Moira must go to his splendid banishment with a heart loaded with sorrows and regrets. At his time of life, giving up friends and country and old habits must be a painful effort, and nothing, in all probability but the ruined state of his affairs, and the disappointment he must feel from the Prince's conduct, could have decided him to accept of a place which he may suspect is given to him to get rid of him. If he were young, and had never hoped for place and power and distinction under a Prince for whom he has sacrificed so much, it would have been a very fine thing to have been commander-in-chief and governor-general of India; but as it is I pity him. How severely the Edinburgh Review treated him! Bab had a letter from Rogers some time since, dated from the Dunmore's: he seemed very much pleased with his tour * * I hope you are advancing in your poem, and that you are not refining its life and soul out. I wish we could hear it. I dare say it will be very beautiful. We heard of your being in London from Mr. Blachford. Why didn't you put yourself into the stage, and come here for a day or two? Our house is in so backward a state that we are afraid we must remain on here till after Christmas. Don't you think the mighty Buonaparte begins to tremble? What do you say to the success of Ministers in the elections? The Opposition have certainly lost ground with the people. I am with the people upon the occasion, and am quite come round to Ministers. I wish you would come round with me; there is no use in sticking to a set of men who can't play their own game. As you said nothing about Bessy's health in your last, we hope she is quite well. Please say very kind things to her. Farewell. Let us hear very soon from you. God bless you!

M. G.

[No. 201.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Friday, Nov. 6, 1812.

I take the opportunity of an inclosure to Lord Glenverbie to say a word or two in answer to my dear Mary's letter, which I received yesterday. I have, as yet, had no communication whatever from Lord Moira on the subject of his appointment, which proves at least that he has no idea of taking me with him, because little men require some time for preparation as well as great men, and he is to sail the beginning of January. Neither do I think it very probable (eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers who surround him) that he will be able to procure me anything at home worth my acceptance: what's more, if he *were* able, I doubt whether I would accept it. My reasons for this another time. But, notwithstanding my expectations are so far from sanguine, I cannot help feeling a good deal of anxiety till the thing is determined one way or other.

Poor Lord Moira! his good qualities have been the ruin of him.

"Que les vertus sont dangereuses
Dans un homme sans jugement."

They must keep him out of the reach of all Indian *princes*, or the Company's rights will be in a bad way. A shake by the hand from a *tawny* prince-regent, and a plume of *heron's feathers* to wear upon birthdays, would go near to endanger our empire in India. This is too severe, but it is *wrung* from me by his criminal gullibility to such a — as the Prince.

I have not a moment more to lay about me at my friends, or *you* should come in for a lash or two. Do you think you ever do? No, by the pure and holy flame of friendship, *never!* And so good-by to both of you. Ever your attached,

T. M.

[No. 202.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have heard nothing more about Lord Moira's plans yet; his stay in India is to be but three years, and I should hope that that time will be sufficient to bring his finances round again. I have had a letter from the Donegals, full of anxiety about *my* hopes and views upon the subject. I do not

think myself that Lord Moira (eaten up as his patronage must be by the hungry pack of followers he has about him) will be able to offer me anything of that importance that would tempt me to go so far from home; but, certainly, if he offered me any place of great emolument, I do not think I should be just either to myself or any of those who depend upon me to refuse it. In this, however, my darling mother, I shall consult *your* wishes first and chiefly. You will never find me otherwise than your obedient and affectionate Tom: and though I took *one* important step of my life without consulting you, it was one which I knew you would approve when it could be explained to you; and you shall always guide me as you did when I was a baby at your apron-string.

My good Bessy is quite at my disposal in everything, though naturally not without her fears of the unknown seas and distant regions. I shall let you know the moment I hear anything.

We are quite anxious about poor Kate. Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

[No. 203.] FROM LORD MOIRA.

London, Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—The inference you drew from my acceptance of the appointment to India was too just. The Catholic claims,—I write confidentially—if they cannot be overborne, are to be baffled. I can take no part in such a system: and it is to me desirable to be out of the way when the unavoidable consequences of such policy should break forth. I could not support the Prince against my principles and my feelings; it would be the extreme of distress to me to go into ranks hostile to him; and I could not hope that I should be suffered to remain in any retreat. It is better I should escape these difficulties. I have undertaken my task as a military engagement; the functions of governor-general being, in truth, expletive to the other. No negotiation upon it passed between me and Ministers; and it is only within a week that I have had the formal visits of those whose offices give them interference with the business. I told them that if the Catholic question came forward before my departure, as would probably be the case, it would have the most energetic support I could

give it: to which they answered it was only what they took for granted.

We shall be at the Park next week: in the beginning of it, if a severe cold of Lady Loudoun's shall not hinder travelling so soon. Present my compliments to Mrs. Moore; and believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

[No. 204.]

TO MR. POWER.

Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have but just got your letter, and have only time to say; that if you can let me have but three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence. Ever, with most sincere good-will, the penniless,

T. M.

[No. 205.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

—1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have heard nothing more since I wrote last. The newspapers have all had it that I am going to India, and some of them have been kind enough to give me a salary of four thousand a-year. I believe, however, the fact is, what was in the Morning Chronicle of yesterday, that Lord Moira has not yet made any appointments. We expect him down here every day; and then all uncertainty will be cleared up. In the meantime, my darling mother, I think you need not have the slightest dread of my being tempted out to India, as I am quite sure Lord M. will not be able (even if he be willing) to offer me anything important enough to justify me in submitting to such banishment. I wish he would only let me live at the Park while he is away, and I should be satisfied. However, there is no speculating upon what he will do till I see him, and it is as likely as anything that he will *do nothing*.

We are still very anxious about Kate. My Bessy is much better, and the little thing breasts this frosty weather as hardy and rosy as a young winter-cherub, if there be such an animal. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 206.]

TO MR. POWER.

Langley Priory, Thursday, Nov. 18, 1812.

My dear Sir,—It was most ungracious of me to send you such a hurried and begging scrawl as I did yesterday, after receiving such letters from you as never had their equal for kindness and solidity of friendship; but the truth is we have been kept on a visit at a house where we have been much longer than I wished or intended, and simply from not having a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away. So I know you will forgive my teasing you—and now to return to your letters with respect to my India hopes. I cannot at all express to you how deeply, and *thoroughly*, I feel the prompt and liberal kindness which you have shown on this occasion; I shall *never* forget it. I do not think it at all probable, however, that I shall have to draw upon the rich *Bank of Friendship* I possess in you; for Lord Moira's not having sent me any communication as yet shows, that at all events he does not look to taking me out with him in any situation, for such an intention would require my being apprised of it in time to prepare. However, he is expected here on Monday, and I shall then know all.

My being here at a distance from my manuscripts makes it impossible for me to send you any inclosure, but as soon as I return, I shall attack business industriously again.

You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret—drinking longer than I wish, and merely *because* I have not a shilling in my pocket—but however paradoxical it sounds, it is true. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours, my dear sir,

THOMAS MOORE.

You will not get this till Saturday, but I dare say between this and then I shall hear from you.

[No. 207.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, ——— 1812.

Your contribution of ten pounds came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement, and pay about a month's house expenses at home. I gained one point beside the turtle at the High Sheriff's; for upon my singing one song that pleased him very much, he said, "By God! I'll exempt you from the militia to-morrow;"

and he did accordingly, on the next day (which was the meeting for the purpose), with "*military commission*," under my statement with respect to Bermuda, and I am exempt. I had a long letter from Lord Moira on Friday last, and (what you will think very extraordinary) there was not a single word in it about me, or any *expectations* I might have from him. It was merely and solely to explain to me *why* he had taken the appointment, the little negotiation he had with Ministers upon the subject (it being the act entirely of the Prince), *the utter hopelessness of justice being done to Ireland*, and his own determination, expressed to Ministers, to give the Catholic cause his most energetic support if it should be brought on before his departure. All this elaborate explanation shows not only his own sensibility upon the subject, but certainly proved very flatteringly the anxiety he felt with respect to my good opinion of his conduct. I cannot, however, but think it very singular that, after the renewed pledges and promises he made me so late as the last time he was here, he should not give the remotest hint of either an intention, or even a wish, to do anything for me. I shall be exceedingly mortified, indeed, if he should go away without giving me an opportunity of at least *refusing* something, which is most probably the way I would treat any offer he could make me; but I should like to have at least this gratification. However, as he tells me at the end of his letter that he will be here the beginning of this week, I must suspend all further opinion till he comes. For one reason, however, I shall most heartily rejoice at his appointment, and that is, for its having brought forth your friendship, my dear sir, and exhibited it to me in such fulness of heart, as was never before surpassed. I return you your letters. With respect to "Fortune may frown," I shall like to talk to Stevenson about it: but if he is determined not to come down, we must only let it take its chance. By-the-bye, you mentioned his saying "that it could not be better." Had you it to show him, or have I it? I shall make a search to-day, and shall let you know more about it in my next. I like the way he has done the songs you sent very much. You may place them just as you please, putting the grave and gay alternately, and I think you had better begin with "Oh, the Shamrock!" or, if you like better, "The

Minstrel Boy." I should like to reserve for the last places (in the hope that we may get something better), "The Valley lay smiling," "One Bumper at Parting," and "Oh! had I a bright little Isle." I object to the latter for its music only, as the words are among my happiest, but the air is not elegant. The deficient line in "If e'er I forget Thee," is "That e'en the past errors of boyhood may be."

The following is the second verse of "Oh! see those Cherries?"—

"Old Time thus fleetly his course is running,
(If bards were not mortal, how maids would go wrong),
And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
Would wither if left on their rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou'rt lovely, e'en I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad:
But, oh! delay not, we bards are too cunning
To sigh for *old* beauties, when young may be had."

Yours ever, my dear sir, most faithfully,
THOMAS MOORE.

All I say to you about Lord M. is, of course, in confidence.

[No. 208.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, ——— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Moira arrived at the Park yesterday evening, and I am just now preparing to call upon him, so that we soon shall be put out of suspense, though I have made up my mind pretty well to expecting *very little*. Captain Thompson, an old American comrade of his, has been appointed private secretary; and that, you know, was the place which all my friends would have it, right or wrong, was to be mine. Indeed, when I say, I expect *very little*, I mean that I expect *nothing*; for, as he disclaims all connection with Ministers, there is nothing to be looked for to his interest with them, even if I were inclined to wish that he should exert it for me; and, as to India, he will offer me no situation important enough to tempt me to emigrate to such a distance; so that I am most likely to remain as I am; and, please God! there is no fear of me.

We are so anxious about Kate. Bessy is even more than I, for she has a deep horror of what Kate has to go through. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 209.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, ——— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have as yet only seen Lord Moira for a moment; he was shoot-

ing in his fields, and merely said, "You see a school-boy taking his holiday;" and he must be most happy to get a little repose and relaxation after London.

We were so delighted to hear of darling Kate's happy delivery. God send they may both continue well!

I am just now setting off with Sir John Stevenson (who came down to me, accompanied by Power, on Tuesday) for a concert and ball at Leicester.

I am quite sure Lord Moira will do nothing whatever for me. Your own, *own*,

TOM.

[No. 210.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, ——— 1812.

I have but just time to tell you that I have at last had an interview with Lord Moira. He has fought very shy of me ever since he came here. I had heard that he had nothing left to give, the Royal Family having *put upon him* three clerks, the only remaining places of his household that he had to dispose of; so that I was well prepared for what occurred between us. He began by telling me that he "had not been *oblivious* of me—had not been *oblivious* of me!" After this devil of a word there was but little heart or soul to be expected from him. He was sorry, however, to add that all the Indian patronage he was allowed to exercise *here* was already exhausted; if, however, on his going to India, he should find anything worth my going out for, he would let me know. In the meantime, he had a right to expect that Ministers would serve his friends here, in exchange for what he could do to serve their friends in India, and that he would try to get something for me through this channel. To this I replied, that, "from *his hands* I should always be most willing to accept anything, and that perhaps it might yet be in his power to serve me; but that I begged he would not take the trouble of applying for me to the patronage of Ministers, as I would rather struggle on as I was than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."

Thus the matter rests, and such is the end of my long-cherished hopes from the Earl of Moira, K. G. &c. He has certainly not done his duty by me: his *manner*, since his appointment, has been even worse than his deficien-

cies of *matter*; but (except to such friends as you) I shall never complain of him. He served my father when my father much wanted it, and he and his sister took my dear Bessy by the hand most cordially and seasonably; for all this I give him complete absolution; and, as to disappointment, I feel but little of it, as his late conduct had taught me not to rely much upon him.

If you can read this, you will be very ingenious; I shall write more legibly very soon; and, with best love to my dearest Mary, I am ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 211.]

TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 4, 1812.

My dear Sir,—Stevenson left us this morning, and we had great difficulty indeed in getting all his distracted commodities together for him. He copied out, "Oh, fair! oh, purest!" yesterday, and wrote rather a pretty glee to some words I selected for him. He also tried a song to Rogers's "Once more, enchanting Girl;" but he failed in it completely. I had not the least idea that the Spanish things had not been done by him in town, and therefore was careless about looking over them with him, knowing how little they required; but upon examining them since he went away, I find they are just in the same state as when I wrote them. I must, therefore, send him the only two of them that will want correction. We dined at my friend the rector's yesterday, which took up almost all of the little time we had after your departure.

On Saturday I was equally unlucky at Lord Moira's as on the former day. Lord M. was out shooting, and Lady Loudoun ill; but this morning he has *at last* written me a note, expressing his expectation that I would have stayed and dined last week; and sending us a large basket of hares, venison, pea-fowl, &c. We regretted it did not come while you were here to share it with us; the more so, as this basket of game is all, I am sure, I shall ever get from his lordship. I hope you found Mrs. Power well. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 212.]

TO MR. POWER.

Kegworth, ——— 1812.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your *truly eloquent* letter. I have since written to Lord Moira (in order to put the matter upon rec-

ord) the substance of what I said to him, and have added that, with respect to his promise of letting me know if anything good should occur in India, I must beg he would dismiss *that too* entirely from his thoughts, as it was too late in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and that I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. Between ourselves, my dear friend, I have not so much merit in these refusals as I appear to have, for I could see very plainly, through Lord Moira's manner, that there was very little chance of his making any proper exertion for me whatever, and, putting conscience out of the question, policy itself suggested to me that I might as well have the merit of declining what it was quite improbable would ever have been done for me. After this, what do you think of his lordship? I cannot trust myself with speaking of the way he has treated me. Gratitude for the past ties up my tongue.

I certainly never wrote a second verse to Mrs. Ashe's song; but here is one fresh from the mint, and not bad either:

"If haply these eyes have a soul underneath,
By whose flame their expression is lighted;
A mind that will long like an evergreen breathe,
When the flower of the features is blighted,
And if soul be the tie of those fetters of bliss,
Which last when all others are breaking;
Oh! talk not of beauty—but love me for this,
And I'll think of you sleeping and waking;
Dear youth!
I will think of you sleeping and waking."

If I had had the air I might perhaps have suited the words to it better. Let these words be copied correctly, and call the song "I'll think of you sleeping and waking." "Savourna Deilish" is on the anvil. You shall have it this week.

I have had another letter with another proposal from your brother, but there is no time now to enter upon it. When I write next, you shall know it. Ever yours, with best regards and anxious wishes for Mrs. P.,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have got a tolerably pretty air out of Crotch's book for the Melodies, which I have *half written* words to.

[No. 213.]

TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, Dec. 21, 1812.

My dear Sir,—The above is the air from Crotch, and it has puzzled me more than any

air we have had since the commencement of the Melodies, except perhaps the "Fairy Queen." It is to be sure a most irregular strain. The only way I could get over the difficulty was by those convenient triple rhymes, "Wearily," &c.; but I find it very hard to find ones equally tripping and graceful for the second verse. The above has taken me four days in twisting and altering, and I am yet far from satisfied. I mean it as the song of a *Leprechaun*; little Irish fairies, you know, that will stay as long as one looks at them, but the moment you look aside they are off. My next shall certainly be "Savourna Deilish," and then *Lochaber*, which Crotch gives as an Irish air. If the Tyrolese air be not in hand, pray let Mr. Bennison alter the melody to the way I had it originally (see at the bottom of the music lines on the other side): as, though, I took Stevenson's advice in changing it for the glee, I feel it is much more characteristic for the song as I had it at first.

I had a very pleasant and good-natured letter from Stevenson in answer to mine. He says he hopes to meet me in London in March. I mean to send him the two Spanish airs to Ireland, if you have no objection, as he has promised to send them back by *return of post*. I did not like venturing them to Sandbach till I knew he was there, and then it was too late.

I shall be much obliged by your sending the Quarterly Review with the parcel you are making up, and pray send to Carpenter for my Edinburgh one, and let it come too. You will find I shall be very busy in my vocation from this on't, and few weeks, if *any*, shall pass, without your seeing some proofs of my activity. I do not forget the four original songs I have to do yet, but I suppose you will not be very angry if you do not get them till January: *you* are always in *advance*, and *I*, alas! in *arrears*; but time will make all even. Yours ever, with best regards to Mrs. P.,

THOS. MOORE.

[No. 214.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Friday, ——— 1812.

My dear Dalton,—I am quite distressed at the serious tone in which you speak of my silence. I flattered myself that you were so sure of your place in my heart and mind, that

however you might be angry with me (and I own deservedly so) for not writing to you on this occasion, you would impute it to anything but the *least little* shade of change in my most fixed and never-altering regard for you. A cloud or two should not make the barometer sink, and it will not be *my* fault if it does not remain up to *clear, settled, sunshiny* weather between you and me for ever. I have written to two persons on the subject of my interview with Lord Moira (Bryan and P. Crampton), and I should not have *repeated* the detail to the *latter*, if I did not know that the two channels had no sort of communication with each other, and that they would each serve as a conduit for the statement in very opposite directions. I most heartily hate a dry repetition of "says he" and "says I," and it is entirely my wish that all my friends should know the particulars. Even now, my dearest Dalton, all I shall do is to refer *you* to one of the above channels or conduits; Bryan's pipe, I believe, being nearest to you. My writing so soon to Bryan upon the subject arose from his having launched a most wrongful sarcasm at me for a flourishing little tirade which I gave him in one of my letters about the unambitious happiness of my present life, and the independence I felt of all places, princes, and patrons. To this he answered by asking me, "whether the grapes were not rather sour?" This was before Lord Moira had the least prospect of coming into power; and though I had perfectly made up my mind as to what should be my conduct on such an event, I did not like to boast any further of a virtue which was so little likely to be put to the test. As soon, however, as I had done what I thought right, I felt, I own, a little impatient to give my very best *practical* refutation of Bryan's sarcasm, and hence arose my speedy communication to him. You need not mention to him my telling you this. I have no doubt he meant it sincerely, and even kindly, though certainly his letter in approbation of what I *have done* is much slower in coming than his suspicion of what I *would* do. As to Crampton, my letter to him was in answer to a very anxious and urgent inquiry which he wrote to me on the subject. So now, my dear Dalton, I hope I have explained enough to convince you, that it is not from any *preference* of others for my confidential communications,

that the circumstances, should have reached you from anybody but myself.

I am happy to tell you that Lord Moira has shown no disapprobation whatever of the tone in which I have thought it right to decline his interest for me with Ministers; so far from it, I have within these few days received a present from him of fifteen dozen of excellent wine. Tell Stevenson this. I know he will be glad to hear that my threatened abandonment of the black-strap is deferred a little longer.

I mean to be in town about April or May to pass a month. If you will let me know your movements in time, I shall shape mine to meet them. Bessy expects to be confined in February, and as soon as she is well enough to be left alone, it is my intention to go to town.

I most anxiously wish to hear (and so does Bessy) that your dear Olivia is well over her crisis. Stevenson *did* seem to like my wife, and it shows his taste, for she is a girl "*comme il y en a peu*."

I don't see why you should not come and take me up here in your way to London. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 215.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, Dec., 1812.

My dearest Mother,—We have been very much affected, indeed, by poor Kate's loss; and the only consolation we can either feel or suggest, is its having occurred before the poor child could have taken any more than its natural hold upon her affections. A little time hence it would have been a sad loss indeed, as we can well feel when we look at little Barbara, whose rosy cheeks, however, and dancing eyes, forbid us, thank Heaven! to have any such apprehensions.

The Moiras set off for town yesterday; they called here in passing, and Lady Londoun was very kind, indeed, to Bessy. Lord M. told me he had given orders for game, &c., to be brought to me; and Lady L. made me a present of a book, which she recollected me expressing a wish for about five or six months ago, with her own name in it. I was glad of all this for one reason, because I had written Lord Moira a letter since I saw him last, repeating the substance of what I had said in our interview; and, also, begging him to dismiss from

his mind, as I should from *mine*, his promise with respect to considering of a place for me in India, as it was *too late* in the day for me to go on *expecting*, and I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. The letter, though written respectfully and gratefully, was in a tone which he must have felt a good deal, and which, therefore, I thought might possibly displease him; but, if it did, he concealed it, and was full of kindness.

My chief uneasiness at the misfortune that has happened at home, dearest mother, is the shock that it has given you, and my fears that it may hurt you; but, for God's sake, let no such circumstance rob us of one moment of your dear health or happiness.

I hope my father got my letter desiring him to draw upon Power in the Strand (Mr. James Power, 34 Strand), for twenty-five or thirty pounds, whichever he chooses, or indeed, for the whole fifty, if necessary; but I rather think I shall be able to send him the remainder in cash about the beginning of January. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 216.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother.—I had a very kind letter from Rogers on Sunday, enclosed in one from Lord Byron. Rogers has seen a good deal of Lord Moira, and gives a lamentable account of his low spirits, and the sort of self-consciousness of failure there hangs about him. I pity him most sincerely. Rogers tells me that he hears nothing but praises of my conduct; which is very pleasant to be told, though I want nothing but my own heart and conscience to tell me I have acted rightly.

Dalby went up to London yesterday to take leave of the Moiras: I believe, only for Bessy's state, I should have paid them the same mark of respect myself. Good by, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

Our little Barbara is growing very amusing. She (what they call) *started* yesterday in walking; that is, got up off the ground by herself, and walked alone to a great distance, without any one near her. Bessy's heart was almost flying out of her mouth all the while with fright, but I held her away, and would not let her assist the young adventurer.

[No. 217.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, ——— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the proofs, &c. and shall make a parcel of them to-morrow for you, with “Merrily oh!” The alteration I wish in the latter is not of much consequence; indeed, though the other is the real and most characteristic melody, I rather think the way it *is* will be most easy and popular. I shall also send you to-morrow a very pretty Sicilian air, which I met with this last week, and which turned me aside from my Melodies. The words are at the other side, and I hope you will like them.

Bessy is in expectation of a letter to-day announcing the happy result of Mrs. Power’s Christmas-box. She thanks you very much for the music.

You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone. To take her would be too expensive; and, indeed, it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition*, which will do more service to the sale of the songs than a whole year’s advertising.

I have a plan when I return to London *for good* (that is for our grand project) which I hinted once to you, and which cannot fail to make money, both by *itself* and the publication that will result from it,—which is a series of lectures upon poetry and music, with specimens given at the pianoforte by myself; very *select* you know, by subscription among the highest persons of fashion: it would do wonders. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 218.] TO MR. POWER.

Friday, ——— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I dare say you will be surprised at not hearing from me so long, but the truth is I have been *stealing* a week or ten days from you to do a little job,* which I think will get me out of Carpenter’s debt, and, if I

* In the year 1813, Mr. Moore published the “Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag.” The dedication to “Stephen Woolriche, Esq.,” is dated the 4th of March of that year. The work is reprinted in the collection published by Longman of Mr. Moore’s Poetical Works. It is full of fun and humour, without ill-nature.

can make a good bargain with him, put money in my pocket. I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few *new ones* to them for publication. I publish them, of course, anonymously, and you must keep my secret. Carpenter being the Prince’s bookseller, is afraid to publish them himself, but gets some one else. I am much mistaken if they do not make a little noise. What a pity it is that such things do not come from *our book-shop* in the *Strand*, but *these* would not *keep*, and there is no fear but I shall find *more* against that is opened. I consider every little reputation I can make, my dear sir, as going towards the fund I am to throw into our establishment, and though I shall, of course, *deny* the trifles I am now doing, yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.

In the mean time I have not been idle in the musical way, but have an original song nearly ready for you, and after I have dispatched my politics, you shall see what a fertile month I shall make February. I would not have turned aside for my present job, only that I found I had a little time over, and that, indeed (as I have already said), everything that I can get fame by tells towards our future prospects; it is like establishing a credit.

We were of course delighted to hear of Mrs. Power’s safe arrival of a boy; we had been indeed sincerely and unaffectedly anxious about her.

I shall send your copy of Walker’s answer when I have something to send with it; or do you want it immediately?

What I enclose for Carpenter is the beginning of my squibs. It is to be called “Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag.”

Will you find out for me how many ponies Lady B. Ashley gave the Princess Charlotte; or, at least, how many the latter drives. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 219.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, ——— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am sending a good many letters off to-day, and have only time to say God bless you. I got my darling father’s letter yesterday, and am delighted to find that you are recovering your fatigue and anxiety. My poor uncle Garret! I had a letter from

him about six weeks ago, asking me to get his two sons out in Lord Moira's suite.

My cold is quite well, and poor Bessy, though she gets but little sleep at night, is keeping up pretty well. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 220.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I had a long letter yesterday from Rogers, who is returned from his northern tour. He says, with reference to my interview with Lord Moira, "You have acted, my dear Moore, quite nobly and like yourself." He assigns a number of excuses for Lord Moira's conduct, which indeed are all very just; and even what I most complained of (the shyness and distance he kept with me) appears to Rogers, and even now to myself, as the very natural result of his inability. Rogers has told Lord Holland the circumstances, who thinks of it all as we do.

Bessy is doing I think very well now: much better.

[No. 221.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We got my darling father's letter a day or two ago, and Bessy was delighted at its being such a long one. I am almost sorry that you are letting poor Kilmainham Lodge, and I would enter my protest against it, only that I think, by getting into town, your spirits, my dearest mother, will have a much better chance of being kept alive. As to paying me back any of what you have had, don't think about it; when I want it *very badly*, I will tell you. I forgot, in my two or three last letters, to ask of my father what was the date of the bill he drew upon Carpenter. Let him write to tell me on receipt of this, and not mind paying postage at any time.

You shall have immediate intelligence when poor Bessy is over her confinement. We have had repeated letters from Stevenson's friend, Mrs. Ready, of the most *cordial* description. She is within forty or fifty miles of us, and is very earnest indeed in her invitations to us to go there. Nothing could be more seasonable than her invitation, for I wanted exactly just such a quiet place to leave Bessy at when I go to town. There are people enough immediately

near us that would be too glad to have her, but there is not one of them without some objections, except the Peach's at Leicester, and they, I believe, will be away from home. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 222.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—Having *broke the neck* of my job for Carpenter, I am returning to my other pursuits, and yesterday wrote a little song, which I hope you will think pretty. I shall give you the words at the other side, and you shall have the air on Friday.

Walter Scott's *Rokeby* has given me a renewal of courage for my poem, and once I get it brilliantly off my hands, we may do what we please in literature afterwards. Rogers's criticisms have twice upset all I have done, but I have fairly told him he shall see it no more till it is finished. Did you ever see much worse songs than those in *Rokeby*? Ever yours, my dear sir, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"The brilliant black eye
May, in triumph, let fly
Its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Tho' it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em,
Dear Jessy.

2.

"The black eye may say,
'Come and worship my ray;
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says from under its lid,
'I love, and am yours if you love me!
Dear Jessy.

3.

"Oh! tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
No soft trace of its tint I discover?
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said 'No' to a lover?
Dear Jessy."

mJm

[No. 223.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—As I shall have a pretty large packet to send to-morrow for Lady Donegal through my old Woodman, I write *now* in an-

swer to yours of yesterday. I should have sent you the music of "The brilliant black eye" on Friday, but I found I had put it in the wrong time, and have been obliged to copy it over again. You shall have it next Friday, with another I am about.

From the state of my poem, and the industry I mean to carry it on with this year, I think we need not look to a more distant period than next year (1814) for the commencement of our book-concern; as the poem (if it succeeds well enough to encourage you to the undertaking) will be the last thing I shall put out of my own hands. I should like, therefore, with your permission, to make the *Dictionary of Music* my object this year, for two reasons, first, because, being prose, it will enable me to give my fancy more undistractedly to my poem; and secondly, because, being a kind of mixed work, between literature and music, it would be a good thing to begin with, and would slide us quietly from your present business into the other. All this, however, we shall discuss more fully together in April, and in the mean time I shall continue to make my notes and preparations for the Dictionary.

Bessy still up. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 224.] TO MR. POWER.

My dear Sir,—I send you the "Rose Tree," which are the prettiest words I've written for some time; also, the Finland air.

Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 225.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to enclose a little duet, and to say that I have been disappointed in not hearing from you for so long a time. I told you a little *fib* about the Examiner; and the reason was (as I had not seen the paper) I had no idea he would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to you; that is, "Little Man and little Soul," the *only squib* I have sent Perry since I left town. The other thing about Sir J. Murray is *not mine*; and, bad as the former one is, I am sorry still more he could impute such a

dull thing to me as this parody on Sir J. Murray's letter; there is hardly one bit of fun throughout it. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 226.]

TO MISS DALBY.

Tuesday, March 16, 1813.

My dear *Mary*,—About six o'clock this morning my Bessy produced a little girl about the size of a twopenny wax doll.* Nothing could be more favourable than the whole proceeding, and the mamma is now eating buttered toast and drinking tea, as if nothing had happened. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

I have been up all night, and am too fagged to write more.

[No. 227.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I have written to Corry to send me a piece of Irish linen, and, by whatever opportunity he sends it, you can let me have my Boileau that Kate left, and some of my other books, particularly the three volumes of Heyne's *Virgil*: he will let you know, I dare say, when he finds the opportunity.

I enclosed a dispatch for my Bermuda deputy to Croker yesterday, to send out for me. I was glad to see a pretty good list of ships taken the other day, but I find the admiral and squadron have gone there later this year than ever they did before, which was very uncivil of them.

Little Bab is somewhat restless with her eye-teeth, but is otherwise quite well. Poor Bessy is very weak, but is altogether much better than she was with Barbara. Ever your own,

TOM.

Do you get my two letters a-week regularly?

[No. 228.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—As I gave you a long letter last time, I may the better put you off with a short one now, particularly as I have so many to write this morning.

Bessy is getting on amazingly, and already looks better than she has done for a long time;

* Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth, March 16, 1813.

indeed, she says she has not felt so well since her marriage.

I do not know whether I told you that our worthy friend the rector has offered to be godfather to the little girl: it was his own free offer, and is a very flattering testimony of his opinion of us. Ever your own, Tom.

I suppose Lord Moira is off. Carlo Doyle has sent me, as a keepsake, four very pretty volumes of French music.

[No. 229.]

TO MR. POWER.

March 23, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the proofs yesterday, and shall send them back under cover to Lord Glenbervie to-morrow. You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had (with many hours of thought and *glove tearing*) purposed to insert in the vacant place, displeased me when I wrote them down yesterday, and I am still at work for better. Such is the *easy* pastime of poetry! You shall have four more Melodies ready this week, so that you will not be delayed for me. I agree with Stevenson in not very much liking the air from Crotch, but I cannot at all understand why your brother, when he communicated this piece of intelligence, did not send a better air in its stead from his boasted Connemara stock. Perhaps some will come with the proofs: if so, for God's sake! lose no time in sending them, as I again say I am far from satisfied with the number as it is.

You are very good to think so much about poor Bessy.

It was my intention to ask of you and Mrs. Power to do us the favour of standing sponsors for the little girl, as it would create a *kind* of relationship between us, and draw closer (if they require it) those ties which, I trust, will long keep us together. But I am obliged to confine the request to Mrs. Power, and leave you for some future and (I hope) very-far-off little child; for our rector, Doctor Parkinson, very kindly *offered*, of himself, to be godfather, and it is such a very flattering tribute of his good opinion to us, that I could not hesitate in accepting it. I have a long letter to write to you about my schemes for going to town; my heart almost failed me about it; but it appears to me so very *useful a measure* for the *concern*, that, after much fidgetting consideration of the subject, I have devised a plan, which I think

will enable me to do it without much distressing any of us.

I am afraid the Post Bag will not do. It is impossible to make things *good* in the very little time I took about that, and Carpenter, with his usual greediness, has put a price on it far beyond what it is worth; so that, I suppose, it will go to sleep. I have, however, taken pretty good care, in the preface, to throw it off my shoulders, and the only piece of waggery I shall ever be guilty of again is a Collection of Political Songs to Irish airs, which, you know, I mentioned once to you, and which I should like very much to do. Your brother would be afraid to display them in Dublin, I think; but what say you? More to-morrow. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No 230.]

TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the Melodies yesterday evening, and am very well satisfied with the whole *number*, except (and it is a dreadful exception) the air of "Oh! doubt me not," which is played the very deuce with by the omission of Stevenson's flat B. As it stands now, it is quite disgraceful to him and all of us, and it is by no means my fault. I asked Mr. Benison indeed *whether* it would do with the omission of the flat, but I left the decision entirely to him, without examining the music myself, and he ought to have known enough to see that the air and harmony agree together like cat and dog, as they are at present. One ought to leave nothing to another's eye, but I am always too diffident of my own opinion in the musical part. Now we are in this scrape, however, you must be industrious in getting out of it, and the flat must be put in with a pen in every copy you send out, and if you could recall those that are gone for the purpose of correction, it would be advisable. The flat must be marked at the words "season" and "reason," and in the accompaniment of the fourth bar, where it occurs with C. This latter correction must be made too in the second voice of the duet. There is an F to be made *sharp* too in the single voice setting, at the words "only shook." It was Stevenson's devilish whim of putting in the flat that originally made all this bungling, and it departs so much from the true setting of the air, that I

really think it would be right to have a little slip printed with an explanation of the whole mistake, which you can insert in binding, or let lie between the leaves of those that are bound. Write me word immediately whether you think it worth while, and I will send it off to you by the next morning's post.

We got the parcel too late last night for me to look over the airs till this morning, or I should not have let a post pass without apprising you of this mistake.

God bless you, my dear friend. Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

[No. 231.] TO HIS MOTHER..

Tuesday, March, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

* * * * *

You know it was this day week she lay in. Well, on Sunday morning last, as I was at breakfast in my study, there came a tap at the room-door and in entered Bessy, with her hair in curl, and smiling as gaily as possible. It quite frightened me, for I never heard of any one coming downstairs so soon, but she was so cheerful about it, that I could hardly scold her, and I do not think she has in the least suffered for it. She said she could not resist the desire she had to come down and see how her crocuses and primroses before the window were getting on.

My father's letter yesterday gave us great pleasure.

I am sending notice of quitting, to my landlord, this month. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 232.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Thursday night, 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I write this over night, because I am obliged to go early in the morning to Donington Park, as I want to consult the library for many things before we set off. Only think of my anonymous book: it goes into the *fifth* edition on Saturday or Monday. This puts me quite at ease about the money my father has had, and I *insist* that he will dismiss it entirely from his mind. Little *Statia* went through her christening very well, and we had the rector, curate, and Mary Dalby to dinner afterwards. You have, of course, long perceived that they are both, Barbara and she, *little Protestants*.

I have great hopes that this will be a prosperous year with me, and that I shall gradually be able to get rid of all my debts. Mrs. Ready (who seems to be a most warm-hearted person), upon my writing to her that we were quitting our house, and meant to look out for a pleasanter one and a cheaper, wrote back that she was most happy to hear it, and that we need not look further than Oakhanger Hall (her place) for a residence, that she was fitting up half of the house to receive us, and that we *must* make it our home as long as we lived in the country. Was not this unexampled kindness? She also offered herself as sponsor to the little child, and begged we would defer the christening till we came to her, when their son-in-law, the new dean of Exeter (who, with his wife, is to meet us there) would perform it; but this was impossible, as we had already godfathers, godmothers, and parson provided.

There never was anything like the rapid sale of my Post Bag. There was great praise of it in a very clever paper of Sunday last, which, if it is not gone astray, I will send you in the morning. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 233.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send the proofs; and, by the next time of my enclosing, I shall have four Melodies more for you. In order to give you a little idea of the difficulty I have in pleasing myself, I have written down at the top of the proof as many of the *rejected* couplets as I could remember; they are *not one third* of those I have manufactured for the purpose; so that you see I do not *write* songs quite as easily as our friend the Knight composes them. Tear off these lines before you send them to the printer.

With respect now to my going to town, I must first premise, that it is chiefly from my persuasion of your wishing it very much that I am so anxious to effect it; because, though of course there is nothing I should like myself much better, yet, in the present state of my resources, I should consider it proper (if only my own *gratification* were concerned) to sacrifice my wishes to prudence; and, understand me, my dear sir, I say this, not from any vulgar idea of enhancing, or making a compliment of my going; I hope you think me too sensi-

ble to have any such silly notion ; but it is for the purpose of impressing on your mind how much I *begin* to set *business*, and the interests of *our concern*, above every other consideration, either of pleasure or convenience. In this respect I hope and feel that you will find me improve every year.

Now you know it has always been my intention to give notice to my landlord this month, and Mrs. Ready (Stevenson's friend) has given us so many and such pressing invitations to pass the summer with her, that I mean to take her at her word ; and indeed am quite happy to have such a place to leave Bessy in while I am in town, for she would not like staying at home (besides the saving of house expense while she is out), and there are objections to every one of the places to which she has been invited in this neighbourhood. So that the offer of such a quiet, goodly retreat as Ready's is every way convenient. What do you think of this ? Having arranged all this, you will observe there will be left scarcely two months of my remaining six, to occupy this house ; and my idea is, before we start, to sell off whatever furniture we do not mean to move, to employ the intervening time in looking out for a house both cheaper and pleasanter elsewhere ; and so to have done with this entirely. I have sucked pretty well out of the library, and shall be able, I think, to wean myself of it without injury ; indeed, I have got quite sufficient materials out of it for my poem ; and as to my musical works, it has nothing to assist me there, so that I now consider myself free to choose where I can live cheapest and most retired during the remainder of my rural exile. We are too much in the midst of my fine acquaintances here, and are obliged to keep up an appearance which might be dispensed with in a more retired situation. Now turn these things over in your mind for me. I am at my wits' ends for *the supplies*, and would give a good deal to have a little conversation with you about the best means of getting through the difficulties which this next month, April, has in store for me. This is what I hinted I should like to run up for a day or two soon to talk with you about, and I think it not unlikely I shall ; but, observe me, I do not intend to let you suffer one minute's inconvenience by my *dérangement*. The sale of my *immoveables* here will pay all bills, and

get me up to town ; but your brother's bill, my aunt's, my father's !! do not be alarmed ; I am safe from all these but your brother's ; but I want (if I can) to take them from the shoulders they are on to my own. There is my rent too, which, I believe, I ought to pay immediately. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 234.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Wednesday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are just returned, and I have missed my regular day of writing ; but Sir Charles Hastings (Lord Moira's cousin) came over for us to Donington on Monday, and made us go to Wellesley Park, his place, and dine and sleep there : indeed, he wanted us to stay a month, and it was only by promising we should go again that he let us away at all. Lady Hastings was very kind to Bessy.

We brought Mary Dalby with us to stay a week. I shall write again on Friday. Love to dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 235.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We have had a very kind invitation from Honeybourne (Joe Atkinson's brother-in-law, who lives within twelve or thirteen miles of us) to go and pass some days with him. On Monday we are asked to dine at Rain's, and though we sent an apology, saying we expected some visitors, they wrote back again to request we would bring the visitors ; so that I don't know how we are to get off : but, without a carriage, these distant trips to dinner are very bad proceedings.

Mary Dalby has left us, and Barbara says, "*Koopsch gone*." Our green paling is up—our gravel walks are nearly made, and we begin to look very neat and snug.

Poor Bessy is not very well these two or three days past, but Barbara is quite stout.

Good night, my darling mother. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 236.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you the four more Melodies. You see I have changed my mind about "Oh ! had I a bright little Isle ;" the fact is, I thought the words too pretty for the

air, and have been at the *bother* of writing two convivial verses for it, which now go for nothing, as I hit upon a second verse to the former words, which makes it altogether (I will say) so *pretty* a poem, that I think it will grace our pages more than the convivial one. Mind, when I praise my own things in this way, it is only by comparison *with* my own; and in this way I have seldom done anything I like better than the words of "Oh! had I," &c.

I am very glad you sent me "You remember Ellen;" as I have been in great perplexity between "One Bumper" and "The Valley lay smiling;" but what you now have are certain, and arranged as I wish.

Did I send you the names of "Ellen" and "The Minstrel Boy?" I must look for them. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 237.]

TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have been thinking ever since I got your last very kind letter, what plan I could hit upon for something popular for you; and I think I have it. There is one Mr. Tom Brown, whose name now would bring him (I well know) any sum of money, and you shall skim the cream of his celebrity; these shall be ready for publication, soon after my book (not before for the world). "The First Number of Convivial and Political Songs, to Airs original and selected, by Thos. Brown the Younger, Author of the 'Twopenny Post Bag.'" Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 238.]

TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—With respect to the Spanish airs, I like the title you propose for the Song of War very well, but not the other. I think it would be better, perhaps, to put "Vivir en Cadenas, a celebrated Spanish air," &c. As to the words, I certainly did not intend to put any more verses, but if they are too short as they are, or, if you wish it, of course I shall lose no time in writing more, and, while I wait your answer, I shall be trying what I can do. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Did I tell you that Murray has been offer-

ing me, through Lord Byron, some hundreds (number not specified) a year to become editor of a Review like the Edinburgh Quarterly? Jeffrey has fifteen! I have, of course, not attended to it.

[No. 239.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you a second verse to "Vivir en Cadenas," and I am glad that I have written it, for I think it is *not bad*. I have written it under the notes, as I suppose it will be engraved with the music. Here follows the second verse to "Oh! remember the Time:"

"They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor Maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love."

With respect to Murray's proposal, I feel (as I do every instance of your generosity) the kindness and readiness with which you offer to yield up our scheme to what you think my superior interest; but, in the first place, I do not agree with you, that this plan with Murray would be more for my ultimate advantage than that extensive one which I look forward to with you; and, in the next place, I do not think I would accept now *ten thousand* pounds for anything that would interfere with the finishing of my poem, upon which my whole heart and industry are at last fairly set, and for this reason, because, *anticipated* as I have already been in my Eastern subject by Lord Byron in his late poem, the success he has met with will produce a whole swarm of imitators in the same Eastern style, who will completely *fly-blow* all the novelty of my subject. On this account I am more anxious than I can tell you to get on with it, and it quite goes between me and my sleep.

I have not time now to write more; but good night, and God bless you! Ever yours most sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 240.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I write to you with "Going, going," in my ears, and it has occurred to me, as the product of the sale is very uncertain,

and it is a great object for us to be off on Thursday, it is just *possible* that, after paying our bills, we may not have money enough to carry us on, for we have been obliged to get clothes, &c., and even I (from being disappointed by Campbell) have been compelled to employ a Donington tailor. All these things must of course be discharged before we go, and as it is of some moment to us (from what I told you about the income tax) to get away immediately, I should be glad, for certainty's sake, that you could contrive to send me a few pounds by to-morrow's post. I have great hopes we shall not want it, and in that case I will send it back to you.

I am sorry you have altered your own arrangement about the music, as I dare say it is better than mine.

I was going to say I would send "The Valley lay smiling" to-morrow, but I have great fears that Bessy has put it up; therefore, to make sure, enclose a proof to-morrow, and you shall have it back, with the words on Thursday. I expect "Savourna Deilish" back from your brother every day, and then we shall be quite done. The Lord send us safe out of Kegworth. Ever yours, T. M.

I'LL THINK OF YOU WAKING AND SLEEPING.

"You love me, you say, for the light of my eyes,
And if eyes would for ever shine clearly,
You need not, perhaps, give a reason more wise,
For loving me ever so dearly.
But beauty is fading, and eyes, I'm afraid,
Are jewels that spoil in the keeping,
So love me for something less likely to fade,
And I'll think of you waking and sleeping:
Dear youth!
I'll think of you waking and sleeping!"

Here is a verse, my dear sir, which I hope Stevenson will be able to make something of; it will require that mixture of lightness and feeling which no one knows better than his knightship. You ought to have had it by yesterday's post, but I got a sudden summons the day before to dine at the Park, and celebrate the Prince's birthday, which you may suppose I did, with all due solemnity and sincerity. The wine was good, and my host was good, so I would have swallowed the toast if it had been the devil! The second verse of the above song ends, "I'll think of you sleeping or waking, dear youth," which I think makes a good burden and title. I expect my

Quarterly from you; send it by the coach immediately. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 241.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am going to send this through my old channel, Lord Glenbervie, because there is some music in it which I wish to arrive at its destination as soon as possible. I had a letter yesterday from Bessy; they are all well, except that the parrot has bit one of little Bab's fingers.

I must contrive some way of sending you my Post Bag: it is now in the seventh edition; but I am sorry to find that Carpenter has not kept the secret of its being mine as faithfully as he ought.

I have been busy ever since I came to town about the Melodies, and have not appeared or visited any one yet.

I hope, my own dear mother, that you are all as well and happy at home as my heart wishes you to be, though this you can hardly be. However, take care of yourself and keep up your spirits, my darling mother: I hope we may yet all live together. I was sorry to find my father saying that his hand begins to shake. God send him long life to bless us all. Ever your own. Tom.

[No. 242.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Saturday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—Within these few hours I have succeeded in taking a cottage; just the sort of thing I am likely to like,—secluded and among the fields, about a mile and a half from the pretty town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.* We are to pay twenty pounds a-year rent, and the taxes about three or four more.

Mrs. Ready has brought us on here in her barouche, and we have had a very pleasant journey of it.

Bessy bids me make a thousand apologies to dear Nell for not writing, but she has been so bustling about she has not had a moment.

You must direct to me now, Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Best love to all from your own,

Tom.

* Mayfield cottage, near Ashbourne.

[No. 243.]

TO MR. POWER.

Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire,
Tuesday, July 1, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in telling you that I have got a cottage very much to my liking, near the pretty town of Ashbourne. I am now, as you wished, within twenty-four hours' drive of town, and I hope, before the summer is over, we shall see you at Mayfield. I have much to do, and many efforts to make, before I can put the cottage in a state to receive us. More in a day or two. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

I have had a most flattering letter from Whitbread, entreating me earnestly to write something for Drury Lane.

[No. 244.]

TO MR. POWER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday evening,
July 17, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I thought to have sent you a song by this post, but I cannot finish it without a pianoforte. I am, however, to get one upon hire next week, and in the mean time I am touching up the preface. It will not be quite as long as Twiss's.

I think it is better for me to pay half-a-guinea a month for a pianoforte, than venture upon a new one. Recollect I am in your debt eight or nine pounds upon the last one.

This is the first day I have been able to establish a sitting-room for myself, so you may suppose I have not been able to do much.

I hope you liked the second verse of the Finland song. I have one or two old things of mine to send you, when I get the pianoforte. Poor *M. P.*, I see, is on again. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 245.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have drawn upon you again, as I dare say before this you know. I am also, with your permission, going to take another liberty with your name, and that is (do not be frightened) to draw upon you at *six* months for fifty pounds. It is merely as a *matter of form*, for the upholsterer at Derby, to whom I am to give it, means to let it lie in his desk, and I am to pay it off by instalments; he did not demand this of me, and therefore, if you dislike it, there is no necessity; but I should

feel more comfortable, and less under obligation to him, if he had this in his hands till I can gradually get out of his debt. We are resolved to take our furniture with us, whenever we go to London, as this buying and re-buying is a very losing concern. You shall next week have the first symptoms of my returning industry for the shop, and I must do something every week now, to make out my task for the year, which is nearly at an end. Indeed, if I had no one but yourself to deal with, I should not scruple now to ask for three or four months total liberty from you; as I am convinced, with your spirit and our united views, you would see how amply such time lost in one way would be made up to us in another; but I dread your brother, and while I should not like to ask the favour of him, I feel that he would not have the same prospective interest in granting it, so that my best way is to do as much as I can, and then, after the Book, I am "yours till death." Indeed, I am not quite sure that this book (at least a great part of it) must not be yours also. I am still writing away *songs* in it, and how the property of them is to be managed, God and you only know. But no matter; you cannot have too much for what you *merit* of me; and if you can but get me through my debts to friends gradually, and keep this cottage over my head, you may dispose of me and mine as you please. An operatic drama will be the first thing the moment the Book goes to press, and I will set my shoulders to it, you may be sure. I have had a letter from Lord Meath, who was chairman of the first meeting of Dalton's Amateur Glee Club, expressing the delight which the members all felt at "my composition," and communicating to me my unanimous election as honorary member. I had a letter from Corry, dated the morning of the meeting, saying that great things were expected from the glee, as Stevenson said he had never been so lucky in anything: so I wish you joy of the firstfruits of our co-operation.

Did you see the quotation of "Oh! had I a bright little Isle," in the Chronicle, with the praise of "exquisitely beautiful," before it. Best regards to Mrs. Power. I fear very much, from what you hint about her, that Bessy and she are keeping each other in countenance; but Providence, I hope, will look after us. A good peace with France and a good piece at

Drury Lane will do wonders for us. Ever
yours,
T. MOORE.

I dare say, from the explanation you give me, that the arrangement of "Oh, doubt me not!" is quite correct; but it is the most *discordant correct* thing I ever heard in my life.

[No. 246.]

TO MR. POWER.

July 14, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you the words to the Finland song with the second verse I have just finished; and, before the end of the week, you shall have something else of my promised performances. What you offer about the opera is very tempting indeed; particularly as I have (since I wrote to you last) plucked up courage enough to look into the dreadful little book you gave me at parting, and find, to my infinite horror, that I have no more to draw this year, but that at the end of it, I shall be ten pounds in your debt! Though I felt that this must be the case, yet the actual proofs of it staring before my face, in black and white, quite staggered me for a day or two. I am now however a little recovered from the shock, and though this state of our accounts makes your proposal doubly tempting, yet I fear I could not possibly undertake both my poem and an opera this year, and do all that justice to both which it is your interest as well as mine that I should; for, believe me, that I consider *your* interest very much in the anxiety I feel about my poem; so much, indeed, do I consider my duty towards you to be paramount to all others in the way of business, that, if I did not consider the success of the poem a very material circumstance in your favour as well as my own, I should not feel justified in giving a moment to it away from any task it is *your* wish I should undertake; and it is principally from my desire to get the poem forward, that I have chosen a number of the Melodies as my musical work for this year; because I shall naturally feel less solicitude about such an old established job than I should about anything new we should embark in; and you may depend upon it that, after this year, whether I am lucky enough to finish the poem or not, you shall hear no more about it as standing in the way of anything you wish me to undertake.

With respect to your brother, I fear he will make me suffer for the pains I took to get him

connected with us; but I shall be very grateful, indeed, for your keeping off as much of his annoyance from me as possible. If *you* are displeased with my advertisement, or the intention expressed in it, you have but to say so, and it shall be altered; but I dare say I shall have your sanction in not troubling my head about any criticism or objection of his; so that I may leave entirely to yourself the explanation you think proper to make, both with respect to this year's works and the announcement we agreed to put forth in the advertisement. Pray tell me how soon you think the numerous delays he is throwing in your way will enable you to bring out this number.

I have never yet been in any situation so retired and suited to business as our present little cottage, and I think I shall live in it for ever, if something better than ordinary does not turn up for me.

Best remembrances to Mrs. Power from
Bessy and from ever yours,
T. MOORE.

Your poor dear little girl!

[No. 247.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—Dear Bessy and I are quite busy in preparing our little cottage, which was in a most ruinous state, but which is already beginning to assume looks of comfort. The expense of remaining at the inn, while it is preparing, is the worst part of the business. My darling mother, how you would delight, I know, to see us when we are settled! I have taken such a fancy to the little place, and the rent is so low, that I really think I shall keep it on as a scribbling retreat, even should my prospects in a year or two induce me to live in London. I wish I had a good round sum of money to lay out on it, and I should make it one of the prettiest little things in England. Bessy still begs a thousand pardons of Ellen, but her bustle increases upon her, and she must only atone by long, long letters when she gets into the cottage. Mind, you must direct, "Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire." Ever your own. Tom.

[No. 248.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I got my dear father's letter yesterday, and I assure you we both heartily sympathise in the impatience which

you feel for our meeting: but, darling mother, it would be (I am sure you are convinced) the height of imprudence for me to go to such expense, and indulge in so much idleness as a trip to Ireland would now entail on me. Next spring it is almost certain that I shall be able to see you all embracing one another. To-morrow we shall remove from the inn to the house of the farmer from whom we have the cottage, and in a few days more I expect we shall sleep under our own roof. To-day, while my dear Bessy was presiding over the workmen, little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door, till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow. The farmer is doing a vast deal more for us in the way of repairs, but still it will take a good sum from myself to make the place worthy of its situation; and, luckily, the Post Bag has furnished me with tolerable supplies for the purpose. God bless my own dear ones at home. Ever your

Tom.

[No 249]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Friday night, Sept. 29, 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We arrived, as I anticipated in my last, between five and six on Monday evening. It was a most lovely evening, and the cottage and garden in their best smiles to receive us. The very sight of them seemed new life to Bessy, and, as her appetite is becoming somewhat better, I hope quiet and care will bring her round again. I paid the *forty-second* pound to the post-boy that left us at home! This is terrible phlebotomising. However, quiet and economy will bring these matters round again also. If any of you had come with us (and I wish to God you had) you would have been amused to see how company and racket meet me everywhere. A neighbour of ours (Ackroyd) came breathless after our chaise, to say that he had a musical party that night, Sir W. Bagshaw, the Fitzherberts, &c. &c., and we must positively come in our travelling-dresses. Bessy's going was out of the question, and I assured him I feared it was equally so with me. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Cooper was dispatched from the party in Lady Fitzherbert's carriage, between eight and nine o'clock, to bring me by persuasion or force, or anyhow. It would not do, however; I sent him back alone, and got quietly to my bed. The children are do-

ing very well, and I am, as usual, stout and hearty. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 250.]

TO MISS DALBY.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
Thursday evening, 1813.

My dear Mary.—We had the courage to take possession on Tuesday week last, after having served an ejection on the *ghosts*, who have been the only tenants here for some time past. Isn't it odd that we should have the luck always to get into haunted houses? This lonely, secluded little spot is not at all a bad residence for ghosts; but for our old matter-of-fact barn at Kegworth to pretend to be haunted was too much affectation. Within these few days the place begins to look habitable about us; my poets and sages have raised their heads from the packing-cases, and very *creditable* chairs, tables, &c., are beginning to take their places round the walls.

Bessy is highly delighted with her little cottage, and whenever any new improvement is made, she says, "How Mary Dalby will like this when she comes!" We have not yet found out the Matchetts, but there were two or three stray ladies the other evening reconnoitring the cottage when we were out, and making a sort of offer at a visit, who, we believe, are friends of the Matchetts: they were of the Cooper family.

Bessy and I had a day at Dovedale together, before we left Ashbourne, and it was a very happy day indeed. She shall write to you very soon, but (whether it is an invention of her laziness or not, I don't know) she says the agreement was that *I* should write the first letter: so now you have it, and now let us hear from *you*. I have near a dozen epistles to scribble this evening. Ever yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 251.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday evening, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We have this day got our curtains up and our carpets down, and begin to look a little civilised. It is a very sweet spot indeed, and I do not recollect whether I told you that I only pay twenty pounds a-year for it; and the taxes will be about three or four more. This is not extravagant, and though it be a little nutshell of a thing, we

have a room to spare for a friend, or for you, darling mother, if you would come and visit us. How proud Bessy would be to have you, and make much of you!

We heard, a day or two ago, of our little Statia, that she is thriving finely. The only drawback on my dear Bessy's happiness is the being removed from her little child so far. She has hardly had time to get acquainted with it yet; but it would have been a great pity to take her away from a nurse that seemed to be doing her so much justice.

Best love to father and Nell from us both. Bessy says she *will not* write till the house is settled. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 252.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Ashbourne, Derbyshire, Saturday night, 1813.

I am settled at last, and I would not write till I could tell you so. I have got a small rural cottage among the fields, near the pretty town of Ashbourne; rent twenty pounds a-year, and taxes about three more. I have not time at this moment to say anything else, but that I have every prospect of quiet and happiness. I have received a very flattering letter from Whitbread, apologising for not cultivating or courting my acquaintance while I was in town, and requesting me to undertake something for Drury Lane.

Your little god-daughter is growing the sweetest and most interesting little thing in the world. Bessy sends best remembrances. More in a day or two. Ever cordially yours, T. M.

[No. 253.] TO HIS MOTHER.

— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I sent you the Examiner the other day, with two things in it which, you will see, he imputes to me: he is only right in *one* of them, the only thing I have given to the Morning Chronicle since I left town.

You cannot think how our cottage is admired; and if ever I am able to *purchase* it, I shall make a beautiful thing of it. Ever your own, TOM.

Barbara is at this moment most busily engaged about a pair of new top-boots, which I have on for the first time since I came to London, and which she is handling and viewing with great admiration.

[No. 254.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday evening, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are to dine out (for the first time) to-morrow: indeed the natives here are beginning to visit us much faster than I wish. Mrs. Rain called upon Bessy yesterday: they have a fine place here called Wooton Hall.

Our cottage is upon a kind of elevated terrace above the field, which has no fence round it, and keeps us in constant alarm about Bab's falling over, so that I shall be obliged to go to the expense of *paling*: it will cost me, I dare say, ten pounds, for the extent in front is near sixty yards.

I find I am a great favourite with this celebrated Madame de Stael, that has lately arrived, and is making such a noise in London: she says she has a *passion* for my poetry. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 255.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are going to-morrow to return the visit of the Rains: our neighbours, the Coopers, lend us their carriage. You see we fall on our legs wherever we are thrown.

I had a long letter from Lord Byron yesterday: his last thing, the Giaour, is very much praised, and deservedly so; indeed, I think he will dethrone Walter Scott. Ever, my darling mother, your own, TOM.

[No. 256.] TO MR. POWER.

Castle Donington, Friday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of a lift to come on here for a last *rummage* of the library before the bad weather sets in, and I have got more for my purpose out of it, by making it a *business* in this way, than I should, in an idle, sauntering way, if I were in its neighbourhood for twelve months. I only write now to acknowledge your last letter, which was forwarded to me hither. I shall give up the correction in the letter-press, as it is so inconvenient, but I think I shall avail myself of the new plate and the erratum: more of this, however, next week. I shall also have a consultation with you about a point which I perceive your mind is a good deal set upon, and that is, my living in or

near London. I certainly fear that embarrassments would soon gather round me there, and my own wish is to stay here at least till you and I fix upon some plan of co-operation; but in this, as on every other point, I am very much inclined to listen to your counsel; and therefore we shall have some talk about it. At all events, I shall stay here till I finish my poem; but my reason for agitating the question now is, that I had some idea of agreeing with the landlord for a short term of years of this place; so think over the matter now, and let me know your whole mind and wishes. Next week you shall have another song. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 257.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—It is very late, and I have been obliged to leave you last of half a dozen letters, so that you will come off very badly. We dined out to-day at the Ackroyds, neighbours of ours. You would have laughed to see Bessy and me going to dinner. We found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near half an hour too early for dinner, so we set to *practising country dances*, in the middle of a retired green lane, till the time was expired. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 258.]

TO MR. POWER.

Oct. 23, 1813.

My dear Sir,—Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby for a week. I was indeed glad to have an opportunity of taking her for change of air, as she was very ill before we went. We were on a visit at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four for us and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy came back full of presents, rings, fans, &c. &c. My singing produced some little sensation at Derby, and every one to whom I told your intention of publishing my songs collectively seemed delighted.

I have had another application about Drury Lane in consequence of a conversation at Holland House, and am beginning already (with-

out, however, stopping the progress of my poem) to turn over a subject in my mind. You must be very indulgent to me for a few months, and I promise to make up abundantly for it afterwards. This poem has hitherto paralysed all my efforts for you, but it shall do so no longer than this year, I promise you. You are right in referring your brother to the advertisement of the fifth number for this year's work, and I'll make it a good one too, depend upon it. I suppose you have seen the Monthly Review of June on the Melodies. I am promised a sight of it.

It gave me much pain to hear of your vexations and your illness. I feel *more* than a *partner* to you, and nothing can affect either your health or welfare without touching me most deeply. As yet I have only added to your incumbrances, but I trust *my* time for lightening the load is not far distant. I only hope that this new engagement with Stevenson may not involve you in too much difficulty or uneasiness; but (however you may smile at the oft-repeated and still-distant speculation) I am quite sure it will be in my power, after the sale of my Book, to withhold long enough from my share of the annuity to let your resources take breath and refreshment, and by writing the words of an oratorio for Stevenson I may perhaps do something towards rendering *him* more valuable, or a set of songs for him to compose. I shall be most happy to write, leaving it to the merit they may possess and your discretion in the use of my name, whether I shall acknowledge them or not: *indeed, this latter task I should rather like than not, so command me*; only I wish he and I could be together when he is setting them.

I think the title of the Finland air had better be "A Finland Love Song, arranged for Three Voices, by Thomas Moore, Esq."

Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 259.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday night, — 1814.

My dear Sir,—I received your letter, and yesterday, in the box from Miss Lawrence, got the books and music, for which I thank you very much; the Melodies are bound very neatly.

What you tell me about the depredations committed on you is most mortifying indeed; I only hope that the loss being spread over so

many years will be felt less by you than if it came all at once together. We must be more careful in our book concern.

I have this last week written a charter glee for Stevenson to set for a new musical society that is about to open, with great *éclat*, in Dublin. Dalton is the great promoter of it, and the Duke of Leinster gives his patronage. I send you the words on the other side, and a question has occurred to me which puzzles me not a little. If I have understood you right, your brother is not to have, or at least has not yet, any share in your agreement with Stevenson. Now, what is to be done about the words I write for Stevenson? as your brother certainly has a claim upon all such words, and I do not well see how you are to settle the matter with him. I wish you would, when you write, give me some explanation upon this subject, before I employ myself in any more words for Sir John.

"Who says the Age of Song is o'er,
Or that the mantle, finely wrought,
Which hung around the Bard of yore,
Has fallen to earth, and fall'n uncaught?
It is not so: the harp, the strain,
And souls to feel them, *still* remain.

"Muse of our Isle descend to-night,
With all thy spells of other years,—
The lay of tender, calm delight;
The song of sorrow, steep'd in tears;
The war-hymn of the brave and free,
Whose every note is victory!
And oh! that airy Harp of mirth,
Whose tales of love, and wine, and bliss,
Make us forget the grovelling earth,
And all its care on nights like this!"

I am very anxious Stevenson should set this well, for his own sake as well as the sake of the words; particularly as I am told there is an Opposition Club forming against this, under the auspices of Warren, and professedly to the exclusion of Stevenson. I was very sorry to see by the newspaper (the Morning Chronicle), that you have lost your point against Walker in Chancery. Do you care much about it? I hope not most sincerely, as you have so many other things to plague you.

I have got rather a pretty Irish air, which, with a little of my manufacturing, will do for our next number, and you shall have it, with some other things, soon.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy, and yours most affectionately,

THOMAS MOORE.

I wish you would take the trouble of calling upon Sheddons before eleven some morning with this letter, as I have inclosed him Croker's letter (principally to show I have such a friend at the Admiralty) and not wishing to leave it in his hands have begged him to return it to you, when he has read it; so just deliver the packet to him, and wait till he has done with it.

I have written to ask Croker's advice about my Bermuda place, and he has, in a long letter, repeated and enforced what he said before, that my going out myself is the only way of seeing myself done justice to there; but the remedy is worse than the disease. Unfortunately, I entered into a negotiation with my deputy (through the Sheddons) to sell him, for an immediate sum, the whole profits of the office during the war, and I very much fear he is keeping back my share, in order to diminish my opinion of the emoluments, and prevent me from setting too high a price on the situation. Even his uncles, the Sheddons, are displeased with him.

[No. 260.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I luckily received your last parcel yesterday morning, time enough to inclose you back your letters with the proofs. I hope you did not answer Dalton's letter yesterday, for you have quite mistaken one part of it; that which relates to the arranging of my compositions. He by no means intends to exclude the arranging of them; but taking that task as a matter of course, says that, in addition to those, he will arrange whatever of any kind or of anybody else's you may publish, and adds that this he thinks must be an object to you. If you have written, pray write again immediately to do away your misapprehension, as whether you decline the proposal or not, I know you would wish to do it on true grounds, and in this I have no doubt you are quite mistaken. I will venture no opinion upon Stevenson's proposal; at least I *ought not*, perhaps, as I have so much myself, to object to his having a good deal too; but I must own, I think, two hundred a-year, *exclusive* of his great works, is a very fair offer, and as much, perhaps, as you ought to give, though I should regret exceedingly the dissolution of my alliance with him. The following is the cor-

rected passage which I wish you to have engraved in the first verse of "Thro' Erin's Isle:":

"Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming."*

* This passage has been altered thus, since the letterpress was printed off, in order to get rid of an awkward double rhyme, which savours a little of doggerel.

I wish the note engraved underneath, if it can be done conveniently.

The preface, song, and duct you shall have in the course of this week. Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

[No. 261.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Saturday night.

My dearest Mother,—We returned from Derby the evening before yesterday, just in time for me to appear in my dignified office of steward at the Ashbourne Ball. It was a tolerably gay ball, and they said I acquitted myself *very properly*. It was, however, a very disagreeable office, as I was obliged to consult *rank* more than beauty, and dance off the two first sets with the two ugliest women in the room. Mr. Strutt, while we were with him, made me a present of a beautiful box for my letters, and gave Bessy a very fine ring, a nice ivory fan, and a very pretty antique bronze candlestick, so that we lost nothing by our visit.

We shall now shut up for the winter: this place is much too gay to give ourselves up to. Bessy is quite well, and little Barbara in great spirits. We are very uneasy at not hearing of Anastasia.

Barbara calls me *Tom*, and I try in vain to break her of it, because she hears her mother call me so. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 262.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the Ball the other night; she was very prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. I never saw so much admiration excited: she was very much frightened, but she got through it very well. She wore a turban that night to please me, and she looks better in it than anything else; for it strikes everybody almost that sees

her, how like the form and expression of her face are to Catalani's, and a turban is the thing for that kind of character. She is, however, not very well; and unfortunately she is again in that condition in which her mind always suffers even more than her body. I must try, however, and keep up her spirits.

Little Baboo is quite well, and is, I think, improving in her looks.

The fifth number of the Irish Melodies is out. We were so hard run for airs, that I fear it will not be so popular as the others. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 263.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am just returned from the great and grand Public Dinner at Ashbourne, where I assure you they did me high honour, drank my health with three times three, and, after the speech I made in acknowledgment, shouted most vociferously. It is really very flattering to meet with such respect in one's neighbourhood: a place was reserved for me next to the president, the chief magistrate of the place.

Barbara has been to all the festivities, and enjoyed them very much. We have slept the two nights past at Mr. Belcher's, the clergyman's, there.

There was a general dinner this evening of all the young girls and lads of Ashbourne, in the principal street: it was a very gay scene; but I am quite tired: so good night, dearest mother. Ever your own,
TOM.

[No. 264.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, Jan. 10, 1814.

Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Two-pence to be paid upon the inclosed, and forwarded directly. Lord Byron dedicates his Corsair to me, and from this on't lords are to dedicate to poor poets, instead of poor poets dedicating to lords. Mrs. Wilmot has written to me to furnish her with an epilogue for her tragedy, with fine flourishes about its being the wish of Messrs. Sheridan, Whitbread, &c. &c. I have taken time to consider. Last packet brought me proposals of being elected librarian to the Dublin Society, 200*l.* per annum, coals, candles, and to be qualified in

German for it, at half an hour's notice, by Mr. Professor Feinagle. Every body thinks me a person of some consequence except your two sisters there, in Davies Street; and unless you give some *signs of life* in the course of this week, I shall hand you over to the Humane Society for resuscitating persons in said condition. Ever yours notwithstanding,

T. MOORE.

[No. 265.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday, Jan. 17, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I did not intend to have any communication with you till Friday, but as I have been requested by the Coopers to send the enclosed, I must give you the trouble of forwarding them; and I think I shall not inflict another packet on my friend Lord Glenbervie till this day week, when you shall have the two jobs of the present week. I was very much delighted to receive your two last letters, though I did not answer the one about your excursion to France so soon as you seemed to wish, concluding that there is *as yet* no hurry, though certainly I have no doubt of a peace taking place very soon, and then, my dear sir, after I have seen my poor Bessy safe over her July production, I shall be at your command for a short musical trip at a day's notice: besides the pleasure of our being together, I think it is quite necessary for you to have some one with you that speaks French, and I have but little doubt that we shall make the excursion tell.

I have had a letter from old Sheddou, in which there is no money, but some sort of promise, which I can hardly understand, of remittances I may expect, he says, on account of last year. Heaven grant it! they can never come amiss.

Lord Byron's new poem is dedicated to me, and as it will be a fortnight yet before it appears, I will give you a taste of what he says, which I flatter myself will be a cordial to you. "I take this opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talent. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret since the commencement of our acquaintance, has been the years he

had lost before it began, to add his humble suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation:" then, at the end, he says, "it may be of some service to me that the man who is the delight both of his readers and his friends; the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own; permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself," &c. &c. Is not *this* very fine? They may say the praise is *laid on with a trowel*, but at least it is a *golden trowel* that lays it on.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy and myself, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever cordially yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 266.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Mayfield Cottage, Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have a thousand apologies to make for not answering your letter sooner, but I rather think I must have *dreamed* that I had done so, for though I have thought of you often since, it was without the least symptoms of remorse, till this morning I was awakened to a full sense of my wrong towards you by discovering your letter in the *un-*answered side of my letter-box. I hope by this time you have recovered from the effects of Mr. Cheslyn's method of "teaching your young idea how to shoot," and that you will in future keep out of the way of such *un-poetical* things as guns, squires, rabbits, &c.* The Prince was very gracious to you, and no one can be more so when he chooses. To give the devil his due, he is very fond of music, and that is one great step towards redemption, at least where you and I are the judges.

We are here, in a very delightful situation, where we should be most happy if you would pay us a visit. You must not come, however, till we have better *cottage*-weather, as, in these snows, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels in the van.

When are we to have your second volume? Pray give our kindest regards to our *well-remembered* friends in High Street, and say that we have often meditated a visit to them, and shall hardly let another summer pass without putting it into execution.

* *Note by Mr. Gardiner*:—"This alludes to my having been persuaded, much against my will, to join a shooting party, at which some stray shots from my friend's gun, firing at a rabbit, wounded me in the knee, and I returned to the hall bleeding."

Will you take the trouble of telling Clarke to send me a bill of the things he made for me, and believe me, very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think of my friend Buonaparte? like most of our modern dramatists, he *falls off in the last act* deplorably.

[No. 267.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Thursday, Jan. 25, 1814.

My dearest Dalton,—I have just heard that you are at Lord Bective's, and very ill there: for goodness sake, my dear fellow, *do* let me hear from you, or, if you dislike writing yourself, I am sure Mrs. Dalton will let me have a line of intelligence about you. If the letter I wrote to you some time since did but *half* justice to the anxiety I felt to hear from you, I am certain you would not have left me so unaccountably long without that gratification. My appearance as a "sweet singer of Israel" is near at hand, and I want to know whether you will let me dedicate the first number to *you*, and whether I may call you, "My dear Dalton," *in print*? Answer these two questions immediately, as the printer's devil's claws are extended over me, and there is no time to lose. Yours ever affectionately, T. MOORE.

[No. 268.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I am sorry to find you are as wretchedly off with snow in Dublin as we are here; it made me quite sad to read of the miseries they are suffering in the Liberty, &c. Our roads have been completely blocked up, and we had four mails due yesterday. I expect by the post Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy, for which I have half promised to write an epilogue; but, unless it is pathetic enough to *melt* its way to me, I fear I shan't get it in time. We struggled through the snow to see Statia yesterday, and were delighted to find her improving very fast: she has cut two teeth.

Lord Byron's poem comes out on Tuesday next: I shall contrive to send you over a copy. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 269.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Byron has sent me a proof sheet of his Dedication, and I hope he will keep it as it is, for nothing was ever so

flattering or gratifying: as I have just said in a letter to Rogers, "the overflowing praise he lavishes on me is exactly what might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, *by handfuls*." I shall keep the proof till I see whether he makes any alteration, and shall then send it to you with any difference there may be.

We are almost completely blocked up by snow, and cannot stir without pioneers and shovels in our van. I have had a proposal from Dublin to stand for the librarian of the Dublin Society, with a promised prospect of success; but 200*l.* a year and residence on the spot are but poor temptations, and I have declined it. Ever, my darling mother, your own, TOM.

[No. 270.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I forgot to mention in my last, that my *bile* was quite gone again, and I am this moment returned from a long walk with as good a colour on my cheeks as even you, my darling mother, could wish to see.

Barbara has this moment interrupted me with her often-repeated demand for "pretty mookis" which means "pretty music," and I have accordingly set her up on a chair at the pianoforte, where she is inflicting all sorts of tones on my ears. I hope she will continue as fond of it as she is now.

Best love to dear father, Nell and Kate, from your own, TOM.

[No. 271.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, Jan. 29, 1814.

My dear Sir,—You did not, of course, receive my letters of last week till late in this. We have been so blocked up here that I have not been able to take my exercise, and from this cause, and a very bad cold, I have been upon the whole rather unfitted for my studies. I send you, however, a Song, and an Irish Melody, which I have altered from one in Crotch's collection; it is the second verse I have sent with it, as I am not yet satisfied with the first, and indeed shall have some alterations to make in this second one. I am resolved to make

this number, at least in *words*, better, if possible, than any one of them; there are some old airs for it that will admit of a fine measure for poetry. From what I hear of the fifth number, I begin (though you know how dissatisfied I was with it) to think it will not let down the character of the work: it is, at all events, much better than the third. One good sign is, that I find different people choosing different favourites from it. Lord Tamworth said to me at the Derby ball, "Moore, you never wrote anything so good as 'The Young May Moon;'" but our sixth shall be a *smasher*. I mean to write the regular number through before my year is out, to leave nothing for your brother to complain of; but I will positively protest against its publication till I think it all excellent; and what are over may be laid by, till we recommence the work.

I am determined, as soon as my poem is published, to give all my soul and body to the stage and music. I shall not be deterred even by a *failure*, for I mean to throw so much of the best writing I can muster up into what I do, that even should the galleries damn it, I may have the critics on my side.

I don't know whether I told you that I have had a request from the party lately at Whitbread's to write an epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. I have said that I will try, and the manuscript is on its way to me; it ought to have come last week, and I hope no accident has happened to it. There is no time to lose, as she comes out in February. I shall take pains with it. I think the oftener I rub my skirts to the Dramatic Muse the better, and who knows but (if I receive something from Bermuda) I may take a trip myself to town to school Miss Smith in her recitation of it. Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 272.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have been disappointed in not hearing from you this week past. I send you words of a song for Stevenson to set: there is a third verse, but the two will do to send him. He may introduce much variety in it. Let the verses be copied out correctly from my manner of writing them. I told your brother in my letter, thanking him for the Irish airs, that you would not bring out the sixth number till it was as perfect as possible, and he

has written in reply that he would not, on any consideration, have me hurried in this or any other work till I was completely satisfied with it myself.

Mrs. Wilmot's play does not come out for a month yet, and this extraordinary phenomenon, Kean, is her hero.

You have seen, I suppose, the lashing I have got in Drakard: it is an unfair renewal of all the old charges against my early poems: but you perceive the Irish songs are sacred even in this fellow's hands; indeed, these songs are, at present, the main bulwark of my reputation, and I am rejoiced at it for your sake; but I hope to show these gentlemen they are mistaken, when they say there is nothing better in me than I have yet exhibited.

You shall have another melody next week. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

Poor Mr. Kean is now in the honeymoon of criticism. Next to the pleasure of crying a man down, your critics enjoy the vanity of crying him up; but, when *once up* and fixed there, he is a mark for their arrows ever after.

"When first the Fount of life was flowing,
Heavy and dark and cold it ran,
Every gloomy instant growing
Bitterer to the lips of Man;
Till Love came by, one lucky minute,
Light of heart and fair of brow,
And flung his sweetening cordial in it,
Proudly saying, 'Taste it now.'

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the balm of Love can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?"

"Still, though now no longer bitter,
Still, the Fount in darkness strayed,
Ne'er had morn or noontide glitter
O'er its cloudy surface played;
Till Wit, the Spirit of the Mountain,
Stooping from his airy heights,
Came and scattered o'er the fountain,
All his richest rainbow lights!

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the beams of Wit can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?"

The first four lines of each verse ought to be slow and melancholy. I should think the varieties of the expression particularly suited to a three part glee.

[No. 273.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I have just been copying out some music to send to Power by this

opportunity, so that I have not left myself a moment to say more than that I have got the two newspapers you sent me. I fear my friend Byron has not done quite right, though I perceive he has not lost ground with the Catholic Board, and I should suppose that illustrious body would have shown their sense of his misconduct if he had been wrong. What a set they are! they make me blush for poor Ireland.

Bessy is not at all well to-day, and it is unlucky, as we have the Coopers to dine with us. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 274.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.
92 Gee Street, Edinburgh,
March 30, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend—and I hope I may say mine also—Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favour. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (reputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honour, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I

should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late Quarterlies, in which some ancient author is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with the depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an exercise; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion.

And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.

You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negotiation; but I have already experienced so much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of delicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone, as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c.,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 275.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, April 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—Few things have ever given me more pleasure than the account which our excellent friend Rogers has just sent me, not

only of your favourable, but your kind reception of the proposal I took the liberty of making you, through him about a fortnight ago. It is a great matter to gain such an associate for the Review; but I do assure you this has but an insignificant share in the gratification I feel in having found a fair and natural occasion to cultivate your friendship, and to show my admiration of your talents and your character. I am sorry that you cannot engage to do much for us for some time to come; but hope you may still find some odd ends and fragments of time that may be bestowed on us without inconvenience. I am extremely anxious to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles indeed of late, as I dare say you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas under the bullion act. I wish I could think of a bait to tempt you with in the *genus* ridiculous; but at this distance from town we know little of such matters, and I think I may say with perfect safety that you may choose for yourself, or let any London friend choose for you, without the least risk of falling upon anything that has occurred to any of our contributors. I am obliged to go a great distance into the country for a trial in a few hours, and am excessively hurried at this moment; but I could not think of delaying one hour the expression of my great satisfaction at the prospect of your co-operation, and my anxiety to have something from you as early as possible. The number, I am ashamed to say, has not yet gone to press, and anything which you may have to send before the 25th of May next will be ready for insertion. May I hope soon to hear what you think can possibly be done for us? At all events, I shall take the liberty of writing to you again when I have a moment of greater leisure. In the meantime believe me always your obliged and very faithful servant,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 276.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, April 25, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I will now give you an extract or two from Jeffrey's letter to Rogers.
* * * * Is not this very flattering? There is

nothing half so gratifying as winning round such antagonists to praise and friendship.

I shall be off for London on Friday: poor Bessy does not at all like my going, but she would be very sorry I did not. Barbara is in high health and spirits, and little Statia getting on very well. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 277.] TO HIS MOTHER.

—1814.

My dearest Mother,—I am again in quiet, and again able to renew my regular correspondence, which I know you will forgive the interruption of during my very bustling visit to town. I certainly never was in half such request before, and feel great spirits from finding my character in every way standing so high. I had not time to tell you of my appearance at Power's trial; but Lord Ellenborough's manner to me was of the most marked respect and politeness; and was so far *politic* as well as polite, for he has secured my silence in his favour for ever. I would not from this on't touch one hair of his wig. I send you a report of the trial in which his compliments to me are noticed.

Did I tell you that I was offered two thousand guineas for my poem while I was in town? my friends thought I might command three thousand; but I should not like to ask more than I could be sure of getting.

Poor Bessy was, as you may suppose, delighted to have me back again. I found Barbara visibly improved in the five weeks I had been away, and little Statia much better.

Bessy sends a collar for Ellen, which she bids me say is only worth acceptance as being worked by herself, and the first she ever worked. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 278.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night,
June 1, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy received Ellen's letter this evening, and it rejoiced us exceedingly to hear you were so merry on my birthday*: long, long may you be merry on that day, my own dear mother, and may we soon be able to celebrate it all together. This last time even Bessy and I were separated.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Dalton was asked

* May 28.

to be godmother to our forthcoming little thing. She has made Bessy very happy by a present of a most splendid cap and frock for it; they are quite the admiration of all our female neighbours.

I assure you I have the credit here of being a pattern for husbands, on account of my goodness in coming back to Bessy just as all the gaieties were beginning in London; but in this they allow me more credit than I deserve, for I have no great curiosity after emperors (except *ex-ones*), and of the gaieties I had quite enough. Ever my dearest mother, your
Tom.

[No. 279.]

FROM MR. DALTON.

28, Cavendish Street, June 27, 1814.

My dearest Moore,—It is really impossible to give you any idea of the scenes which have been passing in this metropolis since you left it, and of which we have been, in common with others, most amused spectators. We have been constant in our attentions to the great visitors, from their arrival to their departure. We have seen them in all places and in all ways. The most striking exhibition which I saw was their first appearance and reception at the Opera. I do not believe that Europe could produce anything like it. The Regent, who entered along with the Emperor and King of Prussia, and who of course shared in the applause, which was prodigious, turned pale when he saw the artfully-timed entrance of the Princess of Wales exactly opposite, at the critical moment when the applause had subsided. I never saw anything so pointed as the manner in which almost the entire audience turned to her and cheered her.

The good-natured Duke of Devonshire asked us to Chiswick to meet them; but think of our extraordinary good fortune in getting tickets for White's *fête*. Olivia got them. It was, I think, beautiful beyond all description, and far exceeded my expectations. Imagine the extent and effect of a room in which 2,500 people assembled and danced without being crowded. The supper-room was equally large and beautiful.

Blucher has continued, I think, throughout the object of greatest curiosity and admiration. The Emperor is a very amiable-looking person; the King of Prussia is, I think, much more interesting from his simple and unostentatious

demeanour; but the contrast between their natural manner and unaffected dress, and the artificial dignity and manufactured appearance of our Regent is most striking. Bating all the shows, emperors, &c., London, people who know it say, has never been so stupid.

We have decided upon going to Paris immediately. Oh, that you would come with us! Would it be possible? I think it would be prudent. By this time I sincerely hope that Mrs. Moore has removed your chief anxieties about her, and in a very few days she will be well enough to bear your absence a short time. We propose to set off on Monday week, the 4th July, take very few things with us, and spend in France about three clear weeks. During that time you would have many opportunities of looking about you, and making inquiries, which can be so much more satisfactorily done by oneself than by any other person, concerning a desirable situation for the permanent residence, about which you spoke so positively. This is, I think, what most people do. We should take you from this to Dover, and, on our return from Dover, back here. When we got to Calais, we should make a little stock purse, and a very small contribution from each would answer. Now, my dear Moore, if I could but convey to you an idea of the pleasure which such an arrangement would give me. I must be off on Monday or Tuesday week at farthest, as I am limited in time. I believe we shall have Power with us as a fellow-traveller. Beecher will set off a few days before, and Corry and his *femme* a few days after. You must write to me by return of post, but do not decide against us without some good reason.

Mrs. Dalton and I tried your pianoforte at Broadwood's. We both thought it an uncommonly good one, and the best there. I have given the direction to Power. I had the temerity, at the same time, to select three grand pianofortes for Sir John.

Do not lose any time in writing to me.
Ever most truly yours, E. T. DALTON.

[No. 280.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, June 28, 1814.

Ladies, who could forget a friend for such poor creatures as the Bourbons, can hardly be expected to have remembered him during the late Imperial proceedings, and therefore I have

very quietly made up my mind to your being (as Lord Moira says) "*oblivious*" of me for the last three weeks; but now that these royal persons are gone, and it is the opinion of the Morning Chronicle that we should all "return to reason and reflection," I beg leave to call your attention to a certain *un-royal* person in Derbyshire, who is exceedingly anxious to hear all you can tell him about every single soul that has figured away since he left you, from the Emperor of Russia down to Paul Methuen and the Prince Regent. Seriously, I know that you are the very centre of chit-chat; that you have the first bloom and blossom of every good story that's going; and I shall take it very unkind of you, if you do not share some of your treasures with me. Even an old cast-off report, or a threadbare letter from Elba, is as pretty a present as you can make to a country acquaintance. Talking of presents, my dear Bessy was quite delighted with the very beautiful things you all sent her; and I brought down at the same time a cap and frock for her forthcoming babe from Mrs. Dalton, which quite crowned the offerings. I never came back to her so richly laden before. The Atkinsons are come on a visit to their brother-in-law in this neighbourhood, and invaded our territories in full force the other day. I had long ago rather imprudently told Bessy what old Joe had said to dissuade me from marrying her, and it had dwelt so upon her mind, that she burst into tears upon meeting him. However, she soon recovered, and got on, I think, very well with them. I am sorry not to be able to go to them for a day or two, but I cannot think of leaving her just now. * * * Such family minutiae as I bore you with! but it is what is uppermost just now, for I feel deeply anxious about her, and I know *you* will not laugh at it. These fine days are very favourable to poetry. I have my chair and my manuscript book in the garden, and stay-out whole hours. I am quite sure, from the more "genial current" of thought I feel in the summer, that the warm sun of Southern France would suit me exactly.

I send you back the document you were so good as to take so much trouble about; and as there seems to be but one step more to the eleven pounds for the poor sailor, I know you will take it cheerfully for him.

A kiss to bold Barbara. Ever yours affectionately,
T. MOORE.

[No. 281.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Mayfield, ——— 1814.

I ought to have thanked you both much sooner for your enlivening pair of letters. In my absence from all your fine London *fêtes*, I ask no better festival than one of these letters of an evening, and they have as *illuminating* an effect (upon our faces at least) as a despatch from Lord Wellington has among *you*. I assure you Bessy rubs her hands with as much glee as I do when she sees your seal, and says, "Now for a nice letter from Lady D. and Miss Godfrey," so that you are very much mistaken when you think that Friendship does not thrive in a cottage as well as Love; and I only wish you were near me, that you might see how pleasantly they would go together, and be, "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable." I have had a great number of letters lately from Lord Byron.

By the bye, how is the Giaour liked? and how does Rogers seem to bear the review of Columbus? It is in many parts most insidiously done, and the accusing him of *haste* is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world know so entirely to the contrary. I am very glad to hear that I am in such high favour with that *Begum of literature*, Madame de Staël. Rogers has told me much more to the same purpose: that she says "she has a *passion* for my poetry," &c., &c. I should like very much to see her, though you know how shy I am of this kind of animal, and that Goldsmith's young Marlow is not more afraid of a *modest* woman than I am of a learned one. However, as I am told she is good-natured, and too much of the true lioness to hurt a little terrier like me, I think I would venture within the reach of of her claws. We have been visited by some of the *respectables* in this neighbourhood, as, luckily, there is no fashion; though I have already met with a blooming old lady of sixty, who writes poems in *imitation of me*, about "Coming to bowers," &c., &c.: altogether, though, we are very well off for quiet, and I hope will continue so.

I send you herewith a little job to do for me. Will you take the trouble of sending John to Perry's for me with the inclosed draft? It

will be paid perhaps immediately, perhaps not till next day; but, as soon as you get it, inclose it in a frank to me. It is not in payment for Chronicle's squibs, for I have not once taken to my *Brown* studies since I left town; but Perry discounted a bill on Power for me two or three weeks ago, and this is part of the amount.

Ever, with best love to Lady D. (to whom I shall write soon about her kindest of all kind offers of a lodging in Davis Street) and remembrances to sister Philly, yours, most truly,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 252.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Sunday, July 11, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We feel it very long, indeed, since we heard anything from you, and though I grumble a little when a letter comes with an envelope on it that *ought* to be franked, there is no money I pay with more pleasure than that which brings me news from home. Bessy and I are particularly anxious about poor Kate, and hope another day will not pass over without bringing us some intelligence. Poor Joe Atkinson is at last gone! His death was easy, and no one ever lived a more prosperous or kind-hearted life. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 253.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, July 12, 1814.

My dear Sir,—After our correspondence in April, I hope you will neither be vexed nor surprised at my renewing my importunities now. You were then so kind as to say that, by the time another number was in contemplation, you expected to be able to do something for me. Now I have just finished one number, which ought to have been finished six weeks ago, and am casting up all my ways and means to be able to go to press with another, if possible, by the beginning of September. I cannot help reckoning a little—I am afraid not quite a little—upon you in this emergency, and trouble you with this letter to ask whether I may not go on with my reckoning?

I have suffered a great deal for these last six weeks with toothache, or rheumatism, or ague, and have really been quite incapable of doing anything for myself, at a time when

my friends were almost all prevented from doing anything for me. The publication of the present number has consequently been very distressingly retarded; and it comes out after all, I fear, in a state which requires more indulgence than it is likely to meet with. I am extremely anxious to redeem a part of the time that has been thus lost, along, perhaps, with a little character, and therefore feel even more than my former solicitude about the success of my application to you. I am persuaded you will do what you conveniently can for me; and I hope you do not imagine that I ever wish you to sacrifice your own convenience to mine. For books or subjects, I leave the choice entirely to yourself; and whether you take to light, or to scholar-like articles, I do not think the hazard of your interference with any of our other labourers is at all considerable. It may be well, however, that you should let me know your election as early as possible, that I may warn all other persons off the premises. For time, I have already said that I should like to have something by the beginning of September, but if you must have to the middle, or even later, you shall. Now here is all the needful, and I do not feel well enough to-day to go much beyond it. Have the goodness to let me know your determination as soon after you have made it as possible; but pray do not be precipitate in determining against me. Believe me always very truly and heartily yours,
F. JEFFREY.

[No. 254.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which I have this instant received. Both the books you mention are disengaged, and entirely at your service. I have never happened to see the work on the Fathers, but I have no doubt that you will handle it discreetly, and edify our readers prodigiously, both in verse and in prose: do not omit the verses by any means. It is quite lawful, and sufficiently orthodox, to laugh at the Fathers: Middleton settled that point of law, and it is now at rest. I am delighted to hear that Lord B. is again in the press. I had not heard anything of this new work except from the newspapers: is it still in Paynim land? I long to see how he manages without beads and veils;

and I want him above all things to write a tragedy. I have quoted him unmercifully, you will find, in the last number, but what can a man do who is deserted by all his friends, and obliged to write against *space* by himself? I shall take care that a Review is sent you to-morrow. It is likely enough that your book-seller's copy (you see I take it for granted that you take one) may reach you as soon, but it will be a pledge of my zeal, and a glory to make the Admiralty a convenience. I have been in the country for ten days, pruning roses and tying up carnations. Sydney Smith maintains, indeed, that these are exotics which we only know among us by engravings, but if you will come before the end of next month, I undertake to convince you of his error. The best of it is that I have got rid of my tooth-ache, and hope to get rid of my indolence by and bye. Believe me ever very truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

I have said nothing of the noble author whose merit you are so anxious to blazon; but I hope you understand that you may take your pleasure of him. I never could read any of his lucubrations, but promise to go through every word that you may quote.

[No. 255.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—As Bessy is by my side, this letter must all be about Barbara; she bids me tell you she has got her a nice little stuff gown for the winter, in which she looks prettier than in anything she ever wore, and Bessy means to send you a pattern of the gown in my next letter, or rather in her own, for she means to write next time. Barbara now has got her mamma's phrase "Bird," and looks at me very significantly, as if she had discovered something wrong I had done, and says "Oh, Bird!" We have at last heard about Stasia, she has been a little ill with her teeth, but was getting quite well again. Bessy looks forward to having her home with great impatience.

We are going to a ball this evening, given by the son of a poet in this neighbourhood. I wish there was always such a vein of gold running beside the vein of poetry, for his father (Gisborne) will leave him fifteen thousand a year. Ever, my dearest mother, your own,

Tom.

[No. 256.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We last night went into Ashbourne to see a phantasmagoria and automaton, and supped afterwards with our neighbours the Coopers. We found several cards of visitors on our return home; amongst others the Arkwrights, who live in Sir B. Boothby's fine place, Ashbourne Hall. I am glad he has called on me, for he was the person opposed to Lord Ranelagh in the Nottingham election, and it shows he bears me no grudge for my zeal in his antagonist's cause.

We are very glad to get back to our quiet little cottage, which has been a good deal improved since we left it, by the addition of the paling, and little Barbara runs about now without any fear. She is again very well, though I think still cutting more teeth. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 257.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I know it delights you to hear of instances of friendship towards your own Tom, and I have one now to tell you that gave myself very great pleasure. My friend Douglas (whom I have not, you know, seen more than twice in eight or nine years) has just been appointed admiral on the Jamaica station, and the first thing he did was to offer me the secretaryship. The salary is something under five hundred a-year, but the perquisites, even in peace, are considerable, and in case of war it is a sure fortune. He also tells me he has a fine house and near one hundred acres of land allowed him, which are all at my disposal. I, of course, have declined it, as the emoluments in peace are not sufficient to counteract the risk of sea, health, and other objections; but the friendliness and *courage* of the offer (considering the interest by which Douglas must have got the appointment) can never be forgotten by me.

We shall be all anxiety now, my dearest mother, to have accounts of your health, and your letters may be inclosed under cover to the person who franks this, "Richard Arkwright, Esq., Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire." Bessy will write to Ellen the next time.

Have all sorts of comforts for yourself, my darling mother, and make my father draw upon me to furnish them: mind this. If we had you here we would nurse and make you well again; and perhaps at the first appearance of spring you will let me run over for you; the change of air and scene would do you good, and we should all return to Ireland with you. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 288.]

TO MISS DALBY.

Tuesday, — 1814.

My dear Mary,—Bessy insists upon my writing you a line, and I'll be generous enough to write you two; indeed I have, at this moment, time for very little more. We were truly sorry at the cause of your not coming to us, and Bessy, who wants the smile of a friend about her just at this moment particularly, is grievously disappointed. However, come to us as soon as you can, and I'll treasure up all my London recollections for you—"my prancings with Mary Ann Skiddy," &c. &c. If I could have foreseen that this show of emperors, &c., would have taken place so soon, I should certainly have waited for it; but the quiet of my cottage and my books, and my Bessy and my Barbara, are so delightful to me after the racketting wits, dukes, and countesses I have been living with, that I but little regret the loss I have had, and can even read of the meeting between those two old profligates, the Regent and Blucher (which affected some of our honest neighbours here even to tears), without one sentimental wish to witness the interview. Barbara is improving beyond my expectations, and little Statia is tolerably well. Ever yours, with both our loves,

T. MOORE.

Bessy seals this letter with the tassie she has got for you.

[No. 289.]

TO MISS DALBY.

Mayfield, Monday morning, — 1814.

My dear Mary,—We have both been sad truants to you, but Bessy bids me say that as soon as Miss Lawrence leaves her, she will write to you with a punctuality that will astonish you. I suppose you have heard that we have been to Derby; and a very pleasant visit we had of it. I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it was not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty natural girl

of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl, a very nice dancer as well as a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family; they meet every Sunday night, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks. I have wound up my gaieties for the season by being steward to the Wellington Ball at Ashbourne, where I danced with your friend Annette, and had another opportunity of seeing the pretty tremble of her eyelids in a poussette.

We have had invitations without end to the Gells of Hopton, the Arkwrights, &c. &c.; but I intend to go into a torpid state for the winter, and give no signs of life to any one of them.

Miss Lawrence has gone about with us everywhere, and is liked very much; she is, indeed, a very sensible, pleasing girl.

We have not heard anything of your little Statia, which makes us very uneasy; but Barbara is in high bloom, and has not forgot Coopsh. Ever yours, my dear Mary,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 290.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington, Friday, Aug. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I have been to the Derby ball and races on my way hither, and met shoals of my fine friends. The Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass some time with him next week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harringtons, &c. &c. I don't know whether I shall go. I have been lucky enough to be brought on hither by an old acquaintance of mine in his curriole, and, instead of going to the Turk's Head Inn at Donington, I am very comfortably situated at his house, within a mile and a half of the Park. I left Bessy getting on very well.

I got my father's letter. Best love to him, from his and yours ever,

TOM.

I have heard from Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. She wishes to tempt me into Devonshire; tells me of a cottage near her, with two acres, and only twenty pounds a-year. But it is much too far off.

[No. 291.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I fear I have been very remiss this week, but my trip to Donington put me out of all my regular ways. I found Bessy, on my return yesterday, doing as well as I could expect, but her appetite is not come yet. She has been in the garden these two days.

I believe I told you the Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass a week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harringtons. I do not think I shall go, one requiring a man servant at these great houses; and, besides, I have some business which demands my presence at home.

I am grieved to find, my own darling mother, that your health is not so good as it ought to be. For God's sake keep up your spirits, and be well and cheerful to receive all the dear strangers that I mean to introduce to you in spring. You may depend on us, please Heaven! Rogers is gone to France. Good bye. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 292.]

TO MR. POWER.

Aug. 1, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have received both your letters, and am much delighted by your kind assurances of unaltered, and I trust *unalterable*, friendship. There are, however, one or two things you have said, which I either do not understand quite right, or (if I *do* understand them right) am not *quite* satisfied with, and I am more and more convinced that the only way for me to get spotless out of the scrape is, by adhering to the resolution I made in town, and *totally breaking the engagement*. I shall finish the set of twelve sacred songs, as I have begun them, but shall not take anything for them; they shall be a saintly work of supererogation, and a peace-offering to the bond in parting. All *other* matters you and I can talk over when you come here in your way to Ireland, which you *must* do, set out when you will, for let Bessy be up or down (and she is, I am sorry to say, still up) there can always be a *shake down* for you. Longman has com-

municated to me through Perry his readiness to treat on the basis of the three thousand guineas, but requests a perusal beforehand: this I have refused. I shall have no *ifs*. Murray's two thousand *without* this distrustful stipulation is better than the three with it. I mean, in a day or two, to *turn* Carpenter's *stomach* by a communication of these proposals.

I send you the first verse of the *glee* (which I have succeeded in beyond my hopes) and the duet: the following is the second verse of the duet. I have a third and fourth for it, which are *under consideration*.

"When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleam of future glory.
In e'en thy last, thy fatal fall,
These arms would still have eanght thee;
I could have died, to prove thee all
My fancy first had thought thee.
But go, deceive! go;
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The curse of hearts forsaken!"

I begin to be in high good humour with this number, but I find I have a devilish deal to do with it yet to satisfy me in the words. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and cordially,
THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think my landlord has had the conscience to ask for this little cabin? a thousand guineas; to the no small amusement of the country gentlemen.

[No. 293.]

TO MISS DALBY.

Thursday, Aug. 18, 1814.

My dear Mary,—Another girl! but no matter; Bessy is safe over it, and that's all I care for at present. This morning, at ten minutes after ten, Miss Olivia Byron Moore (that is to be) opened her eyes on "this working-day world," and one of the first things Bessy thought of was a despatch to you upon the happy event. It is really such a weight off my mind, that I feel as if I had been delivered myself.

Now, in a very few weeks, two or three, we shall be ready for you, and you positively *must* come and help me to get poor Bessy well and fat again. In about one week, I hope to see you at Donington. Ever yours, very sincerely,
THOMAS MOORE.

Write to Bessy immediately.

[No. 294.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Sunday evening, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy is getting on as well as can be expected, and the little thing is as strong as a young lioness. I am taking advantage of this moment to go and read a little at the library at Donington, for an article I have promised Jeffrey to write for the next number of the Edinburgh Review. You'll see me very flatteringly mentioned in the Drakard I send you to-day.

The Atkinsons are come back from Matlock, whither they went last week, and dined and slept at our friends the Coopers on their way: this was on Tuesday last, and, next morning, Bessy made a great effort and walked over to breakfast there: the next morning she produced Miss Olivia Byron Moore. I believe I told you Lord Byron is the godfather.

I send this letter through young Joe, and will continue to do so till old Joe returns; you shall then have them through him. God bless my own darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 295.]

TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Sunday night, — 1814.

My dear Dalton,—I could not have two things to tell you more delightful in the telling than first, that Bessy is safe and well; and second, that you and I shall meet in May. I only wish I could make the *partie quarrée* by taking her with me; and indeed the first time she has expressed any regret at not accompanying me, was upon hearing Mrs. Dalton was to be in London, for she is quite constant to the impression that *Olivia's* face and manner made upon her. I have had a letter from poor Tom Sheridan within these few days, and I told him in my answer, that he was one of the very few fellows in this world who, I thought, might compare with me in the article of *wives*, and *you*, my dear Dalton, are another of this very few; for to have a wife *pretty* as well as *everything* else she *ought to be* is a thing us men ought, morn and night, to bless God for.

I am sorry I cannot put on a long face and be grieved at what you tell me about the tumour; but, besides that I am very sure it is like mine, and of no consequence, I look upon it to be the cause of your coming to London,

and therefore cannot (as yet at least) feel very sorry about it.

Tell Mrs. Dalton I think Adelaide a very pretty name, but that as I always value names according to what I feel for those who wear them, I have a strong suspicion that Olivia is, *next* to Bessy, the prettiest name in the whole circle of nomenclature, that therefore I think she was very wrong in not bestowing it upon the little child. Our last God-send is the *weest* little thing that ever was produced; something like the Countess of Hainault's children at the wax-work, which came 360 at a time; but she is thriving, I believe, and the mother is doing wonderfully.

I shall reserve all the multifarious things I have to communicate till we meet; more particularly as, having to go out early in the morning, I write this letter over night after a dish of spinach and eggs, and a pint of ale; all (except the *eggs* and *ale*) out of our own garden. So you must excuse the *muzziness* you may have detected throughout this epistle, and believe me, in happy anticipation of our coming days together in London, ever sincerely and truly yours,

T. MOORE.

I hope to be in town about the first week in May, and if you could but contrive to blindfold Mrs. Dalton, and stop her ears till I arrive, I shall be very much obliged to you.

[No. 296.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Monday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I congratulate you upon the certainty of peace, though I own I think the French shabby dogs for taking back the Bourbons, and *returning to their vomit* so quietly.

I find Lord Byron's being out of town was the reason of my father's last letter coming to me unfranked. We had yesterday a poor French prisoner of Ashbourne to dine with us, who was an officer of Buonaparte's guards. He damns the "ingratitude" of his countrymen to Buonaparte, and says if he was in his army now he would stick by him to the last. It has been from first to last a strange melodrame, and if it had not been so very bloody, would be very ridiculous. It is that mixture of the tragical and the farcical, which poor wretched human nature exhibits so often.

We are very anxious to hear from you, and hope you still think of the delightful plan of coming to us. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 297.]

FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Tanbridge Wells, Aug. 30, 1814.

We are all impatience and anxiety to hear something about Bessy, and I beg of you to let me have a line from you by the return of the post, if you can, to say how she is.—I need not add what our feelings are on the occasion.

Upon *mature* deliberation I cannot help feeling great regret that you have embarked as a reviewer. If you were a hard-headed, hard-hearted sort of man, like the rest of them, I should not care what you did. But let the person that you attack be ever so ridiculous, if you give him pain, you will be sorry for it. You may put your hand to the plough, but you will look back in spite of yourself. I shall say no more upon the subject: perhaps you may think I ought not to have said so much.

We are now going on as usual, with the variety of Lord Cranley and his barouche occasionally, and with the expectation of the Princess Sophia, who is coming here for a month.

It must be confessed that the society of the place has degenerated since the days of our serenades. Those were days that can come but once in one's life.

Now let us hear from you immediately, and ever believe me yours most sincerely, &c.

B. D.

[No. 298.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Aug. 31, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I think it right to give you notice that I have actually gone to press with my new number of the Review; and that I shall have need of you, as soon as you can possibly come to my assistance. I believe I gave you to the 20th of September for both articles, but I hope to receive one of them, at least, before that time—the sooner certainly the more convenient for me; but it is right and natural that you should study your own convenience chiefly, and I handsomely desire that you would; but at all events let me know *when* I may expect you, and how much of you, that I may make my arrangements accordingly. Remember, however, that I certainly should

not survive an absolute disappointment. Believe me always most faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

The death of *Lara* is exquisite; the first canto a little heavy, and with an air of labour. Jaqueline is not advantageously placed with that companion. I wish you would make Lord B. write a review.

If you can get franks for your articles they will come quickest by post; but they will be safe enough put up in strong paper, and addressed to me, *by the mail*. I would not trust any other coach. If you send them by London, Cochrane and White, in Fleet Street, will forward them if you desire them.

[No. 299.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *in-cartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of our weapons will give you, I hope you will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning. It is something to think that at least fifty thousand people will read what you write in less than a month. We print now nearly 13,000 copies, and may reckon, I suppose, modestly on three or four readers of the popular articles in each copy:

no prose preachers, I believe, have so large an audience.

It will do very well if I receive the Fathers about the 20th, though we are far on with our printing. Lord T. is already in hand, and will go to about thirteen pages. A thousand thanks for what you say of Lord B., though you must not subject me to the risk of a contumelious refusal. What I said to you about him was at least half in jest, and I certainly should never have had the presumption to make such a proposal directly to himself. There is no person I have so great a desire to meet with.

I have only one daughter yet, which I think is almost enough, when you consider that I was only married last October, but I earnestly wish all the children I may have to be of that sex: I have something of a natural antipathy to boys. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 300.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Hatton, Sept. 13, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I am not quite so rigorous a taskmaster as you seem to think me. I dare say your Saints will be in good time if they are here by the 25th; and if I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected, and I am now at all events quite sure of *quantity* enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next. The publication will not be very long postponed at this rate, for I intend, if possible, to publish another number by the middle of November, and consequently must go to press again before the middle of October. I am afraid I have lost a day in answering your letter by being in this place, where I pass a part of the summer in an old ruinous chateau, a few miles from Edinburgh, which I hope will one day be honoured with your inspection.

I have a task to suggest to you, which in prudence I should have taken a less hurried moment to recommend, but I shall just mention it at present. What would you think of

undertaking a review of *Sismond's Literature of the South*, and, without confining yourself to the book, characterising the great poets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and perhaps giving us the *spirit* of some of them in a free version of their most characteristic passages? You shall have till April to do this, if you will undertake it; and you need not make it more extensive or laborious than you feel you are bound. Tell me, at least, what you think of it; and if you cannot, or rather will not do it yourself, tell me if you know anybody that can.

Tell me, too, that you will come for a fortnight to Edinburgh early next winter, and see our primitive society here. It is but thirty hours travelling, and will at the least be something to laugh at in London, and to describe at Mayfield. We shall treat you very honourably, and let you do whatever you please. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 301.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Oct. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I hope that you have, long ago, received our new number, and found but few faults in the printing of your article. I hope, too, that you like it in print nearly as well as I do; for then you will set yourself with good will to the preparation of another, and not hate me for putting you in mind of your promise to put me in possession of your Fathers about the beginning of November. I hope that time will suit you; take a week longer if you want it, or send them a week sooner, if you can oblige me without putting yourself to any inconvenience. I tremble a little on casting up the number of attacks on the P. R. that occur in this number; however, I bespoke none of them, and if testimonies come from the east and the west I cannot well help inserting them. However, the thing may be overdone I fancy, and I shall admit no more for a while, unless they are witty and good humoured, like some that I wot of.

Could you hunt me up a good smart German reviewer, do you think; one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it, and above all, who can write a concise, vigorous, and striking style? If he understood Russian and Polish, so much the better. I want an account of the vernacu-

lar productions of these countries at the present day.

Do not forget my humble petition and remonstrance about the Literature of the South, and let me know by and bye what determination you are to make on it.

Is it true that Lord Byron is about to be married? It would make him happier I have no doubt, but probably less poetical; better for him, and worse for us. Believe me, always most faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

I inclose a shabby little bill on said number; I have treated you this time very little better than an ordinary critic, just to give you a notice of our misery.

[No. 302.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday, Oct 25, 1814.

When people go "upon a tour" (as I saw by the papers *you* did), I make it a rule never to write after them, for it is ten to one that I don't hit them, and then there is so much ammunition lost. But now that I find you are settled in the old *form*, Tunbridge Wells, *have at you*, my lady! I am afraid you will think my phraseology not much improved by my retirement, but as this is the sporting season, I naturally fall into some of the technicals of the art, and I know you will forgive me for making *game* of you, for once in my life. I must certainly, *some time* before I die, have a season with you at Tunbridge Wells, and conjure up a phantasmagoria of vanished hours; indeed, if ever you have seen a phantasmagoria, it is no bad emblem of one's pleasant recollections, for the objects brighten considerably as they get farther off; and so it is with past joys; and those of Tunbridge (though I dare say I thought but middlingly of them while they existed) have acquired a brilliancy in receding back into time, which flashed upon me with full force when I read the other day of the "Marchioness Dowager of Donegal going to Tunbridge Wells." I most earnestly implore you both, that however you may take the liberty of forgetting me in other places, you will make it a point to remember me with all your hearts and souls at Tunbridge,—that you will think of our serenade at Miss Berry's,—our dear quiet dinners *at home*,—our hearty laughs at the expense of some of the wise-one's of the party,—and (if your *saint-*

like heart does not feel remorse at the recollection) your own innocent and unconscious courtship of the widow for me. This last remembrance is a melancholy one. "When I consider (says Sir W. Temple) how many noble and *esteemable* men, how many lovely and agreeable women, I have outlived among my acquaintance and friends, methinks it looks impertinent to be still alive." There are already *three* whom I (at least fancied I) loved, now cold in the earth.

"Then warm in love, now withering in the grave."

But this is too sad, and perhaps part of it too foolish, to dwell upon; and it was only this plaguy Tunbridge phantasmagoria that put it into my head, assisted, no doubt, by a little melancholy music I have been playing this evening. But to turn from the foolishly-loved that are *dead*, to the rationally and fondly-loved that are *living*. My Bessy and my little ones, you will be glad to hear, are quite well; and your little god-daughter (though far from pretty) is filling so fast with intelligences, archnesses, and endearments, that she *already* begins to be "the light of her father's house." The other (Anastasia) is still at nurse, and getting on very well. I have filled this letter so completely with *sentiment* (after a fashion) that I have no room left for news; but as soon as you answer this, I will write a little more soberly and communicatively, and in the meantime tell you that, whenever I think of *you* and one or two others, I bless my stars that *love* has not been the only article I dealt in in my youth; but that I have still on hand so much of that far less perishable commodity, friendship; and so with this tradesman's metaphor I shall conclude. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 303.]

TO MR. POWER.

Oct. 31, 1814.

"'Tis gone—and for ever—the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When Man from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdom of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

"For high was thy hope, when that glory was darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst her banner unfurld."

Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

"But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanished for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee!"

At last, my dear sir, after several days twisting and turning, I have licked this young bear into shape, and a promising cub I am sure you will think it. It is bold enough; but the strong blow I have aimed at the French in the last stanza makes up for everything. I am delighted to have written something to "Savourna Deilish," which, though it may not supplant Campbell's words in *singing*, has stuff enough in it to bear some comparison in reading. I am not afraid now of the poetry of this number, though I fear, with all your mildness and toleration, I shall not escape without a few curses on my delays and changes. Talking of changes, the burthen to the first verse of "When first I met Thee," must, after all, be thus:

"Find one whose love can glow
Like hers, now lost for ever!"

I have another *botherer* now in "Sweet Harp," but it is in fair train. I am impatient to see the design from the Wellington song, and wish you would likewise let me have the list of the songs as Bannison has placed them. I wish those three, the Wellington, Savourna, and Sweet Harp, to come at a tolerable distance from each other.

Upon looking over Stevenson's manuscripts, I find he has left only two Sacred Melodies done, viz. "Mary Magdalene" (a new setting), and "This World is all," which he has done very successfully. He was four or five days hammering away at "When faint beneath the folding Wings," and at last took it away unfinished. I am afraid I am too fastidious with him; but certainly he neither did much himself (though working quite enough), nor suffered me to do *anything*. The rest of the things he left are merely airs for the Sacred Melodies, not one of which, I fear, I shall be able to make use of; indeed, without some striking melodies, I shall have but little hope of the

success of that work. I have now only two selected ones, that are good. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 304.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, Oct. 31, 1814.

I have been lately very much teased, and have had my time much interrupted by a constant succession of visitors. First, I had Sir John Stevenson for near a fortnight. He came upon business that might have been done in three days, and took the whole of that time in *not* doing it. He then wrote to his son to come to him here from London, and the next night changed his mind, and set off for London himself, crossing the son, in a very national and characteristic manner, on the road; and this son has ever since remained with us here, waiting filially for the father to come back again. By way of episode, Lambert and his wife (Stevenson's daughter), who were at Lord Talbot's in this neighbourhood, must needs come over to see the young gentleman (who is just returned from America), and we have had *them* too to entertain: in short, amongst them all, I have not had a minute of this whole month to myself, and the loss of so much time just now is really a most grievous calamity to me. Nor is the grievance over yet, for the son is still here, inflicting all his messroom intelligence upon me. But I trust in Providence and the mail-coach for bringing Sir John down from London to-morrow, and then the day after, if there is one principle of shame in an Irish bosom, they shall both pack out of my house for Ireland. All this makes me feel the horror of the incursions I should be exposed to (from my countrymen in particular) if I lived what they call *convenient* to London; and though I shall certainly go near town when I am publishing, I shall as certainly, after that, keep at a respectful distance from it,—at least till I see some chance of being made secretary of state in the new order of things that is approaching. By-the-bye, have you heard how *soon* the revolution is to take place? You remember the story of a lady who told the King she had seen every fine sight except a coronation, which she wished to see exceedingly. The Lord keep us from a similar curiosity about revolutions; but, for myself, I shall only say, I never saw one,

and—that's all. You must not take this hum-ing and ha-ing too seriously though, for I really believe, after all, that a revolution is a bad sort of thing, and that the only part of the community which deserves to suffer its horrors, are those stupid rulers, who might avert it, but will not. Such profane talk as this under a secretary's cover is, to be sure, something like smuggling French wares under a bishop's petticoat (if any such smuggling ever took place). But I think the inclosed head will be quite sufficient to frighten away any prying eyes that might peep into the contents of my packet. Ah, this head! how cruel it is of you to take it away from me. I may almost apply, in my grief, Voltaire's lines upon sending back Frederic's portrait:—

"Je le reçus avec tendresse,
Je le renvoie avec douleur;
Comme un amant, dans sa fureur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."

But mind, though I give it into your keeping, it is *still mine*, and I know nothing in the world that would induce me to part with it, even in this way, but your command. For I think it a most admirable portrait of a most excellent and highly gifted person; therefore posterity must not lose it.

Will you take the trouble of sending the packet I inclose; and believe me, with my dearest Bessy's best regards, yours and my *very* dear Mary's attached and affectionate friend,
THOMAS MOORE.

I have not said a word of your kindness in asking us to be your guests; but what *can* one say to such kindness? I shall write again soon.

[No. 305.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—These "stormy winds that blow-ow-ow" have very nearly frightened out of my head the thoughts of taking little Baboo over to you, and I dare say I shall put up with their noises till spring, when certainly you shall have the advantage of at least one of the little vociferators. The young Olivia is getting on wonderfully, and is a very lively, pretty baby.

I am going to give a dinner on Monday to some of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood that have been civil to me, and then we mean to shut up and go into a torpid state, like the

bears, for the winter. Bessy is all bustle about this dinner, which is to be superfine. Sir Henry Fitzherbert dines with me; he is a very good sort of man, who will be Lord St. Helen's. Bessy shall write to you next week the bill of fare, company, &c.

My dearest father's last letter was written in such good spirits it quite delighted us; make him fat again. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 306.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, — 1844.

My dearest Mother,—I have but one moment for one word. I told you, I believe, that I was to give a dinner on Wednesday. It went off illustriously. Power sent me down a fine turbot and lobsters, one of which was really nearly as large as myself. All Ashbourne rings with the fame of this monster.

I am writing so many letters by this inclosure, that I have not time for a word more; but God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 307.]

TO MR. POWER.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I send you on the other side the two verses to "Forlorn" as (I trust in Providence and the Muse) they will be allowed to stand. "When first I met Thee" is altered; but as you have by this time engraved it off, it is unnecessary to send you the alterations till I get the proofs. I fear very much there must be a new plate for it, but I request most earnestly that every extra expense I may be the cause of in this way, by either my fastidiousness or caprice (call it which you will), shall be set down to my account.

I have had a letter from your brother, which I shall not know how to answer till I hear from you. He says you have written to him, that you have every reason to think I shall act upon the deed this year, and that therefore you request he will send over his last quarter. I have been some time threatening to ask you when the last bill I drew becomes due, as if I can take it up no other way, I must only draw upon you again to gain time, for certainly my decided wish is to be let off all tasks but the Sacred Melodies, and any little occasional things, for the remainder of the year, and that these shall be accepted (as I have already explained) in lieu of the accom-

modation. Your name shall not be compromised by my renewal of the bill, as I will either get it cashed by a different hand, or if you could pay the other first, I will draw immediately after and give you the money, by which means you will be but a short time out of it. I could, of course, raise this sum with ease in other ways, but I wish not to be dependent upon any one but *you*, and upon you, I hope, I shall long have dependence of every kind. I think whenever we move from this it will be to the neighbourhood of town, for I feel in many ways the inconvenience of being away from you, and I am growing steady enough now, I think, to resist the temptations of London, when it is necessary.

I hope the sketch arrived safe; there was another delay in my letter of next morning; indeed we are obliged very often to trust to any chance messenger we can lay hold of. I fear the engraving will take a long time. I shall send you the second verse of "Sweet Harp" next time: it is done, and there will *only* be two verses out of four or five I wrote for it; you had better print both. Stevenson, I suppose you know, has been appointed to the new Castle chapel, and is continually busy with the Viceroy making arrangements about it. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

1.

"Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!"

2.

"Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouched and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foes we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!"

[No. 303.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—The affairs of the Duke of Queensbury have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you, both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends, I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.

Pray think of something else for us. I now give you *carte blanche* as to subjects, and shall scarcely be surprised if you come out in next number with a sublime treatise on astronomy. I think it would cost you very little trouble to make pleasing reviews of books of travels, and have only to say that Dan Clarke's last ponderous tome is at your service; though, as I have a sort of kindness for the said Dan, I hope you will not abuse him. I only throw out this hint, however, upon the supposition that you *read* such books for your amusement. I should be extremely sorry to set you upon such subjects as a task, and hope you have thought already of something more worthy.

I am excessively flattered with the hope of seeing you one day in Edinburgh, though I am half afraid of exposing the defects of our society to so acute and difficult an observer. Come, however, from Mayfield, and after a good long abstinence from London, otherwise the falling off will be too sensible. I can insure you of being very much admired, and you must bear

and excuse anything that may be asinine in our courtesies. Mrs. J. is extremely gratified by the notice you have taken of her, and has a great desire—mixed, however, with a little fear, as all great desires are—to see you. Do think of this project, not merely as a thing to write about. Two days' journey will bring you here, and I hope you will let me have the honour of receiving you when you come.

Tell me about Lord Byron and his bride, and about excellent Rogers. I do not even know whether he has yet returned from the Continent. Do not think of deserting us just after you have gone through the irksomeness of learning our exercise. Moreover, we cannot spare you. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 309.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Dalton,—Your letter gave me great pleasure in many ways; but in none so much as in the tone of kindness and cordiality there is throughout it, which I assure you was quite *comfortable* to me, and I have great delight in thinking that, whenever we meet, it will be

"With heart as warm, and brow as gay,
As if we parted yesterday."

When that will be, however, I have as little idea as yourself, for I am more and more convinced every day that this is the only place for *me*,—or, indeed, for *any one*; and, therefore, unless you will show that you agree with me in opinion, and transplant yourself and your fair rose and rose-bud hither, I am afraid our meeting is rather distant. I am glad to hear that you are writing for the horses; they are the only decent actors going, and nothing *pays* here like your *hippo-dramas*. Do you recollect the use I made of Mathilda in the melo-drame I began in Dublin, and do you think the plot would be of any use to you? If you do, I will send it over. I shall be most ready and happy to give you all the advice and criticism I can muster up, though I have never, I must say, thought myself any great hand as a critic, and least of all as a critic in the *drama*, for which, I strongly suspect, I have very little aptitude or ability. Not that any one can form any just opinion upon this subject from the M. P., which was written quite as a hasty

job, and therefore gave me nothing but sickness in my stomach, from beginning to end; but the point I think I should always fail in is a knowledge of stage effect. Lewis will be of great use to you in this way; there is no man who (as they say) "knows the *inside* of a theatre" better than Lewis.

I was very much flattered by Stevenson's favourable anticipation of my music; but I *know* he has been disappointed. It was the first time I ever composed airs premeditatedly (for I need not tell *you* that they have always come by chance); and the idea of a task disgusted and disabled me. Again I made an effort to compose for dramatic effect, which took me out of *my own* element, without naturalising me in any *other*. And, lastly, the harmonist and the actors inflicted such improvements on all the airs, that they have lost even the few features of the parent which they brought into the world with them: an instance of this you will see in the way the simple ballad of "Oh Woman!" is set,—the barbarous pause upon the word "what" in the second line, &c. Some of these things I have altered for the detached edition of the songs, and Rhodes' fine air (which I am sure you delight in, and which I fancy I hear you singing with Mrs. Dalton) will be arranged for four voices, which is the way I always intended it, as much more rich and perfect, but the scene where it was introduced would not allow of it.

Pray tell Mrs. Dalton that she is not to lose her duet by the theft I have made of it for the finale: it was little noticed on the stage, and as the finale will not be printed singly, it has not lost much of its gloss by the exposure; besides, if it even *had* been faded a little, the other words and *her name* would bring it back to life and freshness again.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that I am employed most resolutely and devotedly upon a long poem which must decide for me whether my name is to be on any of those medallions which the swans of the temple of fame (as Ariosto tells us) pick up with their bills from the stream of oblivion. The subject is one of Rogers's suggesting, and so far I am *lucky*, for it quite enchants me; and if what old Dionysius the critic says be true, that it is impossible to write disagreeably upon agreeable subjects, I am not without hopes that I shall do something which will not disgrace me.

I think early in this next year, I shall have a little money, and if you will send me over an account of some of your *minor* debts, I will try and extinguish them: this sounds very magnificent, but it is only *very slow justice*.

Best regards to Mrs. Dalton, and a kiss to the dear little child (which I appoint *her* as my proxy to give), and believe me, dearest Dalton, sincerely your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 310.] TO MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO.

London, Dec. 17, 1814.

Dear Sirs,—I have taken our conversation of yesterday into consideration, and the following are the terms which I propose: "Upon my giving into your hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from you the sum of 3,000*l*." If you agree to this proposal, I am perfectly ready to close with you definitively, and have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

I beg to stipulate that the few songs which I may introduce in this work shall be considered as reserved for my own setting.

[No. 311.]

COPY OF TERMS WRITTEN TO MR. MOORE.

"That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of Rokeby, you shall receive from us the sum of 3,000*l*. We also agree to the stipulation that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting."

[No. 312.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Wednesday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Here I am, returned in safety, after a most lucky visit to town. I received a sum from Bermuda, quite unexpectedly, which my friend Woolriche (who is returned and was with me) insisted upon my instantly delivering up into his hands, and he purchased for me five hundred pounds stock; so that I am now a stockholder, and, as this next year I shall be enabled to increase the deposit considerably, I look forward most sanguinely to being a *rich* old fellow. My other piece of good-luck was concluding *definitively* a bargain with the *Longmans*, whereby, upon my delivering into their hands a poem

of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from them *three thousand* pounds! What do you think of that, my darling mother? The poem is not, however, to be out till this time twelve-month. I have only time to give you a skeleton of my transactions, but my next letter this week shall be fuller. Love to my dearest father and Nell. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 313.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We were delighted beyond anything last night to hear of dear Kate's safe recovery. Long life and happiness to both mother and child! Give my best love and congratulations to the whole establishment.

So the wise persons in Dublin believe, upon the credit of the Morning Post, that there is to be an impeachment of Lord Byron! — that would be too ridiculous.

My Drakard's paper of last Sunday has been mislaid by Mr. Cooper, but you have no loss. There was a sort of criticism upon my early poems in it, trying to be very severe, but calling my fancy delightful, my Irish songs very beautiful, &c. Nothing shows me where I stand more than the quantity of shots there are aimed at me.

I wish I could send you Hunt's Feast of the Poets, just re-published, where I am one of *the four* admitted to *dine* with Apollo; the other three, Scott, Campbell, and Southey. Rogers, very unfairly, is only "asked to tea." I am particularly flattered by praise from Hunt, because he is one of the most honest and candid men I know. Ever yours, my darling mother, TOM.

[No. 314.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Tuesday, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I have just received my father's letter, and cannot tell you how it grieves me to hear so bad an account of your health. If you think, my darling mother, it would be any comfort for me to run over and nurse you for awhile myself, say but the word, and nothing shall prevent me. But I trust it is only the fatigue of your attendance on my dearest father, and that, with Ellen's care of you, you will soon come about again. We have a contrivance for keeping the feet warm

at night—a tin bottle, pretty large, with a screw at one end to keep in the hot water, which we often wish we could send over to you. But I think by describing it to a brazier, he could make it, and there is nothing, I am sure, would be of more service to you; have it made larger in circumference than a bottle, and about a foot and a half long, and you must cover it with flannel, or put it into a woollen stocking; otherwise it is too hot for the feet, the water of course to be put in boiling. Do take care of yourself, my own dearest mother, and, above all, keep up your spirits.

The Duke of Devonshire has just passed through here, and has invited us to Chatsworth; I shall go for a day or two, certainly. Poor Anastasia has been very ill, but she is now getting much better. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 315.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Monday morning.

My dearest Mother,—I am just setting off for the Duke of Devonshire's, from which I shall write to you more fully. I have had some little trouble to rig myself out, as the coat my London tailor sent me down did not fit me, and I have been obliged to have an Ashbourne bungler at me.

There are assembled there the Morpeths, the Boringdons, the Jerseys, the Harrowbys, all lords and ladies, and I shall be, I dare say, the only common rascal amongst them.

Anastasia is quite well, and Bessy is pretty well. The Coopers, two of them, stay with her while I am away. Ever darling mother's own,
Tom.

[No. 316.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Chatsworth, Jan. 25, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you: they are all chattering at this moment about me, dukes, countesses, &c. &c. It is to be sure a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lord and Lady Harrowby and their daughter (he is a Minister, you know); Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Boringdon, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinraid, the Duke himself, and the Poet *myself*,

with one or two more *inferior* personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here.

I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you with better accounts than my father gave us in his last. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 317.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 26, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—My father's last letter would have made us very unhappy indeed, if we had not the pleasing thought that by that time you had received the intelligence of Lord Mulgrave's letter, and were lightened at least of *half* your sorrow; indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; it was an event I have been expecting for years, and which I know *you yourselves* were hourly apprehensive of; therefore, instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunderclap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which, thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. I venture to say "comfortably," because I *do* think (when the expenses of that house, and the et ceteras which always attend an establishment are deducted), you will manage to live as well upon your 200*l.* a-year, as you did then upon your 350*l.*, which I suppose was the utmost the place altogether was worth. Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to *us* as to *you*, for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in *us*—nothing like it; we instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which *you* should take it. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment that is going on, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful dependency about it. For my *father's*

sake (who is by no means as stout himself as he ought to be) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and the brightest of it.

Let him draw upon Power at two months for whatever he may want for the barrack money, and when the rent comes due in March, we shall take care of it. Ever, my dearest mother, your own affectionate,
TOM.

[No. 318.]

TO MR. POWER.

Sunday night, Jan. 31, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I am just returned from Chatsworth, where I have passed a very delightful time, with many stings of conscience, however, at my being obliged to leave the proofs and sketch unnoticed. With respect to the *latter*, however, I was in hopes I should be able to prevail upon either Lady Cowper or Lady Boringdon (two very tasteful artists) to give me a design for it; but they promised from day to day, and were either unwilling or unable to perform it at last. Lady Cowper, indeed, promised to send me a sketch of it, but we must not wait for her. What do you mean to do about it? I think the best way is to let the man sketch the Leprechaun somewhat like it was in the last you sent me, but without the cobbler's implements; and as there is so little time to spare, you need not send it me again.

You cannot imagine what a sensation the Prince's song excited at Chatsworth.* It was in vain to guard your property; they had it sung and repeated over so often that they all took copies of it, and I dare say, in the course of next week, there will not be a Whig lord or lady in England who will not be in possession of it. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and penitently,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 319.]

TO MR. POWER.

— 1815.

My dear Sir,—I did not get your parcel till too late last night to return the proofs by this morning's mail, and now I believe to-night's Pickford will take them as soon to you as the mid-day coach. On Tuesday morning I intend to try my new franker in Lord Bathurst's office, and send you another Sacred Melody. I think I can *promise* to make up *twelve* for you

* "When first I met thee warm and young," &c.

before the end of March, but I am decidedly of opinion we ought to go on till we have twenty-four, or at least eighteen good ones for the first number: you may depend upon my despatching them as quick as possible. I do not expect to get much in Gretry, and that is not at all the sort of music I want to rumage in. I want *lessons* of all kinds, old and new, —Bach, Schubert, Kozeluch, &c. &c. mere rubbish as to *price* (but valuable for our purpose), which, with a little industry, might be collected for a trifle. I know I could do a great deal with such materials, but French operas are the last things I should think of searching in for what I want. Whenever I go to town again, I certainly will go about with a few pounds in my pocket, and do the job myself.

We were in much anxiety at not hearing from you for so long a time after the announcement of your little girl's escape of the crisis. I trust a little time will restore her perfectly; youth soon picks up again.

Pray look after the corrections of the second sheet yourself, and it need not be sent again to me. Have the goodness to spell Leprechaun as Dr. Kelly spells it; there ought, at all events, to be a *c* in it.

I do not like to smuggle anything in without your perfect concurrence, but you will see I have put the date of 1789 as a note upon the Prince's song. This I think quite harmless, and it will prevent (if the idea of an equivocal should occur to any one) the confusion of supposing it to be Mrs. Fitzherbert, or some deserted mistress, instead of Ireland. Leave it or not, however, just as you please.

From your last letter I fear your spirits are not so good as I could wish them to be. If the expediting our Sacred Melodies can cheer you a little, you may depend on my setting my shoulders to it. Best regards from Bessy. Ever yours,
T. M.

[No. 320.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday night, Feb. 1, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I meant to have written again from Chatsworth, but we got up so late, and the day was so soon over in various little occupations, that I could not find a minute except for a letter or two I had to write upon business, and I knew you would forgive me. My time was very pleasantly passed there indeed, and it required some resolution

to break away from the pressings and remonstrances employed to keep me there longer. Upon my return, I found my dearest father's letter, and it delighted us both to hear that you were even a little better. But indeed, my darling mother, you have no right whatever to yield to low spirits: your children all well and happy, and loving you with all their hearts and souls; and though for a time absent from you, looking forward to being very speedily about you, and showing you how fondly and perfectly they love you. All this ought to give sunshine to your heart, my dearest mother, and keep away everything like depression or despondency. I think it is very likely when we *do* go over to you, that we shall make a long visit of it, and, as Bessy is very cheerful, I think she and the little ones will be new life to you. Anastasia you shall certainly have early in the spring. Love to all. From your own, Tom.

Bessy is still very thin and weakly.

[No. 321.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1815.

My dear Moore,—I ought to have written to you long ago, to have thanked you for all your kindness, and for the hope you held out of letting us see you here; but I have lately taken an extraordinary fit of zeal and diligence in my profession, and have thought, or endeavoured at least to think, of nothing but law for these two months. I break my vow of fidelity, however, to thank you for your letter, which I have just received, and to request that you would assure your friend that Peake is entirely at his service, and that I shall be extremely glad to receive his article at the price he mentions. I hope it will not be *much* later, as I hope by that time to be well on with my new number. I am extremely anxious to hear of your poem; which, I hope, is to resemble Rokeby in nothing but length. When may we expect to see it?

I shall be delighted to hear all good things of Lord Byron.

I am not quite sure that I may not make a little burst to Paris this spring; and, at all events, I think I must be in London. Is there any hope of our meeting in either of those latitudes in April? Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 322.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Wednesday evening, March, 1815.

Oh for some of those ways of coming together that they have in the fairy tales,—wishing-caps, mirrors, flying dragons, anything but this vile intercommunication of pen and ink. I am afraid we shall never get *properly* into it; and, whenever I get a letter from either of you, it makes me regret my own laziness in this way most bitterly, as I feel you only want "*stirring up*" now and then, like those other noble females, the lionesses at the Tower (no disparagement) to make you (as Bottom says) "roar an'twere a nightingale." Whether you like this simile or not, you really *are* worth twenty nightingales to me in my solitude, and a letter from you makes me eat, drink, and sleep as comfortably again; not that I do any one of those things *over* it, but, without any flattery, it sweetens them all to me. I am as busy as a bee, and I hope too, like him, among flowers. I feel that I improve as I go on, and I hope to come out in full blow with the Michaelmas daisy,—not to publish, you know, but to be finished. I was a good deal surprised at *you*, who are so very hard to please, speaking so leniently of Scott's Lord of the Isle: it is wretched stuff, the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman* the other day, I said, "Between *you* and *me*, I don't much like Scott's poem," and I had an answer back, "*We* are very sorry you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown," &c. What do you think of this for a "between you and *me*?"

I think there are strong symptoms of the world's being about to get just as mad as ever,—the riots, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Frederick Flood and Buonaparte! What the latter has done will be thought madness if it fails; but it is just the same sort of thing that has made heroes from the beginning of the world; success makes *all* the difference between a madman and a hero.

Bessy is, I hope, getting a little stouter. The little things eat like cormorants, and I am afraid so do *I*. There are two things I envy you in London,—Miss O'Neil and your newspaper at breakfast; all the rest I can do without manfully. Rogers has written me a long letter from Venice, all about gondolas.

Best love to my dear Lady Donegal. Ever
yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 323.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Saturday, — 1815.

My dearest Mother,—You are prepared by my letter of yesterday for the sad news I have to tell you now. The poor baby is dead *; she died yesterday morning at five o'clock. Poor Bessy is very wretched, and I fear it will sink very deep into her mind; but she makes efforts to overcome the feeling, and goes on with all her duties and attentions to us all as usual. It was with difficulty I could get her away from her little dead baby, and then only under a promise she should see it again last night. You know, of course, we had it nursed at a cottage near us. As soon as it was dark she and I walked there; it affected her very much of course, but she seemed a good deal soothed by finding it still so sweet, and looking so pretty and unaltered: she wants to see it again to-night, but this I have forbidden, as it will necessarily be a good deal changed, and I should like her impression of last night to remain. I rather think, my darling mother, this event will bring us all together sooner than I first intended, as the change and your kindness will enliven poor Bessy's mind. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 324.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, Monday, March 27, 1815.

You have seen by the newspapers that we have lost our poor little Olivia. There could not be a healthier or livelier child than she was, but the attack was sudden, and, after a whole day of convulsions, the poor thing died. My chief feeling has, of course, been for Bessy, who always suffers much more than she shows; and whose health, I fear, is paying for the effort she made to bear the loss tranquilly. I mean, however, as soon as the fine weather comes, to take her over to my mother, who is also in a bad state of health, and pining to see us all: a few months together will do them both good: and I *will* say for them, they are as dear a mother and wife as any man could wish to see together.

What do you think now of my supernatural friend, the emperor? If ever tyrant deserved to be worshipped, it is he: Milton's

* Olivia Byron.

Satan is nothing to him for portentous magnificence—for sublimity of mischief! If that account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bare-headed, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am not at all surprised at the dumb-founded fascination that seizes people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that *Fate herself* was in that carriage.

Good by: write soon: by your not mentioning my "Fathers" in the Edinburgh, I take for granted you cannot read it, and "no blame to you," as we say in Ireland. Ever yours,

T. M.

What desperate weather! all owing to Buonaparte.

[No. 325.]

FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Tunbridge Wells, March 30, 1815.

Your letter of the 27th followed us here this morning, and I lose not a moment in thanking you for it. We had seen by the papers that you had lost your little girl, and we know how much Bessy would regret her, and were anxious to know something of her, and of you; but of all things in this world I think letters of condolence the most distressing and the most useless, for real friends will always feel for one under every disappointment and trial, and I was very sure that you would do our feelings justice on this occasion, as well as on all others, in which you are in any way concerned. Change of scene will do Bessy good, and your mother will forget all her aches when she has you all under her roof; yet I cannot help feeling regret that you are going to Ireland, for it is not a *safe* residence for you in any way, and to let you go, without intruding my wise cautions upon you, I cannot. I begin by most earnestly imploring you to be cautious about politics. You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are *too wrong* to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm, and the association of their names with yours would grieve me most sincerely. I beseech you to avoid them all, if you can, and if you cannot, be as guarded as in your nature lies, for the Irish democrats (if you choose I will call them Opposition) are a dangerous, un-

principled set as ever existed, and are held in great disrepute by all the respectable part of the Opposition in this country. I put all my own *courtly* feelings out of the question, and do not let my prejudices in any way influence the advice I have the presumption to give you. I do assure you that I am perfectly impartial, and I call Mary as my witness. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them. As for Sir F. Burdett in this country, and Mr. B. and others I could name in Ireland, I have a horror of them, and join heartily in the general feeling of contempt into which they have fallen. Once more I beg of you to keep clear of them. Another request I have to make of you is, not upon any account to be security for anybody, and I wish that you would give me a *promise* that you would not, for then I should feel sure of you.

Tell me, as soon as you can, that you do not think me the greatest bore that ever lived, and that you pardon me for the freedom with which I speak to you, but I know no other language when I am communicating with a friend. Fortunately for you my head will not let me write more to-day, for I have had one of my old nervous attacks lately, and am not yet quite recovered from its effects. Mary will write to you when we hear anything more of this fiend Buonaparte.

* * * * *

Poor Lady Shaftesbury is still at Paris. We have let our house in town for four months, and mean to pass our summer here.

We were in great luck not to have begun our travels before all this business began in France. I think that a little gentle squeeze from Buonaparte would do Rogers no harm, for he certainly was too partial to him, and never forgave me for having rejoiced last year in his misfortunes, and for having ventured to wish that a wing of the Temple* might be singed by the Russians, for which he heartily wished that Dublin might be burnt to the ground.

We did read your review, and liked it very much, as did others, more to the purpose than ourselves. A Roman Catholic man-friend of ours, however, was very angry at it, but I do not think that he knew it was yours.

* *Qy.* Tuilleries?

Direct to us here for the next six months. We have let our house in town. Our best loves to Bessy and yourself as usual. Ever truly yours,

B. D.

[No. 326.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, April 10, 1815.

Your letter deserved a much speedier answer, both to thank you for the very kind anxiety you have expressed about me, and to set your heart at rest upon the subject of them. If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I *must* say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith, which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which of all the humbugs that have stultified mankind is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connell, O'Donnel, &c.

Now as to poor Bryan, whom I know you particularly allude to, I believe I need not tell *you* who know me a *little*, that not all his wrong-headedness, nor all the clamours of the world against him, could make me guilty of one minute's coldness towards a man who has shown such genuine, hearty, and affectionate interest about me and mine. He is, I own, a blunder-headed politician; but, luckily both for himself and me, he is no longer a politician, for he has split with the Catholic board for ever. I had almost forgot the "giving security." I *do* promise you; and if any needy gentleman, presuming upon my funded property, should venture to hint such a thing, I will tell him I have been sworn upon a hundred pound debenture, never to risk so dangerous a proceeding. Seriously, though it is not very likely any one should ask me, I am aware of the danger there is in so committing one's self; and I only hope, most anxiously hope, that your warning does not proceed from any sad experience of your own.

It is a hard thing that you, who like London, should find it necessary, or at least prudent, to quit it just now; for I fear *that* is the case.

For myself, I know I ought to *pay* before I talk of *lending*; however, I shall only say that my debentures, such as they are, are now and evermore most heartily at your service.

T. M.

[No. 327.]

TO MR. LONGMAN.

Mayfield Cottage, April 25, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me, that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and *then*, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into *every one* of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished*; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c.; and as the fiction is merely a *poetic* license, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full *quantity* of verses I originally intended.

I shall call upon you on Monday or Tuesday, and hope to find you and your friends in perfect health. Ever yours, my dear sir, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 323.]

TO MR. E. T. DALTON.

Mayfield Cottage, May 4, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—I think I might complain a little in my turn now of not having received any answer to my letter; but I will be magnanimous (to say nothing of conscience), and forgive you for once. There were two or three things I omitted telling you in my last, which you had expressed a wish to be informed

about. My poem, *imprimis*, I *am* to get *three* thousand for it, *not* four, as that exag-gerative father-in-law of yours proclaims. It is to be the length of Rokeby, measured out upon the counter in Paternoster Row; and as to its merits, why, they are to be “of what colour it pleases God.” Jeffrey says, in a letter I had from him lately, “I hope it will resemble Rokeby in nothing but length.” As to your kind advice of putting the produce in some funds, I mean to do so with whatever remains over and above the discharge of debts; and as to the time of the poem’s appearance, and the money’s payment, I think, between ourselves, it can hardly be till near this spring twelvemonth; for, as the article is to consist, per agreement, of at least five thousand lines, and there are but three thousand written, it can hardly be finished off, fit for delivery, before that time, unless I am much more industrious than I have any prospect of being in that idlest of all *poco-curante* places, Dublin. Here I get on most flourishingly; it is, at this moment, while I write to you, but half-past nine, A. M., and we had done breakfast near an hour ago. This, I know, will appear to you about as true as the Courier, or a French bulletin, but you may depend upon the fact, however marvellous.

Mrs. Wilmot’s play got a most complete damning: the unfortunate epilogue was hardly spoken, and not at all heard: indeed, when the play is in the flames, the epilogue can scarcely escape *singeing*—*tel maître, tel valet*; and it was a most unlucky tail-piece to a damned drama. “No, no; your gentle Inas will not do,” was quite an echo to those cursed executors in the pit; they must have taken it so.

I want you *most* particularly to urge Stevenson in the various jobs he is *not* doing for Power; particularly the Sacred Melodies, and the air to “The World has not a Joy to give.” I have pledged myself to Power that your influence will procure their speedy completion, and I am sure you will not falsify my assurance. I hope you have seen my first verse to your favourite “*Ho sparso tante lagrime*!” it goes beautifully to English words.

Poor Bessy is still very weak, and my chief hope for the recovery of her strength now is sea-bathing, when we get to Ireland. Best regards to Mrs. D. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 829.]

TO MR. POWER.

[Dublin], Tuesday, May 30, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I have made twenty attempts to write to you since our arrival (which was on last Friday night), and this is the third or fourth letter I have begun; but you can have no idea of the whirl we are in; all very flattering; everybody in hysterics of joy to see us.

What I write now chiefly for is to supply an omission in my last dispatch before leaving the cottage. I wish a design to be made of a *Mary Magdalene*, as beautiful as possible, from the words,

"Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
'Love much,' and be forgiven."

This I should like to be the chief and leading frontispiece of the work: it is such a mixture of the sacred and profane as will be most characteristic of *me*, and may be made most tasteful and interesting. The other subject, and a very fine one, will be from the last Melody I sent you, "Sound the loud Timbrel." You may let the artist form his idea upon a comparison of my words with the text in Exodus, chap. xv. verse 20, "And Miriam the prophetess," &c. &c.

I write this actually on a dinner-table, among chatterers, drinkers, and all sorts of noise-makers; but I thought it wrong to defer any longer.

Best and warmest regards to Mrs. Power and our little friend Jane. Stevenson is almost free of his operative labours, and means speedily to attack the Sacred Melodies. We have seen your brother, who again offered us his lodgings; but Richard Power has left us his house in Kildare Street, where we are in great comfort, and where you will direct to us, No. 7. Yours ever most cordially,

THOMAS MOORE.

No. 830.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, June 11, 1815.

My dear Moore,—As I do not see your poem yet announced, I am afraid you are still occupied in a more interesting way than with reviews; but I cannot help taking the chance, however desperate it may be, of your having an hour or two to throw away on the baser avocation. I was shot in the eye with a sky-rocket on the king's birthday, and have been almost blind ever since; which has thrown

me back with all my preparations, and reduced me to such extremities in providing for the next number as must touch all Christian hearts with compassion. I forbear to suggest any subjects: a man like you must have his head full of theories and opinions to which it must be a relief to give expression; and we are not difficult you know as to our choice of the occasions for bringing them forward. If you should prefer amusing yourself with a particular book, you know far better than I do both what books will afford the most amusement, and how it is best to be extracted. Do think whether anything can be done for me, and let me know what has occurred to you.

I have just got a set of Lord Byron's works, and read his Hebrew Melodies for the first time. There is rather a monotony in the subjects, but a sweetness of versification to which I know but one parallel, and a depth and force of feeling which, though indicated only by short sobs and glances, is here as marked and peculiar as in his greater pieces. I have heard nothing of him lately, but am now persuaded that he cannot be long idle. I cannot see to write any more. Believe me always most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 831.]

TO MR. DALTON.

Athassel Abbey, Cashel, Friday,
Aug. 22, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—Bryan, as I suspected, will not stir, and Killarney is given up. If it were possible for me to wait *your* time, we could manage, I think, to achieve the business without him; but that's out of the question, and sincerely do I regret that it is so; for I flatter myself Killarney has seldom had, within its enchanted precincts, two souls that would agree better in enjoyment of all its beauties. My sister has been alarmingly ill since we came, from a miscarriage; she is now much better; but a sick house, and a dull, ugly country, render our visit here rather a melancholy proceeding, and I look with some impatience to next week for a release from it. The only *stimulants* we have are the Shan-avests, who enter the houses here at noonday for arms, and start out, by twenties and thirties, upon the tithe-proctors in the fields, stark naked, and smeared over with paint like Cata-

baros. The good people of Tipperary will have a bloody winter of it.

Lord Llandaff's is the only fine house in this neighbourhood; but it is one of those unfinished and never-to-be-finished places, which, as far as I can perceive, abound throughout Ireland.

Bessy is all anxiety to hear about Mrs. Dalton; therefore pray let us have a bulletin of her progress immediately.

The rector of this place has just passed the windows on a tithe-hunting expedition, with a large gun in his gig. This is one of the ministers of peace on earth! Ever, my dearest Dalton, your faithful friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 332.]

TO MR. DALTON.

[Dublin], Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—Here I am still, kept on from day to day, watching alternately the weathercock and poor Barbara's pulse, and still undecided whether I shall sail alone or wait for her. She recovers strength so rapidly, that I dare say it will end in my staying the few days that Duggan prescribes as necessary for her restoration; but in such a state of doubt and fidgettiness it would be impossible for me to enjoy *anything*, even you and *Beau-parc*; yet how lovely it must be now!

In last Friday's Morning Chronicle there was the following paragraph, "We have had so many and such incessant applications for the paper which contains the exquisite *jeu-d'esprit*, entitled "Epistle from 'Tom Cribb,' &c., that we shall reprint it to-morrow." I knew that flash fun would tell in England, though it was all flash in the pan here: *you* were the only one of all I read it to, in the least up to its humour.

That pathetic warrior, Mr. George Lidwill, sailed the day before yesterday for the Pistol Congress, to be holden at Calais on the 20th. I hear that there is a vast assemblage of *amateurs* from Kerry, Galway, and other warlike places expected on the ground.

Stevenson has found out how economical it is to live alone; he says he can now breakfast for a penny per morning. I have no other important news for you; but do write, my dear fellow, do write to me, and let me know how you get on, whether the boil on your neck is

troublesome, and whether you are better of those uneasy heats at night. I sat with P. Crampton near an hour and half on Sunday, and again on Monday; he is just now the most spirited skeleton that can be imagined. Best regards to all around you. Bessy will answer Mrs. Lambert's very kind note before we go. Ever faithfully yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 333.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Derby, Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1815.

My own dear Mother,—I have run over here on a short visit to our friends the Strutts, and to buy a sofa for Bessy, who cannot do without lying down a good deal. Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without *giving* me something, has just made me a present of a very snug and handsome easy chair for my study. They are most friendly and excellent people.

I fear I have been a little irregular, my darling mother, this last week in my correspondence, but I shall make up in the present one. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 334.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Oct. 21, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I returned from Derby on Thursday, and the chair Mr. Strutt gave me was not the only present I received. I owe the man there who furnished our cottage, a balance of about thirty pounds on his bill, and as I could not pay him, I was doubtful whether I should call upon him: however, I plucked up courage and went, and asked to look at a stand to hold my music, which we very much want. He showed me one, price two pounds, very handsome. I asked whether he made any cheaper: "some," he said, "at from thirty-two to thirty-six shillings; but, Mr. Moore, if you will do me the honour to accept that one, as a proof of the high respect I entertain for you, you will flatter me exceedingly." I of course accepted it without hesitation: what do you think of that for an English upholsterer?

Bessy, while I was away, has got the rooms and hall stained, and we look much neater now: often, often, my darling mother, do we wish for you; and Bessy says she never will be quite happy till *you* see how comfortable we are.

Take the earliest opportunity of telling Pow-

er that I should have written to him long before this, but I have been waiting for his announcement of the departure of my books. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 335.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday night, Nov. 8, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—Since I last wrote, or rather since Bessy's letter, we got my father's of the 26th, which was so far a comfort to us, but we are still astonished at receiving no later intelligence from you, and I only wait to know that it is not illness which has caused your silence, to give you all a *very good* scolding. Nell promised that now she knew Bessy well, she would write to her continually, and I believe she has sent her but *one* letter since we left you. There never was a creature more anxious about anything than Bessy is to have your loves and good opinions; and, in addition to Nell's silence, she took it into her head that my father expressed himself coldly and drily towards her in saying, "Your mother desires me to thank Bessy for the papers." I tell her this is all nonsense; but *do* make my father say something kind about her in his next.

I hope, my own dearest mother, that to-day's post will put me out of the painful anxiety I feel about you all. God bless my darling mother. Ever her own,
Tom.

[No. 336.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—We are here in the midst of such gaieties as Derby and a large party of lively girls can muster up. Bessy is in high spirits, and looking better than I have seen her for a long time. The Longmans have just sent her down a present of Mrs. Inchbald's Theatres. They are, indeed, very liberal, and have been particularly kind in their offers of money to me, to prevent the sale of my little stock, which I commissioned them to effect for me. I have, however, refused their offer; thinking it more independent not to borrow while I can help it.

If my dear father should be in want of money towards Christmas, he may draw upon me, at sixty-one days, for twenty or thirty pounds. Love to all. Ever my dearest mother's own,
Tom.

[No. 337.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1815.

Where is my two for one? Ever since the magnanimous promise in your last, that you would really and truly let me have two of your letters for every one of mine, I have been waiting for the shot from the other barrel like a hero, but none has come, and, therefore, I fire off this little squib at you, just to try your courage, which, I hope, will show itself, by return of post, oozing out (like Acre's) from your fingers' ends. I have no news for you; except that the other day, being inclined to treat Bessy to Mrs. Inchbald's Modern Theatre, in ten volumes, I wrote to Longman's for them; and, lo! with a generosity unexampled among biblioplists, they sent her a present of *all* the plays Mrs. Inchbald has edited, consisting of forty-two volumes splendidly bound, with proof impressions of the plates. I have read *Waller-loo*, since I heard from you. The battle murdered many, and *he* has murdered the battle*: 'tis sad stuff; *Hongomont* rhyming to "long," "strong," &c. He must have learned his pronunciation of French from Solomon Grundy in the play—"Commong dong, as they say in Dunkirk." *Where* is Rogers? I have not heard from him for ages. Four goodly letters has he had from me since I left this for Ireland, and never answered one of them. This is even worse than you, Miss Two-for-one! Rest, kindest love to Lady Donegal, from hers and yours faithfully,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 338.] TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to send you, according to my promise, the first verses of "When Day," &c. which you will, of course, lose no time in engraving.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this beauteous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
"When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven!

* In similar phrase Lord Erskine wrote:

"Of all who fell, by sabre or by shot,
Not one fell half so fast as Walter Scott."

But Sir Walter only fell as a poet, to rise again as a novelist.

Those hues, that wake e'en Light's decline,
So bright, so soft, oh God! are thine.

"When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some celestial bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine."

I have sent off the copy from memory of
"There's nothing bright" to Stevenson, and
have entreated him to lose no time in returning
it. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 339.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday night, — 1815.

My dear Sir,—I send you "Isis and Osiris,"
which I think very beautiful. Tell Stevenson
that the alterations I have made in the original
are all in submission to his opinion and correc-
tion; and I think Bennison had better write
out the original opposite my copy, or Stevenson
will never take the trouble of comparing them.

On the other side you will find the second
verse of the last Sacred Melody I sent you.
We shall get on *flamingly*, you'll see.

I hope we shall soon hear of your little girl
being in a state to accept our invitation. Ever
yours, THOMAS MOORE.

"So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!

"No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!"

[No. 340.]

TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

— 1815.

My dear Dalton,—I think it is a *toss-up*
which of us has treated the other the worst,
and Mrs. Dalton is the only one of the trio
that has done her duty. Give her my best
thanks for reminding you of me so often, and
tell her that, whenever she finds you *will not*
recollect me (let her do all she can), she has
nothing for it but to sit down and write me a
long letter herself, and she may depend upon
a *speedy* answer and *soon*, like Sir William
Curtis's peace. In one of Lord Byron's letters
to me after I left London, he mentioned having
met you, and that Mrs. Dalton sung "one of
my best songs so well that, only for the ap-
pearance of affectation, he could have cried."
Was it "Could'st thou look?" I received the

songs you left with Power for me, but have
not been able, in my own poor performance,
to extract much delight from them. I begin
to fear, do you know, that both Mrs. Dalton
and you are refining yourselves too far into
the *super-exquisite* of music, and one reason
of my fearing so is that you did not seem to
care about *my* humble ballads this last time
of our meeting, half so much as formerly.
But indeed there was no judging, and still less
any enjoying of each other in that vortex of
London, in which it is as impossible to find
out real opinions and feelings as it is to tell
the colours of a top that is spinning. I was
more disappointed than my proud stomach
would let me tell you at your not making a
little effort to come and visit us at our cottage.
God knows when I shall have another oppor-
tunity of making Bessy known to Mrs. Dalton,
for, unless my *paper* wings grow much faster
and stronger than they have done of late, they
will never be able to sustain the flight of my
whole family to Dublin, and Bessy will not be
easily persuaded to leave the children behind
her. That land of promise, Bermuda, turns
out a devilish bad land of performance: I get
as near nothing from it as possible.

I am delighted to find that Stevenson and I
are in harness together. I only hope the
whip-cord will hold out with little Power.
Tell Sir John that he *must positively* pass
the next summer at this cottage with us. If
he loves a beautiful country, where every step
opens valleys, woods, parks, and all kinds of
rural glories upon the eye, this is the Paradise
for him, and (to descend lower in the scale) he
shall have as good *brown soup* as we gave him
in Kegworth. He and I *must* do something
in a dramatic way. I believe I told you I had
a long pressing letter from Whitbread to do
something for Drury Lane, and I had another
communication upon the same subject the
other day from Holland House.

I am getting on prosperously with my poem,
and hope to be ready, though rather *late*, for
this next campaign. I wish you had been a
little more communicative about yourself, but
it is sufficiently gratifying to me to hear that
you are not worse, because it leads me to hope
that the complaint has reached that point
when it will be no longer troublesome; and
perhaps even show symptoms of retiring alto-
gether.

We have got into *much* too gay a neighbourhood, and I enjoyed the high dignity, the other night, of being sole steward to the county ball in honour of Lord Wellington. "Cock up, Spotty!" as the poet says.

Best regards to my dear Mrs. D. from Bessy and myself, and ditto to yourself, from, ever yours affectionately, THOS. MOORE.

[No. 341.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 1, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We were most happy to find, from dear Nell's letter, that your cough was gone, and I trust the pain in the side will soon go after it. Bessy has had a most severe bout of it, and is much weakened indeed; but I have just had her out in this sweet spring sunshine, that opens the new year so smilingly, and I think she is much better: her cough, though, at night, is still very distressing.

The poor girl, of whose death I told you in my last, we now find died of an attack on the brain, and, during her delirium, she frequently sung parts of "There's nothing bright but Heaven," and other Sacred Melodies of mine, which the poor young creature was a great admirer of. Ever my darling mother's own,

TOM.

[No. 342.]

TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, Jan. 14, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I have been these two days past much better, have returned to my animal food and wine (which I think the cursed apothecary kept me from too long), and, except for a troublesome cough, which still hangs about me, am as well as ever. Many thanks for your kind solicitude about me. I shall certainly not encounter another winter in this coldest house of a most cold country, and I dare say it is somewhere near town that our next move will be to. As to my spirits, they are, thank Heaven! pretty good. The only thing that sinks deep with me just now is the fear, almost to certainty, that I shall not be ready with my poem for the press till May, which will put publication till after the summer quite out of the question. This annoys me, but I could not help it. I have not been idle; but my trip to Ireland threw me back most cruelly. I have received the proofs and copies of the words, and, in the course of this

next week, shall put the whole job clean out of hand for you. I was doing a little song these few days past in spite of my headaches and weakness, but I shall throw it aside for the present, and think of nothing now but the dispatching the Sacred Songs for you. You must engrave "Thou art, O God!" as a single song.

Why have you not put in "Ah! who shall see that glorious Day?" It is in a style that we want very much, and I think you had much better include it. I hope you have sent duplicates of these last proofs to Stevenson, for of course he must see them.

I do not know how to thank you enough for your generosity about the pianoforte, neither am I quite sure that I can allow you to be so liberal to me; at least not till I am more settled than at present, for a gift of *yours* I should consider so sacred that I never could think of parting with it; and this might be inconvenient as long as we are in our vagabond state. So perhaps it is better to wait till I have some prospect of *firing* somewhere; and, in the meantime, your interposition to delay my payment of Broadwood for this is quite as much as I can require of you; not that, after all, I think I am *by any means* likely to part with this sweet pianoforte; but one does not know what might happen to make it expedient. Ever yours, most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 343.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Jan. 24, 1816.

You must not be angry with me for not writing to you: we have had nothing but illness in the house since you last heard from me. Scarcely had Bessy begun to show symptoms of recovery when I must needs imitate my betters, and be ill too. For about ten days I could hardly hold up my head; but I really think the apothecary was, as usual, nine-tenths of my disease; for he starved and physicked me into such a state of debility, that, when the original complaint was gone, there was another, much worse, of his own manufacture, to proceed upon; but at last I took Molière's method of dealing with him, and am, accordingly, as well as ever: "Il m'ordonne des remèdes; je ne les fais point, et je guéris." I wish I could say as much for poor Bessy, but her state of health gives me great uneasiness; indeed, she is not an instant free from pains,

either in her back or head, and there appears a general weakness and derangement all over her: but her spirits and resolution keep her up wonderfully, and the regularity of our little *ménage* never suffers an instant from her indisposition. She went the other night to an Ashbourne assembly (the first time she has been in company since our return from Ireland), and the change in her looks struck every one. She feels, as I do, most sensibly your kindness in asking her to pass some time with you; and there is nothing she desires and raves of so incessantly as the seeing London, and the streets and the theatres once more; but no pleasure will tempt her to leave the children, and the impracticability of moving *with* them puts such a visit out of the question, till my present task is finished, and I can shift my quarters nearer to you for good and all: indeed, *here* it is impossible to stay another winter; so I have said for these two winters past, and then, like the returning smiles of a mistress, the sweet summer looks of the little place make me fall in love with it again, and all the past was forgotten: but we have suffered too much, I think, *this* winter, from its damp, smokiness, and smallness, to let anything tempt us into a repetition of such horrors. How have *you* both stood the campaign? I fear, from what Rogers said in his letter, that my dear Lady Donegal has had some returns of her attacks,—is it so? Do tell me all particulars about yourselves; for your letters sometimes make me feel as if you thought I was a selfish fellow: I am so entirely the hero of them; but then, on second thoughts, I should *not* be *your* hero, if you thought me too much my *own*; so it is all right as it is, only *do* tell me a little more of your concerns—physical, moral, worldly, and spiritual.

We have had a melancholy event among us lately: a lovely young girl, of eighteen, left us a bride, and in six weeks afterwards was a corpse. It seemed as if her marriage bells had but just ceased, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several of my Sacred Songs, of which the poor girl was a most enthusiastic admirer. Good by. Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

What account do you hear of Lord Byron and his wife? He never mentions her, but writes, I think, in lower spirits than usual.

[No. 344.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Feb. 1816.

We were extremely sorry to hear so bad an account of both you and Bessy. I am afraid this extremely cold weather, in your cold smoky cottage, will be felt severely by *her* in particular, for *you* seemed pretty well when you wrote. I am very glad you are resolved not to stay another winter there. We are all hoping that you will settle within a reasonable distance of us, and that we shall see more of you both for the rest of our days. Pray write soon again, and say how you all are, and how you bear this hard frost. As to ourselves, I have to report that we are in a very tolerable state of health, though Bab's nervous attacks never fail. In the intervals she enjoys good health and spirits, and altogether the current of time flows smoothly on at present. Taking life as it is, with all its goods and evils, and ups and downs, it is something to be able to say, "I am content;" and we say it, and still better, feel it. One would rather that youth and health lasted for ever; but, as they do not, it is also something to be able to do without them. I wish, however, that it had been consistent with the order of creation to have given a longer summer to the year, and a longer youth to life; but, perhaps, it is all better as it is. We have been visiting about a great deal this year in the neighbourhood of London, and Bab has been twice at Windsor, being in high favour with the Queen, Princesses, and Duke of York, but just as usual with the Regent, that's to say, in no favour at all. We were also at that poor dear honest man's, Lord Sidmouth's, for a few days. As to your wicked story of his getting drunk, and singing ballads with his royal master, there is not a word of truth in it; it would be much more like him in his cups to give him a high flown discourse upon all the cardinal virtues and Christian graces. Seriously, I believe him to be as honest, as frank, and as open a character, as free from all little meannesses as any man in the whole world. I was very much amused one day upon looking over their books in the drawing-room, the very room in which he receives the Prince Regent and all the Ministers, to see stuck up gravely on the shelf my old acquaintance the Twopenny Post Bag; the last book I should have expected to find in a Minister's house. I suppose you have heard

from Lord Byron the history of his separation from his wife. The world are loud against him, and vote him a worthless profligate. She has gone to the country with her mother and Miss Doyle. She says she wishes to make no accusations; but she has advised him to go abroad for a few years. We don't know her; but every one praises and pities her. He is completely lost in the opinion of the world; and I fear he is the sort of character never to make an effort to recover it. So I look on him as given up to every worthless excess for the rest of his life. I hope he will go abroad for your sake, as he will certainly cling to you. Give him good advice, and tell him to go. A thousand kind things to you both from us both. I intended to write a longer letter, but have been interrupted; which I have great comfort in thinking will not break your heart, for I can't but feel that I am dulness itself at this present writing; but ever truly and sincerely yours,

M. G.

[No. 345.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, April 4, 1816.

You know what it is to put off answering a letter; *right well* you know it; nobody better; and it is not to you I am going to apologise, but to my dear, trusty, and well-beloved correspondent at your side, who deserves all the punctuality, good letter-writing, wit, and fair penmanship I do *not* bestow upon her; and the fact is, when I got her last letter we were from home, actually smoked out of our house in those high winds, and blown into any of those of our neighbours who would give us shelter; and when we returned, I had so much to do for Power, besides my own never-ceasing job, that I could not muster up five minutes for letter-writing for the life of me. I cannot tell you how I am longing to be with you this sweet weather. I really believe spring has as much to do with friendship as with love, for I never think half so *genially* of all those I like as at this season. How soon do you leave town this year? I hope not till after June, as that will be about the period of my flourishing there. I have been thinking, as France is in such a ticklish state, to take a run over to Paris, just for about a fortnight, to take one peep into that great cauldron of revolutions, before the "bubble, bubble" begins again, as it will before long, as sure as Louis is an old

woman. By-the-bye, are you, or are you not, a little ashamed of your dear friends, the Ministers? I don't mean on the score of their wisdom, talents, &c., for in this respect they are, of course, as admirable as ever, but for the shabbiness with which they are daily surrendering so many wise, indispensable, and sine-quâ-nonical measures to the bullies of Opposition. "Time was, that when the brains were out, the man would die;" or that when a Minister (as Dogberry says) "was *proved* a fool, he would go near to be *thought* so too;" but now we see that so he keeps his place, he need not be nice as to *whose* measures he keeps it by: if he hasn't the vigour or the sense to force what *he* thinks right upon his adversaries, he has the convenient passiveness to let them force what *they* please upon *him*. We shall soon have all measures originate with the Opposition: they will lay the eggs, and the kind Cuckoo Ministers will hatch them. Bessy, though a little better within these few days, continues in general as weak or even weaker than ever; but I look with much hope to the summer for her amendment. The little ones are quite well, and Barbara, if she was but prettier, promises to be all we could wish her,—intelligent, sweet-tempered, and affectionate. How is *your* dear Barbara? You have not mentioned her to me this long time. I suppose I shall find her grown beyond redemption: what a pity they can't stay little young things for ever.

Be it known to you that on Saturday last I took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Lancastrian Society at Derby, and astonished not only the company but myself by sundry speeches, of which the Derby paper of to-day gives such a flourishing account, that I blush to the eyes; seriously, I never saw anything like the enthusiastic effect I produced, and of all exertions of talent, public speaking is certainly the most delightful; the effect is so immediately under one's own eyes, and the harvest of its fame so instantaneous. This was the first time I ever really prepared or exerted myself in speaking, and oh! what would I *not* give to have many and higher opportunities for it. Would *you* bring me in if you could? *that* you would, in spite of Dogberry and the Cuckoo Ministers; I know you would. Ever yours,

T. M.

In a letter I have had lately from Lord Byron he says, "There is not existing a better,

a brighter, or more amiable creature than Lady Byron." Is not this odd? What can be the reason of the separation?

[No. 346.] FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Sunday night, —, 1816.

Mary has received your lecture, and means to answer it to-morrow; but I cannot let her cover go without a word or two from me, particularly as I want to ask a favour of you. You really would confer a lasting obligation on me, and as lasting honour on yourself, if you would comply with my request, which is, that you will sit down and write, without farther loss of time, the "Battle of Waterloo." Do not let that pitiful, wretched performance of Scott's remain the only tribute that genius has paid to such glorious deeds; but do you describe the day. And I will answer for it, be it ever so short, or done in ever so great a hurry, that you will get any thing for it that you choose to ask, and drive Walter Scott out of the field (at least of *that* field), for ever. It would be a magnificent subject for you; and the last Quarterly Review has made a collection of anecdotes, all ready to your hand, of the most interesting events of the day; and all such beautiful subjects, that I would give more than I can say if you would undertake it. The work that you have in hand must be ready for the press by this time; and I hope that you have begun nothing else that could prevent your undertaking this. I implore you to think seriously of it, for I am sure you would make it the most beautiful thing in the language, and it would cost you but very little time or trouble. As I am rather out of my senses upon the subject, I shall keep the rest of my ravings to myself, when I once more exhort you to let the Irish bard record the deeds of the Irish hero. You might too, with a safe conscience, say a word or two of the merits of the Duke of York, who had made the army, and contributed his share to the glory of the day. Not a word of his box at Covent Garden, which we have at our command.

Give my love to Bessy. How is my god-child (I was just going to write grandchild) going on? How far is she advanced in her education? Ever truly and sincerely yours,
B. D.

[No. 347.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, May, 1816.

My darling Mother,—Safe arrived—quite well, but more pulled about, fussed, and bustled than ever. To-night I go to the Queen's house to see the bride in all her nuptial glory. Only think of Lady Donegal's courage to ask permission to take me.

I dine so early, for the purpose of being there in time, that I must bid good by, my own dearest mother. Love to father and Nell.

I must leave this letter with the Donegals in hope of a frank; but if she cannot get one, I have bid her send it off, and for once you must pay postage.

[No. 348.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May 4, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—What do you think of *me*, Tom Brown the Younger, having been at the Queen's house to see the royal bride in all her nuptial array? Lady Donegal had the courage to ask permission of the Princess Elizabeth for me to go. The Princess Charlotte stopped, as she passed, to shake hands with Lady Donegal, by whose side I stood, so that I had an admirable view of her. I am almost tired of the bustle of this place already, and even after a short week begin to sigh for my little cottage and Bessy again.

[No. 349.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I cannot get a frank, and have not time to write *round* through Joe, so I must dispatch this as it is; to tell you I am quite well, in *terrible* request, never half so much so before, and that, flattering as it is all, I am delighted at the idea of being off on Friday next (as I expect) to the cottage. This, I know, will give you more pleasure than any thing else, as it proves I am happy at home, which is the source of every comfort and virtue in this life. I only wish you were there to make it still happier to me. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 350.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY.

92, George Street, Edinburgh, May 28, 1816.

My dear Moore,—It is very kind in you to think of me; and your remembrances

could never have come at a more acceptable moment; for I am, as usual, in a state of utter bankruptcy and despair. I commit Vathek to you with the greatest pleasure, though I have not an idea what you will do with him. I promised solemnly to begin printing before the end of this month; but, up to this hour, I have nothing to begin upon, so that I dare say you will be soon enough any time before the middle of June, but be sooner if possible.

I am glad you have learned to feel feverish in London, for then there is some chance of your condescending to take a peep at us here, where there is not half enough of movement and variety to fill the evening of a true London taste. We live in blissful ignorance of the doings which vex and scandalise you in that great city, though I have mourned a great deal to myself about Lord Byron, without knowing very well what to believe of the crude rumours that have spread so far.

May I venture to ask what has become of your *opus majus*, which you led us to expect nearly a year ago? I am afraid you are very idle in your retreat, though I have too long considered idleness and happiness as synonymous to blame you very much for this indulgence.

I meditate some little reviews of poetry, and certainly shall not be ill-natured to *Rimini*. It is very sweet and very lively in many places, and is altogether piquant, as being by far the best imitation of Chaucer and some of his Italian contemporaries that modern times have produced. I do not know exactly what to say of Christabell, though with all its perversity and affectation I read it with some pleasure. I do not mean the pleasure of scoffing and ridicule. Indeed I scarcely ever read poetry in that humour, and usually find something to love and admire in works which I could never have courage or conscience to praise. My natural foible is to admire and be pleased too easily, and I am never severe except from effort and reflection. I am afraid some people would not believe this; but you will, when I tell you that I say it quite in earnest.

I was lucky, far beyond my deservings, in meeting with Samuel Rogers at Paris, and we had great comfort in talking of you. Is it not a little bit of affectation in you to say you are obliged to me for speaking kindly of you, of

whom all men agree to speak kindly, and to whose kindness, and frankness, and generosity, I am indebted for a friendship which paltry spirits cannot comprehend? But I am not going to speak seriously of things that might make me too serious. Believe me ever, very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 351.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Tuesday evening, — 1816.

My dear Sir,—One would think, by our anxiety to detain you, that we had a *presentiment* of something worth your staying for; and, strange to say, an attraction has but this moment occurred, which, I am sure, to *you* is irresistible. My friend Rogers (who, I told you, left me a month or two since), returning by Kegworth, and not finding me there, has come by the evening coach, and is now sitting by the pianoforte at Mr. Peach's, waiting the effect of this note in bringing you back to us. He is a warm admirer of your music, and is anxious to see the author before he leaves Leicester, which must be early in the morning; therefore pray come immediately. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 352.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

July 11, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We got dear Nell's letter last night; and Bessy is afraid, by what she says, that she has not received a letter from her which I inclosed, I think, about a week ago. Perhaps, in my hurry, I may have omitted it, but I shall look among my papers. I sent one letter last week to you through Corry, which I fear you may not receive, from his being perhaps out of town.

Poor Sheridan! the Prince (I hear from town), after neglecting him, and leaving him in the hands of bailiffs all the time of his illness, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.

I have given notice to my landlord, and shall be off from this as soon as the winter shows his ugly face; that is, I suppose, about the latter end of October.

It grieves me to hear of the poor ear's being such an invalid; and if my father could but get credit for a new one for a few months, I think I could manage to supply him by the

time. Just now, and for two or three months to come, I shall be without one *extra* pound; if, indeed, I am lucky enough to have any *intra* ones; but *couldn't* you manage it somehow before the fine weather is all over, my dearest mother? the exercise is so necessary to you. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 353.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Mayfield, July 18, 1816.

I know you will say that I put off my letter to this "last day of the world," in the hope of escaping, by *any* means, from the trouble of writing. But I am not quite so desperate, and I hope we shall have many "more last" days (though of somewhat a sunnier kind than this is), to give me an opportunity of convincing you that, though appearances may be against me, I am really a very good correspondent. Do you know what the chemists call "latent heat?" This I am full of. It is a property which some bodies have of keeping all their warmth to themselves; or, rather, *in* themselves; which makes them seem not half so warm as other bodies which have all their warmth on the surface. Now this is the case with me; and therefore, whenever you are long without hearing from me, set it down at once to "latent heat," and console yourself with the idea of its being all snug and warm in my heart, instead of lavishing its precious particles through the post-office. Seriously and really I ought to have written sooner; but, as I am very busy, and have no news for you,—nothing, in short, to send but a few bad jokes, which, like *over-dead* game, will hardly *keep* to town,—I thought I might as well let *you* begin with your "How d'ye do?" and then, like Paddy Blake's echo, I could answer, "Very well, I thank ye." I found Bessy, I thought, a little better on my return, which I attribute a good deal to her having passed the time away from home, and out of the reach of those domestic cares, which, limited as they are, she feels much too anxiously and busily for that repose, both of mind and body, which is so necessary to her. If I could but afford the money and time, I am sure a few months of rambling and idleness would do her far more service than all the doctors in the world. She sometimes looks so wan and feeble as to make me quite miserable. I have given notice to our landlord, and, as soon as the winter

months set in (at least those that don't call themselves summer ones, like the present), we shall hope to be off to you. My ulterior plans are so uncertain, that I think for the winter I shall only take a small furnished house somewhere near London.

Do you know that I was lately fool enough to waste a few days on a review of Glenarvon, and, thinking it rather comical, sent it to Jeffrey, who appears to have thought the same of it. But, in consequence of numerous applications he had from town, he pledged himself to more than one friend *not* to admit any mention of the book in his Review. Homer was one of the advisers, and I think, upon the whole, they were right.

Those two little brothers, the Powers, are going to war ding-dong, and seem resolved to be "belligerent Powers," as well as their betters. I am delighted that the work they come to issue upon is the Sacred Songs, as from them not even Garrow himself will be able to extract indecency.

Our little ones are quite well. Bessy was all delight at your presents, and is keeping the scarf for town display. Ever yours, with best love to Lady D. and sister Philly,

T. M.

[No. 354.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, July 21, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—For want of news I send you a letter we got last night from our Derby friend, Mr. Strutt, which will show you what kindness pursues me everywhere. There is nothing I should like better than what he proposes, and it would do Bessy infinite service; but, besides the expense of joining them at Ramsgate (which I could not manage), it would unsettle all my plans of business for the rest of the summer; and Bessy, who is always self-denying and prudent, says, if I were wild enough to think of taking her, she would not let me. She was very ill all yesterday, but she is better to-day. Ever my darling mother's own,

Tom.

[No. 355.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, — 1816.

My dearest Mother,—You will get either by to-day's or to-morrow's post a Morning Chronicle, with some lines on the death of

Sheridan by *me*, which you must send back when you have done with them. Let old Joe see them first; but you need not mention to any one else their being mine. Bessy has just been out walking to pay some bills, and call upon some of her poor sick women, to whom she is very kind and useful at very moderate expense. This delights her more than all the finery and company in the world. I never cease regretting, my dearest mother, that you have not an opportunity of seeing her in her own element—home and quiet. Mary Dalby (whose long and sincere attachment to me makes her a very quick-sighted judge) said to me at the end of a fortnight she passed with us, “I do not think in the world you could have found another creature so suited to you as that.” And she was right. God bless you, my dearest mother. Ever your affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 356.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, August 18, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I have only time to say that Rogers has just left us; he seemed to enjoy himself very much, and it was with some difficulty I got off going with him to the lakes. Unluckily I cannot spare the time from my various jobs.

He made Bessy very happy by giving her, when he was going away, two pounds to lay out for the family of one of her poor women, whom he saw with her. He is an excellent fellow.

You will see by the Chronicle that my lines upon Sheridan were published in a pamphlet by some one, at 6*d.* price. Rogers tells me they made a great sensation. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 357.] TO HIS MOTHER.

September, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I was near letting this day go by, and it is the middle of the week, and then you would have reason to scold me for my neglect: but indeed you are very good and forgiving to all my little forgetfulnesses, which are not, after all, *very* heavy, for I never cease thinking of my own dears at home; and it is only business sometimes that makes me seem (as Lord Moira expresses it) “oblivious” of them. You will be amused at what Hunt says of my “Magdalen” Hymns, in the Ex-

aminer I send you. Bessy gives her best love. We have been paying visits to-day, and she is very tired. The little ones are quite well. I write in the midst of chatter, at Mrs. Belcher’s. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 358.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sept. 24, 1816.

I will not stop to make apologies for being so long without writing. My excuse is, that I had not time; but then, I have not time to make the excuse, as I merely seize the opportunity of a cover to Power to inclose a few hasty hieroglyphics to you. Part of my business lately has been gaiety; the business, of all others, I was born for. Bessy’s doctor thought a trip to Matlock would do her good, and there accordingly we passed eight or nine days, dancing, walking, and keeping-never-minding anything; for which Bessy, I think, was evidently better, and I, you may swear, not at all the worse. Rogers staid with us here from the Wednesday to Sunday, and left “an image of himself” (I mean, intellectually speaking), *very favourable indeed*, on the minds of both Bessy and the little ones. He was indeed particularly amiable; and took no fright at the superfluity either of melted butter or of maids, and even saw with composure a little boy who comes to clean my shoes; not that I can quite answer for his subsequent reflections on these luxuries.

As the time approaches for leaving our cottage, I begin to feel a little reluctance, and shall, I dare say, linger on here till the period of my publishing is near. Bessy is certainly a little better, and a break-up of our establishment just at this moment would be very deranging. She was delighted with the confidential frankness of your letter to her, and felt something far beyond the mere *honour* that it did her, though that was felt too, as it ought to be.

Tell our dear Mary that I look for it, under her own hand and seal, that she is quite as well and waggish as ever. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 359.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I send you a very short, but very beautiful Melody. It ought to have been a Sacred Song this time, but I took a fancy to

this air, and was resolved to strike while the anvil was hot. I should be happy to think that my work now would prove as *durable* as it is *quick*; but though I post on in this way, I shall not be so unjust either to *you* or *myself* as to let either collection appear till I am perfectly satisfied with all their ingredients. There are two or three of the Irish ones equal to any I have done; and one in particular ("This Earth is the Planet)," which will be very popular in my own singing of it; but our plan is to go on till we can select twelve *super-excellents*.

As the time approaches for our giving up the cottage, I begin to feel very reluctant, and shall probably linger on as long at least as there is anything like tolerable weather; indeed, I feel a little afraid of a new place on account of the *finances*; for here, whenever I have not the supplies, I have, at least, *credit*, which could not be expected in a new residence; we shall see, however. I have been expecting your answer about my Dedicatory Songs. Ever yours, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

Do you know that there is an edition of my Melodies published in Philadelphia. I wish we could get them.

[No. 360.]

TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I send you a Sacred Melody, which is, I believe, rather of a "Magdalen" cast (as Hunt very prettily said of them the other day), but the remaining verses will retrieve this fault. I think Stevenson may harmonise the air for three voices very charmingly. I grieve much at your difference with him, and trust that it will never go so far as to separate our alliance; for, let them say what they will, no man in general could understand or please me half so well. He has done the little duet of "If Thou'lt be Mine," beautifully; it is as pretty a thing, and will be as much sung, as any in the Melodies.

I have long been intending to ask you whether it is probable I shall be called upon by either you or your brother in the course of your law proceedings in Dublin this winter. I wish to ascertain this point, as it might a good deal influence my movements on leaving Derbyshire.

I have had a letter from your brother, but have not time to advert to its contents. Ever yours,

THOS. MOORE.

[No. 361.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 22, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We got my darling father's kind and heart-warming letter, and were both deeply gratified by it. I am glad, my own dear mother, that you *feel* how I love you. I can but *half* show it; but I would do more, if I could. Bessy is continually making projects for our all living together; and no later than this morning, at breakfast, imagined a very pretty scheme for our taking the house next to you, making a door in the wall, dining every day together, &c. I am not without hopes that some of her visions may yet be realised.

God bless my sweet mother. Love from us both to father and our excellent Nell, and believe me, ever your own,

TOM.

[1817.

In the preface to the sixth volume of Moore's Works, published by Longman, will be found a statement, that in the year 1812 he first conceived the project of a poem on an Oriental subject, of the quarto size, which Scott had adopted, and rendered popular. It will be seen, also, that Mr. Perry insisted he should receive no less a sum than the highest that had ever been paid for a poem. "That," said Mr. Longman, "was 3000 guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." The sum of 3000*l.* was readily agreed to, and Mr. Moore proceeded with his work. In 1816 the poem was ready for publication; but as the year was one of great distress, and consequently very unfavourable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, and the value of 3000 pounds to his family and to himself, this conduct was really magnanimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take advantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.]

[No. 362.]

TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I am glad you received the money safe; and rejoice that I could, even in such a trifling degree, be of service to you.

I suppose you have heard that my father has lost his situation. This is a heavy blow to me, as I shall have to support them all the remainder of their lives. I am not yet in possession of the circumstances; but as there is no one to be appointed in his place, I suppose it is a part of the system of retrenchment; and, if so, I cannot complain: but more of this another time. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

My head still troubles me, and I intend to have it bled copiously to-morrow, ten or twelve ounces.

[No. 363.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 12, 1817.

I have had various calamities lately. In the first place, my studies have been interrupted, in their very *capital*, by a violent pain, which was at first thought to proceed from too much blood, and I was accordingly cupped, scarified, leeches, and bleached by abstinence, physic, &c. &c. In the next and more serious place, my father has been turned out of his employment in Ireland; and thus am I doomed to be a poor man for the remainder of my existence, as I must share my crust with him as long as he lives. They do not even give him half-pay; and his dismissal has been attended with some unfairness (as well as I can understand from his own account and Joe Atkinson's), which I have endeavoured to counteract by the inclosed letter to Lord Mulgrave. You will smile at my having the impudence to write to him; but as I ask no favour, and merely entreat justice for my father, there could be no scruple on my part in addressing him; and, if *you* feel none in giving him the letter, I think it will be the means of drawing his attention more favourably to it. It was but this moment I thought of asking you to do me this kindness and I have not time for a word more; except to say, that next month we move towards town, and that it will give me real happiness, amid all my perplexities, to find *you*, my very dear friend, as much bet-

ter in health as my heart wishes you to be. Best love to Mary. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

My head is much better. You need not be afraid of the *tone* of the inclosed; nor think, with Davy, that "it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious looking letter." I have written it with great respectfulness and humility, as I was in policy bound to do. You need not add any representations, I think, of your own, as I by no means wish to have the appearance of *making interest*: but the sooner you let him have it the better.

[No. 364.]

TO MR. POWER.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1817.

My dear Sir,—You will be glad to hear that my father has got half-pay, which is a considerable relief compared with what we expected; and I write to you immediately, as I know you will be glad to hear it. *Between ourselves*, he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject: but more of this when we meet. It is pleasant, as well in point of *character* as of *money*; for the liberal gentlemen at the other side wanted to make it appear that he had done something very wrong, which merited such a dismissal; but Lord Mulgrave, in his letter to me, says, he "can find nothing in Mr. Moore's conduct to prevent his receiving the retirement of half-pay; which he has accordingly directed." Next Monday or Tuesday you shall have the proofs, &c.; but I have been all distraction and nervousness lately. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

Could you in the course of a week or ten days muster me up a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling?

[No. 365.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Thursday night, Jan. 23, 1817.

I am *upon* my *knees* before you. I find, from your statement, that I was quite wrong, and have not a word to say in my defence, except you can understand (what, perhaps, is unintelligible to any but "*wrong-headed Irishmen*") the mortal dread I feel of being supposed to relax my principles in favour of my interest, or of being thought capable of attacking a man one day, and coming cap-in-hand to him on another, according as it suited my convenience so to do. Even now, so strongly do

I labour under this wrong-headedness, that (simple as the transaction has been, and creditable, I think, to all of us) I should infinitely rather have worked to support my father myself *totally*, than have made one movement towards procuring this half-pay for him, did I not know that the idea of depending wholly upon my exertions would have made my mother and him wretched. But this is only my own (perhaps morbid) feeling. It was that plaguy word about "justice" in his note to you that set my fancy on horseback, and, as is the case with all beggars (which my fancy must be by this time, after an expenditure of six thousand lines), she rode to the devil with me. But do forgive me, my dearest friend, and, for Heaven's sake, write immediately to say you do; for among the calamities of this world I should rank as the *greatest*, my being in the slightest degree out of favour with you: indeed, I have not been happy ever since I wrote that hot-headed letter. Ever yours,
T. M.

I have inflicted double postage upon you, as I think the sooner he gets my acknowledgment the better, and I thought it would be satisfactory to you to see it. Do write soon, I entreat of you.

[No. 366.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, March 6, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here yesterday morning, after having set the printers to work on my manuscript, and fixed upon a cottage at Hornsey, within six miles of town. The way I have arranged my money matters with Longman is satisfactory and convenient to them, and, I should hope, safe for myself. I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts, and to leave the other two thousand in their hands (receiving a bond for it) till I find some mode of disposing of it to advantage. The annual interest upon this two thousand (which is a hundred pounds) my father is to draw upon them for quarterly, and this I hope, with his half-pay, will make you tolerably comfortable. By this arrangement, you see, I do not touch a sixpence of the money for my own present use, and I consider myself very lucky indeed to be able to refrain from it. If my poem succeeds, I have every

prospect of being very comfortable; and indeed, whether it succeeds or not, there is no fear of me.

I shall stay a few days here with our friends the Coopers, and, on Tuesday next, transport the whole colony (no easy or cheap matter, you may suppose) to London.

I was delighted to hear, by Ellen's letter through Lucy, that your spirits, my darling mother, were so much better. This is quite right; and I feel it the more joyfully, as I am sure your consideration for my wishes has been one great cause of your making the effort. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,
Tom.

Bessy is, I think, a little better, and the young ones are quite well.

[No. 367.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Tuesday, March 11, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are off to-night for town. I have taken the inside of one of the coaches to ourselves, and trust in Heaven that I shall carry all my little establishment safely to the end of their long journey. I have paid all my bills here, and believe that we carry with us the respect and good wishes of every one. Indeed I have never experienced more real kindness than from some of our friends in this neighbourhood.

You will perceive that my poem is announced, and I shall now have a most racketting time of it till I am published.

Bessy is a little better, and the young things are quite well. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 368.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, March 13, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We arrived quite safe, and the little ones bore the journey like heroines. Bessy, too, went through it much more stoutly than I expected. We were at Drury Lane last night, and to-morrow we go to the Opera. This is merely to give Bessy a taste of London before we are off to our Hornsey cottage, where I shall be confined very closely to business for the next two months. We found a most comfortable and kind reception at the house of Bessy's friend (niece to Mrs. Ready), Mrs. Branigan, an excellent person, who appears to be very prosperously and comfortably married, and whose house will be a

most valuable convenience to us whenever we visit London. We stay with them till Monday. Bessy is just gone out with Lady Duncal in her carriage to look for a new bonnet. God bless my dearest mother. Best love to Nell and my good father. Ever your own.

TOM.

I have taken Bessy this morning to see the new house; she likes it exceedingly. I am to pay ninety pounds for the year. It is well furnished; and this clears taxes and everything.

[No. 369.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Middlesex, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are at last settled, and I *begin* to feel at home. At first when we came, I was a good deal disgusted by finding that the place was full of rats, and that one of the rooms smoked,—indeed, you would have pitied me if you had seen the irritable state of fidget it put me into, everything now depending so much on my having these two next months free and quiet for the getting out my poem; but I think we have now got over all our grievances; and Bessy's exertions and good-humour throughout the whole, and the accommodating spirit with which she has encountered and removed every difficulty for me, has been quite delightful.

I hope my dear father has not suffered himself to want any supply: he may draw whenever he is in need of anything; and as soon as the poem is out I shall establish the *regular* channel through Longman for his annual hundred. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 370.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, May 13, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I am posting away, whip and spur, for the goal, which (you will have seen by the papers) I am to reach on the 22nd. Strange to say, the work is not finished yet, but I hope to give the last of it into the printer's hands before Saturday. I believe there is a good deal of anxiety for it, and the *first* sale will, I have no doubt, be rapid; but whether it will stick to that is the question, and I have my fears.

I never was better, thank God! I have been (for the first time since I was your own little *boy*) a good Catholic all this week, not having

tasted a bit of *meat* since Tuesday last. I found myself getting a little too full of blood, and this regimen has made me as cool and comfortable as possible. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 371.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Saturday, May, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I received my father's letter yesterday, and am glad to find you did not omit the celebration of my birthday. I meant, indeed, to have stirred you up a little on the subject. We are delighted to find that dear Kate is recovered.

I received some Edinburgh papers the other day, full of praises of Lalla Rookh; it seems, indeed, if I may judge from these journals, to have produced a great sensation in Scotland. One of these papers Bessy has forwarded to you, by the way of Derbyshire.

My father may draw upon the Longmans as soon as he pleases. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 372.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, May 30, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—The book is going on famously; I believe I told you in my last that we were already going into a second edition, so that my conscience as to the publishers' pockets is now quite at rest. I should suppose your copy was the first that arrived in Dublin. All the opinions that have reached me about it in London are very flattering; and I rather think I shall not be disappointed in the hope that it will set me higher in reputation than ever. Faults, of course, are found, but much less than I expected; and if I but get off well with the two Reviews, the Edinburgh and Quarterly, I shall look upon my success as perfect. The latter, of course, is rather hostile to me from my politics, but I believe, on the present occasion, they will be pretty fair.

I have had most pressing solicitations from the Opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper they have set up, "The Guardian," but it would not suit me; besides, living in London is what I do not now like at all. I dined and slept at Holland House on Wednesday last; we had Tierney, Lord Aberdeen, &c. &c. Bessy took a round with me, while we were in town, to return calls,—Lady

Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. &c.; we were let in at almost all, and she was very much amused. We go for a few days to Lady Donegal, on Wednesday next, children and all. Ever your own,

TOM.

I hope dear Kate and the little one are recovered: my love to her. I *think* she likes the book.

[No. 373.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,—What with you and my *other* love, Bessy, I am kept in continual pursuit of franks. I shall send this to Lord Byron, and take my chance for his sending it to-day. You cannot conceive how kind everybody is to me here, and my visit will do me all the good in the world by inspiring me with confidence, and showing me the high ground I stand upon. I am invited to *lecture* at the Royal Institution next year; a very flattering distinction, which, however, I am doubtful, from many reasons, whether I shall accept. Lord Lansdowne last night at Lady Besborough's said, he should feel delighted if I would fix my residence near his house in the country, and that my best way would be to take Bessy there on a visit to him and Lady Lansdowne this summer, and look about us for something. Could anything be more pleasant or flattering than this?

I am very anxious to hear from you, my own dear mother; and with best love to father, Kate, and dear Nell, I am ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 374.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, June, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are in expectation of some visitors here. Bessy's brother-in-law is arrived from Edinburgh, and we mean to have him out for a day or two: and Barbara Godfrey, Lady Donegal's niece, comes to pass a few days with us next week—our neighbourhood to town imposes a little of this upon us. Our most welcome visitor, however, comes to-day, meaning no less a person than that gentleman of the gown and breeches, Master Tom (you know, I suppose, that a gown and short breeches form part of his costume). Sir Francis Burdett's brother, who lives in our neighbourhood, brings him to us

from the Charter House, with his own two sons, and takes them back again on Monday. God bless you both. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 375.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Keppel Street, June 25, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Our College dinner on Saturday was a very curious one. I dare say you will see the account of it copied into the Irish papers, and it will amuse you to find that Croker was the person who gave my health. I could not have a better proof of the station which I hold in the public eye than that Croker should claim friendship with me before such men as Peel, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. I was received with very flattering enthusiasm by the meeting. Bessy and the children left Rogers's yesterday, and came here for a few days to the Branigans. About the tenth of the next month I shall set off for Paris; and, having passed a month there, it is my intention to run over to Dublin for a week or two, my darling mother, to see you and my own dears at home, as I have given up the thought of taking my whole establishment over, which would be imprudent unless I meant to live some time in Ireland, and *that*, I think, I had better *not* do. Bessy is pretty well in spite of all her racketting. She saw Kemble take leave on Monday night, Lady Besborough having sent to us to go to her box. Everybody is most kind to her. The little things are not quite well. God bless my own dear mother. Ever yours,

TOM.

[No. 376.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Thursday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I am kept in the most perplexing state of bustle all this week by Rogers's delay of our departure: however, on Sunday he promises positively to be off. I will try and write again between this and then, and you shall hear from me as often while I am in France as possible. Bessy, too, shall write a line on the newspapers she sends you to tell you how I am. I expect much pleasure from the trip.

I take a letter of credit for three hundred pounds; pretty well, you'll say!—but this is mere form, and only for the dash of the thing,

as I dare say I shan't draw more than thirty.
Ever my darling mother's own, Tom.

[No. 377.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Saturday, ——— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I have come down here for a day or two, previous to my flight for France; and a bustling, crowded house I find it,—Branigan, his wife, two children, and two servants, in addition to our own establishment. Bessy has stowed us all away, though, very comfortably; and when *he* is gone to Scotland, and *I* to Paris, which will be the beginning of next week, she will get on very well with her group till our return. It is very delightful to her to have her friend with her while I am away.

I have seen the Daltons on their way to Paris. Poor fellow! his complaint seems to grow more near its fatal consummation every day. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, Tom.

My father has nothing to do with accounting for the difference of exchange; it is the same thing to the Longmans and me, and only puts a few pounds more in his own pocket. How much does he receive for the twenty-five pounds British?

[No 378.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Amiens, July 16, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I seize one moment, on my way, to write a line (if this cursed French ink *will* write) to tell you that I am quite well and merry, and enjoying myself in this grotesque country amazingly. Our passage from Dover to Calais was but three hours and a half, and I was as sick as need be; but the journey hither (we are within seventy or eighty miles of Paris) has quite set me up again; and I assure you, my own dears at home, that pleasant as this journey promises to be, I look forward to a still pleasanter one after it, in my trip to you all in Dublin.

God bless my own darling mother. Wherever I am, yours ever affectionately, Tom.

[No. 379.] TO MR. POWER.

Paris, August 7, 1817.

My dear Sir,—Though I have hardly one minute for writing, and Bessy always claims the little minute I have, yet, as I promised you should hear from me, here goes! Paris

is the most delightful world of a place I ever could have imagined; and, really, if I can persuade Bessy to the measure, it is my intention to come and live here for two or three years. You *must* come and see it. Stevenson is *not* in very high force here; the ice is too cold for his stomach, and he cannot get whisky-punch for love or money—accordingly he droops. I cannot make out well his designs or wishes with respect to his business with you; but he says, that as to the two first years he has nothing to do with them; he has a receipt from you to prove their having been settled to your satisfaction.

I am called away. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 380.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, August 20, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I have but this instant arrived safe and well, and am hastening, in great anxiety, to Hornsey; as I hear our poor dear Barbara is very ill indeed, from the fall she had a week ago. I suppose Bessy has told you of it. I have just seen Tegart; and I fear, from the way he speaks, that my dear child is in a very dangerous state. You shall know more by to-morrow's post.

God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 381.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sept. 10, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Barbara is not at all better; indeed, this morning we have been in very great alarm about her; but the medical man, who has just left us, says she is not worse. If she should get a little better, I mean to go for a day or two to Lord Lansdowne's, to look at a house which he has most friendly written to me about, which he thinks would suit me exactly. He has been searching his neighbourhood for a habitation for me in a way very flattering indeed from such a man.

God bless my own dearest mother. Your Tom.

[No. 382.] TO HIS MOTHER.

56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square,
Saturday, Sept. 20, 1817.

It's all over, my dearest mother; our Barbara is gone. She died the day before yesterday, and, though her death was easy, it was a dreadful scene to us both. I can bear such

things myself pretty well ; but to see and listen to poor Bessy makes me as bad as she is. Indeed, my dearest mother, you can only conceive what she feels by imagining *me* to have been snatched away from you at the age of Barbara. It will be some time before she can get over it ; but she is very sensible and considerate ; and her love for us that are left her will, I know, induce her to make every effort against the effect of this sorrow upon her mind. I succeeded yesterday in prevailing upon her to leave Hornsey, and come up to Lady Donegal's house, where we are now, as retired (for the family are at Tunbridge) and as comfortable as we could desire. It is a great consolation to us to reflect, from what Duggan told us in Dublin, and from what the medical men say here, that if Barbara had lived, she must have been always a suffering invalid, from the bad state of her inward parts ; indeed, Tegart says that the fall was not of itself the cause of her death, but merely *hastened* what would otherwise have come on. God bless you. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 353.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Poor Bessy, though she neither eats nor sleeps enough hardly to sustain life, is getting somewhat more composed in mind than she was, and will, I hope, soon recover from this sad shock. I shall, as soon as possible, go down to Lord Lansdowne's, who (I think I told you) wrote most friendly to me to say he had been looking for a house in his neighbourhood for me. It would certainly be an object to be near such a man ; his library, his society,—all would be of use to me ; not to mention the probability of his being some day or other able to do me more important services. Lady Donegal is very anxious that I should take the house he talks of.

We are anxious to hear from you. You had better direct to 56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square. We could not be more comfortable anywhere than we are here. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 354.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Bowood, Sunday, Oct., 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here the day before yesterday, and found Rogers, Lord and Lady King, &c. Yesterday I looked at the

three houses Lord Lansdowne had thought of for me ; but there is only *one* of them at all within my reach, a little thatched cottage, with a pretty garden, for 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year : it is, however, I fear, too small and humble even for our pretensions. I shall not decide till I return to Bessy, which I hope to do on Wednesday or Thursday.

It is a sad thing that my father cannot let his house ; and I heartily wish it would suit us to live in Dublin, that I might take it from him.

My leg is not the worse for the use I have been obliged to make of it. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 355.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her. She is not only satisfied but delighted with it ; which shows the humility of her taste, as it is a small thatched oottage, and we get it *furnished* for 40*l.* a year ! This is cheap, God knows. I am nursing my leg, which is free of the inflammation that my journey produced, and I hope, by giving it fair play, it will soon get well.

I have had so many letters to write to-day that my hand is quite weary. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own.

TOM.

[No. 356.]

TO MR. POWER.

Sloperton, Devizes, Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1817.

My dear Sir.—We arrived safe, and are in possession : all looks as if we were likely to be very snug. Our maids (servants being always the hardest to please) look a little sulky at the loneliness of the place ; but I dare say they will soon get reconciled.

I am just sallying out to my walk in the garden, with my head full of words for the Melodies. You shall have them as I do them. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

The pianoforte ! the pianoforte !

[No. 357.]

TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 20, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I hope all the corrections will be particularly attended to, as well as the notes

I have added. If possible let "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" come *harmonised* before setting.

If you have any good place in the title-page. I should like to put this motto, "Naturâ ad modum ducimur." Ever yours, T. M.

I dare say the "Tell me not" is as bad as need be, but I'll try again for you; or is it that he *will* not sing anything of mine?

[No. 388.]

TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 23, 1817.

My dear Sir.—I am so anxious about a passage in one of the songs ("Dost thou remember"), that I cannot help writing expressly to have it re-corrected, though I hope it may have happened that my former correction is not yet under the tool of the engraver. Instead of

"When, as the moonbeam fell tremblingly o'er thee
And lit thy blushes;"

let it be

"When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illum'd thy blushes."

This passage has bothered me more than enough. You shall have the preface in a day or two. It will be very short. You need not mind about the motto. Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 389.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 9, 1818.

A pang of conscience has just come over me for having been so long without writing; and, in addition to this pang, I have just received the long-strayed letter from Calne, which has been half over the country, but has reached me at last safe and inviolate. We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible; and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbours for Bessy to make intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derbyshire. She continues, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favourite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been; and the better class of people (with but one or two exceptions) seem to consider their contri-

butions to the poor-rates as abundantly sufficient, without making any further exertions towards the relief of the poor wretches. It is a pity Bessy has not more means, for she takes the true method of charity,—that of going herself into the cottages, and seeing what they are most in want of.

Lady Lansdowne has been very kind indeed, and has a good deal won me over (as, you know, kindness *will* do now and then). After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it; and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride,—which I cannot blame her for,—which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over all these difficulties; but pride is not so practicable. She is, however, very much pleased both with Lord and Lady Lansdowne; who have, indeed, been everything that is kind and amiable to her. Her health is, I think, somewhat better; and little Anastasia is perfectly well.

I trust, my dearest friend, that you have not had another attack since that which, I was grieved to find, you had suffered when the last letter was written: pray mention always particularly how you find yourself.

I am getting on wickedly with all the Fudges, and you cannot think how much your *list* embarrasses me; particularly with respect to that "venerable and illustrious female," whom I have now such an excellent precedent for attacking in the Memoirs of the patriotic and disappointed Bishop Watson. She is, however, safe, though it has already cost me the strangling of two or three young epigrams in their cradle. All, in fact, shall be safe, except Lord Sidmouth; but that the author of the Circular, the patron of spies and informers, the father of the Green Bag, the eulogist of the knights of Northampton (?), &c. &c., should not have a touch or two, is out of the nature of things. I only promise that he shall neither be called "Doctor" nor "Old

Woman," which is quite as much as his warmest friends could expect.

Best love to sister Mary, and a thousand thanks for her copying out the French verses, which I have not yet read. Ever yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

A kiss to Barbara. Does she get stouter?

Jeffrey's article is pretty fair, though within an inch, now and then, of being otherwise; but the Longmans write me word it will do the book much service, and they are the best judges.

[No. 390.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—We are still without a line from you, and I really begin to be apprehensive that something is the matter. We have had most dreadful weather here; the paling before the house was all blown in, and we were left bare to the road. How have you fared in Jervis Street?

Did I tell you that, when I was in town, I received an anonymous letter from some young girl, inclosing *three pounds*, as a token of her admiration of Lalla Rookh! It was wrong directed, and they made such work about it at the Post Office (as a *property* letter) that I really began to think there was something considerable in it; but I dare say it was as much to the poor girl as three hundred to another; and if every reader of Lalla Rookh would do the same, it would make us all pretty easy about money matters. I laid out the sum immediately in two sixteenths, and I hope they will be lucky to me.

They will soon go to press with a seventh edition of Lalla.

Poor Bessy is ailing with *her* new edition, and is often very low-spirited; but she keeps up for my sake, and does her utmost to make me happy and comfortable. God bless my darling father, and mother, and Nell. I often feel it dreary to be so long without seeing you all; but before the spring is over we shall meet, please Heaven. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 391.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton, Devizes, April 2, 1818.

I was just going to write to you, when I received your letter, and why I have deferred it so long since is more than I can satisfactorily explain to you, except that we are very often

apt to take *other* people's performance of their duty for our *own*. I grieve, most heartily grieve, for the annoyance and embarrassment these wretched people inflict upon you. I am afraid, after all, it is but a wicked world, and I am about too, myself, to be a victim of its wickedness. Within these twenty-four hours I have come to the knowledge of a circumstance which may very possibly throw me into a prison for life. You know I have had a deputy at Bermuda; he is nephew to very rich and respectable merchants (now my only hope), the Sheddons of Bedford Square. I had every reason to suspect his playing me false with respect to my share of the profits during the American war, and I had written so often in vain to demand his accounts for the last year of the war, that I at last gave up the matter as hopeless. I had forgot both him and the office, when yesterday I was roused into most disagreeable remembrance of them by a monition from Doctors' Commons, calling upon me to appear there within fifteen days, in consequence of my deputy having refused to produce the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo, which had been deposited in his hands during an appeal to the court at home. I suppose the sum was considerable, and the fellow has absconded with it. I have no security for him, as the place was so mere a trifle at the time I appointed him, that no one would have thought it worth either asking or giving security; and, at present, I see no chance for my escape but in the forthcomingness of his uncle Sheddons, who, as having recommended him to me, is bound, I think (at least in honour), to be answerable for the defalcation. If he (which is highly probable) refuses, I suppose I have nothing for it but a prison; and all I shall ask of your friend Sir William Scott is, that he will either make interest for the Rules for me, or at least let me have *two* rooms in whatever dungeon is to receive me. I dreamt, about a week ago, that I was walking home in full sunshine, and that suddenly a pitch-black cloud came all over the sky, like the forerunner of an earthquake, that made me cower down to the very earth, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Bessy and child!" Is this what they call one's dreams being *out*? Mind, I am only talking and anticipating now from what appears on the face of the monition, as I know nothing further of the particulars; but

I wrote by last night's post to the Sheddons, and on their answer must depend a good deal of my comfort.

And now that I have given you grievance for grievance, I must say that our dear Mary's ill health gave us both very real concern; and I trust when I go up to town I shall find her much better, as well as yourself, in *every* way, as you both richly deserve to be.

Poor Bessy, who—I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at it—is in the way of producing another little incumbrance for us (a little *prisoner* perhaps), is, as usual in that state, very weak and ailing.

Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly *out of hand*. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might, perhaps, (though I doubt whether it would,) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness: "Stone walls do not a prison make," &c., &c. I shall be in town next week. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

I need not remind you that this is not a case for interference with Sir W. Scott, or *any one*. The thing must take its course; and any interest you have must be reserved for my *prison comforts*.

[No. 392.]

TO MR. POWER.

Monday, April 6, 1818.

My dear Sir,—I thought to have sent you back the proof of the duet by a parcel to the Longmans to-day; but it cannot go till to-morrow; and I can no longer delay congratulating you on the result of the arbitration, which, I conclude from what you say, is as favourable as you could desire; I wish you joy upon it most sincerely. Your kind prayer for me on my wedding day has, I grieve to say, failed; and I have heard within these few days of a calamity which *may* have the effect of imprisoning me for life. My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of the office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and I am called upon, by a monition from Doctors' Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcation, but

it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect: as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect or my talents, and I can live upon them happily *anywhere*. Good by, my dear friend; I shall see you on Friday next. Best regards to Mrs. Power. From yours, very sincerely,
THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 393.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

Sloperton Cottage, May 6, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—You cannot conceive how happy I am at finding myself quietly here again, out of the distracting bustle of London. I left my Bermuda affairs in as good train as I could, and, as my deputy has some landed property, I am in great hopes the burden will not fall so heavy on me as I first apprehended. In the mean time do not you, my darling mother, feel the least uneasiness about either our comforts or your own. The sum is so large that I could not think of attempting to pay it; and, as in the processes of the Admiralty Court they cannot touch *property*, let the worst come, my means of supporting myself, and continuing to contribute the little I do towards *your* comforts, will not be in the least diminished by it.

As soon as I rest a little, I hope to be off for about ten days (all I can spare now) to Dublin, and hope to find my own dears there well and comfortable. I want to persuade Bessy to go on as far as Derbyshire with me, where she might stay among our friends there till my return; but I am afraid she will not agree to it.

I left the Fudges prospering amazingly in town,—five editions in less than a fortnight,—and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was 350*l*. Very convenient it was too, as I had overdrawn them; and it not only paid what was over, but gave me some *ready* in my pocket besides. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 394.]

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton, May 17, 1818.

I have been, not so much reproaching myself, as regretting that I did not get one shake

of the hand from you before your flight; but I had taken it into my head that Wednesday was to be the day of your departure (I find since it was the day of taking possession), and, on Tuesday morning, I went very quietly to breakfast with you between eleven and twelve, but found nothing except Farrance, with a long list of memorandums in his hand, and myself and Childe Harold commemorated thereon. I was heartily mortified. How badly this world goes on with us all! It *used* to be much better, I think; or is it that the bitters *always* lie towards the bottom of the cup? Your disappointment about the house is too bad; but it is lucky you do not like Brighton much, as you will have a regret the less. I mean to set off this next week for Ireland. I shall be away about three weeks in all; and for nothing but to gratify my poor mother (who is ill and out of spirits) would I leave just now my sweet, quiet cottage, where, in spite of proctors, deputies, and all other grievances, I am as happy as, I believe, this world will allow any one to be; and, if I could but give the blessing of health to the dear cottager by my side, I would defy the devil and all his works, and Sir William Scott to boot. Poor Bessy is not at all well, and though she is very generous and considerate about these absences from her, yet, in her low state of health and spirits, they are not by any means pleasant. I am happy to hear *you* speak of the good effects of Brighton upon your health, and, disagreeable as it is otherwise, I shall be glad to hear you are enabled to stay there.

My Bermuda business remained, when I left town, *in statu quo*, "nothing brighter or darker" than it was when I saw you. I have sent out a power of attorney to lay hold of whatever is forthcoming of my honest deputy's property, and I hope the person I have employed will do his duty.

Let me have a line from you in Dublin, directed 39, Upper Jervis Street. I shall be most anxious to hear whether you have got another tenant. Bessy sends her best love. Ever faithfully yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 395.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Jordan's, St. James's Street,
Tuesday, May 30, 1818.

My dear Moore,—What I inclose has been justly owing you, I am ashamed to say, ever

since you were so kind as to send me that account of M. de J—— I do not know how long ago; but I did not know your address, and I neglect everything. Will you let me hope for a contribution from you some day soon?

I cannot from my heart resist adding another word. I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. It is very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please; and as much more, which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years?

Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this; but upon my honour I would not *make* you the offer, if I did not feel that I would *accept* it without scruple from you.

At all events, pray don't be angry at me, and don't send me a letter beginning *Sir*. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you; but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall know of my presumption but yourself. Believe me, with great respect and esteem, very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

[No. 396.]

TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, June 16, 1818.

My dear Sir,—I was kept in such a state of bustle while in Dublin, that I had not a minute to write to you. I suppose you heard all the enthusiasm my visit excited there—the grand dinner to me—the design of making it an anniversary—my reception at the theatre, &c. &c. Nothing certainly was ever like it; and, if I had stayed there a week longer, it was very confidently said there would be a deputation to ask me to stand for the city of Dublin. I shall never say that Paddy is not national again.

I hope Mrs. P. is better. Ever yours, very sincerely, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 397.]

TO HIS MOTHER.

August 1, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—I have been just writing a long letter to the great Grecian, Doctor Parr, with whom I have entered into a correspondence about Sheridan; so that I have but a few minutes left for you; but I know a few words to tell you we are all well and happy are to *you*

"Sweeter than all the Heathen Greek
That Helen spoke when Paris woo'd."

Will you tell Miss Creagh, if you ever see her, how grateful I am for her kind recollections in sending me the pretty music she promised, so beautifully written out. Don't forget this! There was a concert in this neighbourhood the other night, where they had got nothing almost but *my* things to be performed, in expectation that I should be there, but I was not.

Love to all around you. Ever your own,
Tom.

[No. 393.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Sloperton Cottage, Sunday, Oct. 11, 1818.

I have only time to write you a few words, in order to take advantage of a parcel I am sending to Power; but you shall have more anon. The tone of your letter has saddened me not a little,—Lady Donegal in bad health, and *you* evidently not at all in spirits; this is sad work, and I wish from my soul I could do anything to mend it. As for myself, it is not true that there has occurred anything to darken the gloom of my Bermuda prospects: on the contrary, since I received your letter, I have had one from Bermuda, of rather a comfortable nature, as, in the first place, it assures me of my having a man of respectability there (to whom I applied), ready and willing to look after my interests; in the next place, it gives me intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the Island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, it informs me that he has some property, which I much doubted.

Rogers is expected here soon. I have not time for another word. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 399.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1818.

My dear Mary,—All's safe and well; our darling Bessy is, at this moment, lying snug and smiling, with a little *boy* in her arms!

I have not time for a word more, as I am writing dispatches in all directions. God bless you, my dearest Mary. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 400.]

TO MISS GODFREY.

Sunday, Nov. 8, 1818.

My dear Mary,—I address you thus familiarly, because I am about to do a very familiar and (I am afraid, you will think) *too* friendly thing by you; and that is, to make you god-mother to our little Johnny Newcome. It is Bessy's wish; and as it makes no *additional* tie between us (for I am sure you feel quite as much interested about me and mine as if you "were ten times our (god) mother"), why, I don't see any great objection you can have to the ceremony. Your *compères* are Lord Lansdowne and Dr. Parr, so that, as far as Greek and nobility go, *you* will be in good company.

I am glad you are returning to your own *couleur-de-rose* state of mind again, and hope our dear Lady D. will continue well enough to *keep* you in it. Poor Bess is not so stout as she was at first; her efforts to suckle the little hero do not well agree with her, and I am afraid she must give it up. God bless you ever. Your gossip,

T. M.

* * These letters are many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.—J. R.

DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

1818.

August 18th. Went to Bath, on my way to Leamington Spa, for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life: meant to call also upon Dr. Parr, with whom I had had a correspondence on the same subject.

20th. Breakfast in the coffee-room. Found Mrs. Lefanu—the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose. Her daughter, who has written novels, seems amiable, and looked up to by father and mother. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighbourhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend; a powerful old man both in body and mind. Though it was then morning, he drank two glasses and a half of wine; and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the spa. Asked me to dine with him at an early hour the following day (Friday), and on Saturday to meet the Lefanus and the Duke of Grafton. Mrs. L. told me much about her brother. Dined with the Lefanus, and went in the evening to the Assembly—a galaxy of ugliness, except one, with whom I wished to dance; but the master of the ceremonies (a poor man, who seemed there in the double capacity of invalid and M.C.) told me she was engaged. Came home early, supped in the public room, and met the Burnes from Dublin, and old Wroughton, the ex-actor, whom I joined over a tumbler of brandy and water. Some tolerable stories told: mistakes in acts of Parliament—"the new gaol to be built from the materials of the

old one, and the prisoners to remain in the latter till the former was ready"—a sentence of transportation of seven years, "half to go to the king, and the other half to the informer;" it had been, of course, formerly a pecuniary punishment, and, upon its being altered, they overlooked the addition.

Parr, in the conversation of the morning, had told me of a paper which Sir W. Jones had written in French on the subject of the liberties of the people, which somebody else had translated into Welsh, and which from thence was rendered (by Bishop Shipley, I believe) into English, and inserted in the papers of the Constitutional Society. I could not collect this at all accurately, on account of the thickness of Parr's utterance, to which it requires a little time to become accustomed.*

21st. Warwick Castle; much struck by its grandeur. The grounds beautiful—the mill for grinding corn, and making money by it, not at all in character with the romantic and baronial look of the place. From thence went to Kenilworth—fine ruins, but ought to be seen before Warwick Castle. Dined with Dr. Parr: himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of 1000*l.* a year, who lives in his neighbourhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, &c., &c.; his own hand being quite illegible (see what he says of it in preface to "Fox's Characters"). He was very cordial and animated; hob-nobbed with me across the table continually; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent); showed them to me: the name

* Lord Holland used to say that it was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily communicate his knowledge; for when he spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting.—J. R.

he designated him by, I saw, was *Φυσκων*, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for, as they seemed rather puzzling Greek. Talked a good deal of Halhed, Sheridan's friend, and mentioned a curious interview which took place between them about the time of Hastings' business, by his (Parr's) intervention, in consequence of an attack made by Major Scott upon Fox in the House, charging him with having set on foot a negotiation with Mr. Hastings some years before. Fox, who knew nothing of the matter, had nothing to say in reply. Scott was present at this interview procured by Parr, and it appeared that the negotiation had been set on foot without the knowledge of Fox, and that Sheridan was the chief agent in it. An explanation was accordingly made next night in the House by Scott. Parr's account of the abuse he poured out upon Scott at that interview—"Hot scalding abuse; it was downright lava, sir." Spoke of the poem of Fracastorius as very nearly equal to Virgil. Left him early and went to a play at Leamington, ordered by the Duchess Dowager of Rutland. A nice girl played a male part in the farce, a Miss Ivers, dressed in the most exquisite extreme of dandyism, and looking as like a man as any of the brotherhood. On this day, when I went to my inn to dress, the landlord's sister gave me a letter, on opening which I saw it was poetry. "Here," said I, "some one has sent me a poem." "That, sir, is like sending coals to Newcastle," replied the young Bonifacia, who was an Irish girl just imported.

22d. The deaf man gave me a pamphlet, by a Mr. Payne, to read, in answer to Lord Somers's attack upon the Reformers: read it at breakfast: very sensibly done—strong things in mild language. Went to Mrs. Lefanu, and received from her some papers relating to her brother; among others, letters from Mrs. Canning, aunt to the Right Honourable, giving particulars of the last moments of Mrs. Sheridan, whom she left all her family to attend to Bristol. Dined with Dr. Parr; the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's; the Burnes, Lefanus, &c. &c. The doctor was glorious, often very eloquent, always odd; said there was no such man as Homer; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called

‘*Ομηρος* (from *ὅμω*, *simul*, and *ἀπο*, *apto*)—that this was now the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat*; but the Pagan priests called him *Patric*, which meant an evil spirit: took down Vallancey's "Collee-tanea" to prove it to me. He mentioned after dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh, for the only time in his life: "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is! what a condensation of learning!" I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a 'Morhof?'" he exclaimed; "read him day and night." He had before dinner pointed out an anecdote to me in Gesner's "Isagoge," and advised me to get the book. Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. N. B. I believe he claims descent from the Dr. Parr that was Usher's chaplain. His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan. Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster—"your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by the bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"); and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medicinal, which he accents medicinal; he would say, also, inexorable, irrevocable, &c. &c. The Duke of Grafton said he had succeeded Sheridan, within a few years, at Harrow, and found his memory preserved very affectionately there, his poems repeated, and a room called after his name; quoted a translation of Pindar, by Richard Archdall, a schoolfellow of Sheridan's. Young Seymour, a pupil of Anthology Bland, who lives in the neighbourhood of Parr, and had quarrelled with him from (as well as I could understand) a mutual spirit of contradiction. Returned to my inn at ten o'clock; supped in the public room—Wroughton and brandy and water again, and both very pleasant. A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyl's up-

on an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made :

"Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
Can never prove a tender maid."

23d. Left Leamington to return home by way of Birmingham. In the coach as far as Hatton, a gentleman, who had gone for two successive Sundays, and breakfasted and dined at a little public-house in the village, for the purpose of seeing Parr, and hearing him read prayers, but was disappointed each time, both morning and evening, was going now to make a third trial. Alone from thence to Birmingham, reading Horace all the way. From Birmingham had a Quaker lady in the coach, who had been poisoned by applying nightshade to her arm for the *tie douloureux*. A cloddish bean, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived some time in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his *Espriella* letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketed and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says his *own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little. The hopeful son left us at Tewkesbury, where we took in a young man, who became very lively and intelligent in the morning. When we arrived at the Bush Inn at Bristol, the Quaker lady, who was a very amiable kind of person, and had been very attentive to my conversation with the rope-virtuoso's son, told the gentleman who I was; upon which he pressed me very cordially either to stay then in Bristol, or come over to his father's house within the following month, that he might show me the country, &c. &c. His name is Bright, and he seemed to be intimate with Jeffrey and other literary men,—this worth inquiring about.

24th. Arrived at my cottage. Always glad to return to it, and the dear girl who makes it so happy for me. Found heaps of letters,

some of them from poets and authors, who are the pest of my life:—one sending me a "Serio-comic Drama of Invasion, in Three Acts, including the Vision and the Battle," and referring me for his poetic credentials to three admirals and "the late comptroller of the navy!" Another begging to know whether I was acquainted with "any man or woman to whom money was for a time useless," who would venture 100*l.* upon a literary speculation he had in hand. The third letter from an eternal Amelia Louisa, announcing to me that her long threatened M. S. was on its way to Wiltshire, for my perusal.

26th. Answered the author who wanted the "useless money:" told him I, at least, had none of that description,—very sorry, &c., &c. Wrote also to the poetical grocer's apprentice in Dublin, from whom I had had a long letter the week before, complaining that I had left his MSS. when I came away unfolded, and "open to the gaze of every one;" assured him I was sorry for the accident, which was owing to the carelessness of the person to whom I entrusted them, and concluded my letter thus, "wishing you all success in that line of life, from which it would be cruel to divert you by any false hopes of literary eminence, I am, &c., &c." Began "*Holcroft's Memoirs*,"—his description of the life of a Newmarket boy, very curious and interesting. I wish every literary man would write his own memoirs. Looked over the notes Mrs. Lefanu had written on Watkin's life of her brother; little in them; chiefly about her father's respectability, &c., &c., which, though very interesting to herself, has little to do with *my* object, Richard Brinsley: the letters of Mrs. Canning very useful for my purpose, as showing Brinsley's private character in an amiable point of view.

27th. Finished "*Holcroft's Memoirs*," and worked at my "*Life of Sheridan*."

28th. Heard of my dear sister Kate having been safely delivered this day week of a little girl. My fifty-nine volumes of "*Annual Register*" arrived. Bessy and Mary Dalby and myself very busy in making room for them on the shelves, and putting them up.

29th. Began reading Mrs. Crouch's "*Memoirs*:" stated there that Sheridan had written the "*Songs of Tickell's Carnival of Venice*,"—is this true? Wrote to Lord Byron, and, mentioning my Bermuda calamity, said, "This may

have the effect of confining me to the Rules for life; but *n'importe*—unity of place is one of Aristotle's rules; and, as a poet, I shall easily learn to conform to it." Received a kind note from Sir F. Burdett, asking me and Mrs. M. over to Ramsbury Manor, to meet Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, I. Hobhouse, &c. Believe I shall go. Played and sung over some of those divine things in Latrobe's "Collection of Sacred Music." A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who, sleeping at an inn in a country town, was waked about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—"I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bed-chamber: I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: interrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottoes, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions; when company is coming he cries, "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

2nd. Received a letter from Power, which will make it necessary for me to go to town—a most unseasonable interruption. A collection of translations from Meleager sent to me, with a dedication to myself, written by a Mr. Barnard, a clergyman of Cave Castle, I think Yorkshire: they are done with much elegance; I had his MS. to look over.

3rd. Wrote shoals of letters. This light skirmishing of letter-writing exhausts one's ammunition, both of time and thought, most cruelly. Did some sentences of Sheridan's life: went in the evening with the Phippses to a Melksham concert; joined by the Hugheses, from Devizes, who brought an author with them, a Rev. Mr. Joyce, who, they tell me, wrote the "Modern Parnassus" some years

ago. He made not a bad pun in the course of the night. A seat on which Mrs. Mole was sitting gave way; and he said "*Mole ruit sui.*" Met there the son of a ——— apothecary, who affects to be (and calls it) "a litelaly man." This gentleman turns all his *r*'s into *l*'s, and told me, the first day he called upon me, "that he was a litelaly man himself; though he never lote a leal line of poetly in his life." The concert was bad enough. They had twice before prepared a bill of fare out of my things, expecting I would come: this night there was nothing of mine, but we sent a man and mare to the cottage for a copy of the "National Melodies," that they might sing "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," which Bowles had told me they did well. The man threw down the mare and broke her knees; and, after all, the glee was most doleful: wished to get up a dance, and, upon applying to Marshall, the master of the ceremonies, who was there, he said he would ask some of "the violoncello gentlemen" to play for us! Horror of horrors! how they would have been shocked: I entreated him not to think of such a thing.

4th. A good typographical mistake in the "Freeman's Journal." It gives the new Secretary's (Grant) speech on the Catholic question, in the year 1813: and there is a passage where he says of the bigoted adversaries of the Catholics, "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages;" instead of which he is made to say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." The "Freeman's Journal" is often very ingenious in this way. I remember its telling us that "Dr. Lawrence, the celebrated civilian, was very dangerously *disposed*." Worked at Sheridan a little, and went to dine at Bowood. Found Lord Lansdowne in the garden, with Vernon (the Archbishop's son), and a Frenchman, a talk, talking, twisting, and gesticulating fellow, with a small dandy French hat on the top of his head. Was told, to my surprise, by Vernon, that he was a judge, come to study our jurisprudence, &c. Very unlike our Ellenboroughs and Abbots. The dinner amusing enough. I mentioned the mistake in the "Freeman's Journal," which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a "Syllabus or *Heads* of Lectures" was all last year inserted as "Heaps of Lectures." Bowles men-

tioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus, "Christ, Italic; Son of, Roman, God." Talked of Mitford's "Harmony of Languages," praised by Lord L. His "History"—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Molone—a dull man—his whitewashing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

"And smears his statue as he mars his lays."

Dumont read aloud some most ridiculous things in a dedication by Didot, the printer, to his son, "voyageant dans la Troade," of a tragedy called "Annibal," which old Didot himself had written: he asked him whether he had called up the shade of "Annibal," and hopes he had consoled the said "ombre" by repeating some of his (the father's) tragedy to it; with much more inconceivable stuff. Bowles, who cannot speak French, holding a conversation with the judge, and bellowing out to him, as if he was deaf—highly amusing—asking him "did he know *Nancy*?" pronouncing it in the English way. The night very rainy; slept at Bowood.

5th. Found dear Bessy just going to breakfast. In telling them the mistakes in the press mentioned the day before, recollected one I observed in the American edition of "Giffard's Juvenal," when I was at New York. It was very beautifully printed, &c., &c., but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, and says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence," they turned it into "inclining to insolence." I remember another error of the press that happened in some of Erasmus's works, where he had described the philosophers of Greece as having lived chiefly "*in mendacitate*," the printer, as if he had had "*Grecia mendax*" in his mind, made it "*in mendacitate*." Wrote a little of Sheridan. Read a little of "Balzac's Letters." One may apply to him what he says of some one else, "Il vaudroit mieux être un peu étourdi que de prendre tant de peine à être sage."

6th. Noted down some things about Sheridan from Holcroft's and Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs." Looked over the life and anecdotes prefixed to the "Beauties of Burke." One of his phrases was the "first blood bud" of the French Revolution. Dined at half past two, and went to church. The psalm singing execrable, actual suffering to listen to it; and if penance and mortification be good for the soul, both preacher and singers inflict them on me abundantly at church. What an admirable epigram is that—

"If on penitence bent, you wish to keep Lent,
Just go to the Foundling, and hear Dr. Dent,
And I'll be damn'd *for* you, if you don't repent."

To-morrow off for town.

7th. Took a chaise to Devizes, and went from there outside the coach to Marlborough. Saw a man in a foreign pelisse lying across the top of the coach reading a pamphlet, whom I suspected I knew: turned out to be Kit Hutchinson, brother of Lords Hutchinson and Donoughmore, just come from being made M. P. for Cork. Was sure he was going to Burdett's, being quite of that kidney; but he was for town. Told me Burdett had made converts in Ireland; among others, Lord Dysart, once a rank Tory. Lord D. had frightened that black bigot, Saurin, out of his wits, by enumerating among the measures that *must* soon be conceded, Reform and Catholic Emancipation, Saurin near falling off his horse at the sound. This all owing to Burdett. Hutchinson congratulated me on my triumphant dinner in Dublin, and I returned him the same on his at Cork; where, by-the-bye, they hipped and hurraed me as "the Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland." I am becoming a stock toast at these dinners. Had seen, this very morning, an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny of Cork, where I was drunk as "Poet and Patriot with great applause." Took a chaise from Marlborough to Burdett's,—six miles,—Burdett and Hobhouse out shooting. The Fitzgeralds gone that morning to Sir Charles Hastings; was very sorry I had missed seeing her.* The company at Burdett's were the two Hobhouses, Scrope Davies, a little doctor who attends Lady Burdett, and a Mr. Maxwell. Davies, in fishing that morning, had caught his eye with the hook, but no great harm done. Walked

* Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, sister of Lord Moira, married to Mr. Fitzgerald.

with him and Mr. Maxwell to Ramsbury, to have leeches applied to the eye. We laughed about Douglas Kinnaid's patriotic dinner at the Horns at Kennington (5s. a head) in honour of the "Father of Reform," Major Cartwright. Davies proposed calling Cartwright "the Mother of Reform instead;" he is a most mischievous old woman.—His taking the "brevia Parliamentaria" of Prymne for "short parliaments," admirable. Lord Lansdowne told me he was with Lord Holland when the letter containing this precious bit of erudition arrived. Sat down to dinner without Burdett and Hobhouse. Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jews' Pass-over." A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanly, when an accident happened to their carriage: the former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you;" while Alvanly, who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you." Two Miss Burdetts at dinner,—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor, Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. He is, however, but a boy in wisdom, and, though he speaks plausibly, he is neither very sensible, nor deeply informed upon any subject. I speak but from superficial knowledge of him. Hobhouse and other men, who know him better, think much more highly of him. Music in the evening. Second Miss B. sung very prettily, and Davies delighted with the share he himself took in the "Waters of Babylon," a chant of Purcell's, which he had given Miss B.

8th. Walked out, after breakfasting and writing to Bess (my daily task when away from her), with H., D., and Burdett, through

Lord Aylesbury's forest. Magnificent! could ramble through forest scenery for ever: there is less of *the world* there than anywhere else, except on the ocean, if one was *alone* on it. Talked much of Ireland, with which Burdett is delighted; he told me if I would collect proofs against Lord Castlereagh's ministry in Ireland, and draw up resolutions, he would move them in the House, and impeach him; but the thing is gone by. He is evidently prejudiced against Grattan, and did not show quite a right feeling on the late outrageous attack upon that noble old man in Dublin; he wants (what so many want) candour. Curran evidently the favourite of the whole party; and, no doubt, was far above Grattan in wit and genius, but still farther *below* him in real wisdom and goodness. I told stories of Curran which made them laugh a good deal; his adventure at Oxford with Reinagle and his man John; his speech to the Englishman who was laughing at him on the top of the coach, "May God Almighty never humanise your countenance, you odious baboon;" and many others. Talked of the intercourse of men of letters with the great; the story of a man who had been ceremoniously yielding precedence to another at some nobleman's house, but, upon hearing he was only a poet, saying, "Oh, then, I know my place," and instantly stepping before him: authors, "*fiers dans leurs écrits et rampans dans les antichambres.*" At dinner, besides the party of the day before, Old Crowe, the author of "Lewesdon Hill," a good poet, and a man of simple manners; but his day of talent gone by. Translation by a schoolboy of "they ascended by ladders,"—"ascendebant per adolescentiores" (the comparative degree of lad, *i. e.* ladder). Music in the evening. Burdett's third daughter, Johanna, an exceedingly pretty girl. Davies's "Waters of Babylon" again set a-going.

9th. Walked to Ramsbury at seven in the morning, and took the Marlborough coach. Arrived in London at half-past six in the evening, and dined at the George, in Coventry Street, and found that Power had taken lodgings for me in Duke Street, 33, and that my brother-in-law, Scully, was in town.*

10th. Found Scully at the Hummums; he had met Irish Johnstone in the coach from Liverpool, who had been extremely kind to

* Mr. Scully married Miss Catharine Moore.

him. Called with him on Johnstone, who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury Lane tipsy, when the "School for Scandal" was acting, went into the Green Room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. "And who was it," he said, "that acted the old fellow,—Sir Peter what-d'ye-call'm?" "Matthews, sir." "Never let him play it again; he looks like an old pastry-cook." "I am sorry, Mr. S. (says Wroughton), to say that we seldom see you here, and you never come but to find fault." Wroughton was always sturdy with him. Saw Wilkie the bookseller; nothing decided yet between him and Murray as to the publication of Sheridan's works. Mentioned that the "Duenna" ran sixty-five nights with the exception of the Fridays, on which day Leone the Jew could not act. Said that Sheridan had agreed for the music with (I forget the name of the musicseller) at 30*l.* for every three successive nights, and made a good deal of money by it. Called on the Longmans: the "Fudges" soon going to press for another edition; they are very anxious for the "Fudges" in London, but I am still doubtful as to the good taste of following up the blow. Went to my proctor about the Bermuda business; nothing farther can be known till November. Dined with Power (John Scully and I), and went to Covent Garden in the evening: "School for Scandal" and "Tom Thumb." The first appearance of Farren from Dublin; an excellent actor; enthusiastically received.

11th. Mr. Hamilton, the printer, who was once proprietor of the "Critical Review," called upon me with a letter of introduction from Wilkie. Came to propose to me to be editor of a new Monthly Review; explained his plan, and said, with a true trading spirit, that he *intended* the politics of the work should be Whiggish, *because* those appeared to be becoming the *fashionable* politics of the day. I declined, of course; told him that, as long as the little fancy and originality I possess remained, I should not take to reviewing; but when I become invalided, I shall look upon the editorship of a review as a good sort of Greenwich Hospital to retire to. Two other monitions served upon me from the Court of Admiralty for the defalcation of my deputy. Called at Carpenter's, and had the triumph of telling him the liberal conduct of the Longmans to

me about the profits of the "Fudges;" such a contrast to his own! Bought a pretty gown at Hodgkinson's, to send by Scully to my sister. Dined at the George with Scully, and went alone to the Haymarket Theatre: "Honeymoon" and the "Green Man;" Major Dumping in the latter by Tokeby excellent; a pretty girl, Miss E. Blanchard, who moves her head like a mandarin, when 'tis near stopping. Why are there not more pretty girls on the stage? Beauty is at least the next thing to first-rate acting; and I agree with that French actress who, when told that the "premier principe" of her art was attention to costume, answered, "*le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paroître jolie.*" Met Scully at supper afterwards at the York Hotel, in St. James's, a shabby little place, but cheap and civil; two primary recommendations to the poor and proud.

12th. Breakfasted at Power's, and made the assignments of my works to him under our seven years' deed. His attorney had proposed a draught of a new agreement for us to enter into, and both pressed me to it very anxiously; but though it is a very comfortable certainty for me (500*l.* a-year), and he is as liberal a man as I could have to deal with, I shall not be in a hurry to re-embark into the concern, until he and I and his brother have settled *all* past transactions together. Walked out with him and Scully to Miss Russel's school in Cadogan Place, to call upon a young Derbyshire girl who is there, *learning* to be a *teacher*; her sisters and she being reduced to keep schools by the death of their parents—poor things. I wish them luck in their new life, and as few dunces to deal with as possible. Called upon Shee, the painter, in order to show Scully the pleasant spectacle of an Irishman and a Catholic prospering among the grandees of England, without the surrender of one honest Irish or manly principle. His copy of his own picture of me not so good as the original. The miniature copy in Carpenter's possession being seen by a stranger passing the shop (I mean a stranger to me), he went in and offered Carpenter forty-five guineas for it. Left a message for Woolriche, who had called at my lodgings, to say that he would find us at the George at five o'clock. He joined us; had just left Woburn, and had been paying visits with the

Duke at Lord Grey's and Lord Huntley's: spoke of the former (Lord Grey), as a family man, with all the admiration and enthusiasm he deserved: it is indeed a noble thing to see this high unbending politician in the bosom of his happy family, playing with the young ones like a schoolfellow, and listening to the music of the elder girls with all the attention and delight of a lover. He is, I have no doubt, proud and aristocratic, and looks as loftily down upon us untitled ones as the rest of his caste; but, speaking of him in his own sphere, he is a truly noble fellow, and joins more the solidity of the shaft with the ornaments of the capital than any of his caste.

Went in the evening to the English Opera; could not stand its dullness, and set off to the Coburg Theatre—pretty, gay-looking house, but duller still than the other. Went back to the Lyceum, and attained the *summum bonum* of stupidity. Afterwards met Scully and Woolriche at the York, and finished the night with oysters and brandy.

13th. Met Scully at breakfast at the George, and set off with him walking for Hornsey* in order to visit the grave of my poor Barbara, and report to Bessy whether it was kept as neat and sacred as she could wish. Felt it less this time than I did some months since, when I went to the church-yard alone and had nothing to divert me from the melancholy train of thinking it led to. That space which is left upon the stone for *other* names is a frightful blank. I showed him the cottage at the foot of Muswell Hill where we lost this dear child, and to the gate of which she had so often run to meet me. We dined at the Sun at Highgate, and walked home in the evening. Scully a good, honest, manly-minded fellow. Packed up for my departure next morning, and supped with S. at the York.

14th. Started in the coach for Devizes at six o'clock; my neighbour M^cDonald (who had secured the places for us), his friend Capt. Davis, and myself inside, and Scully outside; mentioned to M^cD. that I had met Thompson, who had gone out as comptroller of Lord Hastings' household, and was told by him that he had remitted home twelve thousand some

hundred pounds every year while he was with him. This, however, is but a drop in the ocean of his embarrassments. M^cDonald said Thompson's comptrollership had been found troublesome by Lord IL, which was the cause of his leaving him. Breakfasted at Salt Hill, dined at Newbury, and arrived at half-past six at Devizes; saw my servant-boy there, and was alarmed by hearing my dear Anastasia had been ill when he came out, but on arriving at home found it was nothing. Bessy, as usual, all delight to have me at home again, and happy to see "honest John," as she calls Scully. Supped heartily, and, after reading a little of poor Halked's ravings about Brothers (where he shows "by elaborate calculations that the Millennium was to commence on the 19th of November next (1795), at or about sunrise in the latitude of Jerusalem"), went to sleep. Woolriche had promised to be down with us the next evening (Tuesday).

15th. Lowering morning, — bad cottage weather; walked out with Scully to show him the beautiful valley behind us, but the rain came on, and we returned. Hughes called; I set them on farming topics. I escaped to my library; looked over the letters that had come in my absence. Another packet of communications from Mrs. Lefanu about Sheridan; a letter from Mr. Linley on the same subject, promising me poems of his sister's and one of S.'s; a letter from the tire-some naval doctor, begging to know whether he might send me his poem called "Britain's Bulwark," and hoping that "for the honour of the Navy" his play might be brought out; another from a Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, the author of a book about Greenland, telling me he was in his thirty-fifth year, with many other such interesting particulars about himself. Hughes stayed to dinner: very anxious to sell a ram to Scully, who had already purchased three for three hundred guineas in Leicestershire. Scully gave him a severe hit unintentionally, about theoretical farmers, one of which class poor IL is, to the sore detriment of part of his live stock, viz. wife, children, &c. &c. We planned a party to Bath next day to see Scully so far on his way. S. told of the *Shanavests* in Tipperary giving up the arms they had taken from the tithe-proctors to *him*, on his pledging his word they should not be endangered. This he did openly in the

* On our way, called at Perry's. S. delighted with the beauty of his house and library. Agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of apostasy and servility, to see *one* man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

chapel; and, in consequence, as he was walking near the ruins of the abbey (Athassil), a fellow came to him muffled up, and asked where the arms should be deposited; Scully told him, near the river at night-fall, and there accordingly they were brought. Scully threw them into the river, lest they ever might be brought in judgment against the poor wretches; for which method of disposing of them (upon communication with the commander-in-chief) he was reprimanded; that dignity, I suppose, thinking that no one should keep faith with rebels. Scully, however, differed with him, and he was right. Woolriche did not arrive.

16th. Sent for a coach to take our party (Mrs. Hughes and sister, Mary Dalby, myself, and Scully) to Bath, but a *chaise* came instead, which blunder, together with Woolriche's arrival after a night's travelling in the mail, put an end to the scheme, and Scully went by himself. Took Woolriche my favourite walk through the little wood and the valley: must soon bid adieu to this walk till summer comes again. Summer *will* come again, but where may *I* be? where may those be who are dear to me? These are thoughts that haunt me through my happiest moments. Talked of Woolriche's connection with the Duke of Bedford—he travelled with him as his physician to Paris, and thence to Italy; in all away about seven months, for which the Duke sent him a draft, 500*l.*, with a very kind note: he likes the Duke. W. tired after his journey; early to bed.

17th. After writing some letters, set out with Woolriche to call at Bowood; he had attended young Wycombe at Rome, and spoke highly of Lady L.'s affectionate attention to the little Earl in his illness. Met Mrs. Phipps on the road, who asked me if I would go to the Melksham concert on Tuesday night; not sure of a dance after the concert, but in hopes of it. If there's a dance I'll go: a better thing than the Mayor-Elect's dinner on that day, to which I am invited.

19th. Wrote some letters and walked out with W. and Mary D.; dined at Bowood: the company, two Miss Edgeworths and Dumont. Mr. Grenville, to my regret, was gone. I wanted to uncork (to use an old joke) whatever remains of *Old Sherry* he might have in him. Lady Lansdowne said he had mentioned the subject to her—that he *has* letters of

Sheridan's, but that he will *not* give them. I shall try what effect the knowledge of my having so many letters of his *own* may produce on him. He is said to be very fidgetty about his epistolary fame, and, if so, the intelligence may at least give him a sleepless night or two, which he deserves for such sulky uncommunicativeness. Talked with Dumont before dinner—told me Miss Edgeworth was preparing her father's memoirs for the press; said that the details of a life passed usefully in that middling class of society must always be interesting. He had not seen either Holcroft's or Gifford's "Memoirs;" recommended them to him (particularly the latter), as among the most interesting specimens of autobiography we have. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner—Madame de Staël very angry with William Smith for his act in favour of the Unitarians: thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity: "C'est vous done (said she, on being introduced to Smith) qui ne voulez point de mystères!" Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and Swift's ridicule of Bickerstaff's prophecy, which I must see. Swift says the only persons glad at the end of the world, were a man going to be hanged and another going to be cut for the stone. Talked of Perry. Lord L. said, that when the Philharmonic Society was established, two or three years ago. Perry gave up writing the leading political article of his paper, in order to write the accounts of the performances at the Philharmonic—a good story, but not true. Ayreton wrote those musical criticisms. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R. H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turning upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person; I had the honour of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards

Perry, and saw *his* face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain. "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper!" It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know *anywhere*, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated. We talked of Bowles's copy of the "Institutes" of Calvin, to which he has had a drawing prefixed, of Servetus roaring in the flames, and Calvin reading to him: underneath are the words which Calvin used in describing Servetus's sufferings, "*Ter reboabat. Hispanico more, Misericordia.*" Dumont talked of Castalion as one of the first teachers of toleration, and who had held against Calvin and Beza, that heretics were *non gladio puniendi*. He then cited Bayle and Locke as able champions of toleration. I said that Bayle's ideas of religious freedom were, as well as Locke's, fettered by his prejudices against the Catholics. This he, Dumont, granted as to Locke, but denied as to Bayle. I find, however, I am right: in the preface to the "Commentaire Philosophique," Bayle not only praises the penal laws of England, but proposes a league of all Christian princes (*non Papistes*), and even of infidel princes, against Popery, and says, "*Ce ne seroit pas une ligue moins honorable que celle qu'on feroit contre les Corsaires de Barbarie.*" This is toleration with a vengeance! M. Dumont, who is a man of learning, contradicted me on this point so authoritatively, that I almost took for granted that I was mistaken. D. said that Voltaire was the only true and unqualified champion of toleration. Wonderful that a mild man like Melancthon should have approved of Calvin's burning Servetus. Lord L. said he could not have approved it in his heart, but must have merely given way to the spirit of party. Talked of Bayle's *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*. I said that it was not so much livelier than other critical journals (Le Clerc's, for instance), as one would expect from Bayle's variety and vivacity in his other works. Dumont owned it was not so amusing as the "Thoughts on Comets;"

but still it gave most valuable analyses of books. Asked his opinion of the "*Acta Eru- ditorum.*" but he did not seem to know much about them. Lord L., of whom I had inquired the last time I saw him, whether he had a copy of Montreuil's poetry ("*Madrigaux*") now mentioned these to Dumont, who knew nothing of them. I want them for an extract for Sheridan's life. In the evening, Miss Edgeworth delightful; not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person of the company. She asked me if I had seen a poem in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," called Solyman (I think): the hero's fate depends upon getting a happy man to give him the shirt from his back; his experiments in different countries she represented as very lively described. At last, in Ireland, he meets with a happy man; and, in his impatience, proceeds to tear the shirt from his back, but finds he has none. Lord L. mentioned Made. de Coigny's witticism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who called themselves, "*Le Chateau;*" *les Esprits n'y reviennent pas*. Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé, étoit-il donc si pur?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed "*Perissent les Colonies, plutôt que les Principes:*" something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution!" Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the 4th canto of *Childe Harold*, as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose-writing. I told her it was Hobhouse's. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *rista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me, "My dear Tom, when I can't talk sense I talk metaphor." Buonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to *her* he made that gallant speech at his levee. "*Eh bien, Madame, comment va la roir?*"

20th. Went (Bessy, Mary D., Woolriche, and I) to breakfast with Bowles, and attended his church. Showed us a tract he had written

to ridicule the Calvinists, called "The Triumphant Tailor," with a caricature drawing he had got done for it of the tailor in his ecstasies of *election*. His sermon not so good as the last I heard him preach; all the faults of extempore eloquence, without any of the beauties he before gave it. Returned through Bowood to dinner. In the evening played and sung out of Latrobe and my own "Sacred Songs." Talked of sacred poetry; my having been applied to for a version of the Psalms. Woolriche thought it a fit task for me, and not so difficult as I represented it. I read to them the passage in Bishop Horsley's Preface to the Psalms, where he calls "Sternhold and Hopkins's" an excellent translation, and denounces any one who dares to attempt a better. The beautiful parts of the Psalms are much better in their present form than they would be in any metrical version. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove," &c. might be made metre by the alteration of only one word,

"Oh that I had the *pinions* of a dove,
That I might flee away and be at rest."

But even this alteration spoils it. In the beautiful psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," what is one to do with the phrase "may my right hand forget its cunning?" Read a little of S.'s speeches.

21st. Wrote a letter or two, and copied out Haydn's beautiful "Agnus Dei" from Latrobe's collection. Sadly idle; have done nothing at Sheridan this fortnight past; *must* be industrious. Asked Woolriche about the Temple of the Graces which the Duke of Bedford is building at Woburn: the group of the Graces not yet arrived from Italy. Some time ago Rogers told me the Duke was very anxious for an inscription for this Temple, and I was going to send him these lines of Pindar, addressed to the Graces, in the fourteenth Olympic:

Σὺν γὰρ ὕμιν τὰ τερπνα καὶ τὰ γλυκεῖα
Γίνεται πάντα βροτοῖς.

Rogers has since made a paraphrase of these very lines himself in blank verse; and they are, I believe, to be inscribed on the Temple. Here is another passage of Pindar, which, perhaps, would do better, particularly if the Temple be placed in a garden;—

Ἐξαιρετὸν Χαρίτων νεμόμαι
Καπὸν· κείναι γὰρ ὡπασάν
Τὰ τερπν'.

Went to dine at ——'s; a set of noisy men, with nothing in them but Toryism and trumpery: pleasant enough in the evening, for then we had the women and music—two things that, if at all pretty, are sure to be agreeable.

22d. Walked with Woolriche to look at Lord Audley's house. The old lord died a few weeks since. Having disposed of his whole estate to an attorney at Melksham, he had asked leave to come and stay a few days there; and, having passed those few days, got into his carriage to depart, but returned into the house again, took to his bed, and died in a short time after. He had been very ill, and refused all sustenance, so that he starved himself to death. The house looked as bleak and melancholy as the wretched man's fate. In the evening to a concert at Melksham; better than the last, at least as to company. Was told by Colonel Humphrey, that the book-club of Chippenham (to which I had expressed a wish to belong) were resolved to deviate from their common rule in my instance, and elect me, not by ballot, but by acclamation. "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" and "The Minstrel Boy" were added to the bill of fare this night, on account of my presence. The whole party supped, after the concert, with Woolriche at the inn, where he was to sleep, in order to take the coach to town in the morning. We were eight altogether, the Macdonalds, Phippses, and my party—a gay thing of Woolriche: he had even tried to get a fiddle, in order that we might not be disappointed of the dance we expected after the concert.

23d. Received a kind letter from Rogers, from Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire, upon learning I was in town inquiring after my Bermuda business (which some one had told him wore a darker aspect), and offering to come up to me if he could be of the least comfort to me. He means to come to Bowood: I suppose with the Hollands, who are expected. Caroline Strutt has written a letter from Venice, in which she says, Lord Byron lives quite retired, never going out but to the American ambassador's library; looked over my Sheridan papers, and set to work again.

24th. Compared Mrs. Lefanu's account of S.'s duel with his own statement and T. Grenville's letters. A Parody in the "Morning Chronicle" on Horace's ode, "Sic te Diva potens," which I wrote on my way to Leaming-

ton, and sent to Perry; *peu de chose*. Read after tea Miss Lee's clever comedy, "The Chapter of Accidents," to Bessy and Mary D. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be; but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of women, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness began, the cruelty of the world consummates: as my namesake the fabulist says,—

"— the ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose."

Tried over some of Clementi's sonatas before I went to bed: found them dull. He wants genius.

25th. In the garden all day; delicious weather. At my Sheridan task from ten till three: so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently—I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Mathews at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry—not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus have I lost all this most poetical summer. Wrote a few lines of the epitaph for poor Joe Atkinson before breakfast. In the evening walked with Bessy to drink tea at the Hughes's, where they were preparing a harvest supper for their men: found, on my return home, a note from Mr. Money, inviting me to dinner next day to meet William Linley.

26th. Finished my epitaph upon poor Joe. Wrote some of Sheridan. Went to dinner at Money's: none but he, Linley, and myself. Strange that Linley did not know Mathews was married at the time he was paying court to his sister. Money has often met Mathews, who is still alive at Bath. Linley promises me several poems of his sister's: says that Morris the singer was one of her many lovers, and took to drinking at last, in despair of winning her. Mentioned the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and that he wrote it for a poor man who was in distress; not printed. At the Chamberlain's office all the copies of plays sent to the licenser since the time this office was first instituted are preserved. What a hell of the *dammèd* it must be! Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities which were never

paid: he thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, &c. all into his own hands. Told some other stories of S.'s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances. Told a story of a picture of his sister by Gainsborough, which he (Linley) sent to the exhibition of that artist's pictures, at the request of the directors; but which was seized, with a great many pictures of Sheridan that were also there, by Burgess, S.'s attorney, under pretence of a *lien* upon his property; but S. afterwards, in consideration of a loan of 100*l.* from Linley, had the picture restored to him. Another story about his trying to get 400*l.* out of old Mrs. Linley, to pay the deposit required by the proprietor of the Lyceum, when the company removed to that house after the burning of Drury Lane. Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "and, you damned fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?" Captain Morris (Linley said) has an annuity of 200*l.* from the Prince still continued to him. The Duke of Norfolk left him no legacy, though he devoted his whole life to him; nor ever gave him anything but the life-interest in a small cottage, at which he always passes the summer months. He has written a song lately, called "The Old Bard," which Linley quoted some lines from. Described George Colman at the Beef Steak Club lately, quite drunk, making extraordinary noises while Morris was singing, which disconcerted the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably. Some years before S.'s death, he requested Peter Moore to appropriate as much of his Cornwall income as could be spared above a bare subsistence for him to the liquidation of his debts; and he allowed it to go on so for some time, till at last his necessities forced him to violate his intention. Linley says, Captain Morris asserts that "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto," &c. &c., is

from beginning to end a plagiarist. I must inquire about this.

27th. A wet day: dined early. Sheridan in the morning. After dinner and after tea copied out a Benedictus of Mozart and the "Et incarnatus est" of Haydn—both the *merum sal* of music; and before supper played and sung them and many others to and with Bessy and Mary D. Poor Bessy cried at my Sacred Song, "Oh how sweet to think hereafter," and at the conversation we had after it about the consoling prospect of meeting the spirits of those we love in another world: she was thinking of her dear Barbara. When they went to bed, tried over some more sonatas of Clementi: was delighted with the set dedicated to Miss Gavin, chiefly because they used to be played very often by my sister, and brought back other days to me. Read a little of Sheridan's speeches and went to bed.

28th. Found out a good motto in Ovid for the verses I wrote to Lord Lansdowne some weeks since, inviting him to dinner;—

"Subiére minores
Sape casus Superi."—*Metam.* lib. v. 282.

Worked at Sheridan, and in the evening read the little interesting comedy of the "Birth-day" to Bessy and Mary D.

29th. One day so like another, that there is little by which to distinguish their features; and these are the happiest; true cottage days, tranquil and industrious; with no other alloy than the weak state of my sweet Bessy's health, which I trust in Heaven, after she has had her little one, will improve. Pursued my task all day in the garden, the evening most delicious; seemed to be the last soft farewell of summer. The Hugheses came to tea and supper; played and sung, and read to them Morton's comedy of the "School of Reform." I should like much to act Tyke.

30th. Ditto for the most part. Another bright parting glance of summer in the evening; it surely must be the last. Copied out after tea part of a glorious thing of Haydn's, beginning with the chant, "Amen, dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in paradiso." The passage, "Oggi con me," &c. divine!

October 1st. Crowe called, and found me in the garden at work. I thought he was come to pay his long-promised visit, but he was on

his way to dine at Devizes. Told me he remembered the first Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley: there was a degree of sternness, he said, mixed with the beauty of her features; like her father, who was ill-tempered looking. Tom resembled her very much. This I have heard from every one. Walked with Crowe on his way through the fields. Talked to him of his work on the "Structure of English Verse," which he has been so long about. He told me his chief principle was, that there should be *quantity* as well as *accent* in an English verse. "Thus," he said, "The merry bells of happy Trinity" is right as to number of syllables and accent, but observe how you improve the quantity by substituting "holy" for "happy." Milton, he said, always broke his line in the place where the sentence most cohered or hung together; separating the noun from the adjective, disjoining the genitive case, &c. &c. "I could tell," he said, "by the frequency of the recurrence of a particular word at the beginning of the lines, whether blank verses run smoothly into each other or not: what is that word?" I said, "of," and 'twas the word he meant. He made a distinction between our anapaestic verses and our dactylic. "God save great George our King" is a specimen of the dactylic; so is "Merrily, merrily shall we live now." He said he had quoted an extraordinary measure of mine in his work, a line consisting of nine syllables,— "Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright," in the "Irish Melodies." Said he believed he had found something like it in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets." Mentioned to him a still more extraordinary metre in the "Melodies," of which there are two specimens: "At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly," and "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way." Received from town the volumes of the "Portfolio," which I had left to be bound; an American publication, in one part of which I find myself abused for my "dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and awkward dancing." The last charge I *flatter myself* not true. I appeal to all my partners. But I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing: I brought worse charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth. In the evening finished my copy of Haydn's "Oggi con me."

2d. Set off, between two and three, to walk

to Bowles's to dinner. Bessy and the little ones saw me part of the way. Met on the Calne road a riding party, consisting of Lord Lansdowne, the Ordes (Mrs. Orde, a very engaging little woman, sister to Lady Oxford), and Mr. Wellesley. Lord L. said the Hollands were coming on Sunday: asked me to fix a day to dine; fixed Wednesday. The party at Bowles's at dinner, were the Grossets, Mrs. Merryweather and her son, Henry Joy, Linley, and Miss Miles—a pretty little “tricksy spirit” of a girl, whom I had singled out at the Melsham concert: Mr. Yates, a clergyman, who sings very well, also of the party. In the evening, music. Linley sung words of mine, set by himself, “Oh, if your tears are given to care.” I accompanied some things out of Latrobe, Haydn's “Agnus Dei,” &c. Linley did not expect to find me so good a musician. Mrs. Merryweather, a fine woman, sang “Angels ever bright and fair” and “In sweetest harmony,” in very good style. Slept at Bowles's.

3d. Dreadfully rainy day. After much doubting and watching of the weather determined on staying, and wrote home to Bessy. Linley produced Greene's “Anthems.” I think I surprised him a little by singing them at sight with him, and tolerably well too. Fine solemn music; and if I had been educated to their style I should have enjoyed it, I dare say, as much as I see others do; but, as it is, the foreign school of Haydn, Mozart, &c. gives me much more pleasure. “The Humble Man,” which we sang together, a very touching piece of church composition certainly. I *would* make him try over the “Oggi con me” and “Incarnatus est” of Haydn, &c., and he owned they were beautiful. We sang over the “Lord, thou knowest,” of Purcell, which Croft introduced in his “Burial Service;” a fine thing. He told George I., who bid him compose the “Service,” that he could not think of changing what Purcell had done so gloriously. We talked away all the morning as incessant as the rain. Joy a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather, and as eternal a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. Some good stories. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, “You don't happen to

have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?” Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. Mrs. Sheridan wrote an entertainment called the “Haunted Village,” which she gave S. to add some touches to, but never could get from him again. Linley seemed to think he suppressed it from jealousy. Leaves, a clergyman, was the author of the words of “Robin Gray:” I already knew Lady Anne Lindsay composed the music. Morel wrote some of the sweetest words in Handel's oratorio—“Tears such as tender fathers shed,” &c. &c.; very sweet English this “for joy to think.” Talked of Crowe: his father was a carpenter, at Winchester, and had the son admitted upon the foundation. He married a fruit-woman's daughter at Oxford; had children by her, yet still continued to hold his fellowship; has now a living of more than a thousand a year. We read to-night passages out of his “Lewesdon Hill;” some of them of the highest order. Parr, when asked by Lady Madalina Palmer, how he liked Crowe, said, “Madam, I love him; he is the very brandy of genius, mixed with the stinking water of absurdity.” General Meadows, when a young man, said to a brother officer, when they were both riding together into the thick of the enemy's fire, “If our tailors were to see us now, how the fellows would funk!” More music in the evening. Linley sung some words which Bowles had written, an “Address from Prospero to Ariel,” which Linley had reversed, making it from “Ariel to Prospero,” and said it did as well: what accommodating verses! Bowles showed me a part of his library, in which was collected, he told me, all the books illustrative of the divines of the times of Charles I. and the theology of that period. The first book I put my hand on in this sa-

cred corner was a volume of Tom Brown's works, &c. Bowles was amused in the midst of all his gravity by this detection. What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, &c., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets. In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now, in their different capacities,

"Teach men for heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* they were through life to take."

4th. Bowles, speaking of the toleration of the English Church, gave two or three instances; among others, Bonner, after all his burnings, being left unmolested. He took down Hooker, and turned to the protest of Travers against some tolerating expressions of Hooker's about the Catholics. I remarked to him, however, (what rather seemed to contradict his assertion of the general toleration of the English Church) the passage where Travers says, in his memorial, "Such language has never before been used," &c., or words to that effect: meaning, such mild language as Hooker's had not been ventured on by any other Protestant divine. Left Bowles's between twelve and one with Joy, in his gig. Called at Bowood: found Douglas (Lord Glenbervie's son), the Ordes, and Abercrombie. Douglas told me Lady Donegal was not very well. I grieve in my heart and soul to hear it: never was heart or head that better deserved all the blessings of this world. Lady L. had read Edgeworth's "Memoirs" in MS.; was much interested by them, particularly by his account of Mr. Day, the person of whom there is so much in Miss Seward's "Memoirs of Darwin." Lord L. told me, what I did not know before, that Sir James Mackintosh had accepted a professorship at Hertford College; about £300 a-year and a house, which are objects to poor Sir James. It is a sad pity that such a man should be straitened. A poem by Mr. Lucas, the Devizes poet, on the table, where he calls Stonehenge a "mighty carcase." Talked of his famous poem of "Joseph;" said I had never read it, but heard he made Joseph a dandy, and had described his shaving, his toilet, &c. Douglas said he supposed it was from the patriarch the garment called a Joseph was named. Douglas must have been thinking of a Benjamin, for a Joseph is, I believe, a

woman's garment. However, the joke did very well. Came home, and found my dearest Bessy very tired after her walk from church. She had been receiving the sacrament, and never did a purer heart prostrate itself before the altar. In the note she wrote me to Bowles's the day before, she said, "I am sorry I am not to see you before I go to church." In the evening tried over a new volume of Latrobe's sacred music, which Mrs. Bowles had lent me. Not so much beauty, I fear, as in the other.

5th. Wrote to Mr. Grenville, to ask him for any letters or papers he may have of Sheridan's. Sent Mrs. Kearney the epitaph on her father. My little Anastasia repeated to me a pretty child's poem she had learnt, beginning, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I wrote one for her the other day, which she repeats: "Little May-fly, the sun's in the sky," &c. &c. Played a game of cribbage with Bessy after dinner, and lost sixpence to her. Read some of S.'s speeches before I went to bed.

6th. Heard that the turtle which B. had shipped for me from Jamaica, and which I intended as a present for Lord Lansdowne, had died on the passage,—"*Quis desiderio sit finis*, &c. Tried over, in the evening, my new number of "Irish Melodies" (the 7th) just come out, and was tolerably well pleased with them. The "Examiner" quoted some lines to "Sir Hudson Lowe," which I had sent to Perry, and added, "We think we can recognise whose easy and sparkling hand it is." I wonder he found me out.

7th. Walked to ask the Phippses to tea and supper for to-morrow evening. Quarter before six, Joy called upon me, in his father's carriage, to take me to Bowood to dinner. Brought Bessy a beautiful Guernsey lily, a superfine thing; originally, he says, of Japan. A ship from Japan had been wrecked on the coast of Guernsey, and, having quantities of lilies aboard, they were cast among the sand, and the following year these splendid flowers appeared. The company at Bowood, besides those there on Sunday, the Hollands, Allen, Marsh, Henry Fox, Wellesley; and Charles Fox and Fazakerly arrived in the evening. Sat near Lady Holland at dinner; very gracious; has really shown a sincere anxiety about my Bermuda misfortune. They talked much about Brougham's "Letter on the Public Charities;"

all seemed to condemn his strictures upon Eton and Winchester: an answer to it coming out, got up by the Government, in a letter to Sir William Scott. Talked of poor Monk Lewis: his death was occasioned by taking emetics for sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him. He died lying on the deck. When he was told all hope was over, he sent his man down below for pen, ink, and paper; asked him to lend him his hat; and upon that, as he lay, wrote a codicil to his will. Few men, once so talked of, have ever produced so little sensation by their death. He was ruining his Negroes in Jamaica, they say, by indulgence, for which they suffered severely as soon as his back was turned; but he has enjoined it to his heirs, as one of the conditions of holding his estate, that the Negroes were to have three additional holidays in the year; and has left a sort of programme of the way those holidays are to be celebrated,—the hour when the overseer is to sound his shell to summon them together, the toasts, &c.: the first toast to be “the Lady Frederica, Duchess of York;” so like poor Lewis. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, &c., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, “he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him.” Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he

told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince 4000*l.* as no slavery whatever: “I shall then (he said) *only* owe him 4000*l.*, which will leave me as free as air.”—Sheridan’s high opinion of his own powers of management, which made him often stand aloof from his party and friends. He was the means, says Lord H., of bringing Sidmouth in with us in 1806, and of bringing Ellenborough into the Cabinet. He was also the primary cause of the defection of the Prince from the Whigs, when he became Regent. On that event taking place, the Prince wrote to Lords Grey and Grenville to take measures for forming an administration. Their answer was shown by the Prince to Sheridan, who pointed out some things in it he thought objectionable. The Prince represented these to the two lords, who very imprudently returned a high-toned remonstrance to him for having shown their answer to S. The latter was nettled, and, with equal imprudence, made such comments on the sort of tyranny to which these lords seemed already to aspire over the Prince, and let out so many other opinions with respect to them, that his Royal Highness became alarmed, and threw himself into the arms of the Tories. “These,” said Lord Holland, “are secrets of too *cabinet* a nature, and too recent to be made use of by you.” I said I believed that not only S., but Lord Moira, had never forgiven Lords G. and G. for the way in which they themselves (and, in their person, the Prince) were, as they thought, treated by them after the death of Mr. Fox. I remember Lord Moira saying, “They actually pushed us from our stools; never consulted us about anything.” Mentioned this. “I cannot think what he meant by that,” said Lord Holland, “Moira is certainly the oddest mixture of *romance* and the reverse that ever existed. As to not consulting him, he always sat silent, and did not seem to attend to anything. As to our making no report to the Prince of what we were doing, we looked upon Moira as his organ there, and thought it would be officious of any one else to be the medium of communication.” The fact is, Lord M.’s silence was evidently from pique at thinking himself neglected, and the only communication, of course,

he made to the Prince was, to tell him that they never troubled their heads about him. All this accounts most satisfactorily for the defection of the Regent; and if anything could justify his duplicity and apostasy, it would be their arrogance and folly. Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at last, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings' trial particularly it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for privy councillors, and himself excluded. This was all very amusing, and I was rather sorry I had arranged to return home at night. Everybody pressed me to stay, and I was very near having reason to repent my going: for, when we were about a mile from the house, Joy's coachman drove off the road down a bank, and overset the carriage. The crash was tremendous, for three of the glasses were up; but none of us were hurt, except Joy's man a little bruised in the hip, and my arm slightly strained. Lord Lansdowne's keeper happened luckily to be passing, and helped us to raise the carriage. I walked home, and did not arrive till past one o'clock.

In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was indeed a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I won-

der are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.

8th. Had a letter from the Donegals. Their letters (particularly Mary's) full of talent; but this one very melancholy. In the evening the Phippses, Macdonald, his wife's sister and mother, to tea and supper: played and sung for them; dull audience; no sounding boards; the men, too, would rather talk than listen. Lady Lansdowne and a party from Bowood called in the morning to inquire if I was hurt.

9th. Received a long letter from Lord Byron, in which he sends me two stanzas of the Bepo-ish poem he is about, called "Don Juan." Had, also, rather a comfortable letter about my Bermuda business, which in the first place assures me of having a respectable man, Mr. Wood (to whom I applied) to watch over my interests there; in the second place gives the intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, informs me that he has property, which I much doubted. In the evening read Colman's little comedy of "Ways and Means" to Bessy and Mary D. Some comical things in it: "Curse Cupid, he has not a half-penny to buy him breeches:" "Always threatening to break my neck; one would think we servants had a neck to spare, like the Swan in Lad Lane." Read some of S.'s speeches.

10th. Frittered away the morning with letters and trifles. Was looking to the sky the whole day for an apology in the shape of a shower of rain; it came at last. Eat a mutton chop by myself. Worked at Sheridan in the evening. Before I went to bed read some of Francis's "Indian Minutes," which are very ably done; quite able enough to back him as the author of "Junius."

11th. Wrote to Crutwell, the printer at Bath, to ask if there is any file of the "Bath Chronicle" as far back as the year 1772. I should like to see the accounts of the day about Sheridan's duel. Wrote also to Mr. Muloch, a pedantic young Irishman, and a mighty genius in his own estimation, who, having tried literature and place-hunting without success, became a merchant in Liverpool, and by natural process a bankrupt. He wrote to me to interfere between him and Power, about a consignment of French horns and trumpets, which

he had sent out for the latter to one of his West Indian correspondents, and for the amount of which P. had arrested him. I declined having anything to do in the concern, as I had already tried my peace-making talent ineffectually between Power and Sir John Stevenson, and lamented that people should be so ready, "*Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu,*" i. e. to squabble about *French horns* and go to law for a *song*. Worked at Sheridan—heartily sick of his duels and courtship—shall be glad when I get him fairly married, for then I shall come to his plays and his politics. In the evening read some tracts about the Prince's debts in '86 and an ingenious pamphlet on the Regency, called "The present National Embarrassment considered." Sung some sacred music with Bessy and Mary D., and, before going to bed, finished reading "Royal Recollections on a Tour to Cheltenham," which has some hard hits in it. Looked over the charges against Sir E. Impey. That thought in the "Royal Recollections," "If I could touch for the evil as I can for patriotism," excellent.

12th. Received from Miss Smith, a daughter of the baron's, who is at Cheltenham, a Greek air, which her brother sent her from Cephalonia; one of those wild and meagre things, which have no other charms than that of being foreign. Looked over Mr. T. Grenville's letters. By the bye, when I told Lady Holland that he said that he *would not* give me the letters of Sheridan he has in his possession, she answered, "Well, I hope you mean to punish him with a sentence or two;" and I am strongly tempted to do so. Read the "Way to get Married" to Bessy and Mary D. after tea. Nothing but the recollection of that delightful actor Lewis carries one through this "moles" of absurdity, of which he was in every sense the "*mens agitans*." After supper looked over Major Scott's "Review of the Transactions in Bengal." Have not yet made up my mind about Hastings.

13th. An answer from Crutwell, to say he has the file of 1772, and I might examine it when I pleased. Shall go to Bath with Mary D., who leaves us to-morrow. Received a letter from Mr. T. Grenville, very wordy, and labouring hard at an excuse for not giving me the letters: says they "*only* refer to the lady whom he first married." Only! The very

thing I want. Have replied to him, and tried by little gentle hints to *shame* him into letting me have them; but it is, I fear, hopeless. The Hugheses to tea; sang for them in the evening. Read Major Scott's "Letter to Francis" before going to bed.

14th. Went with Mary D. and Miss Best to Bath. Am sorry to lose Mary, who is thoroughly sensible and amiable, and loves us all sincerely. Went to Crutwell's, and passed an hour and a half in looking over the "Bath Chronicle." Old newspapers the most interesting kind of history after all. Amused with seeing Miss Linley's name all at once left out of the concert announcements; knew by that she was off. Gave the two ladies a dinner at the White Hart, and returned to Melksham in the chaise I went in. The man took up a Quaker-woman and her maid; much diverted with the Quaker-woman's praises of her maid (who sat outside with the postillion—a very nice-looking girl); her account of the girl's lovers, &c., &c. Walked home from Melksham, and delighted poor Bess by my return, who did not quite expect me till to-morrow, and said it was worth twenty guineas to her to see me.

15th. In the garden all the morning. Visit from Miss Hughes and the Misses Crowe; showed them engravings of Lord Byron: they remarked that his not wearing whiskers gave him a singular look. From thence the transition to *my* unwhiskered *face* very obvious; and, *per saltum*, from me up to Buonaparte, who is also without whiskers. In the evening read Hastings' speech to the Lords in 1791: very plausible certainly, except with respect to the indorsed bonds for the present, which is rather a lame part of his vindication.

16th. My dear Bessy planting some roots Miss Hughes had brought her; looking for a place to put a root of pink hepatica in, where (as she said) "I might best see them in my walk." In the evening read the "Observations" of the Court of Directors on Warren Hastings' letter to them: it condemns his exactions from, and treatment of, Cheyt Sing, as contrary to all faith and justice.

17th. Worked at Sheridan; walked with Bessy to call upon the Macdonalds. Bowles came while we were out; wished me to dine with him to-morrow (Sunday). In the evening received a note from Lord Lansdowne, ask-

ing me to fix any day next week for dinner. Rogers arrived there.

18th. As the morning was fine, set out to Boswood to see Rogers; caught him in the garden, on the way to Bowles's; walked with him; talked much about Sheridan. In a second search through the papers they have found the Acts of "The Foresters;" some letters too of the Prince's, which, of course, I must see, though I cannot make use of them. Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look. He once mentioned to Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Maria in the "School for Scandal;" and *would* have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do such a scene justice. Talked of Hastings and the impeachment. Asked Rogers whether it was not now looked upon, even by the Opposition themselves, as a sort of dramatic piece of display, got up by the Whigs of that day from private pique, vanity, &c. &c.; Francis, first urging them on from his hostility to Hastings; Burke running headlong into it from impetuosity of temper; and Sheridan seizing with avidity the first great opportunity that offered of showing off his talent. He said it *was* so considered now; and in addition to all this, Mr. Pitt gave in to the prosecution with much satisfaction, because it turned away the embattled talent of the time from himself and his measures, and concentrated it all against this one individual, whom he was most happy to sacrifice, so he could thereby keep them employed. Burke's admiration of S.'s second speech on the Begums; said, "That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either." It was the opinion of Mr. Fox that Burke's style altered after he heard this speech; that it spoiled him, and that to the taste he acquired from it we owe the extreme floridness of his writings afterwards—the passage about the Queen of France, &c. &c. Lord Holland had told me this before; but there seems to me but little in it. It was natural for the Whigs to think Burke's style

much altered for the worse, when he wrote on the other side. Remarked to R. the forced and extravagant combinations by which S. so often laboured to produce effect both in his serious and his comic. The description of Buonaparte an instance: "Kings his sentinels, kingdoms his martello-towers, *crowns* and *sceptres* his pallisadoes," &c. Talked of the letter from Dr. Chalmers to Lord Byron in the "Scots' Magazine;" in mentioning the great publicity Byron has given to his private sorrows, he says, "you have *wailed on the housetop*." This is excellent. Showed me Crowe's verses written for the installation of the Duke of Portland; never saw them before; noble poetry! Found Bowles at home; asked him would he meet Rogers and Crowe at dinner with me on Wednesday or Thursday next. Cannot, on account of the sessions at Marlborough; wants to have a statue of Melancthon executed from the fine wood-cut, to put up in his projected library; anxious to consult me about some prose he is writing. Left Bowles's at half-past two. In passing through Bowood for home I was caught by Lady Lansdowne, Lord Auckland, &c. &c. She begged me to stay for dinner; said Lady Bath (who was going next day) wished very much to know me. Consented: a man and horse sent for my things. Sat with Rogers in his room till dinner. Told me that Beckford (*the* Beckford) is delighted with "Lalla Rookh;" heard so from Beckford himself in the spring, when I met him at Rogers's in town, and he was all raptures about it. Beckford wishes me to go to Fonthill with R.; anxious that I should look over his "Travels" (which were printed some years ago, but afterwards suppressed by him), and prepare them for the press. Rogers supposes he would give me something magnificent for it—a thousand pounds, perhaps; but if he were to give me a hundred times that sum I would not have my name coupled with his. To be Beckford's *sub*, not very desirable. Party at dinner—Lady Bath, her unmarried daughter, Lady Louisa, and the married one, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, and her husband; Lord Auckland and his two sisters; Mrs. Frankland Lewis. Miss Eden's name Dulcibella. Talked of strange names: I mentioned a little child, born in Italy of English parents, christened Allegra. (*N. B.* a natural child of Lord Byron's, mentioned in his last letter to me.) Some tra-

veller in America mentions having met a man called Romulus Riggs: whether true or not, very like their mixture of the classical and the low. The commonness of the name of Smith; a man calling out the name of Smith in a theatre, and fifty or sixty people getting up. Frankland Lewis mentioned in the same way, in a Welsh company, a gentleman saying, "Mr. John Jones, may I have a glass of wine with you?" and about fourteen of the party popped forth their heads at once. Talked of the alterations at the late Dublin city dinners; about the toast of the "Glorious Memory;" mentioned that about the middle of the last century the usual adjunct to this toast was, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork;" the Bishop, who was a strong Tory, having written a book against drinking Memories, pronouncing it to be idolatrous, &c. &c. Burke's bad manner of speaking, and the effect it had in quite nullifying the effect of his speeches. F. Lewis said he had heard Lord Grenville mention that once, after a speech of Burke's, himself and Pitt consulted with each other whether it was worth answering, and decided in the negative: *since*, however, it is one of the speeches that Lord Grenville said he has always read with most admiration and delight. I think it was upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts.* Music in the evening. Lady Bath talked to me of her sister, Mrs. Seymour (a very charming woman, whom I saw a good deal of when she was with the Bedfords in Ireland); said how often she spoke of me; hoped I would soon visit Longleat, &c. Rogers asked me whether the "Parody on Horace," lately in the "Chronicle," was mine; said how Luttrell was delighted with it at Amptill, and pronounced it to be mine; reading it out to Lords Jersey and Duncannon, who were also much pleased with it. Told me also that he heard the verses to Sir Hudson Lowe praised at Brookes's. It is pleasant to find that these trifles do not die unnoticed. Lord Lansdowne asked me afterwards, whether it was I who wrote a description of a dinner at the French Minister's (I think) about two months ago, which was, he said, most admirable. Told him *not*, nor had I ever seen it. He said he *knew* the "Parody on Horace" to be mine. Told him I had asked the Hollands whether what

Trotter says of Mr. Fox's refusal to see Sheridan in his last illness was true or not, and they answered it was true. Lord L. said he believed it to be so; and that his own opinion of Sheridan, which was very low indeed, had been formed principally from what he had heard Mr. Fox say of him. Sung a good deal by myself, and one or two things with Mrs. F. Lewis. She and I, and Lady Louisa Thynne sung "The Bird let loose," (from my "Sacred Songs"), and it went beautifully. Mrs. F. Lewis sung out of the same set, "Oh Thou who driest the Mourner's Tear." Meant to walk home, but Lady L. insisted upon my having the coachman to drive me over in her little gig. Cannot sleep out while dear Bessy is so near her difficulties, and without a single male or female friend near her but myself. The Lansdownes very kind to me. I did *him* injustice in thinking that he had forgot my Bermuda calamity, for it was he who, in a letter to Amptill, while I was last in town, mentioned that he feared it wore a darker aspect than it did before. Got home rather late.

19th. Had promised Rogers, who was coming to me this morning, to meet him half way. Mrs. Phipps, upon whom I called as I went, came out with me in order to get a glimpse of "Memory Rogers." He and I walked to my cottage; much delighted with the scenery around; said he preferred the valley and village before us to the laid-out grounds of Boxford. Showed him some of my Sheridan papers. He mentioned "Memoirs of Jackson" of Exeter, written by himself, which he saw in MS. some years ago, and in which he remembered there was a most glowing description of his pupil, Miss Linley, standing singing by his side, and so beautiful that "you might think you were looking into the face of an angel." I wish I had these "Memoirs." Walked with him to the village, and then as far as Phipps's, where I was to dine, in order to go to the Devizes ball in the evening. The party, Macdonald and Miss Mayham, the Phippses themselves, and I. Mentioned after dinner my invitation to Beckford's. Phipps bid me take care what I did, for Sir Richard Hoare was called to account *seriously* by his brother magistrates the other day for having visited Beckford; and was obliged to explain that it was for purposes of information, and *not* a

* Sir James Mackintosh told me the same thing, and read aloud the passages about the ravage of the Carnatic and the prolific sow as justifying both the admiration and the contempt.—Ed.

visit of ceremony. The ball dull enough; got home between two and three, and found Bess just rising from her bed to blow the fire for some hot drink for me.

20th. Ill, from want of sleep the two nights before; looked over Rogers's poem, and marked some lines with pencil; read the newspapers. A game of cribbage after dinner with Bessy. Sheridan's speeches in the evening; a dull, unprofitable day. Rogers thinks I must not give extracts from Mr. T. Grenville's letters, he being still alive; and Lord L., he says, thinks the same; so I suppose I must give them up, though there would be a very amusing revenge in quoting his solemn nonentities. A note from Crowe, to say he will come, "please God," and "if it is dry weather."

21st. Determined on giving up T. Grenville's letters, and wrote a few sentences to replace the extracts I had made from them. Walked to meet Rogers, who said he would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my note-book as fit to use; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable:—His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them; Tickell fell among them, and was almost cut to pieces, and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, &c.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which* was *which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come down stairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them and saying, "This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," &c. &c., they heard a laugh at the door, and there they saw all the gentlemen in *propriis personis*; for 'twas the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits. S. was always at these tricks in country houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with

General Tarleton: "Well, Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?" "Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before, I am on an elephant now." "No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now." Thought this exquisite; but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.* Talked of Beckford's two *mock* novels, "Agemia," and the "Elegant Enthusiast," which he wrote to ridicule the novels written by his sister, Mrs. Harvey (I think), who read these parodies on herself quite innocently, and only now and then suspecting that they were meant to laugh at her, saying, "Why, I vow and protest, here is my grotto," &c. &c. In the "Elegant Enthusiast," the heroine writes a song which she sings at a masquerade, and which produces such an effect, that my Lord Mahogany, in the character of a Milestone, bursts into tears. It is in "Agemia" that all the heroes and heroines are killed at the conclusion by a supper of stewed lampreys.†

22d. Walked at twelve o'clock towards Bwood to meet Rogers. Met Mr. — coming to Bessy with a beautiful nosegay: had agreed with Bessy that, as — was away from home, she might ask *her* to join our party at dinner. Met R. at the park-gate, and came on towards the cottage. Told him my delicacy on the subject of the Coalition; unwilling as I should be to offend Lord Holland, yet still feeling it my duty to speak sincerely what I thought of Fox's conduct in that instance. He said there was much to be advanced in palliation, if not in vindication, of that and other coalitions: bid me talk on the subject to Lord Holland and Allen, who had staggered him by their arguments. Lord H.'s idea of three distinct periods in his uncle's life: the first, when he was opposed to Lord North, and when his eloquence was bold, careless, vehement, vituperative; in the second, when Pitt was his antagonist, and when he found it necessary to be more cool,

* The joke seems here unexplained. Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate; so, on the news of the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, "Well, Tarleton," &c. I remember that having been at the Lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the Duke's position.—Ep.

† Notwithstanding her brother's railery, Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished, as well as a very able woman.—Ep.

cautious, and logical: during both these periods, ambition of power and distinction was his ruling passion; but in the third and concluding portion of his life all this had passed away, and his sole, steady, *chastened-down* desire was that of doing good. Mentioned Parr's list of pure writers of English. R. added Soame Jenyns, Blackstone, &c. Rogers, Lord St. John (I think), and Lord Lauderdale were in Mr. Fox's room in Stable Yard a short time before his death*, when Sheridan called. "I must see him, I suppose," said Fox, and when S. came in, put out his hand to him. S. has since told Rogers that, when Fox called him over and shook him by the hand, he said in a low voice, "My dear Sheridan, I love you; you are indeed my friend; as for those others, I merely," &c., &c. This was an excellent invention of Sheridan, who knew no one would contradict him. Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie, the painter, was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have *one* reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for*: Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea that they are *not* Scott's. Another argument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was*: I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question; and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last R. acknowledged that saying "on his honour" was going too far;

* This must have happened before Mr. Fox removed to Cheswick.—Ed.

as if the simple solemn assertion was not equally sacred. We walked through the Devezes fields to meet Crowe. Three, half-past three, quarter to four, no sign of him; returned to the cottage disappointed, and found he had been there waiting two hours for us. Hitherto all was well; but unluckily — returning from Marlborough, came for his wife, and Bessy asked him to stay dinner with us. Here was Rogers's *poetical* dinner knocked up at once. What was to be done? Put as good a face on it as possible, and after standing a side-long volley or two from Sam,—such as "asking *one* is sure to bring more;" "where a wife comes, the husband *will* make his way;" "the woman alone wouldn't have been so bad;" "but *had expected* to meet nobody but Crowe," &c., &c. After this we got on very smoothly; — a very quiet and gentleman-like *listener*, and his wife a very rosy and good-humoured *looker-on*; Crowe a fine old man, but has lost everything of verse except the longs and shorts. Talked of Milton: his greater laxity of metre in the "Paradise Regained" than in the "Paradise Lost." R. thought this was from system, but Crowe and I thought it from *laziness*. Crowe had reckoned the instances of lines with supernumerary syllables, and found more in the first two books of "Paradise Regained" than in all "Paradise Lost." The beauty of monosyllable verses, "He jests at scars," &c.; the couplet, "Sigh on my lip: * * * Give all thou canst," &c.; and many others, the most vigorous and musical perhaps of any. Personifications; Thomson's "See where the power of cultivation," &c. But the most ridiculous of all is Darwin's "And Indignations half unsheathe their swords." A little corps of indignations! Darwin mounts Kirwan the philosopher on a chameleon, guiding it with a silk string. To read of a man that one knows and meets every day being mounted on a chameleon. The tax-gatherers might hear of it, and inquire whether the gentleman had duly given in his chameleon. Talked of Combe; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo-Choo," as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and many other books of other people's. "Doctor Syntax" is his. Combe kicked Lord Lyttleton downstairs at some watering-place, for having ridiculed Lady Archer by calling her a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow feathers and dress she wore. Lord

L. also had rolled a piece of blanchmange into a ball, and, covering it with variegated comfits, said, "This is the sort of egg a drunken peacock would lay." Crowe knew Mickle, who was a compositor for the press: thinks a poem of Mickle's, called "Sir Martin," equal to Beattie's "Minstrel." Bowles's personification of "the Spirit of Discovery by Sea" as bad as any. The Spirit of Discovery by *Land* is, I suppose, the police of Bow Street. Sung for them in the evening. Showed them a poem sent to me a few months since, written by a girl of fourteen: Crowe's comments on it highly amusing. The Lansdownes sent their carriage for Rogers. The — and Crowe stayed to supper; and after the Miltonic veteran was well primed with brandy and water, I saw him across the valley with my lantern to Hughes's, where he had a bed, Bessy's precarious state not admitting of a stranger in the house just now.

23d. Crowe to breakfast. Received a letter from Jane Kearney, wanting another epitaph shorter than the one I sent for her father, and hinting that it would be better if somewhat more solemn and religious. Walked over with Crowe to call at Bowood; met Rogers, who returned with us there. Saw Lord Lansdowne — *kind and amiable as usual*. I find he gains upon one's heart in the true way, *piano e sano*. Talked to Crowe about Lewesdon Hill, which, for the first time, I learned is near Bridport. Spoke of Bishop Shipley, and about the dialogue which gave rise to the trial; and which, I think Parr told me, was written originally by Shipley; but I must be wrong; it was only published by Shipley. Talked of Sir W. Jones, who died at forty-seven; and so did Addison. Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome. Walked through the grounds of Bowood. Crowe repeated some political things he had written, and which he is half inclined to publish, under the title, "Sweepings of my Uncle's Study;" one of them was on the birth of the King, and rather poetically imagined: he supposes the good and evil Genii all assembled on the occasion, and

the latter spoiling every gift which the former conferred on the infant. Two lines I remember for their rhyme: he describes the evil Genii with faces livid as those one sees

"After a battle, such as Cribb's is,
And spiteful as Sir Vicary Gibbs is."

Returned home to dinner at four; went to bed early, and was called up by Bessy at half-past eleven o'clock: sent for the midwife, who arrived between one and two, and at a quarter before four my darling Bessy was safely delivered of a son (and heir *in partibus*), to my unspeakable delight, for never had I felt half such anxiety about her. I walked about the parlour by myself, like one distracted; sometimes stopping to pray, sometimes opening the door to listen; and never was gratitude more fervent than that with which I knelt down to thank God for the dear girl's safety, when all was over — (the maid, by the by, very near catching me on my knees). Went to bed at six o'clock.

24th. Rose at half-past nine. Bessy and the little hero surprisingly well. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, &c.: Lord Lansdowne's answer most friendly and flattering. I wish he had offered to be godfather; had not courage to ask him. Walked to Devizes for money: drew on Wilkie for 40*l.*; the little prodigal is no sooner born than money is wanted for him. Returned to dinner at five.

25th (Sunday). Resumed my Sheridan task, from which I have been diverted and disturbed all the last week. At Bessy's request read prayers by her bedside, and joined heartily with her in thanksgiving for her safe delivery.

26th. Delicious weather. Told by King, the apothecary, that he has received letters from Yorkshire, saying that the common people there are alarmed at the unusual warmth of the season, and think that something miraculous is about to happen. Walked about all day, working at S. In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy: have not read it since I was a boy, and had forgot how gratuitously gross many of the scenes are.

27th. Dined at Bowood. Rogers went away yesterday. The company, besides the Aucklands, Lord and Lady Ilchester, two sons of Bobus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Oakden, and Lyons, the Magna Britannia man, come to see Lord Ilchester about some Roman pavement which has been found on his lordship's estate. Had

some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes, which, perhaps, nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing nature. Agreed with me, that the impeachment was a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned: to which he added, what had not struck me before, Dundas's fear of Hastings' ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent, and his favour with the King, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings' government was rather a recommendation of him: Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect: Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What?" said he, "a nisi-prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition, of which all *parties* must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object; but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical, but recently and violently expressed. Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to ——'s ora-

tory: mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maitre des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian Poetry: Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation, by W. Spencer, of a song of mine ("The Wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonainiti*, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" (one faded leaf), he said "Wrong: foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is *foglia*." This annihilated it at once, for *una foglia* would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess, who lived with her, up-stairs, to remedy the grievance; but, soon after, La Caima coming in, the poor moveable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad, with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Narishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord L. said that blackguard was a word of which he

* The Librarian of Holland House.

could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles the First; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place. Music in the evening. Mrs. Oakden played the "Ranz des Vaches" and the beautiful "Chaconne" of Jomelli.

28th. Trying to be busy, but not doing much. Before going to bed, played over some of Hadyn's quartetts, and a lesson or two of Kozeluch's. I used to like Kozeluch as a boy, and expected more in him now than I find. This is the way in every thing; the pleasure of being easily pleased seldom survives our youth.

29th. Have got Sheridan fairly married at last, and now enter into a new region of his life, for which my *viatica* are not half so abundant as in the early part of the journey. Mrs. Bowles called with a Mr. D——, a quiet, precise-mannered man, who invited me to Oxford: he said that a sort of Pompeii has been discovered at Bath; a great part of a Roman street or streets, and some remains of the houses; about 3000 coins, too, discovered. Dined with Hughes: asked him what was the feeling of the natives in India about Hastings when he was there: he said they quite worshipped his name; he saw an old Brahmin nearly go down on his knees in mentioning him.

30th. Worked a little at "Sheridan;" badly off for materials; almost reduced to Watkins. Received the Edinburgh Magazine (Blackwood's) for November. A malicious and canting article in it against myself, in which the fellow has both misrepresented and misquoted my song of "The Legacy," which he says I have put into the mouth of a "dying poet." What a blockhead! with these two lines that begin one of the verses, staring him in the face—

"Keep this *cup*, which is *now* o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest."

I find I am no gainer by the change of Ministry in this magazine: used to be praised in it before Murray came into power: how's this? Dined with —, very dull; but he gave us claret *et c'est toujours quelque chose*; dullness and port together are the devil. Raffles has done a spirited thing at his new government (Bencoolen): he has dismissed his body-

guard, and says he has full confidence in the Malays, whom he knows and trusts: this is the way to win a people. It is still more spirited if what — says is true, that the last resident there was murdered.

31st. Walked into Devizes. Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray to the tune of the "Christening of Little Joey," at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

"Beware, ye bards of each degree,
From Wordsworth down to Packwood,
Two rods I've got to tickle ye—
The 'Quarterly' and 'Blackwood,'
Not Cribb himself more handsomely
Your hollow noddles crack would;
I'll *fib* you in the 'Quarterly,'
And *ruffian* you in 'Blackwood!'"

"So tremble, bards of each degree," &c., &c.

Wrote a letter to the "Chronicle" signed "J. P., Croydon," about the misrepresentation and misquotation in Blackwood's article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his *amusement*.

November 1st. Worked a little at "Sheridan." In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy. How well Fielding knew human nature when he made the poor frail Betty such a ready and good-natured creature! Received a long letter from my friend Dr. Parkinson, inclosing as usual a little sum for his god-daughter Anastasia;—an excellent man, and of a most gentle nature, ill-calculated to bear such a rebuff as he once had from Paley. Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c. just as he thought proper; "and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it."

2nd. Received a letter from Mr. Croker (the Irish gentleman whom I have mentioned in the advertisement to the seventh number of my "Melodies," as having made us many valuable communications) dated yesterday evening, Castle Inn, Devizes, telling me he had stopped on his way to London for the purpose of seeing me. Walked into Devizes; found him a much younger man than I expected, not quite one-and-twenty; an enthusiast in the

music and antiquities of Ireland. Ordered a chaise and brought him home to dinner with me. Told me of a good piece of waggersy they have in the village where he lives, about three miles from Cork. The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young fellows who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When he gave a dinner, they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession *up* the river to perform the same sort of ceremony on the Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-centenary of the King's reign, and they had gingerbread struck on the same occasion; and when he sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him covered with gold leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it. Mentioned a tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

"Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;
Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;
Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak,
Hardy was aikin (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

By his account there must be some very gay and clever fellows in Cork. Brought me a translation of an Italian ode to Buonaparte, which one of these Cork gentlemen wished to present to me. Gave me also some national airs copied out by himself in the most beautiful manner,—perfect specimens of calligraphy. He also draws with very great taste, and engraves. Played and sung to him the seventh number, which he had not seen. The chaise took him back to Devizes at nine.

3rd. Mr. Estcourt (member for Devizes, and Lord Sidmouth's relative) called; his second visit; and left an invitation for me to dinner on Monday next. Received a letter from Linley, in which he tells me that Sheridan's creditors mean to resist any exclusive property in his works. It was for this purpose, no doubt, the meeting of his creditors was called by Burgess, the solicitor, the other day in an ad-

vertisement, which surprised me not a little, in the "Chronicle." What effect this will have upon the publication of the works or life, I know not. Wilkie and Murray, it seems, are about to take advice of counsel. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy after dinner.

4th. Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great "Bibliopola Tryphon," Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in "Blackwood," and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man Romilly's death, in the papers. He has left a void behind in public life that no one can fill up. But what a splendid martyrdom to conjugal love! She was too, if I mistake not, a simple, gay, *unlearned* woman; no *Blue*; no, if she *had* been, such a man as Romilly could not have loved her so much.

5th. Miserably wet day. Bessy ill, and myself in the blue devils: such days are hardly *existence*. Wrote to Dr. Parr, to remind him that he had promised to be godfather, if my forthcoming babe should prove to be a son. Think of Richard Power for the other sponsor: should like Lord Lansdowne, but hate asking; and Bessy, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more.

6th. A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved, however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my *day-mare*. While I was at dinner Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him upstairs, so, in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots. He sat some time; talked of poor Romilly; said he had hardly slept since he heard of the circumstance; wondered they had not applied leeches. I asked whether R.'s affection for his wife was so very strong as to account for this effect; he said it was; but Romilly was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up. Said he came to ask me to meet

Dugald Stewart at dinner either next day or the day after. The Stewarts have been at Bowood now three or four days, and leave him on Monday. Fixed Sunday to dine there. Felt my long-thought-of request for him to be godfather rising to my tongue, and thought I might as well let it out; *did* so; and he consented with much kindness, saying he was proud "to be elected" to the office. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

7th. Thought of a good project for a political squib,—a series of *flash* letters from the pugilists that have been exhibiting at Aix-la-Chapelle. 'Twill not take me long, and the hitch in the Sheridan business gives me a breathing-time from that work, which I begin to be tired of a little. Received a box of books from Hookham's. Looked over the "History of Hastings' Trial,"—a trumpery catchpenny; cannot be the history of the trial, which both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne mentioned to me as good.

8th. Received the promised packet from Linley, containing his sister's poems, &c. There is *one* of Sheridan's in it; little else that I can use. Sent me also his own published volume of poetry, and his Shakspeare music. Went on with my flash work which I had begun the day before; forty lines already. Received a note from one of Burdett's pretty daughters, inclosing some national airs she had got for me; *one*, she said (the Finland air, with words), would particularly please me. This happens to be my own; at least, words and arrangement. I have written to tell her so. Walked to Bowood a little after five. Company at dinner: Dugald Stewart, his wife and daughters, the Miss Edgeworths and Bowlses. Very pleasant day. Sat between Lady L. and Miss Edgeworth at dinner; both in their different ways very delightful. Talked with Miss E. of the Dublin Mrs. Lefanu, whom she seemed to have a higher notion of altogether than I had. I asked her whether the play Mrs. L. had written was not pretty good. "Oh, no, pretty bad," she answered. She had, however, derived her opinion of Mrs. L.'s talents from a common friend of theirs, who loved her very much. This friend told her that Mrs. Lefanu had seen a letter to Sheridan from one of the persons high in the American Government, towards the latter end of the war, expressing great admiration of his talents and

political opinions, and telling him that £20,000 were deposited with a certain banker, ready for him to draw, as a mark of their value for his services in the cause of liberty. She had also seen S.'s answer, in which, with many gratified acknowledgments of their high opinion, he begged leave to decline a gift communicated under such circumstances. Hope this is true. Said she would get the particulars. Reminded me of the night she saw me as Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscure." Did very well from Mungo. Stewart talked much of Charles Sheridan, whom he knew and thought highly of. Mentioned a letter published by him without his name, addressed to Blackstone, upon some assertion of his respecting parliaments. Stewart heard S.'s Begum speech in Westminster Hall; thought some parts particularly fine; but said the transitions from the prepared declamation to the laxity of his business statements were sudden and ill-managed. Burke, from preparing these parts also, always managed the transition finely and imperceptibly. Talked of George Selwyn. Lord L. told a good thing of him. When George Grenville one night, in the house, was taken ill and fainted away, Selwyn cried out, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?" Bowles objected to the lines of Burns,

"And yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven!"

as profane; and Lord L. rather agreed with him, considering them critically. I endeavoured to defend them. The best gifts may be abused so as to lead astray, and yet they all come from Heaven; or something to this purpose. Stewart said my defence was ingenious. Lord L. also took to pieces Campbell's passage in "Lochiel," "'Tis the sunset of life," as physically false. I sang in the evening. Stewart was happy to see much delighted. When I met him some years ago at Lord Moira's, I watched him while I sang, and saw him, when I had finished, give a sort of decisive blow to the sofa, which he was reclining against. This gesticulation puzzled me, and I could not tell

whether it was approbation or condemnation; but I am satisfied now. I never saw any *man* that seemed to feel my singing more deeply; the tears frequently stood in his eyes. Miss Edgeworth, too, was much affected. This is a delightful triumph to touch these higher spirits!

9th. Bowles called: is in a great fidget about his answer to Brongham; brought me a copy of it; showed me a note he had just had in praise of it, from his friend the Bishop of London, beginning "my dear Bowles." Had a letter from Lees, of the county of Wicklow, begging me to decide the question which was producing "a sort of civil war" in the neighbourhood, whether I wrote my song of "The Meeting of the Waters" under Castle Howard, at the meeting of the Avon and Avoca, or at the meeting of the rivers, four miles lower down, under Ballyarthur House. William Parnell wrote to me on the same subject two or three years since. The fact is I wrote the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms, so will the former. Twenty lines more of my flash epistle.

10th. Twenty lines more. Went to Devizes to dinner, at Salmon's. The company, Pearse, the member for Devizes, and his family, the Grubbs, &c. Pearse, a good, hearty jolly man of the world; knows everybody; was intimate with Sheridan; told me his astonishment the other day at seeing, on looking over the books of an insurance office, 40,000*l.* opposite the name of a pawnbroker in Wardour Street. Immense insurance for a pawnbroker. Found he had been the person always employed by Sheridan for his deposits in this way, and that he now has a great number of articles of his, some of which (being corporation cups, &c., with inscriptions) the family are about to redeem. Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—"Why is the Prince of Hom-burg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet?—Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes?—A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life"), most ludi-

crously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alibi by (alibi)." Went to the ball in the evening; danced with one of the Miss Pearses; then with a fine rosy girl of fifteen, Miss Daniels, the belle of the room; and afterwards with Mrs. Phipps. Not home and in bed till four.

11th. Twenty more flash lines; in all now one hundred.

13th. Bowles called in his carriage to take me to call at Mr. Estcourt's. Forgot that I had fixed with him to do so; couldn't get off, of course. He had, by my recommendation, read Campbell's "C'Connor's Child," and, as I expected, thought it beautiful. We again talked of the passage in "Lochiel," about "the sunset of life;" found, upon consideration, my former defence of it not tenable. It is certainly an inaccurate image, but there is something fine even in its vagueness. Read Davies' "Life of Garriek." Nearly finished my first flash epistle. Borrowed Grose's "Slang Dictionary" from Hughes, which will be of much service to the cause.

14th. Received American editions of different works of mine; "Lalla Rookh" is the third. Another poem from Miss L—— W——, the young poetess of fourteen, who before addressed something to me; a wild-brained little thing. Asked to dine with Locke next Thursday. Had a letter from Wilkie, explaining that the meeting of the creditors was called by Charles Sheridan, who has hopes of so far satisfying them as to be enabled to give Wilkie and Murray a legal title to the papers we have had from them. Wrote to Tighe, advising him not to publish Mrs. Tighe's novel, as I could not in conscience encourage the Longmans to give such a price for it as would be worth *his* while to accept. To-morrow my sweet Bessy's birthday.

15th (Sunday). This day my own excellent Bessy has completed her twenty-fifth year; she is much better this morning. Heaven send her many happy returns of this anniversary! Began another slang epistle. Finished "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

16th. Went on with another slang epistle. Shall return to "Sheridan" with more pleasure after this change of key. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening. What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than "Joseph Andrews." A man had come in the morning, a young Irishman, and said his wife had been delivered of twins on the road, and was lying without any comforts for them at a house in Sandy Lane; never could he have found Bessy in a tenderer mood for such a story. She had a large jug of caudle made instantly, which she gave him, with two little caps and two shifts out of the stock she keeps for the poor, a pound of sugar, some tea, and two shillings; one of which was *my* gift, because he was an Irishman.

17th. Our Irish friend did not bring back the pitcher as he promised. Suspicions began to arise; walked to Phipps's; called at the cottage where the fellow said his wife and twins were lying; found 'twas all a cheat. Sad hardeners of the heart these tricks are. Taken by Phipps in his gig to Laycock Abbey (the Grosset's); passed through Spye Park, and by Mrs. Dickinson's; a beautiful country. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening.

18th. Walked my dear Bessy for the first time into the garden; the day delightful. She went round to all her flower beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart. Took a ramble afterwards by myself through the Valley of Chitoway, and the fields. Exactly such a day as that described so beautifully by the sacred poet Herbert:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

Wrote some more of my flash epistle; and, in the evening, finished the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy; we both cried over it. Returned thanks to God most heartily for the recovery of my darling girl, and slept soundly.

19th. From between eleven and twelve till half-past three, in the garden and in the fields. Found in Grose what Lord L. alluded to the other day, the favourite toast of the Tories and Catholics in Ireland, "To the little Gentleman in Velvet;" meaning the mole, whose hillock tripped up King William's horse,

Crop. Walked Bessy in the garden for half an hour. In the evening, read her some of a most silly novel, call the "Physiognomist."

20th. Another delicious day; enjoyed it thoroughly. Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! money must be had, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest. Read some of "Davies' Garrick;" and in the evening that most stupid "Physiognomist" to Bessy: when one begins anything in the way of a story, there is no leaving it off.

21st. Walked to Bowood, to call on Lord Lansdowne. Always kind and agreeable. Told him I was going to town. He said he could have taken me in the middle of the week; but, unluckily, I have engaged myself to go with Macdonald, who has taken our places in the coach. Lord L. asked me what was the poem of Prior's I had once mentioned to him as very pretty; he had been often trying to recollect it. It was "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," &c., &c. We took it down and read it. Nothing can be more gracefully light and gallant than this little poem. I mentioned Lowth's objections to the last two lines as ungrammatical, correctness requiring "than she" and "than I;"* but it is far prettier as it is. Lord L. mentioned a line of Racine's, which D'Alembert (I think) says is bad grammar, though it would be less beautiful if more correct. Showed me a passage in Playfair, which he thought incorrect English. Talked of Du-gald Stewart, and mentioned a good remark in the "Edinburgh Review," on the power he had of giving a new shade of meaning to a word without any injury to its peculiar analogy, and preparing the reader's mind previously to welcome in this new sense without hesitation. This is a power of great skill and delicacy. Lord L. walked with me, on my return, nearly home to my own house.

23d. Left home at eleven; in coach about twelve. A jolly old farmer joined us part of the way; talked of the late elections; said he had given a plumper to Methuen because he had "flung the bill (for the additional income of the Princes) out of the house;" at the same time showing by his gesture that he understood that Methuen had actually thrown the

*"For thou art a girl as much prettier than her,
As he is a poet sublimer than me."—Prior's *Poems*.

bill out of doors. Upon finding Macdonald was in the navy, told him he had also when young thought of going aboard a merchant ship; but his father said, "Don't go with *they*, boy; go with a man-of-war; thou bee'st scolar enough for that." Fare to Reading, 1*l*. 12*s*.; slept there; share of the bill, 1*l*. 3*s*.; fare to town, 14*s*. Macdonald told me some interesting naval stories; particularly of Corbet's towing the French frigate off, after she had cut her cable to run on shore. Dined by myself at the George, opposite the Haymarket; and had oysters at night at the York, in St. James's Street.

24th. Called upon Power, and received Miss Lee's (Mr. Strutt's governess) volume, "Leaves," with copies to be presented to Rogers and Lady Morgan. She thus, at last, acknowledges it, after having long praised it to me as another's; but I suspected her throughout. Went to Longmans'; told them of my intention to immediately break up my deposit, leaving only 515*l*. in their hands for Anastasia; their promptitude and clearness in business most satisfactory. Went to Toller, my proctor, about my Bermuda business; showed him the letters I had received, which gave him some hopes that the claimants cannot prove the money was ever paid into my office: left the letters with him. Met Taylor, editor of the "Sun," who told me an anecdote of Sheridan. When some severe charges against him (relating, Taylor said, to his affair with Matthews) appeared in the "Bath Chronicle," he called upon Woodfall, printer of the "Chronicle," and requested him to insert them, in order that they might gain universal circulation, and that his answer, which he meant soon to prepare, might be understood as universally. Woodfall complied with his request, but the refutation never was written; so that the venom was by this means spread, and his indolence prevented him from ever supplying the antidote. Taylor said he was going to pass the evening with Peter Pindar, who is now eighty-one, and (as I understood him) bedridden; but his mind still sprightly and vigorous. Repeated me the epigrams he had lately dictated to him, upon Lawrence's very *juvenile* picture of the Regent. The point of one was, that the Regent, so far from being slim as represented by Lawrence, would, if he went to Greenland Dock, be boiled down as

blubber. It is amusing enough to contrast the politics of Taylor's paper with his conversation and sentiments in private. How the public is humbugged! Called upon Lady Donegal, who had just returned from a range of royal visits at Kew, Carlton House, &c.: very indignant at the way the Queen's character is vilified in the newspapers. Don't wonder she defends the Queen, who was always very kind to her; and once, I recollect, did her the honour of working a handkerchief for her, like one of her own, which Lady D. admired. Happy to find dear Lady D. so much better. She and her sisters admirable creatures. Dined with the Longmans. Saw the replies to the Fudges, printed so like mine, that Davidson the printer said he would at first sight take his oath it was the same book. Impudent thing—putting the name of "Thomas Brown" to the catch-penny. Looked over the file of the "St. James's Chronicle" for 1772, and found an extract of a letter from Bath about Sheridan. Found that Murray had shown my verses about the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood" to several, who were much amused with them. Eat shrimps at the York at night.

25th. Received a letter from Lord Holland asking me to Holland House, and bidding me "bring my night-cap." Answered for the next day. Called upon Wilkie. The Sheridan business in a very awkward way. Burgess, the solicitor who called the creditors, evidently a creditor himself, and finding by the agreement of the booksellers with Mrs. T. Sheridan, that there are *thousands* talked of, is resolved to have a finger in the pie. Very natural, but very likely to upset the whole concern. Burgess told Murray there was but one creditor urgent, and that for 350*l*. he would stop this nameless person's mouth. Quite the old Sheridan trick. This 350*l*. evidently for himself; but how could he have the face to say that such a sum would settle everything! Dined at the George; and went to Lady D. (whom I had promised to dine with) in the evening. Sung after tea, but was obliged soon to stop. Music has always a most powerful effect upon her; but, in the present weak state of her nerves, one more such song as "Oft in the Stilly Night" would have evidently thrown her into hysterics. Mr. C. came in; a *ci-devant jeune homme*, which is always a melancholy anachronism.

26th. Called upon Power, and mustered up courage enough to tell him that I could not take less than the clear 500*l.* a-year in our future agreement, without any deductions, such as had been made before for the arrangement of my music; left him to consider of it. Went to Holland House; had some conversation with Lord H. before dinner. Mentioned to me a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince while they were in power. S. having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission to him, told quite a different story, referring to S., who all the while courteously bowed assent; and, said Lord H., "I could not, for the soul of me, make out which was the liar." Some talk with Lord John Russell before dinner; asked him about his "Life of Lord Russell," which I had heard he was about to publish. He told me he had shown it to Allen, who had made some criticisms on the style, and had particularly objected to the word "develope" as not English. This is nonsense; the word is not only naturalised, but we have no other that will do in its place. "Unfold" or "lay open" do not mean half so much. The party at dinner: Lord John, Tierney, Sharpe, Wilmshaw, Roger Wilbraham, Rogers, and Mrs. Sydney Smith. Lord Holland's stories and mimicry of Parr highly diverting. Parr had lately written to him, desiring that he would read "Imbonatus de Moribus Tragicorum." Somebody remarked very justly that Parr knows the crossways of learning better than the highways;—fond of surprising his readers with what seems English Latin (such as *faciunt terras*, for "make the land," and *capit*, in the sense of "succeeds," or "takes"), and then producing his authority for it. In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in pulling off a man's boot, and pulling the leg off *with* it. I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? Sheridan told Tierney that he had written the greater part of Tickell's "Anticipation." Lord H., too, told us that when the "Stranger" was first

performed, he dined with Sheridan and Canning for the purpose of going to see it; and when S., pulling a bottle of wine from beside him, said, "I have a secret bottle here" (meaning to parody his own song in the "Stranger," "I have a silent sorrow here"), Canning remarked, "You know, S., those verses are Tickell's," and referred to the place they were taken from; on which S. answered, "But don't you know that I wrote most of those verses for Tickell?" This seems to agree with the assertion in Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs," that the songs of the "Carnival of Venice" were by Sheridan, though they certainly are not at all like his style. But where is the song to be found from which is taken "I have a silent sorrow here?" Tickell, all agreed, was a disagreeable fellow, and envied Sheridan. Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "*Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.*" We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Ask'st thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, &c. sat by silent. "I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*,"—that is impossible." The Prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and

Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilio, Mr. Fox's servant, saying to him (the Prince), "I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;"—the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence. Had some talk with Allen about coalitions: he referred me for his opinions upon that between Fox and Lord Grenville, to the "History of Europe" in the "Annual Register" for 1806, which he himself had written. With respect to the coalition of Fox and Lord North, he considered it to have been rendered quite necessary by the overwhelming power of the Court, which could not otherwise have been opposed than by a union of the two included parties. I asked Lord H. whose were the two famous jokes about the Bourbons and the peace which S., with his usual coolness in these matters, appropriated to himself? He said the former one was Sir A. Pigott's, and the latter Francis's. Francis was very angry at the robbery. Sheridan's witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak.

27th. Slept at Holland House. Walked before breakfast with Tierney, Rogers, &c., in the garden, and read Luttrell's very pretty verses, written under Lord Holland's, in the seat called "Rogers's seat." The breakfast very agreeable: Lord Holland full of sunshine as usual. "He always comes down to breakfast (says Rogers very truly) like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had just fallen." We talked of the oddity of the Scotch law terms; and Lord H. reminded Tierney (who had been engaged in some Scotch lawsuit) of the doleful face with which he once told him that they had *multopropoinded* him." He also mentioned the ludicrous effect Lord Lauderdale produced upon a company by telling them, "By the Lord, they have *praconised* Garthland," i. e. prerecognised. Walked

into town with Tierney. He thinks I shall have a good escape of it if my "Life of Sheridan" is given up. Told me of the sequel of Sheridan's magnanimous refusal of the regis-
trarship of Malta for Tom; which was his asking of Tierney to get the place for him for somebody else. When Sheridan, upon the awkward business with Lord Yarmouth and the household, called upon Tierney, in the House, to attest his independent conduct in refusing the place for Tom, Tierney, after having stated what he knew of this part of the story, asked (for says he, "I was in a devil of a passion") whether he should proceed to the rest of the transaction? "No, thank you," says Sheridan very coolly, "that will do." Tierney said Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him, Tierney said, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." I remarked how soon great men are forgot in England: he thought at present Lord Chatham was better remembered than Mr. Pitt,—perhaps because his career was a popular one—"with the mob, the whole of his course." Burke had done more mischief than any one. I remarked that even the good he had done by his early writings he had completely neutralised by his later ones; for nothing in favour of liberty could be cited from the one, to which a totally contradictory and counteracting sentiment might not be brought forward from the other. "Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this be true?*), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked." Parted with Tierney at Lord Boyle's, and called upon Hobhouse, who is quite sure of being elected for Westminster, and furious against the Whigs; who, in return, are sulky towards him. Was to have walked out again with Tierney, but missed him, and went by the stage. Party at dinner: Rogers, Tierney, Sharpe, and Mrs. Smith. Lord John dined with the Fox Club. Talked in the evening of the late George Ellis, of whom I knew but little. Remarked how unintelligible and confused he was in his con-

versation (particularly upon business), though so clear in his style of writing. The conversation at dinner chiefly about Swift's wretched views of human life, and the pleasure he had in depreciating and degrading his species. His "Yahoos" detestable. Swift laboured to render every one disgusted with the world; Voltaire only tries to make us laugh at everything in it. The one would make the most trifling things grievances; the other would make the most important things ridiculous. Asked Lord H. whether he thought the Prince's letters during the first Regency were really written by Burke, as I had some little suspicion that they might have been done by Sheridan; though the style was perhaps too unambitious and chastised for him; as indeed it was for Burke. He said he knew nothing about those letters, but Lord Minto, he believed, wrote much for the Prince at that time. S.'s conduct (Lord H. said) during that first Regency question, when he had perfect possession of the Prince, was highly fair and honourable. Had the pleasure of putting into Rogers's hand a draft for my long-owed debt of five hundred pounds.

28th. Another very agreeable breakfast, though a very late one—not till nearly twelve o'clock. Tierney mentioned two bonmots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"), "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,—“Never,” said Pitt, “*except in case of actual invasion*.” I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, “Why is a towel like a serpent?—Because it's a *wiper*.” A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, “If my wife had been her brother, what a large fortune,” &c. &c. Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the king. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I think, not true. The Prince at one time, thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy; at another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, “D—n them; dress them how you will, you

cannot make them look like gentlemen.” Rogers mentioned to me a letter which Sharpe received from Sir J. Mackintosh the very day poor Romilly died, expressing an apprehension that *he* would be the next great man lost; and speaking very touchingly of him and other superior spirits, to whom they had been accustomed to look up in their “age of admiration.” Rogers wished me to go and dine this day with his brother and sister at Highbury. I assented, if he would take upon himself to stand the brunt of Lady Holland's displeasure on the occasion. In for a very amusing scene between them on the subject, she insisting upon keeping me, and he most miraculously courageous and persevering in taking me away. “Why,” says she to me, “do you allow him to dispose of you thus, like a little bit of literary property?” Dined at Highbury. Miss Rogers very agreeable: mentioned a letter she had had from a friend in Germany, saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read Lord Byron and *me*. Rogers mentioned too that Fearon, in his account of America, describes the conversation there as very much occupied about the same two personages. Must look at Fearon for this. Returned home to Duke Street.

29th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, who is returning to Wiltshire the day after to-morrow, and offers to take me. Cannot go. Called upon Perry, who has been very ill. Seemed to think that the coming in of the Duke of Wellington would lead ultimately to the breaking up of the present administration. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow, when he half expected the Duke of Sussex to dine with him. Promised. Dined to-day with Scrope Davies to meet Jackson the boxer at my own request, as I want to pick up as much of the flash, *from authority*, as possible. Some talk with Davies before dinner, about Lord Byron and me having been so near blowing each other's brains out: told him that Lord B. had said since he never meant to fire at me. Davies was with him at the time this hostile correspondence took place, and offered to bet upon friendship against fighting as the most likely result. The event found him right. Lord B.'s conduct on this occasion was full of manliness and candour. Told him the particulars of an affair afterwards with Harry Greville, in which Byron employed me as his friend; Leckie (the

Sicilian Leekie) was Greville's. It was settled without a meeting. I refused to enter into any negotiation upon the letter which Greville had written to demand an explanation, as it was an offence in itself from the unbecoming terms in which it was couched. Leekie accordingly consented to withdraw the letter; and, putting a pen into my hand, begged me to erase the passages I objected to. I made, of course, free use of the pen; and he got Greville to write the letter over again, not telling him we had ever seen it. With such an accommodating second it was easy, of course, to settle the matter triumphantly. Got very little out of Jackson; he makes, Davies tells me, more than a thousand a-year by teaching sparring. Caleb Baldwin is the teacher in the city.

30th. Dined with Perry. The Duke of Sussex did not come, so we had the princely dinner to ourselves. Told me how the Regent had treated the Duke. On the latter's going to hear the will of the Queen read, he was kept near four hours waiting alone, and then told he must come again next day; but found afterwards they had been reading the will all the while he had been kept waiting. Looked over Smirke's beautiful "Don Quixote" in the evening. Found a note from Lady Holland on my return home, saying they expect me tomorrow.

December 1st. Called upon Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly;" have known him long, but forbore from calling upon him ever since I meditated "Lalla Rookh," lest it might look like trying to propitiate his criticism; the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gall and spitefulness. Spoke of Holland House. He knew it, he said, by report; wished there was a Holland House on the other side of the question, but there was not; said it was in politics and literature what Sir J. Banks's house was in science; and neither could be replaced. Asked me whether I was not disgusted by the vile imitation of the "Fudges" just come out. This took me by surprise a little. Went to Holland House in the stage. Had some conversation before dinner with Rogers about his poem, which he is daily adding couplets to. Mackintosh's expression, the "age of admiration," is the one now in the crucible. Party at dinner, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Lord

Affleck, Sharpe, and Rogers. Sat next Lord Alvanley, and had much conversation with him about Lords Forbes and Ranelife, and others of my early cronies. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly; but Craven goes further. Though clever in his way, he is too decidedly *flash* in his tones, words, manner, everything. When one meets him in such company, "one wonders how the devil he got there." Lord Holland told an excellent story which he had heard from Latin, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment;" "mais voici," added he, "ses respectable parents" (showing a rabbit and a carp), *que vous trouverez très intéressans,*" &c. &c. "Sheridan," Lord H. said, was "an annual parliament and universal suffrage man," but it seemed rather as a waggery that he adopted it. "There is nothing like it," he would say; "the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

2d. Conversation at breakfast about late hours. The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to some one and complained he could not stay with the Jerseys, because my lady was the very latest woman in London." "Well, but what then? All women of fashion are late, you can sleep afterwards." "Ah, no, sir, that's not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London; and between the two, I get no sleep at all." I mentioned the circumstance of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping in the same bed, without ever meeting for a fortnight. Dined by myself at the George, and went afterwards to Covent Garden, to Lady Oxford's box. A rare set of Reformers surrounding her and her lively daughters: Hobhouse, Douglas Kinaird, Scrope Davies. The play, a new tran-

gedy, "Junius Brutus;" a good deal of merit in it.

3d. Called upon Carpenter, who told me for 200*l.* he would give me a receipt in full, my debt to him, including interest and book-account, being 450*l.*; but as he was under so many obligations to me, he would reduce it to 200*l.* It is strange, but Carpenter never, from my first dealings with him, would give me a regular account. Dined with Douglas and his pretty young wife; and went with him, his sister and wife's sister, to Covent Garden: the "Rivals" and "Rose d'Amour;" some pretty music in the latter. Had gone in the morning to the pawnbroker in Wardour Street, of whom Pearce, the M. P. for Devizes, told me. The only piece of plate with an inscription on it he had of Sheridan's was one from the corporation of Stafford, and this Charles Sheridan bought; but the books he had of Sheridan's (all in elegant bindings, presented to him by his friends, with their names in them), he had first sold in lots to different people. This pawnbroker seems to have behaved with great delicacy and disinterestedness. He might have made what he pleased by these books, by signifying his possession of them to the world; but he preferred, as he said, getting little more than the money he paid for them, to doing anything which might expose the memory and character of Sheridan. His name is Harrison. I now recollect many years ago hearing Sheridan say, at Donington Park, that he was about to form a library, and not being rich enough to buy books, he had signified to his friends that nothing would be more welcome to him than a gift of a set of books from each. Lord Moira at the time gave him a very handsome set. It now appears into what vortex all these gifts were swallowed. The pawnbroker says there were some books among them with my name; but I do not recollect having given him any. Found a note from Serope Davies, on my return home very late, to say that we must be in our chaise for the fight (which I had engaged to go to see with him) at eight in the morning.

4th. Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c. all along

the road—the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Serope Davies's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall and Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected. Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes: a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk. Was to have dined with Douglas Kinnaird, to meet the Oxfords, and hear the new prima donna, Madame Bellochi, sing in the evening; but did not get home till half-past eight at night. Had also been in some degree engaged to the Beef-steak Club to meet Brougham and Captain Morris, the old song-writer. This, however, was out of the question; and as I was told the day before, both by B. and Captain M., that they did not intend to go, had no great loss of it. Dined by myself, very tired, at the George; heard, while at dinner, "an account of the battle, by express," crying in the streets. Sent to buy it, and found it anticipated victory on the side of Turner.

5th. Breakfasted with Power, in order to walk to Hornsey and pay my usual visit for Bessy at the grave of our dear Barbara. Woolriche, whom I had seen but the day before, came and walked with us. The Sunday papers all placarded with "true," and "genuine," and "best" accounts of the battle. On passing through Tottenham-court Road, we saw an immense congregation of blackguards at the entrance of a passage called Cock Court. Asked what was the matter? "Randall lives here, sir." It was the conqueror's levée. Recollected the anecdote Davies told me of Caleb Baldwin and some other fellow when they saw Berkeley Craven in his court dress: "My

eyes, what's Berkeley going to Court for?"—"Vy, I suppose he's going to be presented on Gully's late victory." I ought to pay these visits to my dear child alone, for the melancholy which came over me when I *did* go alone was, I think, useful to me; such melancholy purifies the heart. Found the grave neat and undisturbed. Dined at Power's to meet Bishop the composer, who is one of the very few men of musical genius England can boast of at present. Talked much of the art. He has long been preparing a "Treatise on the Effect of Instruments." Mentioned Charan's "Dictionary of Musicians," which I must see. The omission of the 7th and 4th, he says, is the characteristic of natural music; has often found, when he has been wandering wildly through the mountains of Wales, and has sung away without thinking *what* he sung, that he has invariably detected himself omitting the 7th and 4th. Went in the evening to Tegart's, where I *was* to have dined. Dancing of a Sunday night; Catholics don't mind this. Danced a country-dance with Mrs. Shiel, the wife of the dramatist. They then took to quadrilles and I took to my heels, glad to get to bed before twelve o'clock.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me of Crabbe's negotiation with Murray for his new volume of "Tales," consisting of near 12,000 lines. Murray offered him for this and the copyright of the past volumes 3000*l*. Crabbe was at breakfast with us, and seemed to think this was a good bargain; and so, I confess, did I; but Rogers thought this sum should be given for the new volume alone, and that the Longmans ought to be tried. Called on my proctor, who said there had been no motion against me this sitting, and to-morrow would be the last day of it. Went to Longman's; settled some more of business; from thence to Wilkie, who produced me two large bags of Sheridan's papers to examine. Worked at them for two hours; found some letters of the Regent's, one of which seemed to be written when he was drunk. By the by, much talk in town about "Brummel's Memoirs." Murray told me a day or two ago, that the report was he had offered 5000*l*. for the "Memoirs," but that the Regent had sent Brummel 6000*l*. to suppress them! Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummel, I asked him (Scrope Da-

vies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the "Fudges," on his correspondence and interviews with Brummel? "A thousand guineas," he said, "this instant." But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like. Left Wilkie at five to dine with the Longmans. Went in the evening with Rees to the Olympic theatre; dull work enough. The entertainments at these places look so tempting on the bills, "*at cum intraveris, Di Deaque quam nihil, in medio invenies*" (Pliny).

7th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. She had had another of her cruel nervous attacks on Saturday last, but was now better; and most happy I was to hear her say that my coming amused her, and did her good. Kind, excellent woman! what would I not do to give her the health and happiness she so well deserves. Called on Mrs. Douglas, to take her to see Shee's pictures. Glad to see she is in a fair way to give the old admiral an heir. From thence to Murray's, whence I was called for by Tegart, to take me to the Royal Institution, as I wished to consult the eighth volume of Gronovius. Found the treatise on "Sports and Gymnastics" by Peter Faber, which I wanted to see; made some extracts from it. Called upon Rogers at half-past four, when I found that Lord Holland had written to the Longmans to meet him there on Crabbe's business. At five Rees came, and I left them to their deliberations. Went to dine with Wilkie, in order to occupy the evening in looking over Sheridan's papers: after dinner had the bags in; got through but one of them. Went to Rees at nine o'clock. Told me the particulars of the conference at Rogers's; said he had prefaced the offer he had made, by telling them they must not expect anything like what would be given for a work of mine—(wonder how Lord Holland liked this, as Crabbe's his great favourite); and for the new work and the old had only offered 1000*l*. A great falling off this from Murray's offer. So I told him; but he said, that from an inquiry into the past sale of Crabbe's works, it was the most they thought it prudent to give. Went with Rees to Covent Garden; saw part of the "Barber of Seville."

8th. Breakfasted with Power, and revised the letterpress of some of the numbers of the

"Melodies," as he is about to stereotype the whole work. From thence to Longman's, where I received a bond to "Miss Anastasia Mary Moore" for 515*l*. The dear mother will be so glad to get this. Paddled back through the swimming streets to Rogers, who had fixed two for me to call. Found him in consternation about Crabbe, who had written to Murray immediately after the interview with Rees, to say he would accept his offer, but had not heard from him since. Rogers proposed we should go together to Murray as he wanted to speak to him about his own poem, which he thinks of publishing with him in shares. Went to Murray; and, after Rogers had talked to him about his own poem, and told Murray that he was printing it himself, to see how it looked, he said carelessly, "I am glad to find, Mr. Murray, that you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new work." This clinched the business. Murray answered very cheerfully that he *had*; so off we set to poor Crabbe (who was moping dismally at home, and had nearly given up all hopes of his thousands), to tell him the news, which of course set his mind perfectly at ease. Called upon Carpenter, paid him the two hundred pounds, and got his receipt in full. Told me he had some notions of retiring from business, but that he should do *one* dashing thing before he gave in; and that was to publish a splendid edition of my "Anacreon," with woodcuts. Paid some little bills; dined at the York alone; packed up in the evening, as I was to be in the coach for home at seven next morning, and went to bed early.

9th. Came down in the coach (the York House) with two or three women. Arrived at Calne a little after seven, and at home before nine. Found all well, my sweet Bessy looking better than I have seen her for a long time. Had a nice supper for me, which I did justice to.

10th. Resting, reading, and rambling. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to say we thought of christening the little fellow on Saturday; but if he had the least wish to escape the operation, I could easily get a vice to act for him, or I would assume that honour myself, and turn the parish clerk into Dr. Parr. He wrote, however, a kind letter back, saying, if Lord Carnarvon left him in time he would certainly come.

11th. Recollected some things which I have not put down among the memoranda of my town visit. Scrope Davies told me that Sir Francis Burdett often says the two days I passed at Ramsbury in going up to London were among the pleasantest of his life. Rogers, on the last morning I was with him in town, took out of a little cabinet the draft I had given him a week before, and said, "What am I to do with this?" I laughed and said, "Present it for payment, to be sure, my dear Rogers." "Well," he answered, "if it is any convenience to you in your Bermuda business, to enable you to allege that *you have no means*, I will keep it for you."

12th. Lord Lansdowne arrived about half past one, and we all went to church; he and I walked; and Bessy, the nurse, and little one went in a chaise. After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper, which contained, he said, a present for the nurse. He left us; and we drove to call on Mr. Phipps. The paper contained two five pound notes, one of which Bessy gave to the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother. They have latterly been very considerate, indeed, in their applications for assistance to me. In the evening read out the "Englishman in Paris" to Bessy; wretchedly dull.

13th. Received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, signed J. Aicken, telling me he is the centre of a little circle of admirers of mine, who all feel interested about me as a man not less than as a poet, and entreating I would tell them the ages, names, &c. of my children, as they had seen by the papers lately that I had just had a fourth child. The letter is intelligently and feelingly written. He also begs for one of the Sacred Songs, "The Turf shall be," in my own handwriting. When I was in town I received a letter from a person equally unknown to me, but who says we were introduced to each other fifteen years ago,—a Mrs. Atherston. This lady must be a little mad. "I have known," says she, "two giants in my time, the giant of body and the giant of intellect. When quite a child I knew O'Brien and loved him; I saw you *too*," &c. It is strange how people can summon up all this interest, and take all this trouble, about one who is a perfect stranger to them; at least, to most of those who thus address me, I am only known by my writings. Looked over a

curious collection of old slang books I brought with me from Longman's. The "English Rogue" must be scarce, as the four small volumes are priced six guineas,—coarse and dull; De Foe's "Moll Flanders," which I confess I cannot read through, though it is by De Foe.

14th. Began another flash epistle, and wrote twenty lines. Read "Boxiana," to store my memory with the cant phrases. Went on with the "Englishman in Paris" in the evening.

15th. Twenty lines more. Received a letter from Mrs. W——, another of my unknown ladies, who has twice before sent me poetical and musical compositions of her daughter, a girl of fourteen. This contains a poem on the birth of my son.

17th. Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a little money without much trouble.

18th. Read King's "Anecdotes of his own Times," just published by Murray. Some amusing things about Pope, Addison, &c.; and his character of the Pretender, as coming from such a Jacobite, curious. There is mention here of a poem by King, called the "Toast," which I do not find in Chalmers. He says that Swift declared to a lady, if he had read the Toast when he was twenty years of age, he would never have written a satire.

19th. Walked over to Bowood. Conversation with Lord Lansdowne. Mentioned the affairs of Spain: thinks the rumour of insurrection there true: says our Ministers are much agitated at present by various matters: the Bank question assumes a very serious aspect; and that upon other points there seems to be much difference between them. Talked of "King's Anecdotes." King had evidently got rid of much of his Jacobitism when he wrote this book. Lord L.'s father had heard King deliver some of his Ratchliffe orations; and whenever the word *redeat* (which came more than once) occurred, King would pause, and, though the passage had no reference to anything connected with politics, this word, and King's significant pause upon it, were a signal for the Jacobite part of his audience to ap-

plaud. One of the passages was *redeat Astræa virgo*. Was reading Fearon's book upon America; recommended it as the most acute work upon the subject he had seen. Lady Andover (I believe) in the house, with Charles Fox, Captain Fielding, and Miss Calcraft, the friend of the Bowleses. Lady Lansdowne proposed to accompany me, together with Miss C., as far as Sandy Lane, where she was going to look at a cottage they were building. Very agreeable in our walk, and pressed me much to name a day to dine at Bowood. I did not. Read to Bessy in the evening the Scotch novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which we have just received from the Book Society.

20th. Answered the Scotch gentleman's letter, and sent him a copy of the Sacred Song. Received a letter from Miss Lefanu about her novel, which I have promised to recommend to the Longmans for her. The Scotch novel in the evening. Our little boy not well: have much fear about him: there is a premature meaning in his eyes, which (though it may be called old woman's talk to say so) is often, I fear, a sign of premature decay. Heaven spare him to his fond mother!

21st. Read some of Phillips's "Recollections of Curran," which Lord L. sent me, and which he said was even worse than he expected from the pen of the orator. It is certainly in wretched taste; but to every one who knew Curran there are some things in it interesting.

22d. Walked into Devizes, to inquire for a wet-nurse for my little boy, who seems as if he wanted a reinforcement of his nature, and I wish I had insisted upon his having it from the first. Begged of — to look out one for me. Bessy thinks of giving a little dance next week, and as the idea seems to amuse her, she shall do it: the dear girl so seldom leaves her home, that she deserves every enlivenment of which that sphere is capable. Read some of Fearon's "Sketches of American Life," and like it much. Was amused by his quoting, not only gravely, but with some degree of respect, my boyish opinions about America: "Moore's melancholy conclusion!" Fearon is the most acute and matter-of-fact critic the Yankees have had to encounter yet, and heartily angry they will be with him, "I guess."

23d. Received from one of my female corre-

spondents (the lady who loved the Irish giant) a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady, who inclosed me three pounds after reading "Lalla Rookh," had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of "Lalla Rookh" had done the same, I need never have written again. Read the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening. Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in this world? Bowles had called in the morning; and was most amusing about his purchase of a great coat once in Monmouth Street, which, while in the shop, he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine he found to be a glaring, glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c. &c.

24th. Worked at my Flash Memorial. Received a parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie. Nothing more decisive known about the intentions of the creditors. Dined at —s'; noisy and dull, with the exception of Bowles, who, when the rapid chatterers would let him, was highly amusing.

25th. Received a note from Lord Lansdowne, saying they had expected I would fix a day in this week to dine there, and asking me for Wednesday next. A parcel of books from Longman's, which I wanted to consult for the *learned* part of my *flash* work: "Dio. Chrysostomus" (for the oration on Melancomus, the famous pugilist): Themistius, in which I have found nothing but a reference to "Dio. Chrysostomus;" and "Cyprian," who has supplied only one sentence, not worth the carriage. Our servants had company to dinner in honour of the day, and kept it up merrily, singing choruses till past eleven. In the evening read to Bessy a MS. opera by Miss Costello, a protégée of Bowles's, taken from a story he suggested to her, and about which he is very sanguine. It cannot possibly do; which is a sad pity, as she is a respectable girl, and, with her mother, much distressed.

26th. Bowles called upon me to enforce my dining with him, and to ask my opinion of Miss Costello's opera: was sorry to be obliged to tell him how hopeless I thought it; showed me a letter which he had written to her, begging her acceptance of 20*l*. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowles's: the company, Henry Joy and his father, Miss Calcraft, Miss Joy, and little Miss Miles. The whole day rather pleasant; sung with Miss Miles in the evening; lost our way in coming home, and got down the steep road into Chittoway; were obliged to stand shivering in the cold while the carriage went to a turning place; near one when I got home, and found dearest Bessy sitting up for me.

27th. Wrote twelve or fourteen lines of my Flash. Sent to Sir Serepe Bernard & Co. a draft for 140*l*. on account of John Atkinson, of Dublin. Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Read to her and Bessy in the evening, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Such Things are."

28th. Received another parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie; have not opened it; do not like to lose any more time with this work, till there is some prospect of our being able to publish it. Wrote some more of the Flash.

29th. Walked with Mr. Hughes to Bowood, he having requested me to give him convey on his first visit; delicious day; Lord L. not at home. Finished the second volume of the Scotch novel in the evening.

30th. Routed out of my study by the preparations for the dance to-morrow night, and not able to get into my *other* study, the garden, on account of the damp, foggy weather. Copied out some music. At a quarter to six, Macdonald called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood; obliged to feel our way, not very safely, through the fog. Company at dinner: Lemon and Lady Charlotte (Lady L.'s sister), Dickinson, an M. P.; Abercrombie, Macdonald's brother, Sir James Mackintosh, and Charles Fox. Sat between Mackintosh, and Lord L. Talked of Fearon, and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. It must make those in the higher regions look about them and be on the alert; every man now feels that kind of warning from the man immediately beneath him, and the stimulus is

propagated. What it will come to God knows. What Curran said when asked what there was doing in the House of Lords? "Only Lord Moira, *airing* his *vocabulary*:" better than anything P. has told of him. Grattan delightful; "so much (Mackintosh said) to admire, so much to love in him, so much to laugh at, so wise, so odd so good." Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close*," the well-known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said, "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time: I did not mind Macdonald; but I was sorry for Mackintosh. I said, when I got up from singing, "I see those two gentlemen like to talk to accompaniment," which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush. Mackintosh soon atoned by the agreeableness of his conversation, and I was too selfish to follow the example of his *not listening*. Mackintosh quoted two lines from Dryden's "*Cymon and Iphigenia*" as *perfection*:

"Love first taught Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Taught all the sweet civilities of life."

Lord L. and I agreed that it required rather too much thought to perceive its beauty, but that when once we arrive at all the refinement of the idea, it is exquisite indeed. He also quoted the first six lines of the "Introduction to the Tales" as particularly happy and eloquent. He then introduced a criticism (which I had heard him show off before) on Dryden's translation of the opening lines of "*Æneid*" as being particularly faulty. "Haughty Juno's unrelenting hate," not in the original, and weakening the effect of the fatality which was supposed to impel him. To "expelled and exil'd," a similar objection, the important point

"Italian" left out. The force of *fato profugus* not at all done justice to. Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profugus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profugus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profugus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—"*Errat Virgilius, forte profugus erat.*" I mentioned Dryden's "*Juvenal*," and repeated his and Gifford's translation of the line, "*Quanto præstantius esset*," in the third satire, to show how much more sweetly Dryden has done them. Gifford's is (if I recollect right) thus—

"Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts had been,
More honour'd, if an edge of living green
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone."

Dryden has done it thus—

"How much more beauteous had the fountain been,
Embellish'd with its first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Centered with an urn of native stone."

Gifford's last line substituted here for Dryden's would make this perfect. I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples talking of Virgil, "*Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça,—Titire tu patule recubans*," &c., &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "*As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away*," was done "*Comme la mer d truit les travaux de la taupe*." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "*Voilà le Château de Macbeth*." "*Maccabée, milor*," said the artist. "*Je crois que c'est Macbeth*," modestly answered Lord M. "*Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent; Judas Maccabéeus, Empereur Romain!*" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "*Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi*." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "*l'Europe*," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to

their no small astonishment, "C'est moi!" Lady Lansdowne very kind and amiable; could not help being charmed with her; and my neighbour, M., so delighted—one third with the woman, and two thirds (being a Scotchman) with the Marchioness, that he asked my advice whether he should not make her a present of his beautiful table of Amboyna wood. Told him if he was not afraid of the awkward probability of her refusing to accept it, I thought he had better. Came home safe through the fog.

31st. All bustle and preparation for our dance in the evening; the supper laid in my study. Poor Bessy on her legs all day, to get everything as nice as possible; my chief occupation, besides drawing the wine, to keep little Tom quiet. All went off most gaily. We did our best to make them happy; and, to do our guests justice, they seemed all to come with a determination to be pleased. Supped at half-past twelve. I had lobsters, oysters, and champagne, express from London for the occasion, and the supper looked not only gay but elegant. Twenty-two persons supped in my little study. I sung for them after supper, and then to dancing again till near four in the morning. Poor Bessy's eyes, which have been sore for some days, dreadfully inflamed and red through the whole evening. A gay beginning to the new year. Heaven send it may so go on, and that thus

"Our days and nights, with all their hours,
May dance away with down upon their feet!"

January 1st, 1819. Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening. Have got through half of Gifford's "Memoirs of Ben Jonson." What a "canker'd carle" it is! Strange that a man should be able to lash himself up into such a spiteful fury, not only against the living but the dead, with whom he engages in a sort of *sciomachy* in every page. Poor dull and dead Malone is the shadow at which he thrusts in his "Jonson," as he did at poor Monck Mason, still duller and deader in his "Massinger."

2nd. Wrote a little and read a little. In the evening, the Scotch novel to Bessy, whose eyes were much better.

3rd. Received from the Longmans the list of poems they mean to put into the "Selection

from the "English Poets," which they are about to publish, begging of me to omit or insert as I think proper.

4th. Finished the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening; a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding-up disagreeable and unsatisfactory.

5th. Looked over the list for the Longmans, and added some. Found they had omitted from Prior's that pretty thing "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," and "The merchant to conceal his treasure." Dined at Locke's. A very handsome dinner, but deadly dull company; and but for the sparkle of Mrs. Methuen's fine eyes across the table, I should have gone asleep. To the Devizes ball in the evening: Lady Frances W. there; introduced to her, and had much conversation, chiefly about our friend Lord B. Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with "The Bride," were addressed to her. She must have been very pretty when she had more of the freshness of youth, though she is still but five or six and twenty; but she looks faded already. She told me she had an Album which was begun and nearly half written through by Lord B. (the first thing in it, "When from the brow, where sorrow sits"); and she had another, which was as yet blank, and which she had resolved to keep blank "till an introduction to Mr. M. should enable her to ask *him* to begin it for her." I fought this off as well as I could; said I must know her better before I could have the *tête montée* sufficiently for such an undertaking, &c. Danced the second set with Mrs. Methuen.

6th. Lay in bed till late, and wrote some of "Tom Cribb's Memorial." Walked out for two hours; the most divine day (the season considered) that ever I felt or saw. In the evening looked over Longmans' list. They had left out, strange to say, from Warton's sonnets, some of the best in the language; that "To the river Lodden," exquisite. Out of Collins's, too, they had omitted his delicious ode upon Thomson's death; what music it is!

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

To those from Cowper I added one, which I

had myself forgot, but which is touching beyond anything :

"O happy shades, to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!
This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please," &c. &c.

7th. Was to have dined with Macdonald: desperate day; sent an apology. Wrote some lines, and began Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening.

8th. Received the "Cheltenham Chronicle" with an article in it on my "poetical character"—very laudatory. Jay called upon me at half-past three in his gig, to take me to dinner at his father's, Hartham Park. Company at dinner: the Hawkins; Lady Frances W. was to have come with them, but, to my *some-what* disappointment, she had been called away to London the day before; the Dickensons, Mr. Johnson, who travelled with the Prince of Orange, and Mr. Longlands, an usher of Westminster. The latter told me that the late Dr. Vincent had introduced a wrong mood into the epitaph he wrote for himself, "In moribus," &c. &c., "qualis fuit lapis sepulchralis taceat." Nares suggested the alteration of *fuit* into "*fuertit*," which was, of course, adopted. I mentioned that I believed Vincent was the name of the head master of Westminster, and that it was said of him "he had been killed by false Latin." "I am drinking the Bath waters for it now," said Mr. L. We then spoke of Sir Robert Walpole; that himself and George I. had governed England by bad Latin; for as Sir R. could not speak French nor George English, they were obliged to confer in Latin. A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials." Mr. Joy mentioned that Woodfall (I suppose, of the "Chronicle") told him that he was in the House the first night that Sheridan spoke; and that, after the speech, S. came up to the gallery to him, and asked him with much anxiety what he thought of his success. Woodfall answered, "I think this is not your line; no, Sheridan; you had better stick to those pursuits you are so much more fitted for." Upon which S., after leaning his forehead upon his hand for a few seconds, exclaimed, "It is *in* me, and, by God, it shall come out." Re-

mindful of a good thing said, I believe, by Kelly, the Irish barrister (my godfather, by the bye), on some man, whose children bore not the most respectable characters, asking him one day, "Have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," said Kelly; "who did he rob?" On my mentioning the story of Sheridan stealing a joke from Delpini, Mr. L. said it was certainly an infringement upon the "Opera in usum Delpini." Slept at Joy's.

9th. Hazlitt's "Lecture on Sheridan" (quoted in the "Chronicle" of this morning, and containing a warm eulogium on me) led us to talk of humour, Rabelais, &c. I mentioned the speeches of Lord Baise-cul in Rabelais, as rather Lord Castlereagh's style of eloquence. A good thing of Horne Tooke, when a certain *raffish* gentleman said to him sneeringly at the hustings, "Well, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards with you this morning;" "I am delighted to hear it, sir,—and from such *excellent* authority too." Joy drove me home; rather boring me on the way about a Greek epigram by some friend of his, on the Apollo Belvedere, which he (Joy) had translated into Latin and English. Finished the "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening. There are few duller books, I think; how could it have got such reputation? The pinching the lapdog's ear "in the bitterness of his heart" is almost the only good thing in it. Read afterwards "Pickering's American Vocabulary." They sometimes, I see, use the word *captivate* thus: "Five or six ships captivated." "His whole army captivated." The word *balance*, too, has been brought by their commercial habits into strange employ: "I spent the greater part of the evening with such a friend, and the *balance* of it with another;" "I *expect* Alexander of Macedon was a very great man."

10th. Had written a day or two ago to the Longmans, to say I felt rather faint-hearted about the Flash volume, and that, as it might be thought too *low* a thing for such great booksellers and poets as we are, they had better perhaps employ some understrapper in the Row to publish it for them, as Carpenter did at first with the "Twopenny Post Bag." Received an answer from them to-day, saying, that as they were sure there would be nothing in it that would put them in Newgate, they would themselves be the publishers, and announce it by the title I should send this next week.

11th. Received from Power the 2d number of the "Quarterly Musical Review," in which there are two articles, most warmly laudatory, on my "National Melodies" and seventh number of the "Irish." They pronounce the latter better than any of the former ones. Hunt, in last Sunday's "Examiner," said it was not so good. A remark in one of the articles struck me with a sort of chilling consciousness,—“We can perceive the coming on of age in the calmer fires of the modern Anacreon.” Alas! it is but too true; my eighth lustrum is within little more than a year of being completed.* Read some of Murphy's "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

12th. Had a letter from my father, in answer to one in which I begged them not to stint themselves of any comforts this Christmas season, as, even if there were some little exceedings over the 100*l.* a-year I give them, I would cheerfully endeavour to pay it for them. He says in his answer, that they manage to keep within their income (which, with his half-pay, is about 200*l.* a-year), but that some debts remain still undischarged since his dismissal from the Barracks. These I must relieve him of as soon as possible. "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

13th. "Cribb's Memorial" nearly finished. Walked four hours; the day exquisite. Felt bursts of devotion while I walked and looked at the glorious world about me; which did me more good than whole volumes of theology. Finished "Know Your own Mind" in the evening. Churchill was not so *very* far out in saying of Murphy that "dullness marked him for a mayor." He *was* a dull man, in spite of his comedies, which act well, but read most ponderously. There are, however, two or three witty things in this play. Dashwood's speech about the M. P.'s rust in his handkerchief is worthy of Sheridan. Lady Bell an admirable acting part. Read before I went to bed the boxing match in Apollonius Rhodius.

14th. Began my translation of the *set-to* between Dares and Entellus, in the fifth Æneid. Dryden's "Virgil" badly done almost throughout: Pitt's seems far better; at least more generally readable. In looking over Dryden's "Cymon," I find Mackintosh generalised what

Dryden applies only to Cymon; and it was this that gave the obscure and abstract air to the lines which are properly thus:

"Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Taught him the sweet civilities of life."*

In the evening read to Bessy Leigh's account of his adventure with the Arabs in searching for the crocodile mummies. There can hardly be imagined a more dreadful situation. What will not man risk, even in pursuit of crocodile mummies!

15th. Went on with my translation. Wrote to Murray for some satisfactory decision with respect to the Sheridan business. In the evening began "Sir Launcelot Greaves" to Bessy.

16th. Finished the verses from "Virgil," seventy odd lines.

17th. Collected my notes for the preface of "Cribb," which is advertised in the paper to-day. Read the story of Ceyx and Halcyone in Ovid; charmingly told. He has in general more pathos and fancy than any of the ancients, though deficient certainly in simplicity and sublimity. Received "Florence Macarty;" and as it is a Society book, have suspended "Sir Launcelot Greaves" in the evening to read it.

18th. Walked to Bowood to consult the "Mémoires de l'Académie" for Baretti's Essay upon the *Pugilate* of the Ancients; read there, and made extracts for two hours, without fire. In the evening went on with "Florence Macarty," and afterwards began my preface. A pretty poem in the "Chronicle" suggested by a note in "Lalla Rookh."

19th. Bowles called upon me. Wrote a little of the preface. Read some of "Florence Macarty," in the evening, to Bessy; then worked in my study for an hour and a half; and from half-past eight till supper sung and played some ballet music to Bessy and Miss Best. A review of my poetical character in the "Examiner;" good-naturedly meant, but I had much rather Hunt would *let me alone*.

20th. A day as mild, fresh, and sunny as if it was the beginning of summer. Went with the Macdonalds to dine with their brother, the parson of Bishop's Cannings. The company, besides ourselves, Bowles, Mr. Mayo and Mr. Williams. Story about Dr. Parr, cutting the

* "Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Soon taught him the sweet civilities of life."

* It must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780.

The lines are thus printed in the edition I consulted: they are beautiful any way.—Ed.

throat of his first wife's picture one day when she irritated him very much by destroying his favourite cat. Came home at twelve o'clock; dear Bessy sitting up for me. Bankes's "Civil History of Rome," which I have looked over, but a dullish book. Contrived to leave out the point of Sylla's famous saying to the young man who insulted him after his abdication. His account of the constitution of the senate very unsatisfactory. Jekyll said the other day to a man who professed to like Bankes's book, "I suppose you would rather have his Rome (room) than his *company*."

21st. Was to have dined at Grosset's, but sent an excuse. Wrote to Hunt, and gave him a little hint to keep his theories upon religion and morality somewhat more to himself, as they shock and alienate many of his best intended readers.

22d. Wrote a good deal of my preface to Cribb; such a Rag Fair of learning as I have made of it! Bessy went to Devizes, and did not return till half-past five. A little of "Florence Macarthy" in the evening.

23d. Read some of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer." Did Burns ever read the following passage? "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier." In his fine song, "For a' That," there is something very like it:

"The *title's* but the guinea's stamp,
The *man's* the gold for a' that."

Wrote some lines and read "Florence" to Bessy in the evening. Expect Power to-morrow from town about the deed.

24th. Power arrived at twelve; brought me a specimen of lithography by little Croker, my Cork friend; very clever, wishes to apply lithography to the printing of music, and Power thinks of making the experiment. Bishop is the person Power thinks of for arranging my music henceforward, and next to Stevenson (from whom I grieve that these wrangles force me to separate), I prefer him. Hughes dined with us.

25th. After breakfast Power and I entered into the business of the renewal of our agreement. He at first did not seem quite willing to consent to giving the full 500*l.* a-year, but expressed something like a hope that I would contribute towards paying the arranger of the music. However, on my saying it would be

better perhaps to let the whole matter lie over till some other time, he professed himself quite ready to come into my terms. I accordingly signed the draught of a deed he had brought with him for a clear 500*l.*, and then told him he might be very sure I would not allow it to press heavily upon him; as, though I wished to gain my point of having the round sum of 500*l.* (without the deduction of 50*l.* which he had before made for arranging), yet, if he found Bishop's terms for undertaking the musical part at all extravagant, I should not be backward in giving my former share towards the expense. Two or three things he said during our conversation annoyed me a good deal: among other things when I proposed that, if he felt any dislike to a renewal of the agreement (which I was not at all anxious for) I might remain free, and merely give him the preference in the purchase of anything I wrote, he said, "You know, as to that, I might constrain you to give them to me, as I have your promise in one of your letters to go on to a tenth number of 'Irish Melodies' with me." This readiness to take advantage of a mere castle-building promise made in the confidential carelessness of a letter did not look well; however, upon my saying as much, he disclaimed all such intention, and said I would never find him other than he had been. Dined at two, and a little after three he left us to return to town. In the evening, for want of the right volume of "Florence," we went back to "Sir Launcelot," but found it so dull, so like a Christmas pantomime, full of dull tricks, over-sets, duckings, knock-downs, &c., that I could not get on with it; read a little of "Gulliver" instead. Hughes had sent me some magazines in the morning. A review of the "Melodies" in the "Monthly;" vulgarly written, but good-natured enough, and will be serviceable among the country clods, who read this and such other precious guides in taste. A wretched parody on my song, "They may rail at this Life," in the "European Magazine;" servile, canting, and Billingsgate, and, worst of all, dated from Ireland.

26th. Received a letter from my proctor, Toller, to say that the King's proctor had been instructed to make a motion against me (*i. e.* to attach me) on Friday next, and that I must come up to town immediately to make the ne-

cessary affidavits ; very inconvenient this every way.

27th. Copied out some things I had marked in the "English Rogue," &c., in order to take the books back to the Longmans. Dined at half-past two, and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Calne: four coaches and the mail to pass through ; had no doubt of a place, but everything seems to conspire against the poor poet's purse ; all were full ; what was to be done ? I must be in town next day, and I had but five pounds in my pocket, which would be far short of the expense of posting ; so I borrowed five pounds more of the man at the White Hart, and started in my solitary chaise at about eight. Had received a letter from my father in the morning, to say that the little debts which he must ask me to pay for him amounted to about 40*l*.

27th. Arrived in town about half-past nine ; drove to the New Illuminums, and had a warm bath. Went to Toller, who told me he thought in *one* of the cases (the "Lydia") we had rather "sickened" our adversaries, as they had withdrawn their motion against me, and were now suing for a monition against the captor's agent. This is *something* ; not to make my affidavits till to-morrow. Went to Longmans. The list of their intended collection of poetry has been looked over by Mackintosh, who has suggested many omissions and additions. Showed me a note of Allen's, in which he promises that he will get Lord Holland, Rogers, &c., some two or three mornings at breakfast to look over the list, and improve the selection. Showed me a "Pocket Magazine," with another design from "Lalla Rookh." Asked me to dine to-day. Went to Power's. No room for me at my old lodgings in Duke Street ; was forced to put up at the George, in Coventry Street. Dined in Paternoster Row. Had met Phillips (the member) and Sydney Smith together in Leicester Square. Rees and I went after dinner to the Sanspareil, and from thence to the pantomime at Covent Garden (Harlequin Munchausen), with which I was much amused.

28th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, who is in the very agonies of parturition ; showed me the work ready printed and in boards, but he is still making alterations ; told me that Lord Byron's "Don Juan" is pronounced by Hobhouse and others as unfit for publication.

Luttrell is publishing a poem in praise of Amptill and Lord Holland anonymously : we agreed the serious and heroic was not Luttrell's forte, and that he ought to stick to the eight syllable form. R. says, however, this is far better than I could have supposed. Crabbe's delight at having three thousand pounds in his pocket. R. offered to take care of the bills for him, but no, he must take them down to show them to his son John. "Would not copies do ?" "No, must show son John the actual notes." Went to Lady Donegal's : she has been again ill, but now somewhat recovered : never see these two admirable sisters, but to like them better and better. Went from them to Lord Lansdowne—kind, excellent man : spoke with much feeling of the loss they had had in Lady Ilchester, who seems to have gone off something like the Princess Charlotte. Lady L. has been very ill in consequence of the shock. Talked of Sir R. Wilson's failure in his parliamentary debut ; and said the representative of the *commercial* talent of the country (meaning Waithman) had been just as promising in his commencement as he of the *military* had been unfortunate. Wilson has no judgment. Lord L. goes to the Covent Garden Fund Dinner to-morrow : believe I shall go : asked me to dine to-day to meet Whishaw and the two young Romillys, but I had promised to dine *tête-à-tête* with Rogers. Called upon Shee the painter, who told me that Lord Holland was so much pleased with his picture of me (a copy from that which Richard Power bought, and not at all so good), that he said he must have it : "Must have my friend Moore's picture." "This shows (said Shee) how you stand in that house," and it is certainly flattering. Went to Murray. Rogers had told me that Murray said he would himself, whether Wilkie came into it or not, run all risks in publishing my "Life of Sheridan," and give me a thousand pounds for it. I now found this was the case. Talked of "Don Juan:" but too true that it is not fit for publication : he seems, by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must refer his *words* at least, who hopes to be either listened to or read by the world. It is all about himself and Lady B., and raking up the whole transaction in a way the world would never bear. Went to

Toller: the affidavits are in Dr. Lushington's hands to be considered. Met Lushington afterwards; a good fellow, I believe, as well as a clever one, and was once a gay fellow. Curious enough to see my old friend *Caliban* (he went in that character with me once to a masquerade) turned into the grave and serious Doctor of Civil Law. Dined with Rogers: he had cancelled his note about Lord Ossory at Lord Holland's suggestion: it alluded to Lord Ossory's habit of transacting his magisterial business out of doors, which procured for him the name of Lord Chief Justice in *Eyre* (Air). Lord H. did not wish this joke to remain. In the evening I went to the Opera, Perry having given me a ticket in the morning. By-the-bye, he told me too that Sir P. Francis's "Historical Memoir" cannot be found, and that it is supposed Lady F., who is not on good terms with the son, has concealed it. The opera, one of Rossini's; the new prima donna, Madlle. Bellochi: they say she sings well, but, until I get over the shock of her ugliness, cannot judge. The music clever, but rarely pretty, and full of mountebankism.

29th. Breakfasted with the Donegals; called afterwards upon Rogers, and from thence to Lord Holland's in St. James's Square; found Lord and Lady H. and Allen at home, just down to breakfast, though near two o'clock; made many kind inquiries about my Bermuda business; spoke of the article in the new number of the "Edinburgh Review" on Universal Suffrage, which is by Mackintosh. Lady H. spoke of poor Perry's bad state of health, and of the loss he would be to the political world. Told her I must be back to the country next morning; pressed me to stay for the purpose of dining with them, and I said, if possible, most happy. Went to Toller, and signed the affidavits; called at Longmans, and then home to dress for the Covent Garden dinner. The Duke of Sussex came out of the circle upon seeing me, and most cordially giving me both his hands, walked me into a corner to converse with me. This *ought* to be flattering from royal persons, but, somehow, our precious Princes contrive that it should *not* be so. The D. of S. is, however, as far as society goes, a perfectly good-natured and unaffected person. I told him of my Bermuda misfortune, which he expressed much interest about. I said, "This promises to be a pleasant dinner, sir."

"Ah, but," he answered, "what a glorious dinner we shall have on Wednesday next!" alluding to the great Opposition dinner, with Tierney in the chair. He asked, "Ar'n't you working for us now?" I said, "No." "Ay, but I'm sure you are." He alluded, I rather think, to the announcement of "Cribb," which some suspect to be mine, though neither Rogers nor the Donegals have said a word about it. Lady Holland asked me directly whether it was by me, and I answered, "No." Quin, the charity man, mentioned that a paragraph in our papers lately, giving an account of some strangers being hustled at the Stock Exchange, and a row taking place in consequence, was translated into the French papers thus—"Mons. Stock Exchange étoit echauffé," &c.; told me that they are getting up a translation of "Lalla Rookh" at Paris: it is done by one of the Arnauts, who knows but little English, and superintended by Mortainville, who knows none; so it will be a fine thing between them. The dinner long and tiresome. Lord Holland had asked me to go home with him after it, but having been crammed up in a corner with dirty dishes, I did not feel clean enough for decent society afterwards. Lord and Lady H. and Allen quite prodigal in their praises this morning of my article in the "Edinburgh Review" upon "Boyd's Translations of the Fathers," which I pointed out to them when I was last in town. Allen said it was full of wit, and endeavoured to recollect some book he met with the other day, which would do admirably for me to review in the same manner. He is very anxious that I should do something for Jeffrey, who is hard pressed for assistance. Two of the articles in the last number are by Sydney Smith, viz., "Madame D'Epinay" and "American Travellers."

30th. Breakfasted with Power, and afterwards went with him to call upon little Croker, my Cork friend, who has taken lodgings in Great Russell Street, in order to be near the British Museum, where he is making drawings from the Elgin Marbles: he told me that Croker (of the Admiralty) was writing something about the marbles which these drawings were meant to illustrate. Called and left our names with Bishop the composer; parted with Power. Met Hobhouse, and walked some time with him; has no doubt of succeeding,

but fears that Hunt will worry him prodigiously: says he cannot sleep at nights from anxiety, and he certainly seems wasting away under his patriotic operations. Asked him, had I any chance of a glimpse at Don Juan? and then found that Byron had desired it might be referred to my decision, the three persons whom he had bid Hobhouse consult as to the propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in town, had read it and pronounced decidedly against the publication. Met Murray, who said he had settled all with Wilkie, and I was to have 1000 guineas for the "Life." Went to Lord Holland's; asked me whether I did not mean to dine there; said, "Yes." In his peculiarly hearty manner, he exclaimed, "Do you know that, to console me during your long absence from us, I have bought your picture?" I told him I had heard so, and was, of course, much flattered by it. Hallam came in; talked of Reform. Lord H. had just received a letter from a man, proposing a plan of reform, by which three millions a-year would be raised to the revenue, each man paying so much for his vote; as it were taking out a license to vote. This was pretty much, Lord H. said, Horne Tooke's plan. In France now they pay 12*l.* a year for the right to vote. America no fair test of universal suffrage, as so great a part of the population are slaves. Dr. Holland, the Albanian traveller, came in; Mr. Grenville, &c. Went to Lady Donegal's: on the way met my excellent old friend, Admiral Douglas. Frere came in while I was at Lady D.'s: was proceeding to talk to him about our joint unpiety on Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we retired into the next room to speak over the subject. He said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be known to any one except B. himself, lest B. should suppose he was taking merit to himself among the *righteous* for having been the means of preventing the publication of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite, if published; the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said it is strange, too, he should think there was any connection between patriotism and profligacy. If we had a very Puritan court indeed, one can understand then profligacy being adopted as a badge of opposition to it, but the reverse being the case, there is not

even that excuse for connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest virtues. Went from thence to Rogers; found Luttrell, always clever and amusing. Dinner at Lord Holland's: company, Sharpe, three new Members of the House of Commons, Lord Althorp. Lord H. told me they had come to a resolution that day not to have the Peers at the dinner on Wednesday, which he thought quite right every way, as, in the first place, it was not altogether the thing to have the Commons and Peers publicly leaguely together; and, in the next place, 120 Commoners of opposition would be a more imposing show of numbers than about 137 Peers and all. Talked of "Gulliver;" Lilliput and Brobdignag the best of it; perhaps because the satire is more *concealed* in the *narrative*, and not so obtrusively the object of the author as it is in the latter parts. Sharpe mentioned the "Iter subterraneum," or "Klimius," of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of "Gulliver;" in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round; another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers, "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it *is* very round." This is the only good thing, Sharpe said, in the work. Spoke of the sect of Humanitarians: Parr's horror at this barbarous word; much more shocked as a grammarian at the word, than as a divine at the sect: but why is it more barbarous than Unitarian and Trinitarian? Talked of Arians: I mentioned Locke and Newton as Arians: they all said *not* Newton; but I find since that Whiston pronounced him an Arian; must inquire into this. Talked of "Aristophanes." I mentioned the admirable article upon "Aristophanes" in the "Quarterly," two or three years ago. Sharpe remembered it also, and thought it altogether perfect. In the evening the Members went to attend a meeting, preparatory to the approaching division and din-

ner. About eleven o'clock there came in Greville, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Dr. Holland, Bennet, Phillips, and some others: soon took my departure.

31st. Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable. Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the case), dimity rhyming very comically with sublimity; and the conclusion of one stanza is, "I hate a dumpy woman," meaning Lady B. again. This would disgust the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematised profligacy running through it, which would not be borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the delicate task of letting him know our joint opinions. The two following lines are well rhymed,—

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Come, tell us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"

Hobhouse busy all the time in drawing up a petition about the hustings. Sir R. Wilson and Douglas Kinnaird came in while I was there. Went to Rogers's; found Luttrell there. Read his lines on Amptill: smooth and elegant verses, and his praise of Lord Holland just what it ought to be. Lord H. is one of the few noblemen a man can praise with a clear conscience. Talked of poetry; of the beauty of some parts of "Rimini," and the wretchedness of others. L. said, "Between what one *wouldn't* write and what one *couldn't*, 'twas a hard game to play at." I said, "A man must risk the former to attain the latter, and it was the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn't* write and those we thought we *couldn't*." We all walked into the Park, and then Luttrell and I proceeded towards the city. I called in at Perry's, and wrote some lines I had long promised in his splendid copy of "Lalla Rookh:" the binding of this cost him, I think, twelve pounds. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact, that it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work. Went to Power's, and signed the deed, giving me 500*l.* a-year for six years, dated from the first of this month.

Dined with Rees, and went for an hour and a half to the Circus in the evening: had taken my place for next morning before dinner. Packed, and went to bed early. By the bye, heard that Constable, the bookseller, said he had paid Scott in one year 14,000*l.* Scott to be made a baronet.

February 1st. In the coach at half-past six: a young Irishman one of the passengers, whose family reside entirely at Bath. He abused the lower orders of Irish, and said it was impossible for a gentleman to *live* among them without being *kilt*. Take for granted, from what he said, that his father must be some griping landlord or Orange magistrate. Arrived at home at eight in the evening, and found the dear wife and her little ones well, and all smiles to see me.

2nd to 9th. Being pressed for time, must *lump* these days. Resumed my "Cribb," which has now been announced this fortnight past: promised to have some of the copy ready by middle of next week. Finished the "Plain Dealer." One may ask the same question as about Aristophanes, "How could such scenes as that where Manly in the dark braves Fidelia to go into Olivia's chamber ever have been acted?" Finished "Florence Macarthy" to Bessy in the evening: much amused with it. Began Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." A difficult matter to sustain an irony through a whole book, and even here it fails very often: but the humour and the satire are admirable. The Miss Snaps, Tiskey, and Doskey; "Miss Molly Straddle taking the air in Brydges Street;" the dissensions between the Prigs on account of the different cock and shape of their hats; and the parties in prison standing up for the *liberties of Newgate*, all excellent in their way. An article in "Blackwood's Magazine" this month most lavish in my praise. There is also in the "New Edinburgh Monthly Review" a very laudatory article on my "Sacred Songs."

10th. Received a note from Bowles, in which he says, "Have you seen the 'Quarterly?' they are very complimentary to me as an author." How lucky it is that self-love has always something comfortable to retire upon! Transcribed the preface and the memorial of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Love in a Wood;" a pleasant comedy. The following are lively things: Ranger says to Dapperwit,

who is praising his own mistress abundantly, "You praise her as if you had a mind to part with her." Dapperwit, in taking money from Ranger says, "But I must pay it you again; I shall not take it unless you engage your honour I shall pay it you again."

11th. Sent off my first copy of "Cribb" to town. Tried over some "National Airs," published by Jones: shall find it difficult to make out another number near so good as the *first* of my "National Melodies." Began Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing Master." Went on with "Jonathan Wild" to Bess in the evening.

12th. Worked at the remaining part of "Cribb." Though the "Chants of Bob Gregson" have been announced in the advertisement this fortnight past, not a line, or even a *thought*, of them is born yet. Finished Wycherley's "Dancing Master:" the plot farcical and frivolous, but some parts highly dramatic. Found one or two pretty things in "Jones," particularly a march of Dr. Boyce's, which will do very well for the "Sacred Songs."

13th, 14th. *Niente-niente*.

15th. Dined with Macdonald: met a Captain Edgecumbe, of the navy, with all the cheerful bluntness of his class. He told very humorously of his having been taken in by Gale Jones's eloquence one night at the British Forum, to hold up his hand for annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

16th. Transcribed some of the remaining part of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Country Wife;" an admirable comedy, but the foundation of its plot makes it not only unactable, but even unreadable, except by *men*. It is, however, full of life and the very *esprit du diable*, and must have delighted Charles and his witty, profligate courtiers beyond anything. No wonder Wycherley was such a favourite with him.

17th. Looked over Garrick's alteration from the "Country Wife." Though the very *rin-sings* of Wycherley's play have a raciness in them that is indestructible, yet the "Country Girl" hangs flat on the palate after the other: there is, however, much ingenuity in his way of altering the plot. Macdonald's dance in the evening. Mrs. Phipps and Bessy the belles of the evening, which it was easy to be, with much less beauty than Bessy's. Did not get to bed till six o'clock, after dancing the whole night.

18th. The day lost in weariness and languor after last night. Received a proof sheet of "Cribb." Began one of Mrs. Opie's new tales to Bessy in the evening, but found it impracticable.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Phipps; low spirited and unwell in the evening. Found I had marked the following things in the "Country Wife;"—"Sparkish. Though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance." "*Lady Fidgit*. Yes, but for all that, we think wildness in a man as desirable a quality as in a duck or rabbit; a tame man, foh!" Received "The Banquet," a poem, from the author, with a letter (anonymous) full of high-flown praises; *pas grande chose*.

20th. A sadness over me; sometimes like that of my young days, and therefore pleasant, but sometimes mingled with self-reproach, and so far painful. Began another of Mrs. Opie's tales to Bessy in the evening; something better, but dull enough. Read some of the "Shipwreck of the Oswego;" almost incredible sufferings.

21st. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "Cribb" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought), or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice:

"Quis nescit quondam, Ausonios Graiosque poetas, &c.
In lectis cum scrinio studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

"Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
Desedit totos hæc Plato sæpe dies."

In the evening the Phippses sent their carriage for us to go and take tea; came home about eleven.

22d. Received a letter from Mr. Ogle, Charles Sheridan's cousin, containing an anecdote very creditable to Sheridan: transcribed some of my appendix and sent it off.

23d. Walked to Bowood to consult the volume of Pope that contains *Scriblerus*. Looked over Bowles's edition; was struck by the characteristic weakness and maudlin wordiness of his notes, contrasted as they are with the original remarks and rich erudition of Warton's that accompany them. Finished the "Shipwreck of the Oswego."

24th. Received a letter from Wilkie in wondrous hurry, for the "Life of Sheridan," and begging me to send up some of the MS. to go to press immediately. Poor little man! if he gets it within the year he may be very well satisfied. Mr. Money the clergyman called upon me. Got on the subject of the Trinity; showed off my knowledge of the passage in Timothy, and its different readings of *ὁς* and *Θεός*; mentioned the curious examination of the Alexandrian manuscript by Dr. Berriman and somebody else; then spoke of the verse in John; all to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the good parson.

25th. The Macdonalds and Hugheses dined with us. With a little assistance from Phipps (who joined us when his wife and he came in the evening) finished five bottles of wine. All stayed to supper, and seemed to enjoy themselves. I sang in the evening, and, in spite of the wine, was in good voice. Macdonald brought two or three of the famous Chinese birds' nests to show us. I eat of the soup one day at Sir S. Raffles's: the soup was like other soup, but the nest that floated in it was the devil. Macdonald says, however, it ought to have been all dissolved. Received a letter from my father to-day, saying, that my letting him draw upon me for the 40*l.* to pay his little debts gave him a happiness of mind he had not known for a long time.

26th, 27th, 28th. Copied out and sent off the remainder of my "Cribb." Wished to do something for it about Canning's insolent ridicule of Mackintosh the other night, on the subject of the transported convicts, but Rogers thinks I have not time enough. I meant to have written an expostulation to Canning from one of the *gentlemen* on board the hulks (a descendant of the great Jonathan Wild), on the slighting manner in which he spoke of a fraternity whose code of morals and honour he had so much adopted in his own political conduct; and invoking the shade of Jona-

than Wild against this treacherous and recreant imitation of his greatness.

March 1st. Idled a good deal. Began to read the correct report which I have of Sheridan's great Westminster Hall speech. Find it has been sadly misrepresented in all the published accounts. Poor Bessy's hand and arm very much swelled from a whitlow on her finger. Sent for King. Frightened myself about it a good deal by reading the article on whitlows in the *Encyclopædia*, as her symptoms seem like those of the worst cases. I dined at Phipps's to meet the Macdonalds. Found Bessy, I think, a little better on my return.

2d. Bessy much better, but very low and nervous. A desperate rainy day. Played over various books of airs, and read. Began Leckie's work on the "Balance of Power."

3d. Began a Sacred Song to Dr. Boyce's March. Mozart seems to have had this march in his head when he wrote that fine one in the "Zauber-flöte." The subject I have taken is the Day of Judgment. Looked at Ogilvie's poem on this subject, which I well remember thinking so very fine when I was a boy: but Ogilvie was but a poor florid dauber in the art. Some of his references to Scripture, however, were useful to me. Worked at one verse all the morning, in order to get in a line which I wish to make the burthen of every verse. Macdonald sent to ask me to join Phipps and him at dinner; and as he goes in a day or two (most likely for good) I accepted the invitation. Finished our three bottles of claret. Mrs. Phipps dined with Bessy. Brought Phipps and Macdonald home with me at night. Found the ladies at cribbage with Hughes. All supped, and drank a couple of jugs of egg-wine afterwards.

4th. Received a letter from Miss —, one of my unknown lady correspondents, who sent me the two specimens of her poetry, and said her own favourite of the two was that which began "Come Stella, *arouse* thee." Wishes me to recommend her to the Longmans, and mentions the titles of about half-a-dozen works which they may choose from. Sends me also some lines upon Scott, Byron, and myself, whom she calls the *Trianguleine Major*. Received also a letter from Mrs. W——, the mother of the fourteen-year old poetess, saying how melancholy her daugh-

ter was at my neglect of her last communications, and sending me some pensive and rather pretty verses the girl wrote on the occasion. Went on with my Sacred Song. Wrote a second, and part of a third verse. Bessy much better, and walked out: asked her medical man, King, to dine with us on Sunday next. Received the last proof but one of "Cribb," and sent it back. Answered the letters of the ladies. Read Leckie. A barbarous style this man writes. Nothing so ruinous to style as living among foreigners and studying their languages. Gibbon nearly lost his English altogether by it. The faults of Mr. Fox's writing may perhaps be traced to his *linguism*; and some of the purest writers of English have been those that knew but little of other languages.

5th. Finished the Sacred Song, and began another to an air in Latrobe's Collection by Halse. Sent off the last corrected sheet of "Cribb," which is to be out on Tuesday next (9th). Received a letter from Luttrell, whose lines upon "Amphill" reached me yesterday. He is evidently very anxious about their success. Read some of "Zadig" to Bessy after dinner: how good! Zadig "knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say, little or nothing of the matter." The great physician Hermes, who predicted the loss of Zadig's eye, and tells him, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable." When Zadig recovered, Hermes wrote a very elaborate treatise to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which Zadig however did not think worth his perusal. Zadig advises the Arabians to "make a law, that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private." The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no woman has burned herself in Arabia."

6th. Wrote two verses of the Sacred Song. "Where are you, Souls of the Sainted?" Looked over "Evelyn's Diary." How I wish every such man kept a diary! Many things in it very interesting: his seeing at Paris the procession of young Louis XIV. (upon his assuming the reins of power) from Hobbes the philosopher's window. The account of the Fire of London very striking: his frequent intercourse with Charles II.; his horror at the

gambling of the Court, and at being obliged now and then to sit out "a lewd play" in his Majesty's company. Finished "Zadig" in the evening.

7th. Finished the Song. Had to dinner Falkner (the curate), his wife, Miss Morris, Hughes, Mrs. Phipps, and King. Sung sacred music for them in the evening: they supped.

8th. Began another Sacred Song to a chant of Lord Mornington's. Not at all well to-day. Too much wine yesterday. In the evening looked over some of Sheridan's papers. Various copies, both rough and correct, of the "School for Scandal." Strange that "The Rivals" should be the only one of his pieces of which there appears to be no trace among his papers. Resolved to resume my Sheridan task, and be industrious about it.

9th. Walked to Devizes to buy some blank books for the purpose of dividing my task into different departments, so that I may be able to pursue each according as I have the materials, and not be stopped by the want of information on any one point as I have been hitherto. Read a play to Bessy and Mrs. Phipps in the evening.

10th. Finished Leckie's book: the historical part confusedly and dully written, but his summing up contains some remarks that set one thinking, and some that set one smiling. His hint to the sovereigns of Europe to have wives from Circassia and Georgia (as they have in Turkey), in order to avoid disputes about succession in the female line, is excellent, and might afford a good subject for a political squib. Finished the Sacred Song to Lord Mornington's chant. An extract to-day from "Cribb," in the "Chronicle." Looked over some of Sheridan's papers in the evening.

11th. Trying to write words to a Benedictus of Mozart's, but, from the difficulty of the measure, fear I shall not be able to accomplish it. Have some idea of writing a playful thing against quadrilles in favour of country-dances. Thought of making it mock-heroic, but it is so difficult to *buckram* one's lines enough for that style. Read Bristed's "Resources of the United States." This is the person who has accused me of "swinging into the opposite extreme" about America. His book is full of information. Found two letters of the Prince's among Sheridan's papers; one dated in 1803, informing S. that he had just received "a most

impertinent letter from Addington," and desiring him to come to him, as it must be answered immediately.

12th. Wrote a verse in a sort of scrambling metre to the "Benedictus." Read some of a Minerva press novel to Bessy in the evening. Wrote a few sentences of the "Life," and read "Bristed." The population of America but ten millions. Great faults in their judiciary: in most of the States the judges are only appointed for a few years, which must be fatal to their independence; in Connecticut and Rhode Island they are appointed annually. The diversity of the laws through the States another serious grievance: a crime punishable in New York not punishable in New Jersey. The extent of the Western country is more than fifteen times as large as all the British Isles.

13th. Have heard nothing from the Longmans about "Cribb." Fear very much it is a *coup manqué*; or too vulgar a subject perhaps for the refined readers, and too refinedly executed for the vulgar ones. Walked with Bessy in the evening to the Phipps's. Drank tea and supped there.

14th. Had a letter from the Longmans to say that they had already nearly sold the first edition of "Cribb," (2000 copies), and had worked off 2000 more as a second and third edition. This is far beyond what I expected. They sent me also a review of it in the "Literary Gazette;" very friendly, indeed, considering it is a Tory publication. All this makes my mind easier on the subject. Copied out some of the "Sacred Songs" I had written. The Phippses drank tea and supped with us. P. told us of a Mr. Buckton, a proctor from town, who gave Bessy's health at the club at Devizes on Friday, and spoke of her as a "divine person;" her voice "the sweetest he had ever heard." &c., &c. It puzzled us both much to find out where he had met her.

15th. Walked into Devizes; made, on the way, some verses for my "Quadrille Poem." Called at Mrs. Hughes's, and met there Mr. Buckton. Asked Mrs. H. afterwards where he had met Bessy, and it appears he travelled often with her in the morning stage last year when we lived at Hornsey. In the evening read some of Adolphus's "History of George the Third."

16th. Wrote some lines. Read "Bristed."

Phipps having gone to Bath, Mrs. P. dined with us and Hughes. Phipps returned unexpectedly at seven o'clock from Bath. Got him some dinner. Played the Jew in the evening much to Bessy's delight. All supped with us.

17th. Finished "Bristed;" a very *wordy* book, but sometimes eloquent, and full of information about America. In the evening looked through the first volume of "Mill's India;" a rich display of learning; combats all the flattering theories and notices that have been held with respect to the Hindoos; exposes many instances of weakness in Sir W. Jones on this subject. Was he not a little weak? What somebody has said of Longinus might, I think, be well applied to him: *φιλολογον μιν, φιλοσοφον δε ουδαμως*.

18th. Set out between twelve and one to walk to Bowles's. Took the way through Bowood, and had a most delicious walk of it. Arrived at Bowles's between three and four. Doctor — at dinner: a gentleman, who has read *multa* not *multum*: a good sort of man, however. Bowles has altered his drawing-room, and set up an organ, and books in it. The organ made by Chevers, a common carpenter at Calne. His statue of Melancthon nearly ready. Asked him whether he meant to place it in one of his grottos, in defiance of Pope's "Nor in a hermitage set Doctor Clarke." Talked of Calvinism (his favourite subject) after dinner. He said that almost all the atrocious crimes of the day were owing to this doctrine. Mentioned several instances. I mentioned a quotation I had seen from a work by Bishop Hall on "Moderation;" at the end of which he says, "Master Calvin did the Church good service in seizing and burning Servetus." He was surprised at this being in Hall. Said he had read but one of Hall's writings, *i. e.* his "Hard Measure," and that Hall certainly deserved the "hard measure" he himself had met with in 1643, and which he describes in this work, for uttering such a sentiment. I had found B., when I came to dinner, reading Campbell's new work on the Poets, and very nervous at the attack which C. has made on his remarks upon Pope. Told him I had seen it extracted in the "Chronicle," as "an answer to Bowles." B. is resolved to reply to it through the same channel. Dr. — and he and I sung some glees and sacred things

together in the evening. Two worse voices could not well be found. Slept at Bowles's.

19th. After breakfast we set out for Bath: stopped at Corsham in our way. Magnificent house: the hall very striking; had only time to look at the two very fine Claudes. Methuen asked us to fix a day to dine with him: fixed Friday next. Arrived in Bath at three. Walked about. Met unexpectedly Lady C. Fitzgerald and her husband. Came here to meet the Granards, who are daily expected. Saw and was introduced to Mr. W——, who has a beautiful seat near Bath—a particularly gentlemanlike and amiable mannered man. What interested me most was to hear that he is the man for whom my excellent friend Dr. Parkinson was jilted in his youth by a girl whom he had long loved, whom he had educated for the purpose of marrying her, and by whom he thought himself beloved. In a visit to Bath she was dazzled by the attractions of the fortune of W——, and married him; but not contented with making one amiable man her victim (for Parkinson never has recovered the disappointment), she was resolved to sacrifice her husband's happiness also, and accordingly ran away from him with a Captain S——, from whom she afterwards passed through various hands, and through every gradation of profligacy, till death, I believe, has put an end to her infamous career. An annuity which her first lover (P.) allowed her, when he heard of the wretchedness she had fallen into, was the only thing that kept her at last from starving in the streets. This circumstance has cast a tone of pensiveness over Parkinson's life (who has never married), which renders the goodness and purity of his heart still more interesting. Bowles and I (after securing our tickets for the Harmonic in the evening) dined at the White Hart. Went at night to the Harmonic; very full rooms—at least 300 persons. Introduced to a whole shoal of baronets, Sir Robert This and Sir John That. Never was so stared at in my life before. Three things of mine sung, "The Minstrel Boy," "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," and a glee from "Anacreon." —, one of the presidents proved to be an acquaintance of mine. —'s name (before he changed it for that of his first wife, an heiress) was Lill, and Colonel Barry wrote the following epitaph on his tongue:

"Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and here *lies still*."

At supper escaped from a wretched table, where I had been preordained to sit between two ugly old *Blue Boars*, who said they wished much to "talk to Mr. Moore." After supper, to my no small horror, "The Minstrel Boy" was sung again, for the purpose of introducing a speech about me from Captain Crofton, proposing my health in a most panegyric style. It was received with great acclamations; but, from having no previous suspicion of such an honour, I had hardly a decent word to say in returning thanks for it. I know I concluded thus: "But perhaps silence is the best sort of eloquence, particularly for an Irishman: I shall, therefore," &c. &c. I meant to have said, "It is, at least, a very Irish sort." During the ball, was stared at on all sides without mercy. In such a place as Bath, *any* little *lion* makes a stir. Got to bed between two and three.

20th. Called upon Lady C. Fitzgerald at half-past eleven. She mentioned that young D'Arblay (Miss Burney's son) had all "Lalla Rookh" by heart: praised him highly. Returned in an hour to Bowles, who wished me to read what he had done in answer to Campbell. Found him in the bar of the White Hart, dictating to a waiter (who acted as amanuensis for him) his ideas of the true sublime in poetry: never was there such a Parson Adams since the real one. Dr. Sigmond called to say the Burdetts would be glad to see me at two o'clock. Went there; saw only Lady B. Walked with the Fitzgeralds to Urpham's the bookseller; an admirable concern for such a place as Bath. Bought a pretty copy of "Cowper's Poems," as a present for Bessy. Settled with Urpham about binding my "Rees's Encyclopædia," and some other books. Was asked to dine at several places, but preferred dining alone at the White Hart (Bowles having gone home), for the purpose of going early to the play:—"Rob Roy;" dull enough; a Miss Tree sang pretty well. Went, during the third act, to Lady Burdett's box. Much pleased with her pretty daughters, who pressed me much to stay next day to dinner, but must go home. They went away after the play; I staid and saw the farce of "High Notions," wretched stuff.

21st. Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds.

They sent for Field, the organist of the Cathedral, and told him I meant to attend the service : he went off to prepare something good. Took my place, as we went to church, in a coach that was to set off at one. A chant of Lord Mornington's sung ; a beautiful response, which I brought away in my memory. Could not wait for the anthem. Arrived at home at five.

22nd to 24th. Read "Mill's India," and made notes for my Remarks on Hastings' Trial. The "Examiner" of last Sunday promised extracts "from the lately published Memorial of that powerful hand, Mr. Thomas Cribb:" has not, however, given them this Sunday. Wrote to Murray, to say I would draw upon him at three months for 150*l.* of my Sheridan money. In his answer he says, "I wish you would write a 'Tom Brown' on the literature, manners, and characters of the day, and we would sell a billion. 'Cribb' is not happy." This latter sentence annoyed me exceedingly, as corroborating what I long feared about this luckless production. Had a chaise, and took Bessy to visit Mr. Merryweather. Treated little Stacey to a show at Calne.

25th. Walked into Devizes. Found the banker would not discount a bill at three months, so drew for a hundred at two months. Had a letter from the Donegals scolding me about "Cribb," which added not a little to my vexation. Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire : it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns ; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return. Determined, as I walked home, to write "A Farewell to Satire, by Thomas Brown," &c. &c. Was asked to stay and dine at the Hughes's, but refused, because this is the anniversary of our wedding-day. Drank my darling Bessy's health in a bumper after dinner, and many happy returns. Power sent us down a turbot and lobster for the occasion, but it came too late. Read Mill and Voltaire's account of Lally, vols. xxii. and xxvi.

26th. Had a chaise for Bessy to return visits at Grosset's and Hawkins', Laycock Abbey (which we went over) ; a remarkably curious old place. The cloisters in perfect preserva-

tion. I dined at Methuen's. Company : Bowles, Joy, and Miss Fuller. Crabbe was to come, but sent a very foolish excuse. Mrs. Methuen very pretty and very agreeable. I sung in the evening. Had received this morning, before I left home, a letter from the Longmans, which put me in better spirits. The non-announcement of the second edition is accounted for : they have nearly sold the third thousand, and are about to advertise the third edition. They have also sent me my account, and the balance against me, 250*l.*, will be covered by my share of the three editions. This is so far very well, but still think I shall write the "Farewell to Satire." Slept at Methuen's.

27th. Mentioned at breakfast a charade of Mr. Fox's, which Lady Charlotte Fox had told me :—"I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third," *i.e.* "Scotland;" also a ludicrous riddle by one of the Smiths,—Use me well, I'm *everybody* ; scratch my back, I'm *nobody*;" "A looking-glass." After breakfast Mrs. M. led me through the picture rooms. A fine "Head of Salvator Mundi," by Carlo Dolce ; "Rubens and his Mistress hunting," a fine picture ; "Rubens and his three Wives." Always makes himself so handsome, though he was by no means so, and was very carrotty headed (?). In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things women's hearts were (in reference to matters of love and gallantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current ; whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multifarious shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial water-works. In walking home I finished a song to a Swiss air, which I began a day or two ago, "Love and Hope." I mean it as a subject for Stothard to design something from. Found another kind and comforting letter from Rees, saying, however, that "whether I gave up satire or not, he, for himself, would not advise my publishing a poem entitled 'A Farewell to Satire.'" Read "Mill's India."

28th. Bowles called according to appointment, having given me the proofs of a pamphlet he is about to publish (on the increase of crime, poor laws, &c.) to look over. I had marked with a pencil the things I had particularly objected to; but the truth is, the whole is weak and confused. His head however, is now full of his answer to Campbell, which his present intention is to publish in the shape of a letter to me. Mentioned to him that Foscolo told me he had a design of publishing a parallel between Italian and English poetry in four letters addressed to Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, and myself, of which, however, I have heard nothing more since. Finished the first volume of Evelyn; a good man, but, with all his goodness and piety, a timeserver. Read "Mill's India;" a hard-headed fellow (and his style as hard as his head), who hates lawyers to a most exemplary degree, in which I most heartily agree with him. I am reading "Belsham's George the Third" for the second time: find, by comparing him with Mill, that his sketch of Indian affairs is done with much accuracy, which tells well for his fidelity on other points. Sent off to Power the song of "Love and Hope," and a ballad, which I composed in the chaise, when I last went up to town, both words and music (in fact, I sang it all the way), called, "How happy once, though winged with sighs."

29th and 30th. Read Mill's India and Belsham, and made extracts. Wrote to Mrs. D'Alton, the friend of poor Louisa Maria Stewart, a young poetess (whose manuscript I have just received in a beautiful red cover with a gold leaf Hibernia on the sides) to tell the poor girl, as delicately as possible, that no bookseller in the world would give her one sixpence for the manuscript, but suggested a subscription, in which I should be most happy to assist. Murray writes to me that Hobhouse has received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily insisting on the publication of "Don Juan." But they have again remonstrated: the murder, however, *will out*, some time or other. A letter from my dear father, saying that my mother has "just told him (with a sharp scolding) that he never writes to me but when he wants money," "which" (adds the dear old man) "is too much the case." Bless them both!

31st. The Moneys called to beg I would re-

tract the apology I had sent them for dinner on Saturday next, and meet Mr. and Mrs. Bowles there. Believe I shall. How my old acquaintance, —, has disgraced himself in this business of — in the House! Many men go through life with good characters who are thorough rascals all the while; their success in the world keeping them out of the way of those temptations which would draw forth the full display of their dispositions; and the little symptoms of it that do escape being charitably interpreted, as proofs of keenness and knowledge of the world; an eye to the main chance, &c. &c. Received a kind letter from Corry, taking for granted that "Cribb" is mine, and wondering at my *flash* acquisitions. Mrs. Phipps drove Bessy to Devizes; didn't dine till *five* in consequence.

April 1st. Made Bessy turn her cap awry in honour of the day. Finished the epitaph for poor Joe, and hope I have now done with the subject. Walked to tell the Moneys I would dine with them: the Phippses to tea with us in the evening. Received a packet of books from town. The speeches of Burke, Fox, and Wyndham, which I had ordered from the Longmans, and Campbell's "British Poets" and Stewart's "North of Italy," sent as presents by Murray to Bessy and me. Wrote some of the "Life" this morning.

2nd. Wrote some sentences of the "Life." Dined at Phipps's.

3rd. Wrote and read. Dined at Money's. The company, the Bowleses, two Mr. Methuens, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrywether. Talked of prisons, penitentiaries, &c. The penitentiary at Devizes was at first so famous for its good soups, that the prisoners used to be anxious to get back again to enjoy them; but the soups have been abolished. Mrs. Bowles mentioned a curious circumstance that lately happened at Knowell (I think), her native place, where a woman having dreamt that her husband was killed by lightning, could not dismiss the thought from her mind, and during a thunder-storm that occurred soon after, when there came a dreadful flash of lightning, she exclaimed, "That flash has killed my husband:" and it was the case. He was then working in a field about two miles off, and a messenger shortly arrived to say that that very flash had struck him dead. Talked after dinner of sermons. I mentioned that Mr. Fox

always spoke of Barrow with enthusiasm, and that, upon the strength of this opinion, I bought his sermons, but found him insufferably dry; at least as far as I read, which was not very far. It is certain, however, I believe, that besides containing the amplest stores of theological learning, he has also bursts of eloquence, which though not so poetical as Jeremy Taylor's, are, from their variety and force, far more striking. I mentioned a coin that has just been discovered in Ireland, with a Hebrew inscription on one side, and a head of Christ on the other. The inscription has been translated by three or four Hebraists, and the discrepancy in their translations is rather unaccountable, except upon the supposition, that these scholars know as much of Hebrew as Zadig did of metaphysics, *i. e.* little or nothing of the matter. One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor Rufus Lloyd's madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor Rufus, ring the alarm bell about toast and water! Story of a cart-wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth. Found Mrs. Phipps with Bessy on my return to supper. Read some of Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades," before I went to bed. Alcibiades, after all, a sad *roué*, and would hardly be fit company for gentlemen now-a-days.

4th and 5th. Wrote some of "Sheridan." Read Lord Erskine's letter upon Fox's style of eloquence and politics, prefixed to Wright's collection of the latter's speeches. Read some of Stewart Rose's "Italy." These accounts of Italy make me so agog for travelling that I cannot sit easy upon my chair.

6th and 7th. At my task. Received a letter from Linley, expressing great impatience at not hearing my opinion of his music; in other words, dying to be praised. Must do it for the poor man. Some of his things are, indeed, very pretty; particularly the "Ariel's Adieu," to Bowles's words, and a particularly sweet melody, "Fair Leila, gentle," &c.: but his style, in general, is too old-fashioned for my taste. Received a very flattering letter from a Mr. Michell Forbes, inclosing me the proposals

of a subscription for a monument to Burns, and speaking of my similitude to "the Bard" of Caledonia in my love of liberty, in the pathos, fancy, and sprightliness of the songs I had written to the melodies of my country, &c. &c. Received another work of the author of "The Banquet," called "The Dessert" and "The Tea," accompanied by one of those *fricatory* letters with which we asses of literature rub each other. Must rub him, of course, in return. Read Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus:" how picturesque his entrance into Antium, and the house of Tullus. Wrote to Bessy's sister, between whom and young Murray an attachment has for some time existed, saying that, if her heart is really set upon marrying him, and he is worthy of her, I will do my utmost to facilitate any arrangements that may be made for the support of her mother, &c. &c.

8th. Phipps called in his gig, to ask if I would go with him to Devizes: took an idle fit, and went. Dined with him; and Bessy joined me there in the evening.

9th. Good Friday: went to church. A most inhuman sermon: the sufferings described with all the monotony and coolness of an auctioneer. How different do I remember the Passion sermons in Dublin chapels, when, at the moment that the feelings of the congregation were excited to the utmost pitch by the most eloquent and impassioned description of what the Saviour had suffered, the orator suddenly produced the crucifix before them, and the whole assembly, with groans and tears, prostrated themselves on the earth.

10th. Dined at Salmon's: company, the Phippses, Mr. Pearce (member for Devizes), Wyatt, whom I knew in Ireland when he had the care of Lord Ormond's estate, Tyler, &c. Wyatt, an intelligent man. Talked, among other things, of the Bank question and the Poor-laws (Pearce a bank director). These Tories all seemed to feel how critically the fate of the country hangs upon both questions. Remarked how tenderly all parties seemed to handle the subject of the Bank the other night in the House, as if from a general consciousness of the extreme delicacy, and perhaps danger, of the question. Pearce says it is understood in town that the Duke of Wellington is very anxious to become Prime Minister, and that, in order to get the character of *un homme d'affaires*, he had himself named

on the Bank Committee, and attended it most punctually every day. This will not do. If the Bank was to be taken by a *coup de main*, his Grace might be the person, but God preserve us from his statesmanship! Sung in the evening.

11th. Began words to a very pretty French air. Walked to Devizes for my letters. Wrote to Mr. Forbes to say I would subscribe three guineas to Burns's monument, and a guinea for Mrs. Moore. The sunset this evening glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in this world, and how much my soul feels *capable of*, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there is some better sphere for those who have but *begun* their race in this. The Phippses supped with us.

12th. Wrote a second verse to the French air, and began words to an air of my own, which I have some thoughts of passing off as a national one, Swedish perhaps. Read the speeches of Burke and Fox during the years '81 and '82. Burke's speeches alone, of all modern oratory, deserve to take a rank in the literature of the country; they altogether display a talent almost superhuman.

13th. Read Pitt's two or three speeches during the same period. Hughes and his boys and Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Played "The Jew" in the evening: had finished the words to my own air in the morning. Received a letter from Horace Twiss, asking me to write the prologue to his forthcoming tragedy, and telling me that Wm. Spencer writes the epilogue.

14th. Walked to Bowood to see the Lansdownes, who are come down for the Easter; found them at home; very delightful conversation, as one always has with him. Told me that Murray has offered Stewart Rose 2000*l.* for a translation of "Ariosto." I mentioned an almost literal translation of him which I had seen, stanza for stanza, the English on one side and the Italian on the other, and which I have long been looking to purchase. We all acknowledged the convenience of such a thing, let one know the language ever so well; particularly in looking hastily for any passage, you find it so much more quickly in the English, from the much greater familiarity the eye naturally has with it. I could sympathise with the world in some of its admirations, but thought it better to be silent in these cases,

than risk an impeachment of my own taste in questioning that of others. Chaucer, for instance, in what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable. Lord L. said he was glad to hear me say so, as he had always in silence felt the same. This led us to speak of the deference with which some of the works of the ancients are regarded, far beyond what they really deserve. I mentioned my disappointment on first reading the Prometheus of Æschylus, after coming fresh from a description of its merits by one of those enthusiasts for antiquity, who spoke of the sublime conversation which Prometheus holds with the embodied elements of nature, &c., &c.; but I own the speeches of old Ocean (?) mounted upon his winged charger, did not at all come up to the imagination which this description had excited in me. The untameable courage of Prometheus is admirable, and some touches of pathos in the chorus, recalling the difference of other times, when they had sung hymns around his bath and his bed, on the day of his marriage with the young Hesione, are beautiful; but the allegory, in general, is most clumsily managed. Lord L. mentioned the ludicrousness which the continual outcry of Philoctetes throws over that fine tragedy; exclamations from mental pain are all very well, but when one recollects that this continual *ai ai ai* is on account of a sore foot, it is impossible to feel any of the higher order of sympathy with it. I mentioned the "Alcestis" of Euripides, and the sort of sarcastic squabble there is between Death and Apollo in the first act, quite inconsistent with the serious heroic. We agreed what havoc Voltaire would have made among these chef-d'œuvres of antiquity, if, with his contempt of common prejudices, he had chosen to expose their absurdities; but it was well he did not. Our admiration, in these cases, is become a sort of religion, and is connected with many noble associations, of which it would be a pity the world should be disenchanted. I said that probably the reason Voltaire did not attack the ancients with his ridicule, was that Terrasson and others had tried it against Homer, and having done it clumsily, brought the task into disrepute. Lord L. came to walk part of the way home with me. Fears the Catholic question will rather lose than gain ground this session; talked of Burke, Fox, &c., coalitions.

Lord L. thinks the principle of coalitions not only just, but necessary in a free country, otherwise the Court might bear down everything before it. The same principle, he thinks, applies to party and to coalitions; a compromise and surrender of individual differences of opinion for the attainment of one common object. Owned he might be biased in speaking of the two great coalitions; Mr. Fox with Lord North, and Mr. Fox again with Lord Grenville, as the former was opposed to his father, and in the latter he himself was concerned; but to him it appeared that there were grounds of justification for the latter which did not exist in the former, as Mr. Fox, in the former case, coalesced with Lord North to *defeat* what was the result of all his own former efforts and measures, viz., peace; whereas, in joining with Lord Grenville, he but pursued, in most instances, the same objects which he had contended for when in opposition. There is a great deal of truth in this; told him that one of Allen's arguments in defence of the first coalition was, that his father (Lord Shelburne) had become so rooted in the favour of the King, that nothing less could shake him. Lord L. said this was not at all true; that, in the first place, it was evident the King would not like the maker of the peace; and, in the next place, he had proofs that the King actually intrigued *against* his father at that time, and, after professing to Lord Shelburne to approve the terms of the peace, wrote a letter to Lord Camden abusing them in the strongest manner, which letter Lord Camden took instantly and showed to Lord Shelburne, with a fairness of honourable feeling which of course his Majesty did not give him credit for. Talked of Burke; agreed in enthusiastic admiration of his talents. Lord L. inclined to defend his latter doctrines, and to look upon them as not so inconsistent with his former ones as they are generally represented; particularly as there was nothing impeachable in his character throughout life, that could lead one to suspect him of interested motives in changing, though certainly his receiving the pension at the time was rather a suspicious coincidence. On my reminding him, however, of some circumstances in Burke's life, the money he received from Lord Rockingham, &c., &c., he seemed rather to surrender this favourable view of the matter.

15th. Wrote some of "Sheridan;" read some of Maurice's appendix to his "Ruins of Babylon." Received from the Longmans, Dodsley's, and other collections of poems to select from for their "Miscellany;" received also from Murray several volumes of the "Parliamentary Debates." Copied out the two songs I had written to send to Power.

16th and 17th. Reading the "Parliamentary Debates" and writing "Sheridan." Found some odd things in Maurice's book. Have a great mind to write a poem, the scene of which shall be laid in ancient Egypt: its monuments, its scenery, its religious symbols, all poetical: some humour too might be blended with their ludicrous objects of worship; for instance, the two cities whose dissensions rose to such a height concerning the comparative merits of the divinities they worshipped; one of them adoring a dog, and the other a pike; much good satire might be made out of this. Read Bramston's "Art of Politics" in Dodsley: some smart lines in this:—

"What does not yield to Time's destroying hand?

Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,

After hard labour, of a small pin's head."

18th. Took my little bible to church with me, in order to search in it for a subject that would suit a fine triumphant air of Novello's I have to put words to. Found an admirable one in Jeremiah, and wrote four lines during service—War against Babylon: much better employed than I should have been in listening to the drawing parson and snuffling clerk. Let nobody see me though, having the pew to myself and the two little girls. Flew to the pianoforte when I came home, and finished the first verse before dinner: my delight when I hit off the line, "Breaks like a thunder-cloud;" it goes so happily to the music. This will, I think, beat the "Loud timbrel!"

19th. Went to Chippenham with Phipps and Locke, to a dinner which the former gave to his troop of yeomanry, all common farmers; the only gentlemen ourselves and Gosset. A strange day: such tippling, and such speechifying. I proposed Lord Lansdowne's health, in a speech which but about three persons out of the fifty understood a syllable of: but such men like to be talked to unintelligibly; they take it as a tribute to their understandings. Supped at Phipps's on our return, where we found Bessy.

20th. Read and wrote. In the evening called upon Phipps to arrange about our trip to Bath to-morrow.

21st. Went to Bath; Bessy, myself, the little fellow, and the maid, in a hack chaise, and the Phippses in their own carriage. Dined at the York House, and went in the evening to the theatre. Young in "Cassius:" got a wretched little private box, where we were almost suffocated, but moved to Lady Burdett's for the farce. Miss Tree sang my song of "Young Love lived once" very prettily, and was encoored with great enthusiasm. Supped very merrily at the York house, and slept there.

22d. Walked about all day shopping: gave directions about the binding of my books at Upham's. Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milsom Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon: it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forgot the name of the place; must inquire): the company there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Beirne, viz., "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee and for the rest of the evening; and O'Beirne found the MS. by his bedside next morning neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c. &c. The person against whom the force of this sermon was directed was *Child*. O'Beirne afterwards, to his astonishment, called to account by some friends of his, for having given such offence to the Childs. Burgoyne then told him the trick Sheridan had put upon him. I mentioned to the Bishop that I often had doubts whether I should insert this anecdote, as it required much delicacy (towards *him* particularly) in the manner of relating it: he agreed it did so, but said it might still be managed. Told me then the writers in "The Englishman;" Tickell (I think), Richard Burke, and himself (the Bishop) wrote the three last papers. Sheridan *edited* it, but did not *write**: exactly reversing what ought to have been his department. Sheridan wrote some of the "Prettymaniana:" the occasion of these squibs

* "All wrong" (1824).

was an answer that Prettyman, as secretary of Pitt, gave to Wedgewood, who waited upon him from some association or committee of manufactures, and which answer Prettyman afterwards denied. Was sorry that I could not have more conversation with the Bishop, and think it will be worth my while to go to Bath again to him. Met Crabbe toddling about the streets: who would suspect that he is *the* Crabbe? Lunched at a pastrycook's, and left Bath at five o'clock, Phipps driving, and I on the box with him; the servants in the hack-chaise. Found, on my arrival at home, a letter from Toller, my proctor, inclosing copies of affidavits, &c. of the adverse party, and asking for instructions how to proceed, as they seemed determined to press matters against me. The catastrophe, therefore, is at hand. This saddened me a little, for I had almost forgotten the whole concern, and now it returns upon me darker than ever. Well, all is perhaps for the best.

23rd. Large dinner at Phipps's. Company: the Hugheses, Lockes, Gossets, Grubb, &c. Sung in the evening; afterwards danced to the pianoforte, and supped. Received Bowles's answer to Campbell: tells me in the note he left with it, that Lord Lansdowne considers his position indisputable; and so I think it is.

24th. A wet, gloomy day: my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a *good cause to die in*. Compared the Irish edition of "The School for Scandal," with the MS. in my possession: find them, with but few and trifling exceptions, word for word alike, which confirms to me the story of Mrs. Lefanu's sale of the copy to Ryder.

25th. Wrote and read a little; received part of a printed, but not yet published poem of the tiresome and indefatigable author of "—," called "—," asking me modestly to furnish him with a sort of prologue to it. Sent out invitations to some of the neighbours to dine with us on Tuesday next. A letter from the eternal Miss —, with equal modesty, telling me she has written an opera, and if I will give a few comic touches, to improve the characters of the servants, we can *share* the profits of its representation! Hughes dined with us.

26th. Looked over papers.

27th. Phipps sent in the morning to say he

would drive me over to Bath, if I liked it; the very thing I wanted. Went with him; delicious weather: met the Bishop of Meath in Pulteney Street. Unluckily he was engaged for the rest of the day, and was to leave Bath for Bristol next morning: had about an hour's conversation, however, with him. He seemed to have changed his mind with respect to the insertion of the anecdote about the sermon, on account of some conversation he had had with old Colonel Barry, who thought it would tell against the Bishop. What first brought Sheridan, he said, prominently forward in the concerns of the party, was the Regency, which he chiefly managed, Fox being then abroad. It was positively, he said, Sir Gilbert Elliot that wrote the Prince's letters on that occasion. Asked him with respect to the difference between the Duke of Portland and Sheridan. Said the Duke had, upon his (O'Beirne's) mentioning the matter to him, authorised him to declare that he could not have said that he would not sit in the Cabinet with Sheridan, because there was never any wish or intention expressed of bringing Sheridan into it. S., on the second change of administration (Fox and North), had some expectation of being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accordingly shut himself up for three weeks to study figures, which he made himself thorough master of, though perfectly ignorant of the subject before. This accounts for his taking the *financial line* afterwards in his opposition to Pitt. Sheridan's great ambition was to be thought at the bottom of everything. The Bishop had found in a life of Dr. Clarke (I think) the following words,—“She did command, because I *would* obey,” and showed it to Sheridan as being the passage he had borrowed one of the lines at the end of the “School for Scandal” from. Sheridan was angry at the imputation. They used to annoy him about his plagiarisms from Wycherley, till he at last swore he had never read a line of Wycherley. I rather think it was Lord J. Townshend, he said, wrote the Probationary Ode by Major Scott (Q. E. E.); he (the Bishop) wrote the one by Mason; Adair wrote the Dedication to Sir Lloyd Kenyon. All these things were got up at the “*Esto Perpetua*,” a club held at Becket's. What gave rise to the “*Rolliad*” was a sort of “smoking and spitting party,” made in the

House of Commons to interrupt and annoy Burke, of which party Rolle was the chief promoter. Tickell (I think he said) began the poem. Mrs. Sheridan was something quite divine: the Bishop's phrase about her had always been, that she formed the connecting link between angel and woman. Sheridan hated Burke. Burke had fixed upon the Begum Charge for himself, but on S. expressing a wish for it, gave it up to him. Left the Bishop and went to Urpham's: found there Colonel Barry, and talked with him on the same subject. He said I had a most ticklish and perilous task to perform: it was all bristling over with difficulties, like a hedgehog. Somebody showed him the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, from which S. borrowed his description of Pizarro on the wreck, but he does not remember where it is. Dined with the Fitzgeralds. Lady C. wrote a note to ask Miss Ogle (Sukey, sister of Sheridan's last wife) to come in the evening. Had some conversation with F. after dinner about Lord Moira. He mentioned the easiness with which his mind got over any annoyances. Often when Lady Charlotte has seen him return in the evening from Carlton House, evidently unhappy and mortified at something that has occurred there, she used to lay a novel carelessly open on his table, which he was sure to take up, and in a few minutes Carlton House and all that had happened was forgotten in the girlish delight and interest which he took in the story. Lady C. mentioned at dinner a pretty thought of a little girl about the Trinity. “Oh yes,” said she, “I understand it very well; there may be three candles in the room, and yet but one light.” Miss Ogle came: we had much talk about her brother-in-law. Like all those of his friends or relatives I have met, full of enthusiasm about his memory, his fame, &c., and trusting that I shall do him ample justice (*i. e.*, praise him through thick and thin.) She said it was melancholy to compare the letters of his two wives (which she saw among his papers), both beginning in the same strain of love and worship for him, and both gradually alienated by his selfish and vainglorious infidelities and extravagancies, till they ended in disliking him—the fate he brought upon himself from both these women who adored him. I mentioned, with respect to the settlement he had made upon her sister, that I rather believed it was by getting the Linleys

out of Drury Lane and taking possession of the private boxes he raised that money. She said she had always understood that he had injured some persons, in order to make that settlement good, but whether it was the Linleys, or what were the particulars of the transaction, she did not know. He was fond, she said, of domestic parties, delighted in children, and was altogether, where his vanity or his passions did not interfere, amiable and attracting. They however used, very often, to wish him dead, for her sister's sake, as they thought she might recover her health if she was rid of him; his jealousy latterly incessant and teasing. Went with the Fitzgeralds to an assembly at a Mrs. Bunbury's; met there, among others, Mrs. Richardson, mother of Lady Clare; met also an old Halifax acquaintance of mine, the Baron de Rottenburgh: his pretty Baroness not there. Slept at the York House.

28th Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. Took me to call on Mrs. Piozzi; a wonderful old lady; faces of other times seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, the Reynoldses, &c., &c.; though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman. Went with the Fitzgeralds to the theatre to see Miss Tree, and to tell how much I was delighted with the manner in which she sung my song of "Young Love lived once" the other night: a neat little girl, and *may* be made an admirable singer.* Sauntered about Bath; saw and talked with Lord Thomond, &c., &c. Arrived at home about eight o'clock, and Phipps and I dined off some sausages we had brought with us. Mrs. P. had dined with Bessy.

29th. Wrote a few lines to an air of Koze-luch's for a Sacred Song. Bessy and I dined at Locke's; we supped, and did not get home till three o'clock.

30th. Walked to inquire after Mrs. Phipps, and rambled with him and her about their grounds. Our large dinner at home; all men. Company: Phipps, Locke, two Hugheses, Brabant and Crowe. Crowe's simplicity very delightful.

May 1st. Employed in copying out two Sa-

cred Songs for Power, "Babylon" and "Far far away, bewild'ring world."

2d. Power arrived with his daughter Jane, who is to pass a week or ten days with Bessy. Dined at two o'clock, that Power might be time enough for the Calne coach, to return again to town at night. Packed up for my own excursion to-morrow.

3d. Set off from Calne in the York House coach for town. Smattered a little theology with a clergyman, whom I at first took for a clothier, but who turned out to be a very deep-read ecclesiastic; a great advocate for Calvin: tells me that the "Thesaurus" of Suicer (of which I have lost a volume) is now very scarce, and sells at a very high price. Another of my companions turned out to be Sheddon, whose brother married a sister of Monk Lewis. Lewis died of the yellow fever, he said; very unwilling to die; all the last days exclaiming every instant, "The suspense! the suspense!" which the physician who attended him was doubtful whether he meant to allude to religious doubts, or the success of a medicine which he had taken, and on whose operation his life depended. Arrived in town at half-past seven.

4th. Saw Corry, R. Power, and Beecher. Beecher made a very sensible speech last night on the Catholic question. Walked about with Corry: called upon poor Perry, who is evidently dying. In talking of the reports of the debates, he said he could not make them *long* enough for those who spoke them, or *short* enough for those who read them. Went to my proctor, who thinks he can make out some plea to fight off the calamity for me a little while. Called upon the Longmans, who asked Corry and me to dinner, but he dines at Lord Farnham's. Met and talked with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Forbes, Methuen, &c. Lord L. asked me to dine on Sunday next. Met Lord Clifford, who said he had heard from Lord Robert Seymour, that Beecher's was an excellent speech: am delighted at this, for Beecher is a good, manly, sensible fellow. A good deal annoyed by different people about "Cribb." Carpenter said, very triumphantly, that Richard Power had ordered him to leave it out in the splendid copy of all my works he was preparing for him. Dined at Longmans; they are speculating already upon the purchase of poor Perry's paper, and had much

* Nothing can be happier as a compliment than Mr. Luttrell's verses:—

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
This Tree will return her as good as she brings."

talk with me as to whether I should like to be an editor with a *share* and a *salary*. Rees and I went to Covent Garden: "Heart of Mid-Lothian, and a very amusing farce, "A Rowland for your Oliver."

5th. Called upon Ridgway the publisher to ask him about Sheridan: told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of the "School," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer." Dined at Joy's chambers in the Temple. Company: Bowles, Corry, Locke, and a General Brackenbury. Joy's dandy dinner of mutton-chops, brought in one by one, "like angel visits, few and far between," highly amusing, except that we were all in a state of starvation. "Joy," says Bowles, in a sort of reverie, "I want—I want—" "What do you want, my dear Bowles?" "D— it, I want something to eat." Went to Drury Lane: the play a new one and a bad one,—“A Cheque on my Banker.” Supped with Corry at the Piazza.

6th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went with him to see the exhibition of the Queen's things at Christie's. Paid visits at Lords Darnley, Jersey, Grey, Harrington, Tavistock, &c. Walked with George Ponsonby, and begged him, if he had an opportunity, to say to Lord Grey how much I should like to have a little conversation with him about Sheridan. Met my old acquaintances Lord Clonmell, Lord Forbes, &c. &c. Met Walsh (the musical Walsh), and asked him about the occasional little piece of Sheridan's, in which he acted, and of which I found a sort of programme among the papers. It was called "The Glorious First of June;" acted in '94: very much liked, and ran thirty nights. Sheridan gave the dialogue on scraps of paper out of the boxes during rehearsal. The Duke of Clarence came to see that the little ships for the battle were correct. George Ponsonby came to me at five, to say that Lord Grey would be very glad to see me, with merely himself and Ponsonby, on Sunday next: must get off Lord Lansdowne's to go there. Dined with Corry at Reddish's, and went to the Coburg Theatre. Found a very kind note at home from Lady Holland, asking me to go to Hol-

land House for some days, and saying it would be a visit of charity, as Lord H. was confined by the gout.

7th. Received a letter from dearest Bess, with the intelligence that our little boy has cut two teeth since I left home. Looked about for lodgings for the Phippses. In going to call upon Lord King, saw Adair coming out of his house, and determined to introduce myself to him. His gloomy, rigid look while I explained myself to him (for he did not know me personally) turned at once into the kindest smiles when I mentioned my name: he insisted on my going back with him to his house, and in the course of a few minutes we were seated side by side in as confidential a conversation as if we had known each other for years. Tickell had a good deal of wit, but was a bad arguer. Whenever he found himself hard run in argument with Richardson, he used to begin to mimic Mr. Fox, and by the mere force of mimicry possess himself so much of the mind as well as manner of his original, that Richardson declared he felt as if Mr. Fox was before him, and became quite subdued by the new character that his antagonist assumed. The first circumstance that induced Mr. Fox to suspect Sheridan of want of principle, was his going down to Newmarket as the Prince's advocate in the Jockey Club business. Sheridan never gamed. Another occasion on which Sheridan took a part displeasing to Fox, was when Lord Rolle agitated the question of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Fox begged of the Prince to enable him to speak the truth on the subject; and the Prince assured him there had been no marriage between them, which Fox stated to the House; but on Mrs. F. (who never spoke to Fox afterwards) expostulating with the Prince upon this exposure of her character, his Royal Highness denied that he had ever authorised Fox to make such a declaration, and S. was employed to remove the impression on the public mind, by an equivocal sort of speech which he made afterwards in the House. Mr. Fox did not belong to the Friends of the People, and was always against making Parliamentary Reform the main object or *sine qua non* of the party. Sheridan, too, kept clear of this Society; and other Foxites (among whom was Courtenay) took their names off when they found Fox did

not approve of it. The course which Lord Grey took with respect to the Prince's debts was an obnoxious circumstance; and in general his high, incorrupt, character in money matters made the Prince fear him as a Minister. Adair did not write the Dedication to Kenyon, nor any other part of the "Rolliad." Richardson told him that Tickell was the author of those four lines in the monody, "Oh, proud distinction of the sacred lyre." Sheridan was not a ready man; angry with the party for not bringing him into the Cabinet. Burke jealous of Fox's preference of S. to himself; but it was natural that Fox and Fitzpatrick should prefer the gaiety and laxity of such a companion as S. to the austere character of Burke's life and conversation. Adair thinks that S. did not really mean to cheat people in money matters, and that he always imagined he should be able to pay the debts he incurred; but new embarrassments banished all thoughts of providing for the former ones out of his head. After leaving Adair, I met Hammersley, with whom I had some conversation about S.'s financial concerns with his house. He promised to talk with me more fully on the subject some time, but said partly what Adair did, that he did not believe S. really meant to cheat people out of their money.

Called upon that beautiful creature Lady Charlemont, and sat some time with her. Left a card at Lord Dunmore's. Met Horace Twiss, who had called upon me twice to-day to ask me to assist in disposing of his tragedy: promised to attend the rehearsal for him to-morrow. Dined at Rogers's to meet Grattan: company only he, I, Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grattan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan; he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," he used to speak Mercutio's speech, and read it, "Oh, then I see Queen Mab has been with me." Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition. Charles Sheridan's letter to Blackstone was in defence of Ireland against the claims of Eng-

lish supremacy; and yet, when this very question was agitated in the House, C. Sheridan (who was brought in by Lord Muskerry) was one of the eighteen who stood up for England against the independence of Ireland. Grattan and I walked home together; and still, when I saw him to his own door, he would insist upon seeing me to mine, so that we saw each other home four or five times. Has a high opinion of Burke's integrity, and thinks the pension was in consequence of his change, not the change in consequence of the pension. Regrets that he and Fox differed, as they might have been a check upon each other, and prevented the opposite extremes into which both fell; both of a nature to embrace whatever cause they took up totally and ardently: *Quicquid vult, valde vult.*

8th. Passed most of the day in wandering about with Phipps looking for lodgings for them. Received a letter from Rome from Count Stendahl (?), the author of "*L'Histoire de la Peinture*," sending me a copy of his book, and praising abundantly "Lalla Rookh" and "Fudge Family." Dined with the Phippses at Ibbetson's and went with them to the Opera, where I had got Perry's box for them. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to beg him to excuse my dining with him to-morrow.

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers, Malthy, and Crabbe. Sauntered about. Called upon Lord Crewe, Sotheby, Croker, &c. Took the Phippses to see my picture at Shee's; they thought it very bad. Called at Lord Melbourne's; William Lamb just coming out of the door: walked with him for some time: he told me he had written a sketch of the earlier part of the political life of Sheridan, which he would give me to make what use I pleased of. Vanity, the reigning passion of Sheridan; no corruptness as to pecuniary motives about him. Dined at Lord Grey's: the company, Lord Hutchinson, Sir Robert Wilson, the Pousonbys, and the family. Conversation about the state of the Ministry, the Bank question, the Catholics, &c. &c. It was not till we were near parting, that Sheridan came into play. Lord Grey said he was the chief cause of the Prince's separating from them at the last Regency; and told me the scene that Lord Holland described about the Prince's showing to Sheridan the answer he (Lord G.) and Lord

Grenville had drawn up to be sent to the Address of the Houses,—Sheridan altering it entirely, and their protesting strongly against this sort of secret advising. The odd sort of manufacture that took place in S.'s speeches—Mrs. S. Stewart, Read, Richardson, &c. all making extracts, pasting on papers, &c. S. told Lady Asgill that it was he who invented her beauty. Lord G. heard from Richardson that it was Heyne, not Haydn, who was elected by the Institute. This slight upon S. a chief cause of his tirades against Bonaparte and the French.* Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Hutchinson wrote the letters for the Prince about the command in 1803; Sir R. W. the first. Lord G. said, to talk of making speeches quite extempore was all nonsense. Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about. S.'s great servility to the Prince. Lord H. said, no part of the Prince's conduct astonished him so much as his desertion of S., for he seemed to be really attached to him.

10th. Dined alone at the George, and took the Phippses afterwards to the British Gallery, for which Lord Grey and Rogers gave me tickets. Went afterwards to Lady Jersey's; every one there: a very civil bow from the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey told me the verses I had mentioned of Sheridan's were a parody on some lines of Lord Rochester. Lady Cowper promised me a ticket for the next Almack's. William Lamb sent me his MS.

11th. Went to see Mr. Fawkes's drawings; chiefly Turner's, and very beautiful. Dined at Power's at four o'clock, to meet Bishop. He mentioned one curious musical joke of Haydn's, who, in composing the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has, on the last word, *stolen* a passage from Martini. From thence to Astley's with the Phippses.

12th. Got tickets for the Phippses and Locke to see Lord Stafford's Gallery. Saw there the two Persians who have been studying in England for some time, and whose praises of "Lalla Rookh" I have so often been delighted to hear. Introduced myself to them: one of them very agreeable and intelligent. Missed my ticket for Almack's. Dined at the Wiltshire dinner,—Lord Lansdowne in the chair,

and made a very tasteful speech in giving the health of the three Wiltshire poets,—Crabbe, Bowles and myself, all present. I was called on to return thanks, and succeeded marvellously. Among other things, I said that, "as far as a union by acts of friendship,—which, after all, was a more binding thing than a union by acts of Parliament,—could convert an Irishman into a Wiltshireman, I was in as fair a train of transformation as they could desire." Of Crabbe I said, that "the *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but that while, with the eye of a sage and a poet, he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in its most genial sunshine himself."

13th. Bessy and the little ones arrived: gave them up my lodgings, and took a bed at Rogers's. Went to Miller's Wharf, to secure berths for them in the packet for Sunday. The price of a state cabin seven guineas; but did not feel comfortable at the idea of their being all crammed up in such a narrow space, and indulged in the extravagance of giving fourteen guineas for two cabins. Returned home at four: took a hackney-coach, and went with Bessy to Hornsey to visit the grave of our dearest Barbara. Her feelings seem to grow more quiet and reconciled on this subject. At eight o'clock she and I sauntered up and down the Burlington Arcade: then went and bought some prawns, and supped most snugly together.

14th. Went with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to Hodgkinson's, to buy the wedding dress and other things which I am sending as presents to Bessy's sister; from thence to other shops. The Phippses dined with us at my lodgings; and in the evening we went, children and all, to the Coburg Theatre.

15th. Was asked to dine at Lord Jersey's and at Croker's but sent apologies. Went with Bessy and Mrs. P. to see the wild beasts, and afterwards to the Exhibition. Mrs. P. dined with us, and in the evening we went with dear Anastasia to Astley's.

16th (Sunday). Rose, after about an hour's sleep, at four o'clock, and by half-past four were in the hackney-coach (which a porter of Longman's brought), on our way to Miller's Wharf. At a little after six my dear girl with her two little ones, and Harriet our maid, sailed from the wharf, and I stopped till I saw the last

* For an explanation of this passage, see "Life of Sheridan," Svo ed. vol. ii. p. 303.

glimpse of them. Breakfasted, on my return, at the London Coffeehouse; then took a warm bath in Pall Mall; the young lady of the house playing and singing my songs all the time, and her mother meeting me as I came out of the room, with an "Anacreon" in her hand, saying, "Oh sir, are you *the* Mr. Moore whom I have been admiring these thousand years? When will you come to bathe again, sir?" &c., &c. Drove with Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. P. to the Park, and walked there. Dined at Lord Cowper's. Company: Lord and Lady Duncannon, Lord A. Hamilton, the Cliffords, William Lambe and Lady Caroline, &c., &c. Begged of Captain Clifford to mention to Lord John Townshend (his father-in-law) my desire to have some conversation with him about Sheridan. Lady Cowper had seen the fair Circassian; says she is something like Lady Ossulston; speaks no language that any about her understand, but is now beginning to learn a little English.

17th. Went to see Philipps's pictures with Richard Power. He is painting the subject of the Man and the Child in Paradise and the Peri (there is one in the Exhibition by Corbould from the same poem). The triumphant ascent of the Peri in Philipps's is very spiritedly done. From thence went to call upon Miss O'Neil, and was agreeably surprised by her sitting down to the harp and singing very sweetly and unaffectedly one of my songs. Dined alone at the George, for the purpose of going to see her in "Mrs. Waller" with the Bennets and Phippses.

18th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and walked about with him paying visits of the day. Went with Douglas Kinnaird to Burgess (S.'s solicitor), who says he will apply for an injunction against the "Life" unless there is some arrangement made with the family. Dined with Lord Hutchinson. Company: Lord Donoughmore, Lord Brandon, some young Hutchinsons, and Parson Este, who told a few things of Sheridan, but of no importance,—except indeed one, which was, that Burke, at the meeting upon Garrick's funeral, suggested the thought of those lines in the monody which end "And points the place," by saying, that whenever the burial of Garrick was commemorated, the position of Shakspeare's statue should not be forgotten. Lord Hutchinson is of opinion that it must be owing to some neglectfulness

of S. that he was latterly deserted by the Regent.

19th. Received a note from Captain Clifford, to say that Lord J. Townshend would be most happy to see me, and give all the information about S. in his power. Went to the Exhibition with the Phippses. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lord Grey, Lord A. Hamilton, Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Sir J. Mackintosh, Tierney, &c. Their mixture of the doleful and the humorous in their discourse upon last night's defeat in the House of Commons, very amusing. The censer flung round the room by Lady H.'s page after dinner seemed to astonish Murray the advocate, who had not, I suppose, seen the ceremony before; and I was myself a little astonished on hearing, as I came away, a very good male voice singing to the guitar, and finding that it was the *butler* who was accompanying himself in an Italian air. By the bye, the incense burned after dinner here comes from a convent in Spain, which gets it from another establishment connected with it in the north of Persia.

20th. Took the Phippses to see Rogers's house, and Philipps's picture of the Peri. Afterwards saw the procession of the Persian ambassador to Carlton House. Dined at Sotheby's. Company: Bowles, Crabbe, Miss Joanna Baillie, William Spencer, &c. Spencer as usual very amusing. Told us that, in allusion to Lady Crewe, they used to read the well-known line thus—"Crewe, admit me of thy mirth."

21st. Called by appointment upon Lord John Townshend, and had about an hour's talk concerning Sheridan. Said S. wrote at least two of "The Englishman;" that on Lord George Germaine and the first. Fox wrote one; was not satisfied with its style, and S. corrected it for him. Lord John read S.'s paper upon Lord G. Germaine to Gibbon at Devonshire House, and he was much pleased with it. S.'s jealousy: Lord John and Fitzpatrick used to say, that he was jealous even of a pretty woman. Burke's admiration of the Begum Speech; that, Mr. Fox said, first proved to him his want of a pure taste. Lord John mentioned the following verse as S.'s in the lines, "Glenbervie, Glenbervie," which indeed, he said, were almost all written off-hand by him:—

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,

Thou greatest of bilks,
How changed are the notes you now sing;
Your fam'd Forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, God save the king."

Dined at Longman's; a literary dinner; Mackintosh, Bowles, Colonel Wilkes, Sir James Smith (President of the Linneæan Society), Dr. Holland, &c. &c. A very agreeable day. Some good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*" What Lord Ellenborough said to — the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. —, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c., &c. Sir James remarked very truly that shrewdness and wit were Sheridan's forte, not the higher kind of eloquence. We had some discussion as to how far Shakspeare borrowed that passage about the "cloud-capt towers" from Lord Sterling. The latter was produced, and the plagiarism is so remote, that Shakspeare need not even have seen it. Went afterwards to an assembly to meet the Phippses. Two bishops and a Persian (my friend Giafer) in the room.

22d. Dined alone; and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Saw Yates's mimeries; very good; his Matthews excellent. This is turning the tables on the great performers, as Tate Wilkinson did on Foote.

23d. Dined with Mackenzie, who was agent for exchange of prisoners in France, and is now commissioner for settling British claims. Company: a Russian Prince (whose name I forget), Lord William Bentinck, Captain Leigh (who had the adventure in the Pyramids), Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones Barker (Consul at Aleppo), Stratford Canning, Mr. Morier, &c. Sat between the two latter. Canning, an intelligent man: gave a ludicrous account of Lord Byron's insisting upon taking precedence of the *corps diplomatique* in a procession at Constantinople (when Canning was secretary), and upon Adair's refusing it, limping, with as much swagger as he could muster, up the hall, cocking a foreign military hat on his head. He found, however, he was wrong, and wrote a very frank letter acknowledging it, and offering to take his station anywhere.

24th. Dined with Rogers; in the evening to Covent Garden; and supped with Corry and Power. The company at Rogers's, the Bowleses, Rogers's two brothers and sister, &c.

25th. Went to the Panorama. Drove with Frederick Byng in his gig off to the Park. Dined with a party in the One Tun Tavern in Jermyn Street; Sir Francis Burdett, his son, Lord Raneliffe, Power, Beecher, and Corry. Went to Ferrars's concert and ball at Almack's; saw there the Duke of Wellington, the Morpeths, Lansdownes, &c., &c. Corry and I supped together afterwards.

26th. Dined with Brackenbury, a friend of Joy's, out of town four miles. Met there my old friend Barnewall (now Lord Trimlestown) who once wrote me a French poem as if from the Invisible Girl, in which I recollect he summed up the catalogue of my mistresses thus—"Mais Betsy, Rose, Iris, Hortense." Went to Almack's (the regular assembly) and staid till three in the morning. Lord Morpeth said to me, "You and I live at Almack's."

27th. Dined with Perry: the company, Boswell (son to Bozzy), Freeling of the Post Office, Bowles, &c. &c. Went to an assembly at Lansdowne House.

28th. Dined with Hume at his cottage at Hanwell, the dinner being in celebration of my birthday. Taken out by the Brigstocks, Mrs. B. being an exceedingly pretty Biondina. Cannon (one of the Regent's chaplains) told some good stories of his master during dinner. "Alarming times; I receive some dreadful anonymous letters; don't I, Bloomfield? You remember that one which I didn't like to send to the Secretary of State, beginning, "You damned old fellow, I'll pull you out of the coach." Mentioned also the *gracious* answer sent by Bloomfield to an application of Mrs. Murray's, to be allowed to remain in her chambers: "Madam, His R. H. was most feelingly gracious in the expression of his decision, which was — unfavourable to your request," &c. &c. Hume had proposed a large laurel crown, which was *imposed* upon me after dinner.

29th. Called upon Miss Costello, the young authoress that Bowles patronises; rather a nice girl. She had sent me her poems the night before with a very flattering letter, "first poet of the age," &c. &c. I drove down to Bishopsgate Street for the purpose of taking a

stage to Sir J. Mackintosh's (within two miles of Ware). Mackintosh had written me a note on Thursday with instructions as to the route and conveyance. The stages all full; walked to Enfield (a very pretty path between Edmonton and Enfield through the fields); took a chaise there and arrived at Mackintosh's a little before seven; found a large party just going to sit down to dinner,—Allen (Lady M.'s brother, married to a daughter of Lord R. Seymour) and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Malthus, Mr. Le Bas, Miss Stewart (a pretty Irish girl), Miss Allen, &c. Sung a little in the evening.

30th. A good deal of conversation with Mackintosh, chiefly about Sheridan and the politics of his time. Wyndham said of S., it was not from want of fertility or quickness that he *prepared* so much, but an over-desire of polish and correctness. Sheridan was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully acknowledged it. He showed the great difference there was between prudence and good sense: no one could advise others better. Fox said of the florid parts of S.'s speech, "I don't like these things, except in Burke,—they are natural to him." Mackintosh defends coalitions warmly, and is certainly right as to the *general* principle, though some of the particular instances have been unlucky. The eighteenth century full of coalitions; the Revolution brought about by a coalition; Lord Chatham's coalition with the Duke of Newcastle, which turned out so prosperously. I mentioned, as one of the discreditable and unfortunate coalitions, that of Mr. Pulteney, in 1741, though this was between Whigs and Whigs. M. said that, unless coalitions were allowed, we must submit for ever to a standing Court Ministry; and the Opposition must become merely a sort of Tribunitian Band, who, being unchecked by those hopes of succeeding to power, which at present moderate the temper of their opposition, and prevent them from committing themselves to rash opinions or impracticable measures, would run into all sorts of violence, and produce such shocks as would at last ruin the constitution. Mr. Pitt, he said, had himself been in negotiation for a coalition with Lord North, though he afterwards condemned Fox so much for forming it. Fox, too, was in the treaty with Lord Shelburne before he coalesced with Lord

North; but though he had more points of contact in politics with the former, he disliked the man; whereas, though differing so much with Lord North in public, he had a strong regard and sympathy for his private character; so that, while he incurred the charge of inconsistency in joining with Lord North, he would have sacrificed every private feeling in coalescing with Lord Shelburne. It is said Sheridan was against the India Bill. Mr. Burke's speech upon conciliation with the colonies one of his best; was well listened to during the American war. This contradicts what Lord Erskine says in the preface to "Fox's Speeches." Mr. Fox used to ask of a speech, "Does it read well?" "Yes." "Then it was not a good speech." The King's duplicity throughout his whole reign. The Grenvilles have an hereditary dislike to him. A few Whig families are our only security for the constitution. The Duke of Devonshire might better burn Chatsworth to the ground than forfeit one of his hereditary pledges to the Whigs. The political economists quite a new school. Has heard Fox say, talking of finance, "You know, Grey, you and I don't mind these things." The leaders of this school at present, Lords Grenville, King, Lansdowne, &c. Burke's pension was not coincident with his apostasy, but three or four years afterwards: nothing wrong about Burke's paymastership. Sayings of Madame de Staël:—Of the scene at Richmond she said, it was "*Calme et animée, ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.*" Praised Barrow's first sermon. We read over together Dryden's "Epistle on Painting;" the famous passage in Hooker, about law.

31st. Mackintosh, who seemed yesterday to think that I must hold a veil up before Sheridan's criminalities, told me this morning he had been thinking of the subject the greater part of the night, and had come to the decision, that I ought to do no such thing: it would be unjust to my own character and to the world; and that I ought (as he owned, I seemed well inclined to do) to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. He and Allen walked with me to Ware. The former mentioned a whimsical joke of Stewart Rose's—"that he had learned from Lord Byron's poetry that two bulls make a nightingale" (bulbul). We had a good deal of laughing at an Irishman who was of our party, on account of a bull he had made at

breakfast, and which we called "half a nightingale,"—a sort of "spatch-cock nightingale." Arrived in town just in time to dress for dinner, at Pearce's the Bank director and M. P. for Devizes, who made a speech the other night against the Report. Odd enough, I was asked also to dine to-day with Lord King; so *I had the two extremes* of the Bank Question on my list. Company at Pearce's, Duke of Dorset, Lord Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, &c. &c. An assembly there in the evening; re-presented to Miss Addington, whom I had met before one morning at Lady Donegal's; and had much conversation with her, to the astonishment of some Sidmouthites from my neighbourhood. Mrs. Frere sang, and the Miss Pearses played; but on my being asked, bolted, the company being too large.

June 1st. Called on Lady Malcolm (the wife of the Indian hero), to whose house I went the other day with Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, but she was not at home. By the bye, during that walk I took with Mrs. Sheridan, she told me there was another place, besides the registrarship of Malta, which S. had made Tom refuse. She spoke kindly of S. and of his good-nature, when no object of his own interfered: owned also that, under the alarm of any pressure or inconvenience from the want of money, he would not hesitate at any means of procuring it. Found Lady Malcolm at home to-day, and introduced myself. She played for me the Persian air which Mrs. S. told me of, and some others, rather pretty. Went from her to the Duchess of Sussex, whom, with her beautiful daughter, I met on the 24th at Miss White's assembly (where, by the by, a little girl acted in a French *proverbe* who was found amidst the conflagration of Moscow, quite an infant, and not known whether French or Russian; now seven years old, and acted very archly). This daughter of the Duke of Sussex, by Lady A. Murray, a very fine creature. They call her the Princess Emma among themselves, but her general designation is Mademoiselle d'Este. Sat for near two hours with her, and sung a good deal; never saw a more enthusiastic person about music. They asked me to dine next Tuesday. Dinner at Lord Crewe's: company Luttrell, Rogers, the Cunliffes, &c. Lord Crewe said he had a letter from Sheridan to Mrs. Greville, prefixed as a sort of dedication to some MS. book

of poems, which he would let me see. Luttrell very comical about the cocked hats in the orchestra at Vauxhall, which looked, he said, as if they were the last of their race, the *ultima caelestum* . . . *Astraea*, leaving the earth and half-coming to heaven. I sung in the evening, and Mrs. Cunliffe sung a song of Lewis's, "I am not mad, I am not mad," without accompaniment. The energy with which she gives these songs is sometimes rather painful; but they have great effect. I have seen numbers in tears at her ballad, "It was a winter's evening." She and Cunliffe invited me very earnestly to their seat in Wales. All went to an assembly at Sotheby's in the evening.

2nd. Called at Longman's, and consulted them as to what I should do with respect to Murray; who, in a late conversation I had with him, said it was to me the creditors would legally look, as it was to me those papers that formed the property on which their claims were founded, had been given by Charles Sheridan. This, though it did not occur to me before, appears to be the real state of the case. I told the Longmans that what I wished was to propose to Murray one of the two following measures: either he must guarantee me against these claims of the creditors, in which case I would proceed with the "Life" on our present terms; or if not, I would refund the money I had already drawn for on account (460*l.*), and give up the whole concern. The Longmans approved of this plan, and professed themselves ready to honour my draft for the 460*l.* Met there Campbell the poet, and walked with him to a little bedroom he has taken in St. Paul's Churchyard, in order to consult medical advice about a complaint he has. He accompanied me afterwards to call upon Richard Power, who was waiting for me to go to Miss Stephens (the singer), and we all three proceeded together to her house. On the way I met Lord Dummory, and introduced Campbell to him. Miss Stephens, who lives in a pretty, light, flowery-looking house, quite worthy of her, sung "Donald" for us; and I sung two or three in return. It was the first time Campbell had heard me, and he seemed much pleased. He asked me with much warmth for a song (which I recollect his praising before in very warm terms), "Oh, had we some

bright little isle of our own," in the "Irish Melodies;" but the air is not fit for the words, and I never sing it. In walking home Campbell said to me, he thought still more highly of my style of song-writing since he heard me sing. We talked of Lord Byron. He said he was a "fallen angel;" then added, with a smile, "and broke his foot in falling," alluding to Lord B.'s lameness. Dined at Horace Twiss's, in Chancery Lane: an odd dinner, in a borrowed room, with champagne, pewter spoons, and old Lady Cork. The company, besides her ladyship, William Spencer, Lord Petersham, Colonel Berkeley, Nugent, Kean the actor, and one or two more. Sat next Nugent. He told me of a woman in Paris saying, when he asked why she called the Napoleons (coins) Louis, "*Mais Monsieur, c'est une douce habitude, que nous sommes bien aises de reprendre.*" One of Louis's courtiers said, at the time when Napoleon was advancing in that magnificent manner from Elba, "*Ce qu'il y a d'affreux dans tout cela c'est que ça est superbe.*" Went up to coffee, and found Mrs. Siddons, who was cold and queen-like to me. From thence, about twelve, to an assembly at Mrs. Phillips's, where I saw Mrs. Siddons again. Discovered the reason of her coldness: I had not gone to a party she had invited me to; and, by a mistake, she did not hear of a visit I had paid her a day or two after. All right again! By the by, Campbell had told me in the morning, as a very characteristic trait of Sheridan, that after his death there was found an immense heap of letters, which he had taken charge of to frank, from poor husbands to wives, fathers to children, &c. &c.

3d. Attended a meeting of the stewards of Burns's dinner (the object of which is to aid the subscription for a monument to him), and found all Scotchmen there. In settling the airs to be played after the toasts, I proposed after the city of Edinburgh to have "I'll gae nae mair to yon town," which allusion to the unwillingness of the Scotch to return northward did not seem to be much relished. I found I had been more active than any of the stewards, except the originator of the business, Mr. Forbes Mitchell. Dined with my good friend Admiral Douglas and his pretty little wife, and went with them in the evening to Miss O'Neil's benefit.

4th. Walked with Richard Power and Corry to Alsop's Buildings, Baker Street, and saw some paintings by Martin; most remarkable works, particularly one on the subject of Joshua bidding the sun stand still. He means to paint a subject from "Lalla Rookh." Called upon Hunt (the "Examiner") who lives in the neighbourhood. A literary dinner at Longmans'. Dr. Whitaker (who published an edition, or rather a reprint, of "Pierse Plowman"), Dr. Hewlett, Captain Ross of arctic renown, Daniel the painter, &c. &c. Went to a dance at Tegart's, and staid till three in the morning. Danced with a pretty Hebe of a girl, Miss Wilson, who caught my fancy for the time exceedingly. Apropos to dancing with pretty girls, I have had two or three letters from my own pretty girl, who is safe in Edinburgh, and delighted to see once more her mother and sisters.

5th. To-day our Burns's dinner. Had great difficulty in arranging my party, as I had only seven seats allowed me at the Duke's table, and my friends were Power, Beecher, Corry, Sir F. Burdett, Tegart, Phillips the painter, Brownlow, Murray the bookseller, Crabbe the poet, and Joy. Put down some of them to a lower table. Murray, one of them, not at all pleased; came to me, and said that his object in coming was merely the pleasure of enjoying my company, and as it was rather inconvenient to him to stay, he would leave me a draft for his donation (ten guineas) and be off. This would not do, so I promoted him to the top table. Phillips, too, very cross; but what could I do? Seated Crabbe next myself. The Duke of Sussex's speech was good, and full of golden sentences (for a Prince) about liberty. Sir J. Mackintosh very eloquent, but rather too much of it, and heavy and roundabout. My reception most flattering; my name was never mentioned (and it was often by the speakers) without bringing applause; and when I rose to speak, the people crowded from their seats towards my table. At every sentence I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. I was glad too to have two or three of them by, to witness and enjoy it, as they did most thoroughly. Burns's son was brought forward, and spoke sensibly; very like the father to judge by the engravings, and worthy of him in the manly sentiments he

expressed about politics; too manly and free, poor fellow, for his advancement as a place-man. Power, Corry, Brownlow, and I adjourned to the Piazza and supped: poor Corry so bewildered with drinking bumpers to me and "the honour of old Ireland," that he could not walk home. By the by, there were about 350 Scotchmen at the dinner; and the donations of my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at table.

6th. Breakfasted with Meerza Jiafer Jabeeb: showed me some curious Persian MSS. A Mr. Shakspeare there, a good oriental scholar. Jiafer is to take a diploma of doctor at Oxford this month. Went from thence to Rogers's. Crabbe had been with him, maintaining (in talking of the dinner of yesterday) that Murray deserved a higher place than Phillips the artist and royal academician, because—he kept his carriage! This is inconceivable. I had bid Mackintosh tell Lady Holland I should go out to dine to-day if she would let me; so I went. The company, only Lord John Russell, Mackintosh, Allen, young Charles Fox, and myself. Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre. In the middle of dinner Lady H. said to me: "I hope you mean to sleep here to-night; you are never agreeable when you are on the wing for your Lady Corks, &c.; you hav'n't the *esprit présent*." I said "Yes," of course; and a man and horse were dispatched for my things, her ladyship promising that I should have the prettiest bedroom in the house. Talked of Mazeppa, the name Lord B. has given to his hero instead of Don Juan. Looked over the account of Mazeppa in Le Clerc's "Russia." He was, as a punishment, tied on a wild horse, and run away with into the Ukraine; but his adventures have nothing to do with Lord B.'s hero. Allen showed me a fine story of Amurath in "Wanley's Wonders," taken from Knolles. Something might be made of it in poetry. I pointed out to Lord Holland and the rest a passage from Busbequius that struck me as romantic; where he describes the soldiers singing a song, supposed to be uttered by a dying warrior on the river's bank, ad-

dressing the river as it flows by, and bidding it hasten to tell his mistress how gallantly he had died. They did not seem to think anything of it; but if I had mentioned (what was really the case) that it was Lord Byron who first pointed it out to me, they would have been sure to have found out all possible beauty in it,—such is the *prestige* of a name! In talking as to whether Lady Byron really loved Lord Byron, Lady H. seemed to think she must. "He was such a loveable person. I remember him (said she) sitting there, with that light upon him, looking so beautiful!" My bedroom was, as she had promised, the prettiest thing that could be imagined, one of those lately fitted up; and I heard the nightingales singing the greater part of the night.

7th. The good lady at my lodgings had sent me no proper toilette for the morning; so I ordered a hackney coach from Kensington and made my way into town, leaving a valedictory note for Lady H. Went to the theatre to try and get a dress for Lady Darnley's fancy ball in the evening. Connor (the Irish actor) took me to his house and provided me with an old English or Spanish dress (old in every sense of the word) which his wife had worn in "Floranthe." Heard a few sweet notes from Miss Stephens, who was rehearsing. Was to have dined at Lord Dunmore's, but sent an excuse in order to go early to the Philharmonic, having had a ticket sent me by the directors. Dined at a coffee-house, but did not get to the Philharmonic till the first act was over. Saw Braham there, who took me aside, and proposed that I should write words to some fantasias or wild melodies of his, so as to make scenes of them, and that we should publish them together; but my mentioning that I was bound to Power put an end to the idea, as he is bound to the new Musical Institution. Met the pretty young bride, Mrs. — (Longman's daughter), and her husband, and sat by her during the concert. Went home to dress for Lady Darnley's at eleven, and what with stitching and patching was not ready to join the party from Power's till half-past twelve. The ball a most beautiful spectacle, but I had left my glass at home; besides, I was rather ashamed of my dress; and the little girl at my lodgings had stitched my stockings to the trunks so ill, that they came asunder, and threatened every minute to make a Highlander

of me. To add to my annoyance, the Duke of Sussex, when I was hiding snug behind a pillar, took me by the hand, and drawing me forth into the full light of the room, said, "Come, let us look at you; why, you're very smart." His daughter was leaning on his arm; the first time he has appeared with her in public. Her dress, a Mary Queen of Scots, most becoming to her. Left the ball soon.

8th. The "Morning Post" kind enough to tell me what I was last night (which I did not know myself), and announces me as having been in the character of a court page in the reign of Henry VIII. Threatened with invasion in my bed by Joy, to whom I had half promised to go to Ascot races to-day, and dine at Brigstock's. Obligated to fly from bed and home, unshaved, untoileted, and take refuge in a coffee-house near. But he watched like a bailiff for me, and when, after having fled into the city, and done some little businesses there, I was returning home in fancied security about five o'clock, I saw his gig still drawn up, but within two doors of my lodgings, he having said to the girl, "I am afraid the gig frightens him away." This is, to be sure, quite the perfection of boring. Dined at Rogers's, by my own invitation: the company, a Mr. Hibbert and his daughters, Luttrell, Sharpe, and Miss Rogers. The dinner most excellent. Luttrell told us about Hare, describing Tarleton, on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk* to you." "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately." We went in the evening to Mrs. Chinnery's, where I heard Viotti, Ashley, &c., play a beautiful quintet of Boccherini's, full of sweet melody. The Demoiselles Liker sung too. Lady Dunmore asked me, should I like to go to see the charity children at St. Paul's on Thursday, if she could get me a ticket.

9th. Met Bishop by appointment at Power's, in order for him to look over the National Melodies I have done, and take my ideas as to their arrangement. This being our first time of working together, I felt rather nervous; but he appears everything I could wish; intelligent, accommodating, and quick at understanding my wishes upon the subject. One thing flattered me a good deal: among the

airs I produced to him, I had stolen in one of my own, under the disguise of a Swedish air. It was the last I brought forward, and he had scarcely played two bars of it when he exclaimed "Delicious!" and when he finished it said, "This is the sweetest air you have selected yet." I could not help telling him the truth about it; and, indeed, I doubt very much whether I shall go on with the imposture by introducing it into the collection. If I do, I shall call it a *Moorish* air. Dined with Corry, and went to a wretched exhibition at Drury Lane for the benefit of a Mr. Lanza.

10th. Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's: a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the Benediction. We were in the Lord Mayor's seat, as were also Lord and Lady Darnley, &c.; but afterwards we went to the organ-loft, from which the coup d'œil was most beautiful. Lady Dunmore was in tears during the Coronation Anthem. Dined at Lady Cork's. Company: Lord and Lady Bessborough, William and Lady Caroline Lamb, Jekyll, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, and Miss White. Jekyll said, that some one being asked how Lord Glenbervie felt on seeing his son join the ranks of opposition, answered, "Why, something like a hen when she sees a young duckling she has hatched take to the water." In the evening the Duchess of Sussex and her daughter came, the latter, at Lady Cork's request, in the dress she wore at Lady Darnley's. A good deal of singing by Mrs. Friere, myself, and Mrs. Cunliffe. From thence I went to Lady Grey's ball, which is always of the best kind, and stayed till between two and three. Lord Grey himself was there, after having made a splendid speech of two hours on the Transubstantiation question. Had some talk with Lord Lansdowne, Lady Jersey, &c.

11th. Sat for two hours to Phillips, who proposed to paint a copy of this picture for Mrs. Moore, on condition I would give him a set of my works. Most gladly agreed to the bargain. Went to my proctor, who gave me somewhat a better account of the state of my Bermuda affairs. Dined at —: a large party of God knows who; but all the women

seemed selected as foils to his pretty wife. Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c., &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass. Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters?—Ægean Sea, *i. e. e, g, and c.*" A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung. Smith gave some of his comic songs, which are excellent.

12th. Set out at six for Calne in the White Lion coach: full. One of the passengers a pretty girl going alone to Bath. Found her to be a Miss Maxwell, cousin to Sir Murray. She had been travelling in Italy and France for two years: a very pleasing girl. Told her who I was before we parted, and she asked me to call upon her. Had just read "Lalla Rookh" through, and looked her praises of it. Have seldom got over twelve hours of travelling more agreeably. Walked from Calne home. My cottage looking very sunny, but very solitary.

13th. Brought up the arrears of this journal. Have forgot to mention a visit I paid to Holland House one morning. Lord H. had just finished "Lalla Rookh." My lady said she had two objections to reading it: in the first place, it was Eastern; and, in the second place, it was in quarto. I told her the latter objection had been removed for near two years past. Poets, inclined to a plethora of vanity, would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very good for their complaint. Rogers told me Lord H. was very much pleased with "Lalla;" liked the prose too, and Fadladeen. Lord H. mentioned this day, as a proof of the improvement of property in France since the Revolution, that the Duke of Richmond's estate of D'Aubigny, which before that event was 1200*l.* a year (800*l.* of which being from seigniorial rights was, of course, swept away by their abolition), now brought him in 1500*l.* Lady Holland took Rogers and me into town in her carriage. Another thing I forgot is my having read the proof sheets of the second canto of "Don Juan" at Murray's. This poem will make a great sensation. Young Haidee is the very concentrated essence

of voluptuousness, and will set all the women wild. There are also some unmanly allusions to Lady Byron through the poem, which her sex will, I think, arm against. Murray showed me a letter which Lord B. has written him, which is to me unaccountable, except from the most ungovernable vanity. He there details to him (to Murray the bookseller, a person so out of his caste, and to whom he writes formally, beginning, "Dear sir") the details of an intrigue, in which he says he is at this moment actually engaged with a Venetian girl, "the daughter of one of their noblemen," whose name is Angelina, and whose age is eighteen, &c. &c.; entering into such details as it would be dishonourable to communicate even to the most confidential friend, and thus completely identifying the poor girl (if, indeed, any such girl exists), for the edification of Mr. Murray and all the visitors of his shop, to whom it is, of course, intended he shall read the gazette of my lord's last Venetian victory. This is really too gross. In the same spirit is the drawing (exhibited in Harlowe's Collection, Pall Mall) of a Venetian woman, with a note under it in Lord Byron's own handwriting, saying that it was a likeness of "Marguerita" (I forget the other name), done at Venice, at the request of G. G. Byron, &c., &c. Dined alone.

17th. Dined with the Hugheses. During these days did little but write letters. Read over again Burke's admirable speeches on conciliation with the Colonies and the Nabob of Arcot's debts. Happened to read at the same time Canning's own report of his late speech on the vote of thanks to the Indian army. How weak and jejune in comparison!

19th. Went into Devizes to dine with the Salmons. Read before dinner the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in Howell. Sir Edward Coke's conduct unpardonable. His abuse of Raleigh actual Billingsgate. Slept at Salmons'.

20th. Dined at home. This last week have written words to a Scottish air, "Peace be around thee;" and to a Portuguese air, "Whisperings heard by wakeful maids."

21st. Began a little allegory about Common Sense and Genius, to a French air, "Le Bonheur." Have been turning in my mind an "opus magnum," in the poetical way; the story placed first in Egypt and then in Greece, in the first or second century of Christianity;

my hero, a young epicurean philosopher ; my heroine, an enthusiastic girl who becomes a Christian, and at last, a martyr. It is very much the same outline as my "Philosophy of Pleasure ;" but how much better could I fill it up now, while my fancy is as much alive as ever, and my taste and judgment improved !

25th. Dined at Phipps's. Had adapted in the morning some words I wrote some time ago, "Oh no, not even when first we loved," to an air, said to be Cashmerian. Wrote to take a place for Sunday (the day after to-morrow) to town, as I expect Bessy on her return from Edinburgh next week, having sent her the supplies for her journey on Wednesday last. The dear girl asked but for fifteen pounds, and I sent her thirty.

26th. Walked into Devizes ; rather at my wit's end for money. Branigan announced to me in a letter I had from him last week, that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a bank post-bill for 50*l.*, to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum ; but it is very convenient just now. No tidings of it. Drew upon Power for 50*l.*

27th. Gave up my ordered place in the coach, and resolved to stay till to-morrow. Dined at the Macdonalds' ; Mrs. P., too, dined there. Had in the morning begun a song to a Spanish air, "Speed to the Battle." Received the 50*l.* from B.'s partners.

28th. Set off in the York House coach for town. A lady in the coach, who, I suspect, was a teacher of music. On my mentioning, in the course of conversation, that I had heard Miss O'Neill sing one morning lately, she asked "Was it one of Moore's 'Irish Melodies' she sung ?" I said "Yes." "Which of them ?" "One that, I believe, is called 'Love's Young Dream !'" Did not avow myself, though we were alone the greater part of the way. Dined at the George at eight o'clock.

29th. Called at Power's, at Shee's the painter, and at Douglas's : the latter asked me to dine. Called also at Murray's. Has given Lord Byron 2000*l.* for "Mazeppa ;" "Don Juan" to be the make-weight. What a trick he has played upon the public about "Mazeppa," leading them to suppose it was the long expected "Don Juan." Was not yet decided upon giving me the guarantee against the

claims of Sheridan's creditors on the papers Charles S. has given me. Told him I had begun a new poetical work. He asked me, "Is it disposed of ?" and I replied that I was sure he himself would not have a good opinion of me if I were to give up the Longmans. To this he assented with a very good grace ; and said he only regretted, and never ceased to do so, that he had lost "Lalla Rookh," when he might have had it. He showed me the amount of his first edition of "Crabbe's Tales," just published, by which it appears that, when the whole (3000) are sold off, he will still be 1900*l.* minus. Met Lord Grey in the street, and had some conversation with him about his late Transubstantiation motion ; he means to try it again. Dined at Douglas's and went to Lady Grey's ball at night. Miss O'Neill and the Duchess of York there. Talked a good deal with Pamela.

30th. Called at Longman's. Found that my expected visit to Scotland was mentioned very flatteringly in the "Scotsman." Dined at Lord Dunmore's : company, Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, &c. We talked of literary impostures ; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, &c. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks ; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not among those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it some time in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of aquafortis, to the following effect, "Here the king Hardicanute, having drank off the cup, stared about him and died." As Hardicanute is said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighbourhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved, which detected the trick. Mademoiselle D'Este and Lady Charlemont in the evening. Went to Almack's ; asked Mademoiselle D'Este there what *she* thought of Lady Char-

lemont. "Oh, beautiful," she said, "as lovely as Lalla Rookh herself."

July 1st. Went out to breakfast at Holland House. Lord Holland sent for me into his dressing-room; talked of what happened last night in the House of Lords, on the reversal of Lord E. Fitzgerald's attainder; seemed to fear he had said a little too much in the way of praise and gratitude, Lord Lansdowne having remarked to him that he ought to have said something about the injustice of the attainder. Talked, at breakfast, of Sheridan's speech upon Addington's accession to the premiership; the joke from Aristophanes about Thesens, borrowed from a letter of G. Wakefield's to Mr. Fox, which S. had pronounced "curst pedantry," when it was read to him, but afterwards turned it to his own account. Francis said to Lord H. upon Sheridan's stealing his joke about the Peace, "This is the way they live upon me." Lord John Russell's book, the "Life of Lord Russell," just published. Talked with Lord John about his intention of voting against Burdett's motion for reform. Said I did not see how he could with any consistency oppose it; and spoke as strongly as I could of the loss of ground the Whigs would suffer with the public, if they took part against so moderate and fair a proposal as I understood Burdett's was to be. Called upon the Duke of Sussex on the way into town, and sat with him for half an hour. He mentioned the Prince's fancy ball as a good thing for a wag to write something comical upon. Asked me with much kindness about my Bermuda affair. Dined with Rogers. Was to have gone to Lady Ennismore's ball, but heard she was in alarm at the idea of the Regent, (who was expected there) meeting me, and did not go.

2d. Called at Murray's, and found Croker there. Long conversation with him about the Catholic Question (which, he said, we would see carried with a high hand before very long), and about Peel's defeat by Brougham. Gave me a copy of his speech on the Catholic Question, and wrote in it, "To T. M., esq., from his old friend the author." Went from thence to sit for Philips. Lords Grey and Jersey came while I was sitting. Dined at Holland House. Warm dispute between Mackintosh and Lord H. after dinner, about Buonaparte's detention of the English travellers in France;

Lord H. being of opinion that our seizure of the ships justified him in it, and Mackintosh alleging the usage and law of nations which allowed plunder by sea, but forbade it by land. Slept there.

3d. Received a note announcing my dear Bessy's arrival the night before from Edinburgh, which she left on Tuesday (29th); a very short passage. Breakfasted with her in Duke Street, and then went to my proctor's, who told me that the first of my three Bermuda cases was to come before the Lords of Appeal on Tuesday next; and he had great hopes it would be dismissed, from the evident signs of collusion in the adverse party. Dined at home with Bess, and took her to the Surrey Theatre in the evening.

4th. Called with Bessy upon Lady Cork. Asked us both to an assembly, to which she said she had invited the Regent, but complained that he never would come near her since I had described him at her routs in the "Two-penny Post Bag." Told me a great deal about Sheridan. First met him and Mrs. S., soon after their marriage, at a Mr. Cootes's. Mrs. S. sung with the Miss Cooteses, the little children that are painted with her in her portrait (by Sir J. Reynolds) as St. Cecilia. Sheridan then an ugly, awkward-looking man. The Duchess of Devonshire anxious to have Mrs. S. to sing at her house, but not liking to have him,—a "player," as she called him. Reminded of this some time after by Lady Cork on her keeping a house two months unoccupied, which she had taken at great expense at Bath, and alleging for her reason that she and her party were detained from day to day at Chatsworth by the agreeableness of S.'s conversation. S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give any thing he had not written it. It was by her brother Monckton's interest, S. first got in for Stafford. He would often keep his chaise and four waiting all day at Monckton's, while he played cricket with the children. Dined (Bessy and I) with Shee. Lady Kennedy came in the evening, and sung; so did I.

5th. Bessy shopping in the morning. We dined at Douglas's at five, and she and they went to the play to see Miss O'Neil in "Juliet," while I went to dine again at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Mackintosh, Brougham, Hallam, Wishaw, Sir Alexander Johnstone,

to owe any money to friends." Dined with Admiral Douglas, and went to Mrs. Drummond Burrell's in the evening; the Duchess of York, and all the world (at least all the summer world) there. Came away early.

14th. Dined with Power (Strand) to meet Bishop, who brought two more of the airs he has arranged. He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning, getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire. Went at ten to meet Richard Power at the York, where we supped; thence home to pack, as I was to be off in the morning.

15th. Set off for home in the York coach at seven o'clock: Pigou's brother one of my fellow-passengers; lives near Reading, and wished me to stop and pass a day or two with him. Found the Phipps's gig at Calne, waiting to take me home. Bessy and the little ones quite well; but the dear girl much annoyed at the idea of my going to France without her. My intention, however, is, if the negotiation should threaten to be tedious (which I rather fear it will), to have her and the little ones over, and settle either at Calais or Boulogne till it is terminated.

16th. Walked to Devizes to witness the nomination of a member for the county, in the place of Methuen, who has resigned. Dined at Salmon's with the Phippses, and walked home in the evening. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he had written to me to town on reading in the newspapers of my misfortune, and as he supposed the letter had missed, he would repeat what was in it, namely, that he would be most happy to assist me in this exigency, either by becoming my security, or in any other way I could point out. This is real friendship, and should make me pause a little in my conclusions with respect to the hollowness of the great. It is the more valuable from Lord L.'s being a man that measures well every step he takes, and therefore means all he professes.

17th. Walked to Bowood. Sat with Lord Lansdowne some time, and thanked him, as well as I could, for his great kindness to me. I had sent him Byron's "Don Juan," and he was most delighted with some parts of it. Walked to show me a pretty path through the wood on my return. Dined at home. The Phippses and Macdonald dined with me on some salmon I had brought with me from town. Mrs. Macdonald and her visitors the Debretts in the evening. Sung to them.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Company: the Hollands and Morpeths, Lord J. Russell, &c. I mentioned before dinner, to Lord Holland, two passages that had struck me in looking over a new publication of Montgomery's that morning. The first was:

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct,—they hold their way
In glory through the sky."

Lord H. did not much like them. In the first place he said, "they begged the question;" but surely poets are privileged to be even bold beggars in this way. In the next place he said, the stars reappeared continually, which the dead did not: but the poet only compares the dead to stars "by day;" and it is too hard upon similes to travel out of the record thus in search of things in which the objects compared are *not* like. The other passage describes a setting of the sun behind a hill:

"and in his own blue element expires:
Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
On Horeb's consecrated mount, and died!"

This he was more tolerant about. Lord John Russell talked to me, with much kindness, about my Bermuda business. We all walked in the evening through the pleasure-grounds. I joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at supper. Wrote an election squib while at supper, copied it out like print, and left it to be sent to the "Salisbury Journal" by Mrs. P. in the morning.

20th. Looked over papers. Began a song to an air of Pleyel's, "To paint her brow is a task beyond." Walked in the evening through the ruin, with Bessy and Mrs. P. (who had dined with us), to Macdonald's, in order to settle about a pic-nic party which we had intended to the wood to-morrow. It being so wet, resolved to have it in-door at Macdonald's instead.

21st. Received a letter from Lord J. Rus-

sell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, "I am very poor; but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him." Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday (19th) my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his "Life of Lord Russell," just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter. This is all most creditable both to them and me; and it is really worth while being in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides. Dined at Macdonald's, the cold pic-nic dinner laid out very rurally and tastefully in their barn, which was lined all round with tablecloths, large wreaths of flowers, &c. &c. Danced in the evening, and did not get home till two o'clock.

22nd. Received a letter from my unknown friend Mrs. A., offering me her house as a place of concealment, if I found it necessary, but saying it was unknown to her husband she made this offer, and begging me to answer her letter so as not to discover her having done so. Dined at Bowood: nearly the same party. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan, which I have made notes of among my memoranda. Sung in the evening, and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands *feel* a little what I could do in this way, for they never heard me properly before. Lady H. evidently much pleased: told me afterwards my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard. Lord H., Lord Lansdowne, and I talked of poetry. Lord H. inclined to place Virgil and Racine in the very highest rank; but have they enough of the imagination, of the sublime, for this distinction? Dryden too close a reasoner to be much a poet of imagination; yet Milton's imagination did not hurt his powers in this way; at least in what may be called his *political* reasoning, exhibited so powerfully in the speeches of the Devil; the theological argumentation in his poetry being

wretched enough. Lord Holland said a man's enjoyment of "The Medal" was the true test whether he was a real admirer of Dryden or not. Lord H. has no ear for the *music* of verse. Gave the last lines of Denham's "Cooper's Hill" as a specimen of perfect harmony in versification; yet in these lines both the pauses and the cadences are unvaried. Milton, as Lord Lansdowne justly said, is the truly musical poet, and Milton was a musician, which neither Pope nor any of his monotonous imitators are. The genuine music of poetry is to be found in the olden time, and we, in these days, would revive its note, if the lovers of the Popish sing-song would let us. Slept at Bowood.

23rd. Breakfasted at Bowood; Lord Holland mentioned a Mr. P—— who lived at Bath, rather a nervous man; and who finding that his estates in Ireland were not going on as they ought, went over in order to examine his agent's accounts; but on his arrival there for that purpose, the agent said to him, "Sir, I think it right to inform you that, if you look over my books, I shall consider it as personal;" upon which poor Mr. P—— returned frightened to Bath again. Dined at home. Mrs. P. dined with us in order to go to a rural party in the evening at Hughes's Belvidere, near Devizes. Very nearly upset by the horse backing down the hill. The place very pretty and the evening delicious. Met Phipps on our return at night to Devizes. He drove us home.

24th. Received a letter from Miss F—— (the lady who wrote "Come, Stella, arouse thee"): full of sorrow at my misfortune, and offering me the copyright of a volume of poems which she has ready for publication. Dinner at home: Salmon and Miss S. Hughes; the Phippses and Brabant in the evening. Sung. Supped out in the open air at ten o'clock, and sat out till half-past eleven. The candles hardly moved by a breath. Had written to Lord Holland about some voters for Bennet. Received a long answer from him, begging me to state particularly to Bennet or his friends, that it was *because* he believed him a friend to religious liberty, and an enemy to all disqualifying tests, that he gave him his good wishes in the contest. A note too from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to dinner to-morrow.

25th. Dined at Bowood; company as be-

&c. Got into a sad scrape during dinner, by repeating Byron's unpardonable verses upon poor Romilly; for I found afterwards, that Romilly's son was sitting opposite to me. Left Lord L.'s at nine, and joined the party at Covent Garden. Saw "Mother Goose." In talking of Crabbe with Hallam at dinner, he quoted what Miss —— had said of him as a companion, that "the cake was no doubt very good, but there was too much sugar to cut through in getting at it." To-day my Bermuda cause comes on.

6th. A desperate wet day. We dined at Power's, in the Strand. Had taken places for Bessy and her train in the Calne coach for to-morrow.

7th. Walked out with Bess, and made some visits. She bought a seal as a present for Mrs. Phipps, and ordered "Sophia" and a "Forget-me-not" to be engraved upon it, which the man said he would have ready by half-past four. Dined early, and saw her and her little ones off. Was mortified sadly at finding that I had by mistake taken their places in the six-inside coach, and that they were crammed in with a legion of disagreeable people, and a pile at the top quite terrifying. Wanted Bessy to forfeit what I had paid and give up going; but she would not. Worried myself about it all the evening. Richard Power and I went to the Lyceum to see the Jovial Crew; from thence to Covent Garden, behind the scenes—Don Juan and Miss Stephens; afterwards to Vauxhall, where we were joined by Beecher and a Mr. French. Saw Madame Saqui ascending among the fireworks, more like a vision than anything I had ever yet beheld. Supped, drank arrack-punch, and was home by three. Have not heard from Toller to-day, so take for granted my cause did not come on yesterday.

8th. Walked about with R. Power in the morning: called at Lord Blessington's, and fixed Sunday for both of us to dine with him. Dined at Richardson's (P. and S.) for the purpose of going to see Miss O'Neil in "Evdadne." There being a delay in bringing dinner, we resolved to eat but half of it before the play, and have the rest afterwards. Miss O'Neil's acting most exquisitely touching. Must no longer delay thanking Sheil for his dedication of this very effective play to me.

9th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, and

found Luttrell and him going upon the water to follow the Fishmongers' barge, and enjoy the music. Went with them, upon Rogers's insuring my return at six to Douglas's christening dinner. Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river: "Gad, sir," says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been championing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does. I was mentioning the poems lately published by "Barry Cornwall," which had been sent to me by the author; and that, on my calling at the publisher's to leave my card for him, I was told his real name was Proctor, but that "being a gentleman of fortune, he did not like to have his name made free with in the Reviews." "I suppose," says Luttrell, "he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumena luat in corpore*?" (These poems, by the by, are full of original talent.) In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours*." Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with "We part only to meet again." At Hammersmith, on our return, I took the coach to town, but was after all too late, and lost my dinner at Douglas's. Dined alone at the George; and went behind the scenes at Covent Garden to see "Figaro." Miss Stephens and that pretty Miss Beaumont delightful in "Suzanna and the Page." There is no such pleasant piece as "Figaro."

10th. Took for granted, from not having heard since Tuesday from Toller, that all was safe; but the truth came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning; the cause was heard and decided against me, and in two months from last Wednesday, an attachment is to be put in force against my person. Toller had written to tell me, but from his misdirecting his note to Duke Street, Westminster, I have been left in the bliss of ignorance for these three days past. Went and consulted with the Longmans, who are all anxiety and kindness. Wrote to tell Bessy the sad news, which comes the worse from my having been

lately led to expect that the case would be dismissed. Beecher offered me an asylum in his place near Cork, if I thought I could conceal myself there; and this I should like better than a flight to France, if I thought I could be safe there. Dined with our Power at the George, and went to "Don Juan" in the evening.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and afterwards went out to Holland House. Found they knew of my misfortune on Tuesday last, Brougham having been at the Cockpit when it was decided, and having written a despatch from thence to Lady Holland. R. Power and I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chopline*."

12th. Wrote to old Sheldon, who recommended this precious deputy (his nephew) to me. Every one says he is bound in honour to bear me harmless through the loss, but I have but little hope that he will. Met Bishop at Power's (Strand) to see his arrangements of the "National Aids" I gave him: like what he has done very much. Dined with R. Power and Beecher at the Piazza, in order to see Miss O'Neil in "Belvidera:" had called upon her in the morning. The play altogether well acted; she, all woman, and thorough woman. What a play it is! and what a woman she is! The Blessingtons in the Prince's box. Joined them after the play, and went home and supped with them. My lady very anxious for me to stay in town for a dinner of Opposition people, they are to have next week; is trying, with all her influence, to bring the Peer over to the right side of politics, and says she is sure of succeeding. Wishes much I would introduce Lord Lansdowne to her.

13th. Had an interview with Dr. Lushington, who advises my keeping out of the way, and has no doubt that by so doing I may make a good compromise with these American merchants. He, as well as Rogers and others, seem to think that any place of concealment in Ireland would not have security enough, and that I had better go to France. By the by, Burdett, on Sunday last, was strenuously advising an application to the Crown to relinquish *its* claim (the least of the three), and

was proceeding at last to enforce it so seriously, that I was obliged to declare warmly that I would rather bear twice the calamity than suffer the least motion to be made towards asking the slightest favour from the Crown. It was singular enough that I should be pitted against Sir Francis on such a subject. Called at the Longmans, who have come forward in the handsomest manner, and offered to advance me any sum, in the way of business, to which by compromise I may be able to reduce the sum of the claims upon me (which at present seems to be near 6000*l.*), saying that they have the most perfect confidence in me every way. This is very gratifying, and this is the plan I mean to adopt as the most independent and most comfortable to my feelings. Called upon Perry, who put in a paragraph yesterday stating the circumstance. This paragraph has made a great sensation. He had had a letter from "Examiner" Hunt the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription, without consulting me at all, and saying, with a warmth, which I am very grateful for, "that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to keep such a man from going to prison." I begged of Perry, however, to put a stop to his intentions of proposing a subscription. Perry most friendly offered every assistance in his power, and suggested whether a private subscription, in the way of a loan, might not be got up among my own immediate friends, without inciting any objection in my mind. He had already cited Charles Fox as a precedent for a subscription; but this was a blemish in Fox's life to be deplored rather than imitated; and I never shall forget Sir Charles Hastings complaining to me once of Fox's *hau-teur* in scarcely returning his bow, "Though, by G—— (says Sir Charles), I was one of those who gave 300*l.* towards his maintenance." Who would have this said of him that could, by a crust and water, avoid it? Called upon Rogers, who objects to my "making myself a slave to the booksellers," and thinks I ought to accept of the offers of friends. "There is my 500*l.* (he said) ready for you. Your friend Richard Power will, of course, advance another." I answered, "No, my dear Rogers, your 500*l.* has done its duty most amply; and I am resolved never more, if I can help it.

ly wishes that I should, at all events, go in the first instance to Paris, as he is going there himself. Dined at Macdonald's, for the purpose of going to Lock's ball in the evening. Bessy came, and dressed after dinner. A very gay ball. Got home at five in the morning.

12th. Called at Bowood. Took with me some of S.'s papers, which Lord L. had expressed a wish to see.

13th. Drove with Phipps to Bowood. Sung for Mrs. P.'s friend Mrs. Tindall, before we went. Dined at Locke's.

14th. Called on Mrs. P. Thence to Money's, who walked me through some parts of his grounds; very pretty and secluded. A dinner at home; the Hugheses. In the evening the P.s came; played at "The Jew," and supped.

15th. Wrote a verse of a song to the "Gargon volage," and copied out some of my "Life of Sheridan." Dined at Bowood. Company: Lemon and Lady Charlotte, Richard Wellesley, and Sir Charles Ball. Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of "Comus," when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord L. told of his calling upon her one morning, and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment; only think! the grey parrot has just laid an egg." Stories of mistakes of Frenchmen and Englishmen. In returning home in the evening overtook the P.s and Macdonalds riding. Went to sup at Macdonald's.

17th. Transcribed a little. Had a tea-drinking party, and a dance to the pianoforte in the evening; our party about sixteen. Did not separate till near three in the morning. On their drinking my health at supper, made them a short speech, alluding to the probability of my soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women.

18th. Dined at the Book Club at Chippenham; my first time of appearing among them since they elected me by acclamation. Made a speech after dinner, on my health being

drunk, in which I eulogised book societies. Said if I wished to give a foreigner an idea of the taste and turn of thinking of the middle classes of England, I should be content to refer him to the annual list of books selected for these societies; no trash, &c. &c.; but works solid, useful, and enlightening; the labours of the historian, &c. &c.; or, if sometimes they turned to reading lighter works, it was but to drink of such rich streams of fiction as that which had lately issued so abundantly from the North,—whose source was almost as hidden as that of the Nile, but which seemed as if, like the Nile, it would flow for ever. If controversy, such controversy as that which Bowles (who was present) had lately maintained with Campbell, "where two of the first poetical champions of the day equip themselves from the shining armoury of taste, and enter the lists in a strife as gentle as it is animated,—while the pure flame of poetical feeling is seen, like that on the helmet of Diomed, issuing from the brow of each combatant during the conflict."

19th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, to show him the letter Allen had received from his friend Thompson, expressing no doubt whatever as to the safety of Holyrood House. Rogers, however, had told Allen that I was threatened with an Exchequer process, which he feared Holyrood would not protect me from; but I have nothing of the sort to fear. Lord L. gave me another letter he had just received from Allen for me, inclosing one from Mackintosh on the same subject. Borrowed a collection of French airs from L., and began words to one in walking home,—"*Love is a hunter boy.*" Dined quietly at home, and transcribed in the evening. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, saying the Duke wished me to go to Woburn for a few days before our departure for Paris.

20th. Wrote to Allen, Mackintosh, and Lord John. Mrs. Phipps took Bessy and me into Devizes in her carriage, that Bessy might return Mrs. Esteourt's visit. Mrs. P. dined with us; and, in the evening, she and I and Anastasia walked through the beautiful valley behind our cottage.

22d. A very kind letter from Mackintosh, in which he says, "You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find any where." Regulated my papers

preparatory to my flight; tore letters, &c. Dined at Macdonald's to meet the Phippses.

23d. Employed in preparation for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven! we shall not be long asunder. Dined at home at half-past two, and dined at Bowwood afterwards. Called upon Mrs. P. on my way. Mrs. Bennet arrived while I was with her. Lord L. quoted a line to the poetical Emperor of China, something like, "*Et tous tes vers son bons dans ton empire.*" Told of Lord Morley's having engaged a governess, and afterwards found out, by his misdirecting a letter of hers which he was franking, that she was the female orator at the British Forum. The letter was sent to Mrs. Villiers, and in it the oratoress gave her opinion pretty freely of the family, and mentioned the use she intended to make of the knowledge she acquired among them in her future speeches. Walked with Lord L. on the terrace in the evening. Mentioned to him my transactions with Lord Moira; his promise to me during the reign of the Whigs, that I should be one of the auditors of public accounts; my final interview and conversation with him, &c. &c. Had much talk about Lord M.'s efforts to form an administration, after the failure of his negotiations with Grey and Grenville. He had gone so far as to fix with three or four to go to Carlton House to kiss hands; but Canning, who was one of them, went there in an every-day coat, as he knew he could not kiss hands without a dress one, and was resolved merely to go and see what was doing.

24th. Left Calne for town in the White Lion coach; Windham, Lady Ennismore's brother, joined at Marlborough. Went with him, on arriving in town, to the Piazza, and had turtle and cold punch. Slept at my lodgings in Duke Street.

25th. Transcribed my "Sheridan" for Murray till one o'clock. Called at Tegart's. Met the Duke of Leinster, and got three franks. Miss Tegart knows Cobbett's family, and says the women are as feminine and engaging persons as can be; Miss Cobbett, a particularly nice girl. Went to Power's; and thence to Longman's by water. They advise my taking this opportunity to make my three months' tour, and think the plan I have of a few Poetical Epistles from the most remarkable places

would pay my expenses. Called at Drury Lane upon Ward, who promises to give me very important documents with respect to Sheridan's theatrical concerns. Told me the skeleton of the "Forty Thieves" was Sheridan's; then he (Ward) filled it up, and afterwards George Colman got 100*l.* for an infusion of jokes, &c., into it. Sheridan used to lie in bed all day; not for the purpose of indulging his indolence (as he wished it to be supposed, and as it was supposed), but for study and preparation. Told me that once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things I believe sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, &c., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for safe custody to a trusty person, and left there, till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from S. and the women concerned, on the strength of them. S. consulted Ward; and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action. Dined at the George; while at dinner received a note written by a gentleman in the room, a Mr. —, saying, that finding out who I was, he could not, as a friend of Walter Scott and an admirer of poetry in general, resist the opportunity of introducing himself, and begging I would take some wine with him. Joined him after I had done dinner, and drank a bottle of claret with him. A parson and a poet himself, but not very orthodox, I suspect, in either capacity. Went to the Lyceum, and saw "Belles without Beaux," and "Amateurs and Actors." Wilkinson excellent.

26th. Received a letter from Allen, inclosing one from Thomson, which appears to me to be quite decisive as to the safety of Holyrood House. A letter too from Mackintosh inferring a *different* result of his inquiries; but he owns it is upon the authority of English lawyers, who judge more by analogy than experience. Transcribed till one o'clock. Called at Carpenter's, who told me Lord Strangford had written to him most anxiously about my affair. By the bye, I forget whether I have recorded what I heard from Dublin the other day, that the Bishop of Kildare (whom I know not at all), when a subscription was talked of for me, said his 50*l.* was ready; and "*c'est beaucoup dire*" from a bishop. Called at

fore. Had employed the morning in looking out Mr. Fox's letters from among Sheridan's papers, to take to Lord Holland. Took with me also some letters of the Prince's, in order to put some queries to him about them. After coffee, went with Lord H. to his dressing-room, and read over these letters together. Told me some curious particulars, which I have noted down elsewhere. Returned to the drawing-room and sung. Lord H. particularly pleased with "War against Babylon." Lady H. expressed a wish to me afterwards that I would write something in that style of "philosophical pathos," which she said I possessed, about the captive on the rock of St. Helena. Told me she sent him out presents every three months through Lord Bathurst, and had received two or three messages from him, acknowledging hers and Lord H.'s kindness. Had got other persons too to send him something. Lord Glenbervie had sent his book; so had Lord John Russell. Talked with Lord H. of Barrow and Taylor. He said few people had read them, and laughed at the coxcombry of Jeffrey for referring always so pompously to them, though most likely as little read in them as others. I mentioned I had heard that Mr. Fox was very fond of Barrow. He said he was not aware of this; but that Lord Chat-ham was, and of reading "Bailey's Dictionary." I said that it was a practice of Curran's too to read through the Dictionary. Lord H. and Lord L. said they neither of them had ever read any English grammar till Cobbett's lately. I mentioned our study of the English grammar in Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne said he could easily suppose that I had made English grammar a particular study, as he had never known any Irishman but myself who did not sometimes make mistakes about "will" and "shall." The best remarks on the use of these words he had ever seen, were in Mitford's "Harmony of Languages." A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he *understands Trap*." Mentioned that George Dyer, in despair of getting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these

patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Georgiana Morpeth fixed Tuesday to come and call upon Bessy. Slept at Bowood.

26th. Lord H. in the morning hailed me on my coming into the breakfast-room, with a shout of "War against Babylon," and said if he knew how to sing he would have chanted it out in passing my bed-room door. Dined at home. Mrs. P. and the Macdonalds in the evening. Played at bagatelle; Mrs. P. and Bessy and I as Bennetites against Macdonald, Mrs. D., Miss Maugham, and Miss Debrett as Astleyites; and beat them.

27th. Waited all the morning for Lady L. &c. Was to dine at Hughes's in Devizes, and met her on her way to the cottage after I had set out. Lord Morpeth one of the party; and, as I found afterwards, Lord Lansdowne and Lord J. Russell joined them at the cottage. Left Devizes at eight and joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at Macdonald's, where I found them dancing quadrilles. Took to country dances, and I afterwards supped out in the garden, in a bower, very prettily lighted up.

28th. Looking over papers in the morning. Drank tea, and supped at Hughes's.

29th. Macdonald took Bessy and me in his carriage to call at Bowood. Found Lord and Lady L. Saw some new pictures he had had down. A copy from one of the Caracci by Ross, most beautiful. Went and drank tea with Mrs. P. P. came home from Salisbury in the evening.

30th. Was to have dined at Bishop's Cannings, but sent an excuse. Had Macdonald and Mrs. P. in the evening, and supped *al fresco*.

31st. Took a cold collation to Chittoway Wood; Bessy and Mrs. Phipps, Miss Maugham, Miss Debrett, and Anastasia. Phipps not well, and could not come. A very delightful day. The Hugheses to supper.

August 1st. Called to inquire after Phipps, and sauntered with him and her through their gardens. Dined at home; and went, Bessy and I, to drink tea at Phipps's. Walked into his wood to choose a place for the pic-nic dinner they are to give on Friday next.

2nd. Bowles called in the morning. Much delighted with an article in "Blackwood's Magazine," concerning his controversy with

Campbell. Told me of his having advised the poor psalm-writer (that comes to him for charity) to turn Dissenting preacher; of his rigging him out with an old black coat and breeches of his own, and saying, "There, now you are fit to preach before any one." Excellent this in a minister of the establishment. In the evening a *fête champêtre* at Salmons' near Devizes; a beautiful place, and every thing gay and *riant*; a boat on the little lake, musicians playing on the island in the middle of it, tents pitched for it, &c. &c. Bessy did not go, which I was very sorry for. Walked about with Mrs. P., and danced afterwards till three o'clock. It was said that the mob of Devizes had threatened to burn the wood, this being the high fever of the election; but all was quiet.

4th. Walked to Bowood, and called at P.'s in the way. Saw Lady Lansdowne, and left with her a memorandum book of Sheridan's, in which I had found Lord L.'s name down among a list of persons for some subscription. Wished to know for what purpose it was. She spoke of Lady Holland; she would not set out on a journey of a Friday for any consideration; dreadfully afraid of thunder, &c. &c. I had received, by the by, a kind letter from her, two or three days since, inclosing one from Brougham, in which he said that Creevey, who lived a great deal with Sheridan, will be very happy to write down for me whatever anecdotes he remembers.

5th. Phipps returned from Salisbury, with franks from Bennet, who triumphed yesterday. Bessy went early to P.'s to assist in making preparations for the pic-nic of to-morrow. We both dined there; and in the evening chose the place in the plantations for the dinner. Put up an awning, and covered the posts with laurel, &c., &c.

6th. Day unluckily wet for the *fête*, but cleared up a little. Dined in the bower; very merry; the dancing, too, very pleasant; and did not break up till past three in the morning.

7th. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowood. Company, besides ourselves, Mr. Joy and Bowles. Talked of the Princess of Wales's meditated return to England, and the probable consequences of it: whether it may not be the ambition of Lady Hertford that is stirring up the process of a divorce. Percival's book.

When he sent one of the privately printed copies to Canning the latter very prudently sent it back without breaking the seal, and said, as he was sure it would some day or other find its way to the public eye, he would not run the risk of being at all suspected of having any share in its promulgation, by keeping the copy in his possession. Lord L. told me he perfectly remembered the occasion on which he had subscribed 100*l.* for Sheridan; it was to defray the expenses of his standing for Westminster. Talked of the memorandums for speeches among S.'s papers. How different from those left among Burke's. The latter were merely memorandums of the *reasoning*, for Burke could trust the wealth of his imagination. Sheridan, on the contrary, whose imagination was slow, took notes chiefly of the *shining* parts, the figures, jokes, &c. &c. We talked of Vanini the atheist, whom, strange enough, Bowles said he had never heard of. Lord L. mentioned an anecdote (not very credible), that when this poor wretch was in the flames, he was heard to cry out "*Mon Dieu!*" "*Mon Dieu!*" and on some one saying, "Listen to him now; he owns there is a God," Vanini answered, "*Façon de parler.*" I mentioned his writing a letter to the Pope to say, that if he did not give him a benefice he would, in six months, overturn the whole Christian religion; and I believe he actually set about appointing twelve apostles for that purpose. I have read one book of his, and it is very dull. Came away early and supped at Macdonald's. Began to-day a song to a Maltese air, "When the merry castanet."

8th. To church. Dined at home. Mrs. P. in the evening.

9th. Have been comparing the MS. report of S.'s Westminster Hall speech with the printed one in the history of the trial; and making extracts, which I shall get Mrs. P. and others to transcribe for me. I drank tea at Hughes's.

10th. Lord Lansdowne called, and brought me a letter from Allen, on the subject of my going to reside at Holyrood House, about which Lady Holland wrote to me some days since. They think in Edinburgh it would protect me; and certainly, if so, it would be far preferable to the transportation of my family to the Continent. Allen has written to Thomson of Edinburgh to inquire. Lord L. evident-

person refused to let Mackintosh see some papers for his history, and afterwards boasted to the Duke of Wellington of his having done so. Upon the Duke replying that he thought Mackintosh *might* have been allowed to see them, this fellow said, *Mais, milord, il va écrire une histoire Whig, et moi je suis Monarchique, et vous aussi.* Lord John will, after a fortnight's stay, take me over the Alps; but he goes by Mont Cenis, on his way to Genoa, so that I shall lose the sight of the Simplon, which will be impassable on my return. Slept at Chantilly.

8th. Arrived at Paris between two and three o'clock: went to the Hotel Breteuil, and took the same rooms Rogers and I were in two years ago, with the addition of another bedroom, for which, between us, we pay eight napoleons a week. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went in the evening to the Opera; "Fernando Cortez," by Spontini: admirable music. The ballet, "La Servante Justifiée." Had met in walking before dinner Lord Ranelagh, Lord Auckland, Ward, Lady Granard, and some other acquaintances. Ward walked for some time with us in the Tuileries, and *pumped up* some clever things, but the effort was too visible. Eat ice at the Mille Colonnes after the opera.

9th. Heard the Lansdownes arrived yesterday. Made some calls, on Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, &c. &c. Dined at Massinot's, and went to the Variétés; the "Comédie Gri-voise" of Dorat et Vadé, which has some humour in it; and "Werther," which is an admirable burlesque. Lord John went afterwards to Mad. de Flahault's, where I was asked, but did not go, preferring an ice at the Mille Colonnes.

10th. Saw Lord Lansdowne: drove about in Lord John's *calèche*. Went to the church of St. Sulpice; the organ very beautiful. Dined with Macdonald, who has just married Lord Albemarle's daughter, Lady Sophia. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord Auckland, Lord John, and myself. Went to the Théâtre Français to see Mdlle. Mars in the "Misanthrope" and "Les Étourdis," but got squeezed down nearly under the stage, and saw only a scene or two, but those were admirable. The scandal scene, where they all sit to cut up characters, which certainly, one would think, had given the hint to Sheridan,

and Celimene's retort upon Arsinoé (I think), the Mrs. Candour of the piece. Not able to stand the pressure: went off to the Opera, to a box which Lord Auckland had, and sat by a pretty little girl, Miss Herbert: the pieces, my old friends "Anacreon chez Polycrète" and "Flore et Zephyre." Lord Lansdowne mentioned at dinner the practice which they have in Ava of annually squirting water at each other,—king, court, and all. Eat ice at Tortoni's afterwards. Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "that generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

11th. Went to see the Exposition of the year at the Louvre. The pictures strike me as not very good, but I yield to the opinion of others. William Locke (who though an ultra-Fuseli in his taste, knows a good deal of the art) says the French artists are making great progress; and Comerford, the painter, whom I met to-day at the Louvre, praises their historical pictures most warmly. Called afterwards at Galignani's: had already purchased, for forty francs, his complete edition of my works, in six volumes. Cruel kindness this, to rake up all the rubbish I have ever written in my life—good, bad, and indifferent; it makes me ill to look at it. Went to Lafitte's for money, and found a long-wished-for letter from my darling Bessy. Dined with the Ranelaghs, Lady Adelaide Forbes, Lord John, and Mrs. Villiers. The fashion now, it seems, among Frenchwomen is politics: they talk of passing the greater part of the morning at the Chambre des Députés, instead of at a milliner's, &c. &c. Went afterwards to the Feydeau; "Richard Cœur de Lion," which I had seen before. Wrote to Gallois to put him off a dinner we had fixed with him, on account of a fête at St. Cloud to-morrow.

12th. Went, at a little after eleven, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and have seldom been more affected than I was at this very interesting place, which throws a sort of charm over death, and is highly creditable to the domestic feelings of the French. The inscriptions, some of them, most simple and touching. Molière and La Fontaine's tombs are near each other, but not decorated or *soignés*. I

did not see Ney's nor Labédoyère's: the name of the former, I hear, is effaced, and it is only to be found out with the assistance of the Concierge. The tomb of the Isabeys is remarkable. Suard's too, who died lately, very old: at the bottom of the inscription over him is, *Il attend son amie*; somebody wrote *Qu'il attende*. I saw there the tomb of poor Miss Coghlan, the Duchesse de Castries, *uxor optima*, as the stone called her. Afterwards went to the great fête at St. Cloud: a large party of us; the Lansdownes, Macdonalds, Lord Auckland, Fielding (Lady Elizabeth's husband), and Mrs. and Miss Herbert. I had the care of the latter through the day. Nothing could be gayer than this fête, and one of the *jets d'eau* was quite sublime. Went to a show to see canaries fire off little cannons, stand on their heads, pretend to be dead, &c. &c. Dined at St. Cloud, and walked about afterwards among the crowd of dancers mountebanks, mirloton players, &c. &c. Returned to town at nine. I went to sup at the Café Hardy, on a *salade de volaille*, having got but little to eat at St. Cloud.

13th. Called upon the Herberts, and sang to them: the little girl sang one or two things rather pretty, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Lord John to the Panorama of Jerusalem. Dined with Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald: company, Lord Granard and Mrs. Rawdon. Lord Lansdowne had called before I left home, and fixed to go with me to the Opera: came for me to Lady Charlotte's at seven. The entertainments "*Le Devin du Village*," "*Le Rossignol*," and the "*Carnival de Venise*." Extreme simplicity of the "*Devin du Village*;" it must be confessed, too, rather dull. Met Count and Countess Flahault coming out of the theatre; asked me to dine with Madame de Souza on Thursday next. This morning looked over some of the "*Novelle*" of Casti at a bookseller's, and found them much more licentious than I expected.

14th. Lord John mentioned that Lord Holland once kept a journal for a week of the conversations at Holland House, and that he reads it himself with much effect, being such an excellent mimic. Grattan was a principal person in the conversations. Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the In-

stitute *Laissons, au moins, la République des lettres*. Dined at the Cadran Bleu, and went afterwards to the Ambigu Comique to see the "*Songé*;" the last scene most beautiful; the hinder part of the floor of the stage is completely taken away, and a moonlight valley with villages, &c. made in it. The actors came up from this valley.

15th. My arrival in Paris announced in Galignani. Went with the Herberts and Lord Auckland to the Opera; "*Armida*," beautiful in music, in spectacle, and in dancers. The song, *Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire*, delicious; the symphony mixing the flowing of the river with the warbling of birds. Went home with the Herberts, and on leaving them was stopped by an Englishman on the Boulevards, who begged me to go with him a little way to seize two fellows who formed part of a gang that attacked him last night. "If it hadn't been for my own courage," he added, "by the Almighty God I should have been murdered." Told me that an Englishman had been murdered on the spot a few nights since. His manner very suspicious. Made an excuse of some appointment, &c., and left him to seize the two braves himself.

16th. Called upon the Herberts: sung to the little girl, and copied out the "*Evening Bells*" for her. Dreadful rain; got the two pieces of the evening, and came home and read them:—"*La Coquette corrigée*" and "*Le Légs*." Dined with the Flahaults: company, Gallois, Monsieur Trecchi, &c. Madlle. Mars's acting very charming, but, in my mind, a little over-rated; her head shakes a great deal. The play one that reads better than it acts. Took ice with Lord John at Ruccesi's afterwards. Voltaire listening to an author, who was reading to him his comedy and said *Ici le Chevalier rit*, exclaimed *Il est bien heureux!* By the bye, received a letter to-day from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologising for his taking such a liberty with "the first poet of the age," but saying that he has his friend Sir Sidney Smith to dinner, and begging me, "like the bards of old, to waive ceremony and join the party."

17th. A poem on my arrival in Paris in Galignani: received a letter from a lady, who says she is an old friend of mine, and quoting some lines of mine from "*Go, where glory*

Power's, at Longman's, and at Toller's. T. thinks they will not be very alert in their pursuit of me; but I must not trust to this. Dined at Tegart's, Mrs. and Miss Cobbett in the evening; the mother, a quiet, good sort of woman; and the daughter, very gentle, and, I dare say, sensible. When we talked of the rude manners of the Americans, Mrs. Cobbett said it was the *republican* part of them that deserved this character; for the Royalist or Federal party were very different in their manners. Went to the Haymarket, and saw Liston speak a speech upon an ass.

27th. Wrote till one. Went to Power's, and copied out two songs for him. Thence to Longman's, who gave me the proofs of "An Epistle to Thomas Moore, Esq.," of which they are printing fifty copies to distribute among my friends. The name of the author is a secret. By the bye, a thing has just been published, called "The Fudger Fudged; or, T—y M—e and the Devil." I ordered a copy down in Phipps's fish basket the other day: never was there such wretched stuff. Dined at Lady Blessington's; company, Mrs. Purvis, Stroëhling the painter and his wife, Dr. Richardson, who travelled with Lord Belmore, and is about to publish; Tegart, and Charles Kemble. Mrs. Stroëhling sung in the evening very sweetly. Did not get home till three o'clock.

28th. Transcribed. Made calls. Went with Woolriche to dine at a bad coffee-house in Spring Gardens, and thence to Astley's.

29th. Transcribed. Called upon Mrs. Stroëhling, who sung over to me some of the things I liked, and promised to copy them for me. Orme called at half-past two to take me out to dine at Longman's at Hampstead: Mrs. — looking very pretty: sang some of my "Sacred Songs" with her in the evening. Slept there.

30th. Walked in, after looking over "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." He says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he was more of a *dandy* than any great author I ever saw, always excepting Tom Moore." Called at Heath's the engraver, to see the design Stothard has done for the second number of the "National Melodies." Love and Hope is beautiful, but Common Sense does not tell the story at all. A note from Elliston, wishing me to call upon him at Drury Lane. Went, as I had an appointment with Ward also, in order to get some papers relating to Sheridan from him. Elliston's business was to entreat me to write something for the theatre. When I mentioned the precariousness of writing for the stage he said, "As to *success*, one cannot answer; but as to money, there shall be no precariousness; for I have such dependence upon your talents, that I will buy the piece at once from you. Name your own price, and rate yourself as you ought, among the highest." This is very flattering, but I fear the new manager is altogether too dashing. Dined with Power, and looked over music in the evening.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY TRAVELS IN ITALY WITH LORD JOHN RUSSELL, CHANTRY THE SCULPTOR, JACKSON THE PAINTER, &c.

AUGUST 31st, 1819. Dined with Tegart. Went in the evening to sup at Lord Blessington's: had received in the morning some verses from him, reminding me of my engagement to meet the Duke of York, George Colman, Rodgers, &c. at dinner with him to-morrow.

September 1st. Received a letter from Bessy to say that she had made up her mind to come up for a day and see me once again before my departure: delighted at this. Sent an apology to Lord Blessington's. Heard from Rogers that Lord John Russell means to go on to Greece, and would probably take me on with

him from Paris. Rogers does not go. Dined at Power's at four, and went to the coach to meet Bessy at half-past six. After she had tea, took her to Astley's and saw the "high-mettled racer." Supped at home. A great effort in my dear girl to leave her little ones even for so short a time.

2nd. Received a letter from Lord John to say he will be in town this evening, and that he hopes I shall "not prefer Holyrood House with a view of Arthur's seat, to Paris with the range of all Europe." Have at last made up my mind, and shall go with him to Paris.

Bessy, too, thinks this best. Called upon Sheddou, by advice of the Longmans, to see whether he is likely to help me out of the difficulties brought on me by his nephew. Took Longman with me. Found him more warm in the cause than I expected. After shopping about with Bessy, and going (she and I) with Rogers to see some panoramas, dined at home. In the evening walked about, and took her place in the coach for to-morrow morning. Wrote to Lord John to say I shall accompany him.

3rd. Up at six and saw my darling girl off in the coach. God send I may meet her in health and in happiness; a nobler hearted creature never breathed! Called upon Lord John, and settled to be off to-morrow morning at seven. Arranged my money supplies with the Longmans, who are guarantees for me to Hammersley for a letter of credit to the amount of 400*l*. Lord John gave me a message from the Duke that he will be happy to take me across in his packet on Sunday morning. Took a warm bath at the Hummums, and dined there. Went to Power's, and arranged some things for him for the second number of "National Aids," which he is unluckily resolved to bring out in its present state.

Saturday 4th. Set off with Lord John in his carriage at seven; breakfasted, and arrived at Dover to dinner at seven o'clock; the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him that they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty. Told me an epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that the memory of his struggle would exist to the end of time:

"When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll,
How surprised will old Time be to see, at his end,
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!"

We mentioned several jeux d'esprit of this kind: "Why did you kick me down stairs?" Dr. Johnson's "Come, my lad, and drink some beer;" and I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:

"Cæsarem vehis et fortunas."

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough cross'd at Luggelaw;
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle bags!"

Talked a good deal of politics. Lord John much more moderate in his opposition than the Duke and Lord Tavistock. The Duke and Duchess arrived about an hour or two after us: drank tea with them.

5th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and sailed at ten: rough but quick passage. Got to Calais at one. Woolriche, who goes as the Duke's physician, made one of the party. All dined together at Quillac's, and in the evening Woolriche and I went to the *Spectacle*.

6th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and took leave of them; they are going for the Rhine. Woolriche very sorry I was not going on with them; and Lord John told me afterwards that the Duchess said she "wished they had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening." A good deal of conversation on the way. By and bye, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him, "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we, poor electors, are not paid properly at all." Lord John mentioned Mr. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny as full of legal knowledge and argument. A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some woman who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one said that she was very virtuous: *Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux*. Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice; she said once, *Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi—c'est la mienne*. Lunched at Breteuil, where were two very pretty girls: got on to Abbeville, where we slept.

7th. Breakfasted at a wretched house at Picquigny: arrived at Chantilly before eight in the evening, where we dined. Lord John talks of staying a fortnight at Paris, having to consult Barillon's papers for a second edition of his "Life of Lord Russell." Haute-rive, who has the care of these papers, was very uncivil to him on a former occasion when he applied for a sight of them. The same

nately shuddered and shed tears as I looked upon it. Just, too, as we arrived near the snows on the very summit, the moon rose beautifully over them, and gave a new sort of glory to the scene. Slept at the Hôtel of the Simplon.

28th. Descended the Simplon; new wonders; the torrent here the finest feature; the bridges thrown over it, and the galleries cut through the solid rock. All grand beyond description. The weather too most exquisite, and the soft balmy sun of Italy coming upon us so sweetly as we approached Domo d'Ossola; the rocks clothed with different trees from those we had left; chestnut and beech, and little streams glistening like silver down their sides. Reached Baveno between three and four; took a boat, and went on the Lago Maggiore to visit the Isola Madre and Isola Bella; the garden on the former (where only the gardener resides) very pretty. The palace of Count Borromeo on Isola Bella curious, and some of the rooms, particularly the Salone di Ballo, tasteful and splendid, but the gardens in wretched taste. Returned to the inn to dinner. In the evening walked out by moonlight, and heard on one side the sound of oars upon the lake, and on the other a wild sort of Ranz des Vaches played interruptedly by a horn among the mountains. Galignani says the rhododendron grows in the highest part of the Alps, and is thence called the Rose of the Alps. Must inquire about the pink snow at Spitzbergen, the colour of which, Lord John says, is caused by some herb or flower that grows in it. Slept at Baveno.

29th. Took a char-à-banc and drove to the Lake of Orta, about eight miles from Baveno. Went in a boat on the lake, which is smaller, more rural and secluded than the Lago Maggiore. Our boatman yesterday well described the latter as *più mercantante*; an appearance which the Isola dei Pescatori particularly gives it. Landed at Orta, which stands at the foot of the Sacro Monte, on which there is a church, monastery, &c. There happened to be a fair or *mercato* at Orta, which made the scene very gay; boats full of peasants, &c.; the women with picturesque straw hats; the priests walking among them, &c., &c. The Isola di San Giulio opposite Orta. Many miracles still performed at both those places, according to the authority

of our boatmen. Returned to Baveno to dinner, meaning to cross over to Laveno, for the purpose of going by that way to Como, but the only boat large enough to take the carriage was already gone to Laveno. Ordered horses therefore, and went on to Arona through Belgirate, all by the side of the lake, which in the bright moonlight looked most beautiful. We were quite in time for the vintage, as the grapes are still in abundance upon the branches, and all the picturesque work of gathering is going on; the baskets, the ladders against the trees, &c. The only pretty Italian girl I have yet seen was one this evening, bending under a large basket of grapes. Slept at Arona; got a glimpse of the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo in coming into the town.

30th. Left Arona early, crossed the ferry at Sesto, and arrived at Como between two and three; had luncheon and some of the vin-du-pays, which was very good, and then went in a boat upon the lake. Saw the Princess of Wales's house, which she has now sold to the banker whom Forsyth mentions, Torlonia, that has been made a duke. Como thickly inhabited all around, and with much air of business, but nothing to compare in beauty (as far as we saw it) with either of the other lakes. The boatmen told us it was fifty-two miles long, and to see it properly one ought to go as far as Cadenabbia; but we merely went as far as Pliniani, and saw the spring that Pliny has described as rising three times a day; then stopped at Villa Tansì, where Lord Sandwich and several other English have lived (at present in the possession of a Mr. Locke), and saw the garden, which is very pretty, and a grotto, like all other grottos (as Dr. Johnson says) "fit for a toad." Returned to the inn (the Angel) to dine, and went to the Opera in the evening; a very pretty theatre, and the novelty of its appearance particularly striking to me. A large space round the seats of the pit, in which the men walk about, and talk as in a coffee-house. The opera, "La Capricciosa Pentita," and a ballet upon some Roman subject. The dancers very awkward.

October 1st. Left Como at nine, and arrived at Milan between two and three. Passed on the way the splendid villa called Monte Bello, where (Galignani says) the treaty of Campo

Formio was signed. Went to the banker's and the post-office; but no letter from home. Dined with Lord Kinnaid; company, Silver-top, and a Colonel Browne, attached to our embassy at Vienna. Two Englishmen were robbed the other evening coming into Milan: nothing but robberies in the environs, and the police will give no assistance to apprehend the robbers. The fact is, Kinnaid says, the police is managed by contract, and they go to as little expense of course as they can. Colonel Brown mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy, I think 400,000*l.* sterling a-year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add 80,000*l.* worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they each had jewels about them to the amount of 500,000*l.* In the evening we went (by great favour) to a *prova* or dress rehearsal of a ballet that is to come out the latter end of next week. We went as the party of the Comtesse di Bubna, wife of the Austrian commander-in-chief here. The ballet allegorical and unintelligible, but the theatre was very fine, and the decorations beautiful. The subject was the "Four Ages." The Archduke Raynier (for whom the rehearsal was got up) was in his state box, and this was the only part of the house lighted up. The Palerine is the chief *dansense*, or rather pantomime actress, and has a good deal of grace.

October 2nd. Colonel Stanhope called; asked Lord John to dine with Lord and Lady Mansfield on Tuesday. Went to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana; the "Study for the School of Athens," by Raphael, original: most of the pictures copies. Saw the MS. Virgil of Petrarch, with his notes, and a professed autograph in the blank leaf respecting Laura; some think this fabricated: must see his life, &c. This Virgil bound by Buonaparte with several Ns on the back. Saw also the MSS. of the second and third century from which Maii, the present librarian, has taken facsimiles in his editions of Cicero, the Codex pictus of Homer, &c., &c. Many eminent men have been librarians here—Tiraboschi, Muratori, Branchi, &c. Six thousand manuscripts in it. Went to the Brera: some fine pictures; particularly one by Guercino, of Abraham and Agar; by far the most striking picture I ever

saw. Never did any woman cry more beautifully than Agar, and the hope that lingers still amidst her sorrow is deeply affecting; in short, it attains the *si vis me flere* effectually, and brought the tears into my eyes as I looked at it. A picture here by Raphael in his early manner, and one in the same room by Perugino; a very sweet picture by Albano, near that of Guercino's. Went to look at a carriage which I think of buying, in order to perform my journey to Venice and Rome; twenty louis is the price; not dear, if it be strong enough; Lord John means to send his servant to examine it. Went to the Royal Palace; chiefly fitted up under Buonaparte, and the rooms, like all his, comfortable as well as grand. His apotheosis on the ceiling of one of the rooms still left; very creditable to the Emperor of Austria, who forbade its being effaced. Eagles about every where. Dined with Lord Kinnaid; only Lord John and myself. Drove on the Corso after dinner, called on Lady Oxford, and thence to the Opera: first night, "The Reprisal;" music by a German, Stuntz; some gleams of beauty in it, but very transient: succeeded perfectly. Went afterwards and eat ice.

3rd. Went to the cathedral: saw the statue of St. Bartholomew carrying his skin about him in graceful folds like a mantle: saw the monument of Cardinal Caprara, *Legati ad Imperatorem Napoleonem Aug.*; the music not very good; one or two pretty girls among the congregation. The carriage has been examined, and the report is it will do, so I am to have it. Frequent robberies lately about Milan, and much panic among the travellers: hope I shall escape. Went to see the Triumphal Arch of the Simplon, which lies unfinished since the fall of Napoleon; a magnificent thing; himself in various forms among the groups,—returning from Marengo, receiving Mack's sword, &c., &c. Went to the Amphitheatre, also begun by him; would have been very grand. A naumachia exhibited there on the birth of the King of Rome, the middle space being easily converted into a lake in two or three hours. The Piazza d'Armi adjoining; a very grand and extensive plain, where Eugene reviewed 80,000 men (according to our *laquais de place*) before going to Russia. Dined again with Kinnaid, and again to the Corso, which was very gay, and the view

waits thee." She ends the letter thus, "Who can this be? you will say. Come and see." Went with Lady Adelaide Forbes and her sister to the Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie. Called afterwards at the Rue des Moulins, to find the lady who wrote the letter; but she was out. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Lord John; and then, *he* to the Français, and I to the Opera: "La Vestale;" delighted with it, as usual. Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as these spectacles at the Opera.

18th. Left Paris at eleven, and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the chateau. The table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication still shown, with the marks of his penknife which he dug into it. The old fellow who showed us the gardens (which were laid out in their present style by Nap.) told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of "Bleau," who found out the spring of the stream that runs through it: showed us the court where Nap. took leave of his guards, which the old fellow described with much animation. Saw the theatre, and thought of Rousseau, &c. Had read the "Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste" * in coming along; very interesting and melancholy.

19th. Breakfasted at Villeneuve [-le-Guiard]; dined at Joigny; slept at Tonnerre. Began to-day "Luther's Life," by Bower. Had great difficulty in lighting our fire at night at Tonnerre. I said the wood was like the houses at Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie*, which amused Lord John.

20th. Breakfasted before we set out; lunched at Villeneuve, and slept at Dijon; passed through Montbard, where Buffon's house is. Finished "Luther's Life." Lord John repeated to me some verses he wrote upon Dugald Stewart, which are very good indeed.

21st. Dined at Poligny, and slept at Champagnole: this last a wretched inn. Anecdotes on the way. It was said of Lord Eldon and Leach, that one was *Oyer sans terminer*, and the other *Terminer sans oyer*. Of a translator from the German Benjamin Constant said, *Il l'a fait sortir de l'Allemand, sans le faire entrer dans le Français*.

22d. Ascended the Jura: delighted with the fine winding road up these prodigious steepes, and the wild and singular scenery

around. Anxious to arrive early enough for the grand view of the Lake of Geneva, between La Vattay and Gex; were detained at Les Rousses, on account of the horses having been bespoke for a Russian prince. When we arrived at La Vattay, Lord John and I walked on, as the sun was getting very low. It was just on the point of sinking when I ran on by myself, and at the turn of the road caught a sight of the stupendous Mont Blanc. It is impossible to describe what I felt. I ran like lightning down the steep road that led towards it, with my glass to my eye, and uttering exclamations of wonder at every step. Ten minutes later and I should have lost all the glory of the prospect. Lord John joined me, and we walked on to Gex, where the carriage overtook us. Thence to Geneva, to a very excellent inn out of the town, called the Secheron. Lord J. mentioned that the last night we were at Paris he sat near a man at the Théâtre Français, who was very much discontented at the way in which the play ("Cinna") was acted, and on the following line being spoken, *Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi regner*, he exclaimed, *Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir*.

23d. Took a char-à-banc, and went to call on Dumont (the translator of Jeremy Bentham), in La Rue Chaudronniere: found he was at the country seat of M. Duval. This being on our way to Ferney, proceeded thither. Beautiful spot: the country here all so rich and so comfortably laid out; in short, so like England, with the addition of the romantic to the comfortable—a rare mixture. Went from Dumont on our pilgrimage to Ferney: the engravings of eminent men in the bed-chamber: the portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet, not at all handsome: the place in the chapel where Voltaire used to sit; his inscription, *Deo erevit Voltaire*, effaced at the Revolution. Went through the garden, the walk which he planted. The *ferme* at a little distance, occupied by M. Mallet, *un homme de lettres*, who has raised a sort of cenotaph to Voltaire, with the inscription, *Au chanteur du Père des Bourbons, et au fondateur de Ferney*. There are also various little inscriptions and papers drawn up by this gentleman, which the gardener shows: in one of them it is mentioned, as a proof of Voltaire's humanity, that he always wore mourning on the anniversary of the Mas-

* By M. Xavier de Maistre, lately deceased.

sacre of St. Bartholomew, and actually always *had a fever* on that day: the paper, however, contains numerous proofs of V.'s benevolence. Saw afterwards Voltaire's study cap, embroidered for him by Madame Denis, and the book in which he had pasted the seals of his different correspondents, with their names, in his own handwriting, and terms of reproach annexed to some, as *fou de Lyon*. By the bye, in his bed-room was a profile of the Empress of Russia worked for him with her own hands. M. Budé is the present possessor of the place; it belonged to his family before Voltaire had it. On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

24th. Dumont called on us at eleven to take us to the library: on the way he told us the standing army of Geneva was 350 men, and that he had proved in the Assembly that it was, in proportion, the largest army in Europe, except that of Russia; this is excellent. The library small, and richest in the theological part; many original portraits; those of Descartes, Erasmus, Calvin, Charles I. very striking; also one of M. Bonnet. This library is only open on Tuesdays, when they give out books as at a circulating library. Some of the manuscripts curious; one particularly, upon black wax—an "Account of the Expenses of Philippe le Bel," which some Monsieur Cramer deciphered with wonderful patience, copied out, and filled up its *lacune*. A letter of Newton's to Aland, a Genevese (?) The same M. Cramer who deciphered the accounts of Philippe le Bel, made a calculation of the space that the animals and the food requisite for them took up in Noah's ark, and found out that there was more room than they wanted. The head of M. Bonnet has much active and intense thought thrown into it. Saw a translation of the New Testament in Chinese lately printed at Canton, under the direction of (I think) Mr. Morrison, which is now permitted to be circulated in China. We saw Voltaire's first residence in Geneva, Les Delices; see his epistle from thence. M. Mallet, who lives at

the *ferme*, is a judge, certainly not of poetry, if one may judge from his own. Walked alone into the town; bought a book about Ranz des Vaches, and saw at the shop where I bought it a letter of Buonaparte's written in '86, requesting a bookseller to send him the Memoirs of Madame de Warens, and Claude Anet, and some works about Corsica. Met General and Mrs. Cumming: he told me of a sentinel running with fixed bayonet at the driver of his char-à-banc for daring to *trot* past the town-hall; said this was the most arbitrary government in Europe. Another wise Englishman standing by said, "If you knocked a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days," and seemed to think it a very hard case. Lord John dined with his uncle, Lord William, who has a house near the town, called Mont Brillant. I dined alone at the inn, and joined him there at coffee. Went alone to the play and was a good deal amused. A box appropriated, with chairs and an additional cushion, to the Syndics; strange old quizzes. Miss Macdonald, a very pretty Scotch girl, in the boxes; also Madame Beaumont, a celebrated Genevese beauty, whose sister is married to Mr. Eynard, a rich merchant, who has built quite a palace at Geneva.

25th. Walked with Lord J. about Geneva; dined with Lord William, and set off in the evening for Thonon, where we slept.

26th. Travelled by the side of the lake: the view all along delicious; saw Diodati, the house which Lord Byron had, Meillerie, Chillon, &c. Slept at Sion.

27th. Arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon; an oriental looking little place, with its spires and towers. Ascended the Simplon, which baffles all description. A road, carried up into the very clouds, over torrents and precipices; nothing was ever like it. At the last stage, before we reached the barrier on the summit, walked on by myself, and saw such a scene by sunset as I shall never forget. That mighty panorama of the Alps, whose summits there, indistinctly seen, look like the top of gigantic waves, following close upon each other; the soft lights falling on those green spots which cultivation has conjured up in the midst of this wild scene; the pointed top of the Jungfrau, whose snows were then pink with the setting sun; all was magnificent to a degree that quite overpowered me, and I alter-

of the city (with its Duomo and spires) very splendid from thence, as well as the Alps at the end of it. Came home and dressed, and went to see the Marionettes; thence to the Opera; Lady Oxford's box. Had gone in the morning with Silvertop and Lord Templeton to try and see the prison, but could not manage it.

4th. Went to the banker's (Tomaso Carli), and drew fifty louis; paid twenty for my carriage. Went to the churches of the Virginpresso-San Celso (where there is a fine statue of Eve; the Serpent in the shape of a beautiful woman upward); thence to the sixteen ancient columns, the church of S. Ambrosio, the oldest in Milan (to which the great people, emperor, archbishop, &c., always go first); the church of St. Vittore, a very gay and fanciful looking church. Joined Lord John and Kinnaid; bought a small edition of Ariosto and an Italian dictionary; went to the cathedral for the purpose of seeing the body of Saint C. Borromeo, but the exhibitor of it could not be found. Dined with Lord Kinnaid, and in the evening came home to pack.

5th. Left Milan in my crazy little calèche, which Lord J.'s servant (now that he has advised me to buy it) begins to croak about. Very sorry to part with Lord J., and am glad to see he regrets it too. Started at half-past-eight, and got to Brescia (by way of Bergamo), before seven. Went to the inn at the post; bad and roguish; a wretched dinner. Afterwards to the theatre, which is, like all I have yet seen, large and handsome; medallions of celebrated men, all up the boxes on the stage; could distinguish the names of Metastasio and Casti. Knew neither the subject of the comedy, nor the actors. One of the latter, a fat man, very energetic, and, as far as I could judge, clever. The fun of one of the characters was repeating periodically over and over the three following answers to the questions asked him, "*Capisco*," "*Giu*," and "*Si, Signora*." Dreadful thunder, lightning, and rain, when I returned to go to bed. Ordered that I should be called at five.

6th. Called at five, but thought it was raining a deluge and went to sleep again; found afterwards it was only a fountain in the yard; beautiful morning. Started at half-past ten. Two most precious rogues the waiters here; yesterday, being my first day of managing for

myself, I find I overpaid the post-boys; but one must pay to learn. Went along the fine lake Di Garda, and saw the Sermione of Catullus at the opposite side, where is shown what they call his grotto. Arrived at Verona before two; went and saw the Anfiteatro; saw the arch of Gallienus, and the peristyle to the theatre of Palladio, with Maffei's very curious collection of antiques. Dined at a very good inn, the Two Towers, and set off again at a quarter before three. Delicious evening; truly Italian; all the colours of the prism in the sky at sunset. Arrived at Vicenza at the Capello Rosso, at half-past seven; walked about the town by moonlight.

7th. Did not leave Vicenza till seven; arrived at Padua about ten; took a *servitore di Piazza*, and went to see the churches, &c.—St. Antonio and Sta. Giustina. In the latter (I think) is the bust of Petrarch by Canova, put up within the last year. A statue of Petrarch also in the Prato della Valle, which I passed in going to the church, and near it one of Galileo; both of which Leopold, *Genio loci indulgens*, has erected. The story of St. Anthony's miracle in bronze behind the altar of his chapel. Went to the cathedral; the famous picture of the Virgin was *coperta* for some religious reason or other; saw the tomb of Antenor, the gate of Gallienus, &c. Saw the salle of the Palais de Justice, three hundred feet long, with the monument to Livy erected in it. Met Allen (master of *Dulwich*) coming from Venice. Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation,

which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta,) where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a laquais de place, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a traiteur's, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c., &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis."

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, "*Il Prigionero de Nevigate*," translated from the French; at the second a tragedy of Alfieri, "*Ottavia*;" actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

Sth. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the laquais to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Grecian orator in the court, one of four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the Library of St. Mark, which

is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a most imposing and Grecian look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Faliero, who after his eightieth year conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus*. Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was the tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won't begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes the most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice, the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o'clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d'Albrizzi's. More disenchantment: these assemblies, which, at a distance sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversazioni. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him; a thin sickly old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went to Madame B. who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron; bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into; said that, till this, *Il se conduisait si bien*. Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much

I admired Venice, answered, *Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle.*

9th. Went with Scott and my laquais to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. It is here, if I recollect right, the story of Cupid and Psyche is in one of the rooms, and we were much amused with two Englishmen who could not be made to understand what Favolo de Psyche meant. What brings such men to such places? Went to the Pisani Palace, where there are only two large pictures to be seen. Thence to the Confrarie de Saint Roch, which abounds with Tintorets; and then to the Barbarigo Palace, equally rich in Titians; it was his *atelier*. The Magdalen here fine, but does not cry half so beautifully as the Agar of Guercino. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avrilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "Lalla Rookh." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store. Went with Scott to the Opera; "I Baccanali di Roma." Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all decrees begin with *Considerando*) *ma senza il Considerando*.

10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Copies of some other things of his here, beautiful. A cast from a statue of Buonaparte's mother, which is placed opposite a statue of Nero's mother. Went to the Esposizione of Inventions; pretty

much the Venetian make. Went at half past five to the Pietà, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c., &c. Lord B. Scott and I dined at the Pellegrino; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of "Don Juan." In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had.

11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace; a noble collection of pictures; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pan exquisite; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guiccioli is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven.

12th. Left Padua at six, and arrived at Ferrara (contrary to what I was told, that it would take me ten hours) at a quarter before three. Took a laquais and went first to a church where there were some pictures by Benvenuto, thence to the University; the library very fine; the illuminated MSS. most precious and curious. Saw the chairs and inkstand of Ariosto, his handwriting, and the Orlando: MS. copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem;" also Guarini's own copy of the "Pastor Fido;" one room of the library allotted to the Editions Principes. The tomb of Ariosto is at the University. Went to St. Anne's. Tasso's prison is a good deal altered; the grated window is the same, but there is but little of the

real door left. Saw Ariosto's house; some things there in very good preservation, and they have cased the door of his room in order to preserve it. Saw the chateau of the Villa family, the Strozzi, &c. all looking ruinous and deserted. Returned to the inn, and passed a very gloomy evening (the rain preventing me from going to the theatre), wishing myself at home at my own dear cottage, with that dear wife and children who alone make me truly happy. Read a good deal of Lord B.'s Memoirs.

13th. Got up after a famous night's sleep in better spirits, which were however not improved by a charge which a cursed *fabbro* made for mending my carriage. He came into the room, after I had breakfasted, with a piece of rotten wood in his hand, which at first I almost fancied a bit of the door of Tasso's prison, but which proved to be a fragment taken out of one of my wheels. Four Napoleons was what he asked, and after spending all my Italian in squabbling with him, I was obliged to give three and a-half. Started at nine, and after allowing the postillion to take the water in the last post (instead of passing by the boat), which was not very prudent, and which he risked to gain the passage-money, I arrived at Bologna at two o'clock; the Pellegrino; got a laquais, saw the cathedral, and thence to the Academy, where there are to be sure some divine pictures, particularly the "Slaughter of the Innocents," by Guido, in which the faces and attitudes of the mothers are beyond anything beautiful and expressive. Two pictures of Domenichino too, the "Persecution of the Christians under the Albigenses" (I think)* and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes" are admirable; particularly the former, in which the figures of a youth and girl (with a family resemblance to each other) clinging together amid the massacre are full of beauty. There is also a picture by Raphael of St. Cecilia, in which the female figures are particularly graceful. Went to the churches of St. Peter and Paul, of St. Paul, of the Dominicans (where Guido is buried), and where there is a statue of an angel on one of the altars, said to be by Michael Angelo, of the Corpus Domini, where I saw the body of St. Catherine as it has remained, skin and all,

perfect (though it is, I believe, 300 years and more since she died), and dressed and seated up in a most ridiculously frightful manner. The skin of the face and head are quite black. Went to the Palace Zambecari, where there is a multitude of pictures, but none that struck me very much; saw the fine staircase of Palladio at the Palazzo Ranuzzi; was sorry to find that the fine picture of the Two Apostles, by Guido (which Forsyth praises so much), has been sold and is at Milan. Saw the Neptune of bronze in a fountain in the Gran Piazza. Jackson says this is a figure built up of muscle; the figures around him are females with syren tails; they have been, however, long out of order and dried up. Got a good dinner at my *locanda*, which is a very excellent one, and went in the evening to the Opera: "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini: the Prima Donna who acted the *Maid* was Amati; a pretty, fat, good-humoured looking woman, but no great singer. Asked my way to the Gran Torre (which was my landmark), as I came home, of a gentleman, who very civilly accompanied me: had some conversation with him. He said Rossini was *sempre quello*, and imitates himself in everything: mentioned some English he had known, among others Lady Sophia Marescotti, who is here now, but lives much in the country. Told me some people had been assassinated lately by *ladri* on the Roman road; a bad hearing this for me. A little astonished this evening at hearing an ostler sing in the yard, "Di tanti palpiti."

14th. Went out at nine; first to the Casa Rossi, where there is a delicious picture by Correggio, of the "Marriage of St. Catherine;" the beauty and bridal modesty of the young saint, and the eagerness of the child, very striking; a number of Carlo Cignani's here. Thence to some churches, of which I forget the names and the pictures. Went to Longhi, the banker, and drew twenty louis in Roman scudi. Then went to the Marescalchi Gallery, a large collection; two or three Michael Angelos and a fine Correggio, but not so fine as that of the Rossi. Then to the University, the wax anatomy, natural history, magnificent library, &c. A good many persons at the same time seeing it, among whom was a Greek woman (dressed in all the richest costume of her country), with her daughter, rather an at-

* This must be the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican. See Murray's Handbook.

tractive sort of person, attended by a courier (the courier of the King of Naples), sent by a great Neapolitan banker, to conduct to him this girl, whom he is about to marry. She has been six years at a collegio at Vienna, where he met her: all this I learned from my *domestico*. Went from thence to the Galleria of the Principe Ercolano, who has married the daughter of Lucien Buonaparte; a fine bust of Napoleon by Canova there; several good pictures, among which I was chiefly struck by a Magdalen of Guercino. Must remark the number of the Magdalens there are. Then to the collection of Tozzoli, where there are some most precious *camei*, and the ivory Christ by Michael Angelo; every thing at these houses and palaces for sale. Afterwards to the house of Count Bianchetti, where there is a Marriage of St. Catherine by Leonardo da Vinci, very good, but nothing to that of Rossi. Then to the Galleria Tanara, which contains a Madonna of Guido, much admired; but why are her eyes so unmeaningly shut up and dozy? There is also here a fine Assumption of the Virgin by Guercino, and a Toilet of Venus by Annibale Carracci, which rather took me. After these galleries, I walked out to the cemetery, which was made in the time of the French here; rather a trumpery place. Saw the monuments that were brought here when the different churches were destroyed; among them Picus Mirandula. In one place the skulls of the Capuchins, that were found ranged in apple-pie order, with the name of the proprietor of each skull labelled on the forehead (Gall). Saw the Chartreux church here; every one of the priesthood a chapel and altar to himself. The number of ridiculous grotesque images of Christs, Madonnas, &c. in these chapels is quite overwhelming; some black Madonnas, very ancient the guide said. Banti the singer is buried in the cemetery. There is a *portico* like that to the Madonna of San Luca, building by contribution of all classes in Bologna, to lead to the cemetery. Went to the gate, which is erected halfway on the portico that goes to San Luca; a fine thing this portico, three miles in length. The view from it (as I returned towards the town) of the villas on the sides of the hills, and the church of the Madonna towering above them all at the top, was very beautiful. After dinner went to the Commedia; a wretched set;

the play the same I saw at Brescia; and after it a ball; such a ball!

15th. Set off from Bologna at nine and arrived at Covigliano between five and six; sorry that I did not set off at four or five and do it all through to Florence in the day. Two great English cavalades on the road (Sir W. Drummond's and Howard's), owing to which I came in for a wretched garret at Covigliano. Read on my way some of "Goldoni's Memoirs," which I took away from Lord Byron's library, leaving him an "Ariosto" I bought at Milan in their stead; and, by the bye, have left the first volume behind me at Ferrara. His little notices of Venice interest me now that I have been there, particularly his coming out into the Place of St. Mark to look for some mask that would suggest a plan of a comedy to him, and his meeting with an Armenian. I must buy his comedies at Florence. This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightly of Shakspeare. Among my epistles from Italy must be one on the exaggerations of travellers, and the false colouring given both by them and by drawings to the places they describe and represent. Another upon painting; the cant of connoisseurs; the contempt artists have for them. To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world. Give, however, the due admiration to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, of Guido, Titian, Guercino, &c. Mention the tiresome sameness of the subjects on which the great masters employed themselves; how refreshing a bit of paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St. Francis, &c.; Magdalen my favourite saint. Introduce in a note the discussion about the three Marys. Another epistle must touch upon the difference between the Italian women and the German in love: more of *physique* in the feelings of the former: the Italian would kill herself for a living lover, whom she would forget if he died; the German would pine away for a dead one. The senses of the latter are reached through her imagination (as is the case very much with the English woman), but the imagination of the Italian woman is kindled through her senses, &c. &c. Spent a misera-

ble night at Covigliano, bitten by fleas, bugs, and all sorts of vulgar *animalletti*.

16th. Left Covigliano at near half after six, and arrived at Florence about half past eleven. The view of the sun rising over those hills was very splendid; the top of the one on which he rested seemed all gold; there could not be a finer morning for a first view of Florence. Read my Guides and Forsyth as I came along. Forsyth always clever, but one does not like the *man* much; for a little while he is very agreeable, but at last he produces the same effect as a fastidious and dictatorial talker in society, who aims at the *striking* in all he says. The slip-slop in Galignani very amusing. One of the curiosities in Florence, he tells us, is "a picture painted by himself, of Jesus Christ,"—"himself," really meaning Michael Angelo. He says also, "the face of this bust (Magliabecchi's), like *that of its original*, is by no means *flattering*." Went to Schneider's hotel; got a very nice bed-room and a *laquais de place*. As soon as I was dressed, went to the gallery, and in a few minutes was in the presence of the wonder of the world, the Medicean Venus. The form was so familiar to my eye, that I cannot say I was much struck by it. I mean I was not critic enough to discover the difference between the original and the copies, so as to give any new elevation to my mind at the sight of it, though it is an object I could look at forever; and there is, after all, something in seeing the original emanation of the artist's mind, which, upon reflection, enhances considerably the enjoyment of its beauties. But for the first impulse, those of the statues, with which I was less acquainted, gave me more pleasure, or, rather, interest; for instance, the Young Apollo, the Venus Genetrix. Titian's Venuses, perhaps for the same reason, did not much inspire me; they had become hackneyed to me by copies; I knew every bit of them by heart. These, however, are things I must not say to the connoisseur. Saw Lord Templeton, Camac, and Silvertop. Called at Lord Burghersh's. Went thence to the church of Santa Maria Novella; nothing very remarkable in it but a vase by Michael Angelo. Took a *colpo d'occhio* of various other things, the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna, &c. Then went to the Cascine, a

public drive and walk by the Arno. Returned to town by the footpath along the river, which is a delightful walk. The sun was setting; before me lay Florence, looking as it did when Charles V. said it was fit only to be seen upon holidays; on my left was Fiesole, with that sort of rosy light of sunset upon it, which I have never seen so rosy as in Italy; and when I turned my head, there were the mountains of Lucca behind me. Dined at the inn alone; a dinner splendid enough to make up for ten times worse than I had yesterday. Walked a little in the evening, and to bed early. I forgot to mention that the Massacre of the Innocents, by Daniel de Volterra, affected me as much as the subject always does.

17th. Found a red spot on the back of my leg exactly in the place where it broke out two years ago, which alarms me not a little: suspect it is one of those bites (of which I am full all over), which coming on that irritable part, has inflamed more than the others. Went with Camac to see Sir Charles and Lady Morgan; her success every where astonishing. Camac was last night at the Countess of Albany's (the Pretender's wife and Alfieri's), and saw Lady Morgan there in the seat of honour, quite the queen of the room. Capponi too, one of the great men of Florence, sent an order from Genoa, to have apartments at the house of his *homme d'affaires* ready for her on her arrival here. From thence to the church of the Annunziata: heard mass sung, which was very fine. Whether it be my popish blood or my poetical feelings, nothing gives me more delight than the "pomp and circumstance" of a mass in so grand a church, accompanied by fine music and surrounded by such statuary and such paintings; it is a most elevating spectacle. Saw the tomb of Bandinelli here, over which there is his Dead Christ supported by Nicodemus, the figure of Nicodemus being his own portrait. There is also here the chapel of John of Bologna, decorated with basso-relievos and statues at his expense. After mass looked at the rich chapel of the Virgin in this church, where every thing is silver; the most costly lamps, &c., and over the altar is the miraculous picture of the Annunciation of the Virgin, of which it is told that when Fra Bartolomeo was painting it, having finished the angel and all but the face of the Virgin,

which he despaired of doing well enough, he fell asleep, and on waking found the *Volto divino* ready done to his hand. Anxious to have a look at this divine picture, I asked my laquais could it be seen; but he said very gravely that it would not do to expose the *Volto divino* always, and that it is only uncovered upon particular exigencies, as when rain is wanted or sovereigns command it, as was the case lately. In the cloisters there is a commemoration of this miracle in one of the paintings, a fresco on the wall; among which, too, is the celebrated picture by Andrea del Sarto, of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from a bag there is in the picture. Then went to the arcades under the Galleria, which is the fashionable promenade, at this hour, of a Sunday. My leg becoming much inflamed, suppose I shall have to confine myself for some days; lucky that Morgan is here. Went afterwards to the cathedral. The detached campanile, designed by Giotto, is a beautiful thing, but the tiles that form the dome of the cathedral are a sad deformity to it. So dark within, and the day become so gloomy with the rain, that I could hardly see any thing but the Eternal Father and Dead Christ of Bandinelli on the altar; and the group of the Madonna, Christ, and (I believe) Joseph, by Michael Angelo, behind the altar, appeared to me very fine. Had been before this to the Academia delle Belle Arti, where there is nothing very remarkable except casts of two of Canova's statues (the originals of which are at Rome): there are also here the casts from the Elgin marbles, given by the Prince Regent. On one of the altars I saw to-day, which was surmounted by a fine bronze figure by John of Bologna, there were immediately under two china Cupids of *terra inretziata*, with gold wings and gold hair. This mixture of good and bad taste in all they do is for ever striking one. In the cathedral is the portrait of Dante, but I could not judge of it; outside, by the *battisterio*, is what is called the Sasso di Dante, where it is supposed he used to sit. After dinner walked to the Opera through the rain: tried the pit first, but afterwards went to Lady Burghersh's box, where I found her and Sir William Drummond. The opera "*Il Medico Ciabattino*;" the music by Generale, who was the same that composed the "*Baccanali di Roma*," which I liked so much at Venice. (I

find either Rossini or he has made an opera of "*Othello*."*) The ballet was on the story of "*Gabrielle de Verzy*," and, for an Italian ballet, very good; the tournament of the horses well managed, and the whole spectacle splendid. Made my excuses to the Burghershes.

18th. Went out to the Gallery, but, being a half holiday, it was shut. Went thence to the Santa Croce, an interesting church, containing the tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, &c. The Chapel dei Niccolini here is a beautiful thing; the pavement and walls all various marbles most admirably arranged; the *four* Sibyls at the corners of the cupola by Volterrano, full of life and expression. The Limbo dei Santi Padri, by Angiolo Bronzino, a beautiful picture, full of lovely female forms, more like the Paradise of Mahomet than a Limbo dei Padri. The painter's own portrait and those of his wife and daughter (both pretty) are down in the left corner. Called at Morgan's, and, by good luck, the Comtesse d'Albany came in; a clever, off-hand woman. Went afterwards with the Morgans to a sculptor's who makes busts of most English women that come here. Company at Silvertop's (in the same hotel with me), Lord Dillon, Mons. Fontenay, the French Secretary of Legation, Sir Robert Lawley, and Adair. Ferdinand of Spain, it seems, is very popular with the lower orders of the peasantry: it is against the nobles and the cities that his tyranny and exactions are directed; and this alliance between the throne and the mob is perhaps, of all others, the most fatal to liberty. Dillon spoke of the Florentine republic, and quoted Algernon Sidney, saying that it was, for a short time, the most perfect republic that ever existed. In the morning they used to attend to their counting-houses in the humble garb and manner of citizens; in the evening they used to attend in their places as legislators with their *Gonfaloniere*, who was elected every three months, at their head; and at night, when necessary, eighty thousand men, at the sight of the war-fires on the hills, assembled in the vale of Arno to march against the foe. Such was Dillon's account of them.* They talked of

* It is very different from that of Machiavel, who says the Florentine republic vibrated, not between liberty and servitude, but between license and servitude. J. R.

Sgricci, a famous Florentine improvvisatore, who recites off a whole tragedy on every given subject.

19th. Wrote letters, and read some of Byron's memoirs. Lord D. called upon me and sat three hours, part of the time giving me an account of a book he is writing. Tells me that the Liberals in Italy dread the grant of emancipation to the Catholics, as it would give such a triumph to the papacy, the great object of their detestation: their triumph at its late defeat, and the disappointment of Gonsalvi, Litta, and the rest of the papal party. This is very intelligible, and shows what new and different colours a general question may receive from local interests. Lord Castle-reagh's support of the Catholics is, with the Liberals, a new reason for hating him: says that Benjamin Constant and the Opposition party in France have the same feelings on the subject. Praises the Italians for their intelligence, but says they have a total want of heart; no cordiality, no hospitality; a grave and reserved people; their dislike of *suggerzione* or restraint, which shows itself even in their consideration for others, and in their phrase *Si leva l'incommodo*, when they are taking their leave of any one. Men of great learning in Florence. N——, who has written some tragedies, a violent, extravagant man; said to Dillon that the massacre of Manchester was a lucky event for English liberty, and exclaimed, "Would to God that the Archduke would this night order four hundred Tuscans to be sabred!" The Italians have been so long civilised, that the soil is exhausted, and none of the warmer virtues can now grow there. Sent an excuse to Lord Burghersh, and Canac and I dined together. Morgan and Lady Morgan joined us in the evening; read them some fine things out of Forsyth. By the bye, D. told me that materialism has been long exploded by the infidels here, and that pure Theism, or rather a sort of Unitarianism, is all the vogue.

20th. Went to the Gallery, and took as general a survey of it as I could. Was much disappointed by the Fornarina, which has coarse skin, coarse features, and coarse expression. Among the statues, besides the ever-adorable Venus, are the little Apollo, the Luttatori, the Ganymede. Went to the Palazzo Vecchio; some statues there by Rossi

and Bandinelli, and one of Victory by Michael Angelo; like the rest of his works, left unfinished. Went from thence to the Santo Spirito: the Corinthian architecture of this church highly elegant: a fine copy here, by Taddeo Landini, of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ embracing the Cross, which is at Rome: the mosaic of the great altar beautiful. From thence went to the Carmine, which was burnt down all but the old walls in 1771. In the chapel of the Virgin here are the old pictures and fresco which first led the way to the perfection of painting, and which all the sublime masters of the art studied. They are by Massolino Panicale and by Masaccio; and, on the death of the latter, finished by Filippo Lippi; the fire spared these treasures. The *capella* of the Casa Corsini here magnificent; the architecture, sculpture, and painting of it most admirable. The cupola by Luca Giordano is like a little heaven. The *illibatum corpus* of St. Andrea is here deposited, and it is mentioned in the inscription on his urn.

Dined with the Morgans; Lady M. remembered and quoted part of our conversation last night, which was as follows: "Moore,—Well, I don't care how you philosophise, so you leave me my immortal soul. He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that filches from me my immortal soul," &c. . . . Niccolini has written a tragedy on the life of Buonaparte, which he has been obliged to send to England to have published.

21st. Went to the Palazzo Pitti; a magnificent thing; the pictures almost all good. Particularly struck by the Holy Trinity of Raphael: the face of the Madonna lovely, and the Saint (St. Catherine, I believe) that leans over the old woman to play with the child, one of the highest order of beauty. The Madonna and Child too by Julio Romano exquisite: the same subject in one of the smaller rooms by Carlo Dolce, done with much sentiment and delicacy. The Cleopatra of Guido beautiful; the Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvatore Rosa, very striking. In a picture of Christ taken down from the Cross, by Andrea del Sarto, the Mary Magdalen, kneeling with clasped hands, and looking with anguish at the wounded limbs of the Saviour, is admirable. These are all that I particularly remember, except the Mistress of Titian—beautiful. Canova's Venus is too long and lanky, but

still very fine: it was undertaken at the time of the rape of the Venus de Medici by the French, to replace her loss. Went to the Boboli garden, which is very curious and delightful; statues, walks, fountains, &c. Called upon the Dillons, and went thence to the church of St. Lorenzo, the next after the cathedral: the architecture by Brunelleschi very fine; so are the statues over the tombs of Giuliano Medici and Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, by Michael Angelo; the repose of the sitting warrior over the latter particularly striking. The allegorical groups of Day and Night over one, and Il Crepuscolo and Aurora over the other, are left unfinished. The *capella* of the Medici most costly in the variety and preciousness of the marble with which it is encrusted, but the effect after all sombre and tasteless. From thence went to the church of S. Marco: the chapel of S. Antonio here very elegant, and the pictures in it by Bronzino and others excellent; also the statue of John the Baptist, by Fiancavelli, after the design of John of Bologna. Pico della Mirandola and Politian are buried here. Went in the evening to the Cocomero; rather good singing; better than at the Pergola. From thence to Lady Burghersh's assembly; chiefly English; introduced to a variety of people, and some foreigners introduced themselves to me. After they all went away, Lady B. made me stop and sing one or two songs for her: got home at two; my leg not the better for the day. Dillon, in talking of Pitt to-day, said he had a thoroughly republican and revolutionary mind, and considered himself but as the dictator of a republic during his Reign of Terror. Had much talk with Lady Mansfield at Lady Burghersh's, and promised to call upon her to-morrow.

22d. Went to see the anatomical wax-work; very curious; from thence to the Gallery, which I have not yet half seen. Looked over the pictures in the long corridors, very few of which are striking. In *Le Festin de Balthazar*, by Martinelli, there are some expressive female heads. There is a series of small pictures on the history of Mary Magdalen, by the Chevalier Curradi, but I believe of no great merit. A very pretty Cupid, by an extremely pleasing Bolognese painter, Franceschini. This Cupid is treading books, crowns, money, &c. under his feet. There is a tolerable Magdalen

by an unknown author, with the hand upon a book, and the head turned up. By the bye, the Magdalen at the Pitti Palace (except for the hair, which is magnificent) does not please me by any means. In the room of the Tuscan School there is a head of St. Lucia, with a sort of glory shining from the wound in her neck, which is painted by Carlo Dolce, and is beautiful. In the *Ecole Flamande* there is an admirable Claude. From thence went and called upon the Mansfields; stayed with them an hour, listening to their singing, and singing myself. Dined at Captain McNeil's, and had the Morgans and some others: had been invited by my old acquaintance Wilbraham to dine with him and meet Lord Fortescue, who, by the bye, told me to-day there are eight figures to be subducted from the Niobe group, as having nothing to do with it; two of the theatrical attitudinarians (sons) are among the number. Went to the Opera, to Lord Burghersh's box; no one but himself there.

23d. Called upon the Morgans, and saw Nicolini: went to the Casa Mozzi, and saw the picture of the Night after the Battle of Jena, by Benvenuti, the professor of the Academy here: also some landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and the Adoration of the Magi by Carlo Dolce, the drapery of which is wonderful. Made some visits. After some hesitation, determined at last to go to Rome; shall travel with Camac. Went to the sculptor Bartolini, who is doing Lady Morgan's head; very anxious to have mine. He spoke rapturously of the Elgin Marbles: said he would give all there is in Italy for them, and that if he had a son to educate for a sculptor, it is to England he would send him. Went to the Casa Corsini; a beautiful head of Poetry, by Carlo Dolce, the robe covered with stars; two lovely landscapes by Salvator Rosa, far finer than those at the Casa Mozzi; one of them a view of the Bay of Naples. Dined with Lord Burghersh: company, the Mansfields, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison (friends of the Lansdownes), General Ramsay, &c. &c. In the evening, music; I sung; Lady Burghersh played some of Lord B.'s music. My song of *Bendameer's Stream*, which he has set to music, has been translated into Italian. Saw the casts of the group of Niobe, which Lord B. has had arranged according to Cockerell's idea that they belonged to a pediment. The figures being unfinished be-

hind, and that which is kneeling being left entirely *without* one leg, are strong arguments for this conjecture. Lady Burghersh expressing much anxiety that we should not go to-morrow, I myself well inclined to stay and give up Rome entirely, which with the little time I have to hurry over it, will be rather an operation. Camac, too, seemed not unwilling. Returned home before Camac, and was told by his servant that the horses were ordered for half-past six in the morning; packed up accordingly.

24th. Got up at six, and bustled as much as I could to be ready in time, but was told by my laquais that we were not to go this morning, and Colonel Camac had countermanded the horses. Went to Camac's room and found him fast asleep: waked him, and learned that Lady B. after I came away told him, that I had promised to dine there to-day, and would certainly *not* set out for Rome. After some discussion I proposed to toss up a *paul* to decide whether I should go to Rome or not; heads for Rome; it turned up heads, and we ordered the horses. At half-past eight left Schneider's: arrived at Sienna about five: after dinner went to the Opera; one of Rossini's, who appears to me full of trickery in his music; the singers detestable. Heavy rain at night.

25th. Left Sienna at a quarter after seven: rain came on very heavy: found on our arrival at Radicofani, that the river between this and Pontécentino was impassable; three or four carriages more stopped here on this account. Read Goldoni on the journey here. Bought a cameo made at the Bagni de San Filippo (see Forsyth).

26th. Started from Radicofani a little before seven, and passed the river easily; the road, much of it, very bad. Acquapendente a picturesque place. This and the lake of Bolsena well described by Forsyth; only the beauties of the former rather exaggerated. The lake full of white waves from the wind and rain of the night; the woods on its banks thick and luxuriant. Arrived at Viterbo between three and four: went to the cathedral, which contains some tolerable pictures (one of Albert Durer's), and the Palazzo Commune. While at an apothecary's, Lucien Bonaparte (who is at present here) passed by in his carriage; we walked before the house where he

stopped, and he showed himself at the window; a handsome face. After dinner the Princess Chigi, who has been to Florence to marry her daughter, sent in to know at what hour of the morning we should set off, as she should like to join our party. The Cameriere too talks of taking dragoons. Camac made up to the old Princess, and wanted afterwards to introduce me to her: said she knew of my fame, &c. &c.; but this is all nonsense.

27th. Started at eight; the Princess not ready, but meaning to follow us soon; her son, an unaffected, good-natured sort of person. At the second post (from L'Imposta to Ronciglione) it was proposed to us by the guard stationed there for the purpose, to take an escort of two dragoons. I was against it, but consented to toss up for it, as I did for coming to Rome: the *scudo* decided for my opinion. The colonel however said, as the escort would not cost more than fifteen *paoli*, we might as well take it. *A la bonne heure*; so we set off with our two dragoons and the Princess close to us with two more. At Ronciglione they wanted us to take escort again, but we would not. The wretched country we passed through, the heavy sulphurous smells, and the hot weight of the air made me exceedingly languid and feverish, and I half feared I was about to have some serious illness. The first sight of the dome of St. Peter's very fine, and the Piazza we entered through the Porta del Popolo, beautiful. It was the hour of the Corso when we arrived (a little after five), and numbers of carriages, gaily filled, were driving to it. The Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo and the two churches form a very beautiful welcome into Rome. In driving to the Dogana, passed Trajan's pillar. Went to the Albergo di Parigi (by mistake, for we meant to go to the Albergo di Londra), after dinner I felt somewhat better: find it is the *sirocco* now. Went to the theatre in the evening: an opera of Rossini's, "*La Cappricciosa*" (something) and "*Il Turco in Italia*," and a piece of Goldoni's afterwards; the comic singing not bad. Called afterwards at the Hotel des Londres, and find that Sir H. and Lady Davy, and Chantrey the sculptor, are here.

28th. Received a note from Lady Davy offering me the use of her carriage, and herself as a cicerone from twelve till five; gladly ac-

cepted her offer. Went to Torlonia's and got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see. Got one also from Lord John, telling me he will be obliged to leave Genoa immediately, and hasten home to the Parliament, which is summoned in November: this will make a material alteration in my plans. Called upon the Duchess of Devonshire: told me Canning is here; found a messenger waiting for him from England, and he has but twenty days given him to return. The Duchess and Lady Davy, I find, are the rival *cicerones* of Rome; the former has undertaken Canning. Went with Lady Davy first to the Pantheon; took a coup d'œil of it; thence to the Monte Cavallo, where the colossal figures and the beautiful *tazza* or fountain struck me very much: then to the Coliseum, where indeed the very "genius of ancient Rome" meets one—grand, melancholy, sublime, touching; no one epithet can give any idea of the complicated sensations it excites. The day most lucky for it, fine, but not too sunny, and the lights and shadows most admirably flung about. Then to the Gallery, which is a glorious place; the arrangement worthy of the precious things contained in it. Took glimpses of the Laocoon, the Apollo (the truly divine Apollo), the Antinous, Canova's Perseus and Pugilists. Virgil describes Laocoon bellowing, but the expression of his suffering here is too deep for outcry. Perseus rather delicate for a warrior. Went to St. Peter's: well might the inscription *Ædificabo meam ecclesiam* be written here, for it is a church worthy of a divinity. Took but a passing view of it: the barbaric pomp of the Baldacchino, and the ever-burning lamps round the tomb of St. Peter, with the picturesque figures of the monks kneeling at it, all very striking. Canova's monument of Pope Rezzonico, the genius of Rome, a beautiful figure; and the lions, particularly the sleeping one, very fine: but Religion, with the spikes out of her head, is a disagreeable personage. His other monument to the Stuart family, done at the expense of the Prince Regent, with the two angels, in nearly the same attitudes, at each side of the door of death, is, though on too small a scale for such a church as St. Peter's, finely executed; and the fleshiness of the two figures (Canova's great forte) admirable. The copies in mosaic of Raphael's

Transfiguration and other pictures wonderful. Dined with Scroope, whom I met at St. Peter's. In the evening went to the Princess Borghese's—a fine creature in her way: delighted to find I knew her friends Ladies Jersey, Holland, and Lansdowne. Showed her beautiful little hands, which I had the honour of kissing twice, and let me feel her foot, which is matchless. Led us through the rooms of her newly-finished villa, which is done with much taste; her bedroom and bath very elegant, and even comfortable. Asked me for Sunday evening next. A fine moonlight: proposed going to the Coliseum: Chantrey and I and Lady Davy went: the effect sublime; the stars through the ruins, &c.


29th. Went early with Chantrey and Bagshaw (son of Sir William) to the Capitol, and ascended the Campanile. Fine view from thence: ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome at the other; close beneath you the Forum, with ruins of the various temples that seem to have clustered with such profusion on the spot; the temple of Concord, Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, and the Arch of Severus, still very perfect; the arches of Titus and Constantine at a little distance; the Temple of Peace to the left, with Diocletian's baths beyond; on the right, the Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, and the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, and the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, far off, &c., all in sight. I write from memory, without consulting plan or guide. The insulated pillar to Phocas just under. The three fluted columns of the Jupiter Tonans very fine. Took a circuit of these, and then went to the Bagni di Tito, of which the house of Mæcenas is said to have formed a part; the paintings on the ceilings of the corridors very beautiful; perspective in some of them: the sala where the Laocoon was found. Lady Davy told me Sir Humphry observed that this chamber was coloured with vermilion, which, being the colour of honour, he supposed was used there as a tribute to the excellence of the work. This I should think fanciful, for many more parts seem to have been coloured in the same way. Forsyth seems to think these Baths of Titus are confounded with his palace. They show the arch of the Coliseum, to which a sort of bridge conducted from the Bagni, and by which the emperor entered. This arch has no number to it like the rest. It is supposed

Raphael saw the ceilings in these baths (though covered in since his time), as his paintings on the ceiling of the Vatican are so much in the same style. Went to St. John of Lateran; the false taste of the *facciata* pointed out by Chantrey. The Porta Santa, which is walled up, and only broken down to admit the Pope once in every twenty-five years, at which time those who enter with him have their sins completely remitted them. The Santa Scala here, which people ascend upon their knees, and only thus. Saw some women going through this operation. Saw the Baptistery near S. Giovanni Laterano, where there are some fine ancient columns. Went to the church of Maria Maggiore; the inside very beautiful, quite a temple: the fine Ionic columns supposed to be taken from the Temple of Juno. Called upon Lady Davy: went with her to the Rospigliosi, or Pallavicini Palace, to see the celebrated Aurora of Guido—full of poetry and fancy, but pleases me less than works in which there is sentiment or passion. The only head here into which there is this sort of feeling thrown is perhaps rather a defect, as one does not know what can be the cause of its expression. It is a head with the eyes upturned in the way so frequent in Guido, and, unless it be meant as admiration of the glory around (which is, however, not at all the sort of expression it conveys to me), it is difficult to say what feeling it can have in common with the gay, light group that encircles it: the stars in the sky finely done. In another room there is the Andromeda of Guido, where the expression is rather that of contemplative sorrow than the sudden terror caused by the approach of a monster. Forget the story, and the head is exquisite. There is a lovely Cupid here, by Nicolas Poussin, lying on its breast, with the finger in the mouth, perfectly infantine; the colouring of the wreath on the head admirable. From thence to the Farnese Palace: the architecture of the court, designed by Michael Angelo, very chaste and elegant, though of three orders, one above the other. Here was the Farnesian Hercules and the Flora, now at Naples. The gallery painted *a fresco* with heathen subjects by Annibal Caracci and his brother Agostino. From thence to the Spada Palace, where there is the statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar was killed. The French, when they acted Cæsar

here, had this statue carried to the theatre: how like them! There is also here a statue, supposed to be Aristotle, the attitude of which, except with respect to the hand upon which the cheek rests, is easy and natural. The Judith of Guido is here, which pleases me more than any on the same subject: the upturned and inspired eyes seem to say that the murder has been done under a special impulse from above; and there is much dignity in the way in which she rests upon the sword she has just used. There are two laughing children here, supposed to be by Correggio, delightful; their laugh is as catching (and almost as unmeaning) as yawning; they are meant for cherubim, but are far better as mere mortal brats. Thence to the Farnesina: the fable of Cupid and Psyche *a fresco*, designed and touched *ultimamente* by Raphael, but executed chiefly by his scholars; some of the parts very beautiful, particularly Venus telling her story to Jupiter, with such feminine earnestness; the Cupid bearing the shield on his head, and Psyche carried by Mercury to heaven: the Cupid with the shield is said to be entirely Raphael's. In this casino is also the Galatea of Raphael, which is not quite so delightful as fame would lead one to expect; in short, it gave me no great pleasure. There is over one of the doors a colossal head, drawn by Michael Angelo with chalk, to amuse himself while he waited for one of his scholars, and, *per riprendere* (says the Guide) *Raffaello della piccolezza della sue figure*. Drove to the Villa Panfili—a splendid specimen of the Italian villa; fountains, trimmed walks, statues, &c., &c. Agree with Forsyth that the Belvedere spoils the appearance of these houses. There is, I find, a portrait of the Cenci here by Titian, which I have not seen. Went to see the fine view of Rome from the Pietro in Montorio (a church raised in memory of Peter, who suffered martyrdom here): the little temple annexed to this church, by Bramante, surrounded by Doric pillars, is a beautiful piece of architecture; it is said to be erected in the very spot where St. Peter suffered. The day very bright and clear, and the view of Rome, the Alban Mount, Soracte, Frascati, the Tiber, from hence exquisite. Stopped at the Fontana di Trevi (*l'acqua vergine*) in returning; a grand and striking thing, whatever may be its faults as to taste.

Dined at the inn; the *orrieto* here very like cider. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's assembly; dull enough; but that beautiful creature, Mrs. Dodwell, was there: asked the Abbé Taylor to introduce me to her, but he would not; said it would not be proper, and forced me instead into an introduction to her husband. Much talk with Adair about politics. I was mentioning to Chantrey my having been particularly struck by Michael Angelo's sitting warrior (Lorenzo de Medici) over the monument in San Lorenzo at Florence, and he said, "You are quite right; that is the finest thing of Michael Angelo's I have seen."

30th. Chantrey called upon me, with Jackson the painter. Went with Chantrey to St. Peter's; the high garret windows of the Vatican, on one side of it, rising almost to the same altitude, quite kill the effect of its size. Ought not the colonnades to sweep round to the church instead of terminating each side

thus ()? The perspective of the Scala Regia curious; borrowed by Bernini from what I saw at the Palazzo Spada yesterday by Borromini. The statue of Constantine by Bernini full of flutter and effort; the vestibule, at one end of which it stands, magnificent. The Pieta of Michael Angelo on the right as you enter the church is by no means pleasing; a most absurd monument of Bernini's in the right nave to Alexander VII.; a gilt figure of Death is seen lifting a heavy mass of marble drapery. Chantrey remarked very truly that groups of *statues*, wanting that connecting medium and those gradations of colouring which painters give to an assemblage of figures, never have a good effect; they are always best detached. Before we went to St. Peter's we had been at Canova's workshop, and saw the cast for his colossal bronze equestrian statue of the last king of Naples. Canova is to do a statue of the last Pope, to be placed over the sepulchre of St. Peter, that gorgeous spot round which the lamps are ever burning. As Chantrey said, what a place to work for! what an exciting thing for an artist to know that his creation will stand in the midst of such splendours, and under that glorious cupola! Went to the Sistine Chapel to see the Universal Judgment of Michael Angelo; but could not understand it, or feel its beauties. Some of

the dead *aspirants* are pulled up by rosaries, others are putting on their flesh for the trip. An extraordinary person that Michael Angelo; seems to have been judged more upon the credit of what he *could* have done than what he has done; his imagination too warm and rapid for such a slow and stubborn material as marble. A better architect, in Chantrey's opinion, than sculptor: a great affinity between him and Dante. The ceiling in this chapel full of fine things of his, Sibyls, &c.; some with as much grace as grandeur. * Went to the Gallery; Chantrey so right about the beauty of repose in works of art. The tomb of the Scipios, a sarcophagus of *peperino* (so called from its appearance) or *pietra Albana*. The torso not to be compared, in Chantrey's opinion, with those of the Ilissus or of Theseus: showed me how far it was untrue to nature, in the flesh not yielding to the pressure of the seat. The Greek marble is like coarse salt, that of Pentelicus streaky; so is the Cipolino, but in a different way. Chantrey said, if, by any trick, the Creugas of Canova could be buried, and dug up again in fragments as an ancient statue, it would produce a great sensation. The Mercury, or Antinous, a beautiful head, but the right leg is bowed awkwardly. The boys in the Laocoon, it has been justly remarked, are rather *little men* than boys. The Apollo glorious! no detail of muscle given, as would be fit in a human form, but merely the general beauty of shape and action. In the gallery of statues an exquisite group of a Nymph and Satyr; full of meaning, most spiritedly conveyed. In the same gallery is a fine sitting figure of Menander, with all the *bel riposo* of good sense and taste. The mutilated statue, called the Genius of the Vatican, is very beautiful. It is evident, from the holes in the shoulders, that there have been wings to it. In the Sala delle Muse, I remarked Thalia as particularly feminine and graceful. A fine colossal head of Arian in the Sala Rotonda, and not far from it, one of Giulia Pia; these busts must be portraits, they have so much truth and reality about them; it is easy to distinguish ideal heads. Saw the Loggia of Raphael, which are much injured by the air, except on the ceilings: Murat had windows put here to preserve them. It is only one arm of the second *piano* that is painted from the cartoons of Raphael (*sui*

cartoni) by his scholars; the image of the Eternal Father "flying all abroad" is said to be entirely his. The paintings *a fresco* of the Camera de Raffaello wonderful. In the Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison, the lights are miraculous, and the courage of the artist in drawing those dark iron bars across the exquisite group he had finished, strikes me with astonishment. The pictures of the School of Athens and the Burning of Borgo are two perfect specimens; the one of calm, contemplative repose, and the other of agitated expression and action; the figures of the mothers in this last are beautiful. In the Appartamento Borgia is the celebrated Transfiguration: Chantrey's remark of the frequent duplicates there are of attitudes and actions in all Raphael's pictures, very true; the two men here with outstretched hands on the left is a remarkable instance: the woman who forms the leading point in the background is the Fornarina. The Crowning of the Virgin, in two different pictures, by Raphael, very fine; so is his Madonna di Foligno. One of the interesting things here is the Aldobrandine Marriage, found at the foot of the Esquiline, full of grace and beauty, and not at all deficient in perspective. Dined at the inn with Camac. Guercino's pictures very spotty, and the figures interrupted by abrupt lights and shadows; much better in detached heads, for the same reason nearly as that given above for the defect in statuary,—he does not seem to have had any blending medium for his groups.

31st. Went with Chantrey to Canova's: saw the grand colossal group he has nearly finished, of Theseus and the Centaur; an answer to those who say he only excels in the smooth and graceful. Saw among other things a cast of his Magdalen that is at Paris; a most touching thing; beauty emaciated, and an attitude full of humility and sorrow; the best of all the Magdalens I have seen. Was introduced to Canova, who was sitting for his picture to Jackson for Chantrey; an interesting man, simple and kind in his manners. His Endymion was in the room; promised that I should see another Magdalen he has done, and a Nymph, of which Chantrey speaks highly. Drove with the Scroopes to S. Paolo fuori delle Mura, remarkable for its magnificent columns, 138 in number; the church supposed to be erected by Constantine. In returning,

stopped at the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, the burying ground of the English and other strangers. Went thence to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; none but he could have dared such an extravagant prodigality of beard. The head appears too small and tapering up to the horns, and is, let them say what they will, very like that of a satyr; but still the expression of the face is full of menace and dignity, and the whole thing has a very grand and imposing effect. From thence to Sir Thomas Lawrence's to see his pictures: the daughter of Metternich (a girl about fifteen) as Hebe delicious; the brilliant youthfulness of the face, the delicacy with which the pearls lie on the neck, all charming. Did not much care about his Pope, his Emperor of Austria, nor his Blucher, though they are all finely executed. A clever head of Ghentz (?) and a most animated full length of Gonsalvi. Went to the Chiesa di S. Maria della Vittoria, a rich and beautiful little church, fit to be the chapel to a royal palace. The Teresa here in the ecstasies of divine love very celebrated, but it is not easy to see it well, both from its high situation and the redundant flutter of Bernini's drapery, but the face of the saint seemed well imagined. The smile of the angel, however, is vulgar and inappropriate. Forsyth calls the ecstasy of the saint "equivocal;" but I could not see the face well enough to be sure of what he means. Thence to S. Martino di Monti, remarkable for the gilding of the capitals of the columns, begun but not finished; this is one of the uses of gilding which may be pronounced decidedly tasteless. There is a church under this, and another still deeper, connected by passages with the Baths of Titus. Thence to the Chiesa di Santa Maria degli Angeli, or the Carthusian church, a magnificent temple formed by Michael Angelo out of the principal *sala* of Diocletian's baths. The round vestibule which forms the entrance, and the unencumbered spaciousness of the *Pinnacolea* which forms the *navata trasversale* of the church, all is magnificent. Here is the San Sebastian of Domenichino, *a fresco*, which has all the fulness and richness of oil; the lower part of the picture, the mother with the arm round the child, the expression of the head nearly under the prancing horse, and the character of the saint's countenance, all exquisite. This church altogether one of the grandest I

have seen. Went from this to the Capuchin church to see the St. Michael of Guido; a most glorious picture; the calm consciousness of power in this young and lovely archangel, who, without effort or anger, subdues and chains his adversary, is imagined with all the power of genius, and executed with all the power of art. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, and Jackson. Went to the Princess Borghese's; Adair there, and M. and Madame Bourke. The Borghese very charming; said she should have something for me to take to Lady Jersey, &c., when I was returning: again showed her hand. I spoke of Denon's model of it in marble; said he had also done her foot, but the cast broke. Came away early. Scrope to-day said he could trace all the seeds of the Gothic architecture in Rome; the circular arch, the fluted columns, which, by turning the concave into convex, became the bundle of small pillars of the Gothic; the zigzag ornament which is continually found in the Mosaics, &c. &c. Have heard from Lord John Russell that he is hurried away sooner than he expected by the meeting of Parliament, and that I must join him immediately at Genoa. This, being impossible, alters my plans, and I believe I shall go on to Naples.

Nov. 1st. This being All Saints' Day, went with Sir T. Lawrence and Chantrey to the Pope's private chapel; the scene very new to me and very striking. The assemblage of cardinals, the singularity of the ceremonies, the venerable weak old age of the Pope (who looked like a dying man in a rich dressing gown), and some parts of the music, affected my mind considerably. Among the most remarkable of the cardinals were Gonsalvi (a very fine looking fellow), Quarantotti (now 87 or 88), Fesch, and little Doria, whose grotesque faces, while praying, amused me the whole time. Litta was at his diocese. After this went to the Palace of the Cæsars; a stupendous ruin; wandered about upon it among laurustinus, phillyrea, &c. Went from thence to the church (just nigh) of S. Gregorio; saw the two fine frescoes of Domenichino and Guido, on the flagellation and martyrdom of St. Andrea; the Domenichino by far the finer of the two; the frightened child beautiful, and the countenance of the saint full of admirable resignation. From thence went to

the Capitol, and with some difficulty got in (this being a *fiesta*), on Chantrey showing his order from Canova. The Sala del Gladiatore, the only one that contains any very fine things. The Gladiator itself much more interesting than the Fighting one. The Antinous exquisite, and restored better than any statue I have seen, the additions being all worthy of the rest. The Venus of the Capitol, in this room, particularly pleasing from the perfect state it is in, and the rich, creamy colour of the marble; the same attitude as the Medici's. A Flora, justly admired for its drapery, having, what Townley used to call, the "reasoning of folds" throughout. Went from thence to the Church of Jesus: a most magnificent church; fine singing going on. Looked at the Temple of Peace, three immense arches. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the prison, where St. Paul and Peter were confined; the miraculous well there, &c., &c. Thence to St. John Lateran to see the people ascending the Santa Scala, and from that to a place near where there was a sort of theatre, with a wax-work exhibition of people going to hell. In the same court a dead woman stretched out, and half-pence scattered upon a plate that lay upon her. Another brought in on a bier while we were there, and a dead child with it. The horrible howl, by way of a hymn, that the fellows set up around, all frightful.

2nd. Went with Chantrey to the bookseller's, Romani, in the Corso, C. having said that he could send any books for me, duty free, with his purchases of marbles, casts, &c., to England. Bought a Tiraboschi, thirteen volumes. Went off to the church of S. Bibiana to see the statue of the saint by Bernini, which Forsyth says comes nearer "to the serene pathos of the antique" than any of his works; and which an Italian duchess (a friend of Lady Davy's) declared inspired her with more devotion than any statue she had ever seen. Much disappointed by it. The concealment of the foot on which the figure stands is unsatisfactory, as taking away the idea of its being sufficiently supported. One does not see either why the other foot should be lifted up; and there is something very awkward in the disproportionate projection of the knee belonging to it. Called on Lady Davy, and went with her and Chantrey to the Palazzo Borghese. "La Caccia di Diana," by Domen-

ichino, a most magical picture. The beauty of the figure half in shadow, drawing one leg up over the other; the ivory back, &c.; the arch, lively look of the girl near the one who has just let fly the arrow; the helpless, innocent expression of the young thing on her back in the water, and evidently very near sinking under it; all is delightful. The picture called the "Graces" (by Titian), but rather like a Venus and two Graces, very fine, but a good deal injured; the story most poetically told. One tying the bandage over Cupid's eyes, while the second holds his bow, and the third his arrows; it is quite the *fitting out* of Cupid. His wings like a rainbow; another Cupid hovers over the shoulder of her who is tying the bandage, as if to watch what is going on. A picture by Paul Veronese, of "St. John in the Desert," which Chantrey admired very much. There is a Sibyl, by Domenichino, very beautiful, only the mouth rather unmeaningly open. A picture by Titian, of "Sacred and Profane Love," which I did not much attend to, and do not well remember. Went to the Villa Albani, a perfectly splendid Italian villa; its rooms crowded with statues, columns, bas-reliefs, &c. The thing that struck me most was the "Cupid bending his Bow" (said to be a copy from Praxiteles), which gave Guido (I think) the idea of his famous picture on the same subject. The *tazza* of alabaster, in the *Sala del Bigliardo*, very beautiful. Dined with Chantrey; saw his drawings of the places he has passed through; excellent. Went to Lady Davy's in the evening. Doubt much about going to Naples. A letter to-day from my darling Bessy.

3d. Went to bargain for more books. Bought Lanzi's "History of Painting." Went to see the church of Cecilia in Trastevere. Rather a striking statue, by Madero, of the saint lying dead on her side, and the severed head placed on just as she was found. There is some good feeling in this statue, but a failure in truth; for the feet hold by the ground, and do not fall away like those of a dead person; besides, the mutilation and attitude of the head prevents it from being very agreeable. From thence to the Palazzo Corsini. A fine "Ecce Homo," by Guercino; some landscapes by Poussin very good, but nothing elevated or poetical in them, like those of Claude or Turner. Another Julius II. by Raphael, but I

believe the worst of them. Some pretty things by Albano. The villa on the other side of the garden here, upon the Monte Gennicolo, is supposed to be the site of the villa of Julius Martial, of which Martial writes, *Hinc septem*, &c. &c. A most splendid palace it is altogether. Thence to the Palazzo Doria, where the things that struck me most (it is not a very fine collection, though large) were the two Claudes; one of them in particular, where a dark tree stands up against the sky in the middle, and there is on the right a magnificent temple. Caravaggio's pictures all disagreeable; sharp and extravagant. It is here the famous portrait by Velasquez is (of Pope Pamfili), which Sir J. Reynolds pronounced the finest picture in Rome. This and the St. Michael of Guido were, they say, the only ones he condescended to copy. We did not see the Velasquez as it was in the *guarda roba*. Went afterwards to the tomb of the Cæcilia Metella. All this ground is interesting; thickly clustered with fragments of ancient Rome, and awaking recollections at every spot. The Circus of Caracalla, the tomb of M. Servilius, the Colombarii, or places for the ashes, the temples of Honour and Virtue (into the former of which, according to Plutarch, there was no passage but through the latter), the Appian Way, upon which all these remains are, &c. Asked Chantrey and Seroope to dine with us at our inn. Very good dinner; excellent champagne, good nizza (or Vin de Nice), and claret. Went to the Opera: "L'Italiana in Algeri." Never was anything so pestiferous as the smell of the house. Monballi by no means a pleasing singer; all art, no voice. Decided upon not going to Naples.

4th. Camac determined to be off, and started at eleven. Went with Chantrey to the studio of Massimiliano; explained to me the progress of a statue; the taking of the points, the working down to them, &c. It is here done by a wooden square, with plummet lines from it, and different sized compasses; managed otherwise in England, as he promises to show me. Went from thence to Camuccini, the first painter in Rome. His first *cartoons* beautiful, but his finished things bad, from his wretched ideas of colouring: "Jupiter presenting the Cup of Immortality to Psyche," and "Cornelia showing her Children," both beautiful in his first sketch of them. From thence to Thor-

waldsen, the rival of Canova, and there are certainly very fine things in his studio; particularly the Mercury, a Peasant Boy, Gany-mede and the Eagle, the frieze of the Triumph of Alexander, and a Venus with the Apple. He ought not to have attempted the Graces after Canova. By the bye, Chantrey said the other day in the Capitol that he had as studies always before him the casts of the Apollo, the Antinous, and Germanicus. The first as ideal or divine nature, the second as human nature refined, and the last as real every-day nature. Called upon Lady Davy, and went with her to the Grotto of Egeria, as it is called, but supposed by many to have been a mere nymphæum. Saw the Temple of Bacchus too, and from thence went to S. Onofrio, to the tomb of Tasso. A portrait of him on the wall, said to be taken after his death. Dined with Chantrey, and went to Mrs. Graham (author of the "Letters on India") in the evening.

5th. Breakfasted with Chantrey, and sat afterwards to Jackson who begged to have my portrait. Went and purchased Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," a damaged copy of the Milan edition, for nine *scudi*. Bought also Vasi's "Views of Rome" for ten *scudi*; besides some rows of Roman pearls for my darling Bessy. Went to Raphael's villa, where there is one room painted *a fresco* by himself, with the Fornarina's portrait in various shapes and dresses all around. From thence to a *trattorio*, where we eat bread and parmesan and drank Gensano wine. Then to the Borghese Villa, which exhibits within a melancholy wreck, —niches untreasured of their busts, and rooms depopulated of their statues; nothing left behind but some tasteless and fussy works of Bernini,—the David flinging the stone, and biting his under lip with the exertion, and Apollo and Daphne, with the toes of the latter most frightfully elongated into leaves and roots. There is still, however, an ancient Hermaphrodite here of Greek marble, which Chantrey thinks better than that at Paris. The Florence one he considers as very poor. Dined with Sir H. Davy: the Scroopes, Sir T. Lawrence, and myself; a pleasant day. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's, where I heard Mad. Renaudin sing; the most celebrated musical person they have; and her singing is certainly sweet and tasteful, but the things she

selected were not pretty: compositions, I rather think of her master, Crescimbini. Mrs. Dodwell looking beautiful; her husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her, and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

6th. Sat to Jackson; then went with him and Chantrey to Canova, who is sitting to Jackson for Chantrey. The great sculptor a most interesting person, full of all the life of youth and with the simplicity ever attendant upon genius. Took me to see his last Magdalen, which is divine: she is lying recumbent in all the abandonment of grief; and the expression of her face, and the beauty of her figure (which is not at all so wasted as that of the kneeling Magdalen), are perfection. Talked with him for some time while he sat. His views of Europe, and of the impossibility of checking the spirit that is abroad by decrees against the liberty of the press, &c. &c., the same as my own. Sismondi's book (he said), which proves what "briconi" the sovereigns of Europe are, is prohibited here. They read but little in Rome. The "Lugano Gazette" prohibited. Showed me an extract from it in MS., containing a list of a new ministry said to be forming in England. Talked to him about the collection of poems that has been published upon the various subjects of his chisel; what an admirable field for poetry is afforded. Went then with Chantrey through his studio, and was enchanted. What creations his women are! the Hebe, the Dansatrice, the Dirce (the model of which is not yet finished); the Female leading the Old Man, for the Monument of the Archduchess Cristine of Austria; the delightful group of Graces, for the Duke of Bedford; and the Love and Psyche, she holding his hand so delicately while she places a butterfly upon it. This is exquisite; their attitude seems one in which they might stand for hours without wishing to change it. His Washington does not please me; the manner in which he holds the pen is mincing and affected. Chantrey is employed by the Americans on the same subject. Went from thence to the Borghese Palace. The Titian (which I had not looked at half enough before) is beautiful; the colours of the flesh quite magical. Why is it called Profane and Divine Love?

Took a warm bath. Dined with Silvertop: General Ramsay, Mr. Carr, Chantrey, and Duncan.

7th. Sat to Jackson. Called upon Miss Curran, Princess Chigi, the Wilbrahams, &c. &c. Went with Lady Davy, Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Eastlake (an artist studying in Rome), to the Palatine Mount, to the grove where the Arcadians used to hold their meetings. Numerous fragments of capitals, &c. &c. strewed about here. They sent to Sicily for the acanthus to plant around them, the flower of the Corinthian capital. The baths of Livia (so called) are here, but we could not get the key to enter them. The whole thing is very picturesque, and some delightful views of Rome from it. Went from thence to St. Peter's to hear the music. Lord Fortescue just arrived. Speaks of the cascade of Terni with rapture. Both he and his daughter disappointed by St. Peter's; felt a much greater idea of vastness at the Duomo of Milan. Drove thence to the Porta Pia, where people drive or walk on Sundays, but were rather too late. Thence to the Corso. Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street. If there had been but a burst of music from it the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven. Dined with Chantrey.

8th. Went to Schadow's, a Prussian sculptor here. Some of his works seemed to me pretty good: Achilles defending the dead body of the Queen of the Amazons, &c. Went to Romani's the bookseller; bought Denina's "Revolutions of Italy" and "Poeti Venti" of Italy. Thence to the Capitol with Wilbraham and Lady Anne. Saw the statues again; a fine bust of Scipio in one of the long galleries. Went from this to see Cardinal Fesch's pictures; a large collection, Italian, French, and Flemish. Saw only the Italian part to-day. A fine Assumption by Guido; very like the picture in London which Watson Taylor has bought; where the Virgin is seen standing on the moon with two of the loveliest angels that ever embellished heaven at each side of her. Like Watson Taylor's picture the best; though the little cherub on the left side of the Virgin here, with his face half illumined by the glory that is behind her, and half in shadow, is exquisi-

site. The three Marys seeing the Angel at the Sepulchre, by Albano, is beautiful; the colouring of the Angel perfect. Three large pictures, forming one subject, the Visitation (or Salutation?) of St. Elizabeth, designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, particularly grand and poetical. A sort of creature fit for the heath in "Macbeth;" gigantic, gloomy, indistinct, and sublime. An admirable landscape by Gaspar Poussin, with a ray of lightning darting across it and setting a tree on fire. [Carr says it is not original.] A Magdalen by Guercino, too pallid, but very interesting. After this went with Chantrey and Jackson to the Villa Madama, just under the Monte Mario. This villa now going to waste, and inhabited by common people, has porticoes and saloons designed by Raphael and painted by Julio Romano. The view from before the house, in the sunset, is beautiful. The Tiber running beneath on your left; Rome full before you (St. Peter's, however, unseen), with the white houses of Albano, on the hill beyond you, lighted up; a fine range of mountains on the left, assuming every variety of colour as the sun went down. Jackson and Chantrey sketched the scene. Dined at Scroope's. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and saw a famous Italian beauty, Perticari, whose husband is a distinguished *littérateur*.

9th. Went to settle about my books: found a copy of "Celepino's Dictionary" of seven languages, and bought it for twenty-two pauls: bought also the "Parnaso Italiano," fifty-six vols., for forty crowns: have now got more than 100 books: a great convenience Chantrey's sending them duty free for me. At two o'clock went, a large party of us, to the Sciarra Palace. Not a very fine collection of pictures, except in the single instance of Titian's Mistress, which is one of his most beautiful pictures. The look of sorrowful reproach in those shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly suspected of something wrong, is exquisite. I could imagine her speaking those words, "If to gaze on thee waking, &c. &c.; if that is betraying, thou hast been betrayed." There is a clever picture, the Gamblers, by Carravaggio; a good little Teniers; and the Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the awkward composition of the four hands, and that eternal

triangular face which he gives all his women, is rather a striking picture. Desperate rain. All went to Lady Davy's, and I sung for them. At half-past five Chantrey and I went by appointment to Canova, to be taken by him to see his beautiful Venere Vincitrice (the Princess Borghese) at the Borghese Palace; a great favour to be permitted to see it: Madame Perticari was of the party. Interesting conversation with Canova: told me several conversations he had had with Napoleon: his strong representation to him of the ruinous state of Rome, and Buonaparte bursting out with "I'll make it the capital of all Italy," &c. &c. I saw the statue by candle-light, Canova himself holding the light, and pausing with a sort of fond lingering on all the exquisite beauties of this most perfect figure. What a precious thing to possess! Canova had told Lady Davy with great delight, that I said I would write something about his Magdalen. Madame Perticari too mentioned it now, and said, "*La Poesia è per la Maddalena?*" I answered that the Venere too should come in for her share. Dined with Chantrey at seven. He began a drawing of me with the camera lucida, and Jackson began another. Went to Lady Davy with Chantrey for half an hour, and home.

10th. Sat to Jackson. Bought a few cameos for my dear girl, and wished that the moment for giving them to her was come. Read of the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the lieutenancy of his county, and augured from this and other symptoms of the times, sad doings in England. Dined at Sir H. Davy's: M. and Madame de Bourke, Adair, &c.; the Duchess of Devonshire, Lawrence, Canova, &c. in the evening. I sang a little. Lawrence promised to show me the sketch he made of Napoleon's son, describing him as a most interesting boy, and full of all the character of his father,—contemplative, decisive, and animated: every thing in his character military; little armies, &c. &c.

11th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. Went with the Wilbrahams and Lady Davy to finish our view of Cardinal Fesch's pictures,—the Flemish and French schools. What struck me most was a fine head of Christ by Rembrandt, and a Magdalen by Vandyck. The sorrow of this countenance is only surpassed by that of Guercino's Hagar.

The latter, however, is far beyond any thing in its expression that I have yet seen. The figure of this Magdalen is too robust and abundant, but the upturned eyes almost dissolved in tears are exquisite. There is a much admired picture by Nicolo Poussin, the subject of which is poetical enough; the Hours dancing to the sound of a harp played by Old Time, while a little Love is turning the hour-glass at his feet. There is a most barbarous profanation by Teniers, of Christ crowned with Thorns—finely executed, but vulgarized down to the lowest level of his boors. A bust of Napoleon crowned with a gilt laurel; rather bold of the cardinal. There is a picture too, in the last of these rooms, fit for neither ladies nor cardinals. Went afterwards to the Vatican, and had another view of the inimitable Apollo. The Genius of the Vatican, a beautiful fragment. Dined at Lord Fortescue's; sung with Lady Mary in the evening; then went to Madame de Bourke's, where Cardinal Cacciapiatta, Princess Czartorisky, &c. were. From thence home with Lady Davy, and sung a little for her and Lawrence according to promise. Heard dreadful stories to-day of the danger of going to Tivoli, whither the greater part of the Naples banditti are gone; their cutting off people's ears, and sending them to their friends, &c. &c.

12th. Up at half-past four, and started for Tivoli a little after six. Mr. Spencer (Lord Spencer's son) joined our party. The road to Tivoli dreary and stinking,—the latter particularly, where the canal from Lake Solfatara crosses the road. This lake is the region of the *Domus Albumeæ resonantis*. Why does Eustace confusedly apply these words to the cascade at Tivoli? The grotto of Neptune tremendously fine. Nature never disappoints; the humbug is always found in the arts, literature, ruins, &c. &c. The little streamlets that issue from the rock by quiet ways of their own, and join the tumult afterwards, a fine illustration of — something—I don't know what. Went to the Villa d'Este, and had a view of the country from the terrace; of Mæcenas' villa, of Adrian's among the cypresses, of the three Monticelli crowned with towers or churches. Returned home to dinner about five: was to have gone to the Princess Borghese's music, and the Duchess of Devonshire's in the evening, but was too tired.

Who can enjoy such a party of pleasure as we had to-day, armed as we were with pistols, daggers, sword-canes, &c. &c.?

13th. Called upon Sir T. Lawrence at the Consulta. Saw his fine picture of Canova, which has all the *beau idéal* of the countenance, yet still possessing a strong likeness. Tremble for Jackson's portrait beside it. Showed me his drawing of young Napoleon, which is highly interesting: a beautiful child, full of thoughtfulness and simplicity; a fine subject for verses; the past, the present, and the future, all contained in it. Went with Chantrey to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; his first time. Michael Angelo has been called an "inspired savage," and with some justice. Chantrey thought the statue, though vulgar and extravagant in many respects, upon the whole imposing and grand. He took a sketch of the female statue to the left. Went from thence to the Maria degli Angeli, for another look at the beautiful St. Sebastian of Domenichino. How its fresh and glowing colours kill the picture of Carlo Maratti opposite! This church one of the sublimest things in Rome. Called at Canova's, and again looked over his treasures. It is strange enough (if the world did not abound with such anomalies) that Canova values himself more on some wretched daubs he has perpetrated in painting, than on his best sculpture. Such is poor human nature in its *finest* specimens. He introduced me to the poet who has written upon his marbles, and promised to present me with a copy of the work. Dined with the Wilbrahams: Lord Fortescue, Lady Mary, &c.; in the evening Lady De Clifford. I sung with Lady Mary. Have settled to be off with Chantrey and his party on Wednesday next.

14th. Read Guidi's "Ode on the Arcadians" at breakfast; and, after three or four times reading, could repeat the following lines of it:

"O noi d' Arcadia fortunata gente,
Che dopo l' ondeggiar di dubbia sorte,
Sovra i colli Romani abbiamo soggiorno!
Noi qui miriamo intorno
Di questa illustre solitaria parto
L' alte famosa membra
Della città di Marte.
Mirate là tra le memorie sparte,
Che glorioso alire
Serbano ancora infra l' orror degli anni
Delle gran moli i danni,
E caldo ancor dentro le sue ruine
Fuma il vigor delle virtù Latine!

Indomita e superba ancora è Roma,
Benèhè si veggia col gran busto a terra:
La barbara guerra
De' fatali Troni,
E l' altra che le diede il Tempo irato,
Par, che si prenda a scherno:
Son piene di splendor le sue sventure,
E il gran cenere suo si mostra eterno:
E noi, rivolti all' onorate sponde
Del Tebro, invitto fiume
Or miriamo passar le tumid' onde
Col primo orgoglio ancor l' esser Reine
Sovra tutte l' altere onde marine."

I have now written this out from memory. Went to see the collection of Camuccini, the brother of the painter. Some very pleasing things, particularly the Venus and Adonis, a small cabinet picture by Titian,—and a picture, of which the figures are by Giambellini, and the landscape (beautiful) by his pupil Titian; a charming Guido too, of Christ on the Cross; a good Sassoferrato, Virgin and Child; and a curious subject by a pupil of (I think) Correggio, viz. a Child or Cupid crowning a Skull with a Wreath. He has also some fine marbles and *bassi rilievi* that belonged to the Aldobrandini family. There is a picture of Guercino's here, Esther, in which one of the heads is rather like the matchless head of Agar at Milan. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of S. Carlo a Catinari, and saw the four cardinal Virtues by Domenichino, in the corner of the cupola; most lovely things; a perfect youthful Hebe; another with a lofty, yet feminine, look of inspiration; and all beautiful. Went from thence to the church of St. Andrea della Valle, where there are also some glorious things over the choir, by Domenichino. We were a good deal interested here by the various examinations of boys and girls (and some, girls of a more advanced time of life) in their catechism. Went to the Pantheon, and looked over the heads of great men placed there, chiefly by the gift of Canova; all the chief painters; Tasso, Ariosto, Alfieri, &c. &c.; Paesicello, Sacchini, &c. &c. Then went to St. Peter's, to hear the music, which was admirable. Dined at Mr. Ellison's. Called at Chantrey's, and found that Canova had sent me the promised poems, with the words *Al celeberrimo Poeta Thomas Moore, Antonio Canova*, in it, and likewise engravings from the statues of the Nymphs, Venere Vincitrice, &c. &c. Saw the palace of the Cencia family, now belonging

to some one else. Here the adventure of the Cencia happened.

15th. Called upon Lady Mary Fortescue, and sung with her for some time. Found one or two pretty airs in her MS. book, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of St. Agnese, built by Borromini; singular architecture outside; not a straight line in the whole building. The fountain opposite it (Piazza Navona) by Bernini nearly as *outré* in its taste. The inside of the church, which is small and circular, looked very fine by the sort of light with which it is illuminated,—brilliant on the principal altar, and dim on the rest, showing off the *bassi* (or *alti*) *rilievi* over them with very fine effect. Went to the studio of Pacetti, a sculptor of some eminence here: many fine, antique statues, and a female head by Leonardo da Vinci, very beautiful. There are also here the statue of Venus, described by Winckelman, with an elegant tripod beside her. Got money at Torlonia's. Bought Parini's works and a little mosaic of the Coliseum for Bessy, this being the dear girl's birthday. Heaven send her many happy returns of it; and may she always make me love and value her as intensely as I do at this moment. Went at half-past five with Canova, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, Jackson, and Turner (four royal Academicians), to the Venetian Academy of Painting (where Canova first studied when he came to Rome), and saw the naked model,—a very noble figure of a man, who threw himself into the attitudes of the various ancient statues with striking effect. From thence we all went to the Academy of St. Luke's, where there were near a hundred students, drawing and modelling from another naked figure, not quite so good as the former. All dined together except Canova, who has not dined from home these twelve years. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and had some music.

16th. Went out early for the purpose of seeing the *Ægina* Marbles, but was disappointed. Called upon, Lord William Russell, and had much talk about politics and Lord John. From him to Lady Mary Fortescue, with whom I sung for some time; then to Scroope's, who took me to Lady Charlotte Campbell. How changed from the creature I first knew her seventeen or eighteen years

ago. Then went with Lady Davy to see the pictures at the Capitol; but very few of them good; the Sibyl of Domenichino the flower of it all. What spirit in the looks! what freshness in the complexion! what grandeur in the drapery! Guercino's Sibyl here fades into nothing before it: I hardly remember anything else that pleased me so much. Went from thence to see the Colonna garden, and, contrary to my expectation, was admitted to see the palace. Very grand; the great gallery magnificent. There is a fine Claude, but rubbed till it has become quite dry, hard, and blue. The beautiful little Cupids painted on the looking-glasses, by Carlo Maratti, pleased me very much, particularly one little fellow with his back turned, at the top of a glass on the left side of the room, and another holding a crab to the thigh of one that is sleeping, and looking maliciously with his finger to his nose. In one of the rooms is the Cencia of Guido, with a strong expression of sorrow in the countenance. The ridiculous modesty affected in the pictures and statues here: one of the wings of the Swan has been altered, and intended so as to cover the beauties of Leda in the water; and a statue of Venus has been plastered over in the most clumsy manner. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, which makes my mind easy as to the impossibility of my having caught him at Geneva. Dined with the Davys: young Fortescue and Elmsley the great Greek scholar,—a most pompous and disagreeable personage. Went in the evening to Scroope's. Miss S. gave me the two pretty Venetian bracelets for Bessy.

17th. Left Rome for Florence at nine o'clock; the party in the carriage, Chantrey, Jackson, Reid, and Bramsen,—the latter a sort of guide and interpreter that Chantrey brought up with him. The only remarkable object of the day's journey was Soracte, which assumed a variety of shapes as we approached it. Arrived at Otricoli before seven, and slept there; a wretched inn.

18th. Started at six, and arrived at Terni about half-past ten. Breakfasted, and went to the Falls, which is five Italian miles off. Never was any thing so magnificently picturesque as this spot. It is not merely the waterfall, though perfect in its way, but every step and every view is full of enchantment. The view from the top whence the water is seen tum-

bling down into some cavity, and then springing out again, as if rejected; the rainbow moving with the wind, and sometimes quite blown away but recovering its hues, and forming again immediately; all beautiful. The views too from below are quite as exquisite. The outline of the dark, bold rocks between you and the fall (of which the different landing-places are seen, when the mist of the spray blows off, and at the very top two lesser streams appear branching out in a sort of forked form); the labyrinth of trees, towards the end of the valley, the root of each tree forming a little island, round which the rapids rush, every thing but the water, still. The rainbow over the fall like the Providence of God watching over a stormy world, sometimes lost sight of for awhile, but soon shining out again, &c. &c. The little orange grove through which you pass in leaving the valley; the rhododendrons on the rocks; the jasmies along the road afterwards. The rest of our day's journey highly interesting; an unvarying feature of this country is the high pointed, rocky mountains, with castles on their summits. Slept at Spoleto; a very clean and comfortable place, and an elysium to us after the filthy wretchedness of Otricoli.

19th. Left Spoleto pretty early, and got to Perugia about two, having been delayed by the want of horses,—Lucien Buonaparte's suite, among others, being on the road. Went to the University, and saw some old pictures by Cimabue, Pietro Perugino, and Perugino's master. Hot with walking so far. Went thence to the chapel, all painted by Pietro Perugino, the most pleasing and least *dry* productions of his I have yet seen. One traces here all the seeds of Raphael's grace; and the embellishments of the corners of the ceiling are evidently the prototype of Raphael's ornamental painting on the Lodges at the Vatican. Dined here, and continued our route all night. It was dark before we got to Lake Trasimene.

20th. Arrived at Florence about two. Schneider's full, but we went to his *piccola locanda* at the other side. After dinner called for Chantrey at Lord Elgin's, and both went to Lord Burghersh's. Chantrey's opinion of the Duomo here very just. The great object of architecture is to produce, by its different forms and projections, different pleasing effects

of light and shadows; but an almost flat surface like that of the Duomo, which substitutes variety of colour for variety of light and shadow, is so far from being in good taste, that, at the best, it can be only considered a large and beautiful toy.

21st. Called with Jackson upon Lord Dillon. Read to us the passage in Hobbes, where he compares the Catholic priesthood to the world of fairies; over-strained, but some of it ingenious. I went to the Mansfields, and, after sitting some time, Lady Mansfield took me to Bartolini, to whom her daughter is sitting for her bust. Bartolini again entreated me to sit for my bust to him, and says he can take the likeness in six hours. Appointed to-morrow. Chantrey, who means to make a bust of me, wishes I should sit to Bartolini, "that we may see the difference." Went from thence to the *Amunziata* to hear the music, but it was not good. Called upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were ready to fall down and worship her. Lord Charlemont called upon me. Dined at Lord Burghersh's. Went to the Opera. Came home at twelve o'clock, and looked at Jackson's sketch of the Mothers in Guido's Slaughter of the Innocents. Chantrey objects to this picture; which fails, he says, in truth and nature; for it is impossible that so many mothers should express their horror at the same time, in the same manner, viz., by opening their mouths into an exact oval.

22nd. Gave Bartolini a first sitting for my bust. Went afterwards to the Gallery for a short time; took a glimpse of the Venus and the Claude. Then to the Pitti Palace, but could not get in. Then to Molini's, where I bought Boccaccio, Alfieri's Tragedies, and Casti's Novelle. After that went with Jackson to the church of Santa Croce to see the picture of Bronzino, the Limbo dei Santi Padri, one of the most beautiful pictures in Italy. The female figure that stands shrinkingly in an attitude something like that of the Venus, most exquisitely painted. The Sibyls of Volterrano did not so much strike me now that I had seen Domenichino's figures of the same kind. Went to Molini's other shop, where I saw himself. Found that he knew me by

reputation; bought Alfieri's life. Saw and talked with Lord Charlemont for some time. Dined at Lord Dillon's. Went to Lady Burghersh's music in the evening. Duchess Lanti sang; fine voice and execution, like a prima donna. Manielli sang with her, and a little Irish girl, Miss Gibbons; all Lord B.'s music. Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her Regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without beginning "Madame" or "Chère," or any thing, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him from St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

23rd. Sat to Bartolini. Went to Fiesole: a delicious day for it; the view most beautiful; and, after a shower, the sort of light that was over every thing made it ten times more beautiful. The Apennines, some of them covered with snow, which shine out in a sunshine like that of summer. Dined with Sir Robert Lawley: company, Lord and Lady Dillon, Charlemont and Templeton, Lord Francis Conyngham, &c. Dillon's quotation from Bacon to account for women's readiness in arriving at a result without the intermediate reasoning that men require, that the "temperament of women is more cold and moist!" The laugh this excited. Sir Robert Lawley's account of the translation of the Memoirs of the Medici to which he has prefixed a preface. The anecdote of the Cardinal, who, being invited to a good dinner on Christmas Day, said he was sorry he could not attend, but there was such a mass at such an hour, such an office at another hour; concluding that, in short, *non si può far niente in questo giorno di diavolo*. Went from thence to Mrs. Arthur's ball. Was introduced, at his own request, to the famous Lucchesini, who told me I was *uno dei pilastri delle arte*. The Charlemonts brought me home. Was locked out, young Lord Caulfield assisting me to knock the

porter up. Kept at the door a whole hour, from one to two.

24th. Sat to Bartolini. Desperate snowy day. Went to Lady Burghersh's for the purpose of seeing her put her extracts from Lord Byron's Memoirs in the fire.* Gave another sitting of an hour to Bartolini; Lady Mansfield and her daughter sat with me the greater part of the time. Dined at Lord Burghersh's: company, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord Lovaine, &c., &c. Went in the evening to Madame d'O's ball; an Anglo-Florentine ball. She is the banker's wife, and accordingly every body with a good letter of credit asked. The Princess of Wirtemberg there. Drank some very good wine at Lord Burghersh's to-day, called (I think) Montalcino.

25th. Went to the Gallery. The Madonna of Carlo Dolci is to me very beautiful; but I at the same time feel that smooth mannerism of his which artists condemn. Went to the Pitti Palace. The Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very fine; the Venus of Tintoret an exquisite picture. Dined with the Morgans. In the evening to the christening of Lady Burghersh's child. Lord Mansfield represented the Prince Regent as sponsor. All those at the christening in full dress; but Lady B. said I should be a privileged person, and go in every-day habit. I did not however. A ball after the christening. Some of the chief Florentine beauties there; among whom the handsomest was Madame Mozzi, with a pair of those "terrible" eyes that Arthur Young mentions among the women in Italy. Must not forget Chantrey's remarks upon the two busts of Seneca in the Gallery, showing the inferior style of one in its minute definition of all the parts, and the merit of the other in generalizing, and consulting the effect alone.

26th. Got up early to give a final sitting to Bartolini before my departure. Set off with Chantrey, &c., at twelve o'clock. Arrived at Covigliaio between seven and eight. A dreadful day, a snowy mist closing around us as we went.

27th. Left Covigliaio at eight. Arrived at Bologna at half-past five. Weather cleared up, but the snow very deep on the Apennines. The scene very fine in its way. A waggon overturned across the road, which stopped us some time.

* Mr. Moore had lent Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to Lady Burghersh.—Ed.

28th. Went to the Gallery. The children quarrelling for the beads in Domenichino's fine picture of the Persecution, the roses scattered on the ground from heaven, and the two lovely girls embracing each other just under the feet of the horses, while another so affectionately extends her hands to protect her aged father; all is admirably imagined. The attitude of Samson, in Guido's picture here, very like that of his Michael. The dead children in his Slaughter of the Innocents, one of them smiling in death, the mother flying away with her child, exquisite; but Chantrey's remark (which, I find, Sir Joshua made before), with respect to the open mouths of the women, very true. There are six or seven figures with the mouths open. The Dead Christ and the Saints of Guido (forming two distinct pictures), a fine picture; the children at the bottom lovely. The Magdalen in Raphael's St. Cecilia here a finely formed creature. In the picture by Pietro Perugino, next to Guido's Dead Christ, the head of St. John the Evangelist is supposed to be by Raphael, being so much more *sciolto* than the rest. Went to the Marescalchi Palace; a lovely head of St. Cecilia by Domenichino. Canaletti's view of Sta. Maria della Salute here, with a stormy sky, has more painting in it than any one of his I have seen. Left Bologna about two. Arrived at Modena too late to see the gallery of the Ducal Palace, though we attempted it. Could only see that there were some fine Guercinos, and a good Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. The palace a splendid building, but the façade only half finished, like every thing here. The cathedral a sort of Gothic, and has a spire—one of the very few one sees here. Slept at Modena.

29th. Left Modena before five in the morning, and arrived at Parma to breakfast. Went to the Gallery. The admirable St. Jerome of Correggio. "How very like Sir Joshua!" I exclaimed the moment I looked at it; and Jackson and Chantrey fully confirmed my idea. The faces of the angel and the boy on the right full of a sort of grotesque sweetness, and perfectly original. The infant Christ must have suggested to Sir Joshua his Puck. There is also the Madonna della Sedilla here of Correggio. In the picture by Raffaello in this gallery he has painted the Fornarina as St. Catherine; a very lovely figure, the pret-

tiest of his Fornarinas I have seen. Jackson thinks the Fornarina in the tribune at Florence is not Raphael's. The library at Parma splendid; contains 80,000 volumes. Went to Bodoni's printing-house, and bought a copy of Gray's poems (printed here) for Bessy. Went to the monastery of the Benedictine nuns, where Correggio has painted the children round the ceiling very fancifully and beautifully. These are engraved, I believe, by Rosaspina. The cupola of St. Giovanni and the cathedral are also painted by Correggio, but are much injured and hardly discoverable. Rosaspina, however, has had them engraved. Went from thence to see the toilet of Maria Louisa given her by Napoleon; the cradle, with the eagle at the bottom of it, and the letter N. in various places; all is silver-gilt. At dinner to-day, in calling for a bottle of champagne, which I had lost as a wager, I told the waiter, *C'è un scommesso ch'io ho perduto*. *Perduto!* he exclaimed, *Ah, per Bacco!* This beats Bob Acre's oath for appropriateness. Slept at Parma. Had gone to the Opera, and seen there Maria Louisa.

30th. Left Parma at five, and arrived at Milan to dinner, having stopped to see the Bridge of Lodi on the way. Wrote a note before dinner to Lord Kinnaird, who came in person to answer it. When I mentioned the waiter's *per Bacco!* to him, he told me that the Austrian government had lately refused permission to the ballet master at Milan to produce a ballet on the subject of Cymbeline, on account of the immorality of betting upon a woman's virtue. He offered us his box for the night, and Chantrey and I went. The same ballet of which I had seen the Prova. The last scene, where the Titans are destroyed by a thunderbolt, and all the nymphs and children are seen in a sort of "visionary distance" behind, is beautiful.

December 1st. Went to the Brera. Jackson took a sketch of the delightful Agar for me. Both he and C. pronounced it a feeble picture as to execution, but agreed as to the admirable expression of Agar. The Albano here (which was also brought from Bologna with Guido's Peter and Paul, and the Guercino), a beautiful picture; the subject, the Ratto di Proserpina: Venus reclining in the clouds, and turning round to kiss Cupid, who seems to have just flown up to her after his achieve-

ment; the little Love in the dance, whose face is seen from behind; the wing of one on the right; the temple in the background; all most poetical. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantry does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. I also did not dwell half so much as I ought on the fine Assumption of Titian at the Academy, from which J. has taken a sketch of the child that holds up the drapery of the Virgin,—a delicious thing. Tintoret's Miracle of the Hammer is in the same room. Kinnaird came to us while we were at dinner. Started between four and five from Milan, and slept at Novara.

2nd. Left Novara very early, and arrived at Turin about six. Very ill all this day.

3rd. Colonel Fitzclarence, who arrived a day or two before, sent to tell Chantry he had an opportunity of seeing a private collection of pictures,—the Marquis Cambiaso's. Went with him and Upton. A Madonna and Child by Raphael; the two heads (of angels, I believe) in the background, beautiful. A fine Rubens, the Dance of Infant Satyrs; one of the most pleasing of his I have ever seen. A picture by Titian, where one of the female figures holds a thin glass bell, in which a little Love is inclosed; showing as the Marquis explained it, *la fragilità dell' amore*. Went thence to the Ducal Palace; a most splendid thing, all gold. None of the pictures pleased me much, except Vandyck's picture of Charles II. and two of the other Stuarts, as children: beautiful in its way. The character of the little child with the apple admirably caught. There is also a fine portrait, by the same, of Prince Thomas (I think) on horseback. Dined; and left Turin at night.

4th. Breakfasted at Susa, and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis in a thick, dense fog, out of which we rose gradually into all the sunshine of a clear, glorious morning; according to the promise of our postillion, who said,

as we came along, *Il n'y aura pas de brouillard sur la montagne*. The golden appearance of the mist, before the sun quite rose above it, appearing almost like his golden curls showing themselves, and then turning to silver after he had risen. The valley below us full of a sea of mist, reminding one of the deluge, and as if we were escaping out of it to the high places: so very dense too, and some parts of it, as it began to evaporate, rising slowly with a sort of feathery swell, and as white as snow. Two men on each side of our carriage all the way, to keep it from upsetting. Arrived at St. Jean de Maurienne; a most wretched inn, where we slept.

5th. Arrived at Chambéry at half-past five; took a *char-à-banc*, and went with Jackson to see the chateau where Rousseau passed the happiest time of his life with Mad. de Warens. The way to it very rural and wild. Though it was almost dark when we arrived at it, Jackson contrived to make a little sketch of the house for me. Returned to dinner, and slept at Chambéry; a most comfortable house. Heard here at night the only characteristic national singing I have met with on the Continent.

6th. Left Chambéry between six and seven. Saw Buonaparte's road at the Echelles; a grand thing, and the view of the Valley at the end of the long gallery through the rocks beautiful. Emanuel's old road, though wonderful enough, and the portal to it through the high rocks magnificent, is nothing to Napoleon's. There is a monument, with an inscription, at this opening of Emanuel's road. The passage hence through the mountains very grand. Arrived at Lyons between nine and ten.

7th. Walked about Lyons. The situation of the town very fine, and the view from the inn windows (Hotel de l'Europe) of the height on the other side of the river, with the old castle upon it, very striking. Left Lyons at seven in the evening to travel all night. Were stopped at Tarrare for want of horses, and sat at the postmaster's fire, drinking brandy and water, for two hours.

8th. Breakfasted at Roanne. A new bridge building here, begun by Buonaparte. The current of the Loire about to be turned here. The house where we breakfasted was formerly the post, but was dispossessed of this

(as the landlady told us) on account of Napoleon having slept there on his way from Elba, and thus being suspected of knowing his intended return. Reached La Palisse between four and five; dined and slept there; a very comfortable house.

9th. Stopped to lunch at Moulins, where we had a gay scene with the *marchandes* that came in to sell knives and scissors, and the little girl who brought the Moulins hats to sell, to whom Chantrey gave at my suggestion, a five franc piece, which made her very happy. At Villeneuve-sur-Allier Chantrey bought two of these country hats for his wife and mine. Supped at Ponilly; the white wine of this place famous, and very good. Travelled all night.

10th. Breakfasted at Fontenoy, and arrived at Fontainebleau at two. Went with the rest to see the palace. Saw what I had not been shown before, a statue of Telemachus in the gardens, by Canova, which Buonaparte had sent from Italy, and which was the first thing (the gardener said) he inquired about on his coming into the garden on his way from Elba. Slept at Fontainebleau.

11th. Arrived at Paris before one o'clock. Went as soon as I could, with a beating heart, to inquire for letters from home. Found only one from my darling Bessy, dated as far back as her birthday, the 15th of November. All, however, was then well; and I trust in Heaven the delay of further intelligence is only owing to her waiting the time of my return to Paris. Received a letter also from the Longmans, telling me that nothing has been done in my Bermuda business as yet; and that it is the opinion of Sir J. Mackintosh (as well as their own most decidedly), that I ought not to go to England at present. This is a sad disappointment; my dear cottage and my books! I must, however, lose no time in determining upon bringing Bessy and her little ones over; and wherever they are will be home, and a happy one, to me.

12th. A visitor announced to me, a stranger; said I had done him the honour to leave a card with him last night. Found I had mistaken another doctor for Yonge. He professed himself rejoiced at an accident which had brought him acquainted with one whom he had long, &c., &c. Proved to be a Mr. Williams, an Irishman, a very gentleman-like sort of person,

who offered his services to take lodgings, or do anything useful for me. Went to call on the Granards and Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. Asked to dine by Lord G. to-day, but had promised Chantrey with my fellow-travellers. Went to Galignani and read the newspapers. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went afterwards to the Opera: my old acquaintance, the "Carnival de Venise." From thence to drink out a wager of punch, which Bramsen had lost at the Mille Colonnes. Wrote a letter this morning, for Chantrey and Jackson, to the Count Forbin, to ask permission for them to see the Louvre, which is at present shut.

13th. Wrote to my dear Bessy and the Longmans. Met at the post-office an old acquaintance, O'Hagarty, who was an emigrant in Dublin, and taught the harp. I remember Stevenson saying (when O'Hagarty declared he had no other resource but this or else staying in France to be guillotined), "Egad, it was *head* or *harp* with you," a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Dublin. Called afterwards on Mrs. Herbert. Came home to sit to Jackson for a pencil drawing he promised to make of me. Found that the English ambassador had left his card with me. Lord Granard called while I was sitting to Jackson. All dined at V\'ery's; the *Romanée Conti* excellent. Went in the evening to see Talma in *Coriolanus*. His "Adieu Rome," had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting. Stood with Chantrey a long time looking at the extraordinary statue of Voltaire at this theatre. Though quite contrary to Chantrey's theory of what is beautiful in art, from its entering into all the common details of nature, yet he confessed that it has something very admirable in it, and that he never tires of looking at it. Hondon was the sculptor. It would be frightful to have the image of any person one loved with such a true and ghastly resemblance to life.

14th. The permission for Chantrey and Jackson arrived, with a very civil note to Chantrey from Count Forbin. Got in with them as their interpreter. Chantrey explained to me the nature of glazing and scumbling. The former is laying a substratum of white, and then painting with a transparent colour (blue, red, &c.) over it; the latter is chiefly used for the purpose of producing aerial perspective, and consists in brushing thinly over,

with an opaque colour, any distant objects that have been first clearly and accurately painted, so as to give them the haze of distance. He showed me a picture of Rubens, in which a cloud had been painted over again by David: remarked what dead, untransparent colouring it was beside the rest. Jackson, for pleasure, would have a collection of *Titians*, that is, for the *sensual* pleasure; but for the intellectual a set of Raphaels, the latter being so grand and severe. Titian painted upon very rough canvas, without preparing it so much as is generally done. Raphael's Michael and Satan very inferior to Guido's. Teniers sometimes imitated Guido; could imitate any master. The fine picture by Titian, of the Cavalier and his Mistress: Chantrey made me understand, by comparing this with the picture beyond it, the difference between the minute details of the inferior art and that fine, general view of nature which a great artist gives. Pointed out to me the finest statues. He admired very much the Zingarella, and took a sketch of it; the Boy with the Goose; the Head of Vitellius, &c. It was Bernini who supplied the cushion to the Hermaphrodite. By the bye, of Bernini, C.'s criticism is that he did not know the boundaries of his art, nor of what it was capable; but attempted effects that only belong to painting, such as motion, flying draperies, &c., &c. Dined with Lord Granard, and he and I went to the Italian Opera: the "*Barbiere*" of Rossini.

15th. Went out in pursuit of lodgings; found a little *faïry* suite of apartments; an *entresol* in the Rue Chantreine, and took them at 250 francs a month. Dined at General Fitzgerald's; Sir Sidney Smith of the party. A large assembly after dinner; Lord and Lady Thomond, Lady Clanricarde, Lord Massey, &c. &c. Came away early.

16th. No letter from Bessy. This is very painful and unaccountable. Called on the Granards. Dined with Chantrey, &c., at the Rocher de Cancale. Ordered them a most *recherché* dinner; *trouçons d'anguille*, *paté de foie gras*, *sauté de carpe*, &c. Went afterwards to three of the little theatres on the *Boulevards*, and were much amused.

17th. Chantrey and the rest went off. Dreadfully wet weather, and Paris most uncomfortable. Called upon Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, who had asked me to dinner; but

I had engaged to dine with my new friend Dr. Williams. Made some other calls. The Doctor's dinner was at Grignon's, *solus cum solo*, and dull enough. Went early to the Opera: that most trumpery thing, "*Le Rossignol*;" but the ballet of "*Nina*" made up for it. Bigottini very touching in this character, and some of the music full of pathos.

18th. No letter from home; know not what to think of it. Every thing here seems dreary. Read some of "*Corinne*" at breakfast. The introduction of the heroine absurd enough,—the car, the senators, the speeches, &c.; but the style and remarks are always very striking. Went to seek for Viotti in order to get permission to attend the rehearsal of Spontini's new opera, "*Olympic*," this evening. Met him; and he promised to admit Lord G., myself, and Fitzgerald. Sent an apology to Mr. Giffard, with whom I was to dine; and Lord G., Fitzgerald, and myself had an early dinner at Beauvilliers'. The rehearsal very singular; the stage lighted up, and all the scenery in form, and the artists in their every-day clothes: the music, too, full of notes and overloaded harmonies; and the way it was squalled and mewled out by Madames Branchia and Albert detestable. Went afterwards to Coulon's ball, where all the *filles d'Opera* go; a Napoleon the ticket. But few of the celebrated ones there; Madlle. de Gros, who danced a waltz very beautifully with Montjoye; Paul's sister; Madlle. Dupont of the Théâtre Français; Bourgoing of the same, &c. What can induce men to lavish their time and money on such creatures as these? It is to me, with all my fondness for the sex, inconceivable. Came away between one and two.

19th. A letter, at last, from Bessy; our dear Tom has been very ill, but she says he is now better. God send him health! Had not yet got my letter from this. Called upon Fielding, and went to my lodgings: saw my landlady; a good deal of a Tartar. Am happy to find, however, she lives a good way off. Made calls with Fielding at the Ambassador's (saw Lady Elizabeth Stuart), at the Dalrymple's, Hamilton's, Lady Westmoreland's, Lady Ranccliffe's, Gallois, &c. Dined with Fielding; none but himself and Lady Elizabeth. Went with him to the Français, and saw Madlle. Mars in the "*Suite d'un Bal Masqué*." The *equivoque* of this little piece well managed,

and her acting charming. Went from thence to Madame Flahault's: a pretty French woman there, Mad. Laborde. I saw my old acquaintance the Duchess de Broglie (Mad. de Stael's daughter), who received me very kindly. Reminded her of the night she danced "Mrs. McLeod" with me in London.

20th. Left the hotel for my new lodgings. Walked about with Fielding to order wood, tea, sugar, &c. A disagreeable operation for me to turn housekeeper by myself. Went with Lord Granard and Fielding to dine at the Cadran Bleu, for the purpose of seeing the "Petites Danaïdes" at the Porte St. Martin. With some difficulty got places; amusing enough. Little Jenny Vertpré very pretty. Fielding and I drank *punch à la Romaine* at Tortoni's afterwards.

21st. Had a letter from Lord John Russel. His speech on the reform of corrupt boroughs admirable. Nothing gives me more pleasure, both for his own and the country's sake, than his success on this occasion. Walked about with Fielding, after reading the papers. Wanted me to dine with him, but I refused, and dined alone at the Rotonde. Went to the Gaité afterwards, and finished with iced punch at Tortoni's. The weather as hot as summer.

22nd. Paid my landlady a month in advance, and signed and sealed according to the same form as had been submitted to by the ambassador of Constantinople (Adair), who, I find, was my predecessor in these lodgings. Called on Denon, and saw his lithographical publications. One of the engravings he showed me was from a drawing by Procaccini, whom I guessed, from his style, to be an *élève* of Correggio; and I happened to be right. Dined with Fielding, and went in the evening to Lady Westmoreland's, to take leave of her on her departure for Italy. From thence went to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Was introduced to her husband, who is a sensible, quiet sort of person.*

23rd. Desperate wet day. Wrote to my dear Bessy, my mother, Rogers, and Lord John. Dined at Comte de Flahault's. De Souza's story of the violent patriot declaiming against tyranny, and saying that the people ought to rise with one voice and cry out *Vive la Liberté!* at the same time whispering the last word himself, as if he feared the very walls

would hear him. Music in the evening. Paer and his daughter sung; he in the *buffo* style, and very well; seems a fine, hearty fellow.—One of the things sung by him and her and Flahault was an air that they sing to the bagpipes at Rome in Christmas time. It is harmonised by Paer, and is very pretty. I must have it for my National Melodies. Went afterwards to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's assembly, where I saw Pozzo di Borgo, Suchet, &c.—Was introduced to Prince Galitzin, a Russian, who has all my poems by heart, and came sidling up to me with a line or two every now and then during the night.

24th. Had a ticket from Lady Raneliffe to the Chamber of Deputies, and went there, but could not get in, it being quite full. Dined alone at the Rotonde, had been pressed by the Flahaults to dine with them, but said I was engaged. Madame Flahault called to take me to the Opera, the "Olympie." Nothing can be more poetically imagined than the scenery and ballet of this opera. It is a curious idea of Madame Flahault, that Lord Byron chose Venice for a residence, because, as nobody walks there, his not having the power is not so remarkable. Wet to the skin coming home. Stopped at the Rotonde on my way to buy a bottle of brandy, and drank some with hot water before I went to bed. Saw a tour through Switzerland at a stall to-day, dedicated to the Thunder, *C'est à toi, Tonnerre, que je dédie mon livre.*

25th. Christmas Day! Alas! I thought to pass it with my dear family. Have been asked to dine by Fielding; but would rather, *faute de mieux*, pass the day with the Granards, who are the oldest acquaintances I have here, and old recollections have always something domestic about them. Resolved to invite myself to dinner there, and called; but Lord G. anticipated me by asking me himself. Told him, however, my intentions. Lady Charlotte and Fitzgerald at dinner, and Lady Raneliffe. Went to Mrs. Giffard's in the evening, and heard Blanzini and his wife sing some very pretty things. Mrs. Fitzherbert, too, who I thought had cut me, gave me a very kind greeting.

27th. Received a letter from my dear Bessy, to say she sets off from Wiltshire to-day.—Meant to go in the mail for Calais myself at four, but the eternal work of passports delays

* The Duc de Broglie's unpretending manner conceals his remarkable abilities, but only for a day.—Ed.

me: have taken my place for to-morrow. Was to have dined with the Dalrymple-Hamiltons, but sent an excuse, and dined with the Fieldings, and went to the Olympie in the evening. Joined the Herberts in Mons. Pradell's box.

28th. Got my passports and set off at half-past four, in the mail for Calais. My companions two Frenchwomen, one of whom gave me a very interesting account of her sufferings at St. Domingo, and the kindness of the people of Baltimore to her on her arrival there. In talking of the backwardness of the American literature, I said, what would always prevent them from exerting themselves much in that way, was their having already the work done to their hands in the literature of the mother country; and that, in fact, to be *langue épuisée*. *Comment*, she answered, *une langue épuisée*, when there are such poets as Byron and Scott alive? This silence about me I bore very philosophically: found afterwards she had heard much of my name, but never read me. Travelled all night.

29th. Cold, dreary travelling all day.—Found, from the conversation of my companions, that there is much fear of dissension throughout France, and that commerce is already checked by the appearance of clouds in the horizon. This agrees with what Mad. Flahault told me; and these prognostics of a storm have all appeared within a few weeks.

30th. Arrived, after two nights' travelling, at Calais, about seven o'clock this morning. Went to bed at eight, rose again a little after ten, and heard there were two packets in the distance. Breakfasted, and went down to the pier, where I remained till the packet entered the harbour. Numbers on deck, but no Bessy. At last the dear girl and her little ones made their appearance. Our meeting most happy. The little ones quite well and blooming, and my Bessy herself (notwithstanding a fall she had from a pony during my absence, which broke her nose almost to pieces) looking extremely well. She never told me of this accident, but it was a severe one, and confined her to the house for weeks. What an escape! Her beautiful nose, too, that might have vied with Alcina's own, to have been so battered. It is still swelled, and the delicacy of it a little spoiled; but it will soon, I trust, come right again. Dispatched a man from the pier to take the mail for us to-morrow night; but he mis-

understood me (from my speaking English with him), and took the places for to-night; an unlucky mistake, as we all want rest. However, there being no help for us, dined and set off together at six; myself, Bessy, the two young ones, and our excellent servant Hannah, all together. A cold, cold night, with the ground as slippery as glass from the frost.

31st. Crept along all day, in much anxiety for my precious charge, for the hills were as dangerous going up as down; but our conversation about all that has happened during our separation beguiled the way. Find that Power has published the second number of the "National Melodies" in the unfinished state in which I left it; provoking this. Travelled all night in continual alarms from the slipperiness of the roads.

January 1, 1820. Arrived safe, thanks to that God whose goodness I would not *not* feel for the world! Four nights in the mail rather tugging. Got dinner from a *traiteur*: my dear tidy girl, notwithstanding her fatigue, set about settling and managing everything immediately.

2nd. Employed in unpacking and arranging. Took Bessy to walk on the Boulevards in the evening; the shops glittering with *étrennes* of all sorts.

3rd. Down to the Rue St. Antoine for silk for a pelisse, and bought a bonnet. Took Bessy to dinner at Véry's at the Palais Royal; her reluctance to enter the room. Went afterwards to see the Marionettes; where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, *Voilà une dame Anglaise!* Finished at the Mille Colonnes.

4th. We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturiere. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, housekeeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head. Dined at home, and read in the evening; the first time I have attempted anything like study for some months.

5th to 8th. Days hardly worth the noting; spent in efforts to settle ourselves, with but little success. Wrote to tell the Longmans that I meant to call my projected little work, "The Fudge Family in Italy." Had an an-

swer to say they were much pleased with the idea. Began some of the picture sketches. Am only able to manage a few lines a-day, by staying in bed to breakfast. Read through Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," with Sir Joshua's commentary on it. Read also "Richardson on Painting." Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c., &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

9th to 14th. An idle habit, thus lumping the days; but they may well say, *nos numerus sumus*, for they have here little more in them. Thought, before my month was out, of looking out for other lodgings, and walked over to the quartier of the Luxembourg with Fielding and Bessy for that purpose. Saw nothing that would do. A boarding-house in the Faubourg St. Honoré rather tempted me; 500 francs a month for board and lodging; but resolved upon trying my present rooms for another month, having changed my study and bedroom to the back, where the piano-forte playing young lady cannot annoy me. Bessy very ill on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahault's on the 14th, but she could not go: I did. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, and a long and very kind one from Lord Lansdowne. Worked a little at my poetical scraps. Engaged at present on the "Journal of Mr. Connor." Read "Travels in Italy," by a Madame de Recke, and bought several works of the same kind. Have made a resolution (in which Bessy joins me with pleasure) not to go into society here, excepting a few quiet friends to dinner sometimes. This relieves my fears both about time and purse; and I shall, I trust, get on more industriously from henceforward.

15th. Bessy still very unwell. A note from Mrs. Herbert to offer to take us to the Italian Opera this evening; but neither can go. A note too from my poetical friend, Mr. Lake, describing himself in great distress, and begging the loan of six Napoleons: can hardly refuse him, but have only three myself till Monday.

16th. Called upon Madame de Souza, by appointment, to talk about the romance she is writing. Wants to publish it in London, but Murray refuses to buy, through fear of piracy in Paris. This, she says, may be obviated by

letting Didot (whom she can rely on for not going further) print a few copies here, in order to secure the copyright. I promised to write about it. Read me some of her romance, which was very delicately done, "Adèle de Séanges," &c. &c. Went upstairs afterwards to the Flahaults. Some conversation about Maria Louisa. Flahault was the person sent by Napoleon, during the Cent Jours, to prevail upon her to join him; but, he says, he saw at once she was determined not to come. I heard read an original letter of Napoleon's to the Empress Josephine, after the surrender of Mack, written in a great hurry, but full of most pithy matter. Begins carelessly about the state of his health, and then suddenly comes to this awful sentence: *J'ai détruit l'armée Autrichienne*. The postscript is *Mille choses aimables à Hortense*. It is directed *L'Empereur à l'Impératrice*. Went afterwards to call upon Gallois and see his library; an excellent one; very rich in English literature. G. full of kindness in his offers of the use of it. Asked me all about my Bermuda business, and said the Duke of Bedford had talked a good deal to him about it. Went from thence to call upon Mr. Lake with the three Napoleons; not at home. After dinner Bessy suggested that I ought to have left the money, as the poor man might be distressed for it this evening, so I set off again to his lodgings, and left the money sealed for him, promising to give the next to-morrow.

17th. Got forty pounds at the banker's, and gave Mr. Lake his remaining three Naps. Walked with Bessy to call upon Lady Augusta Leith, Lady Granard, and the Herberts. Lady G. very cordial to my dear girl and the little ones. In my apology to the Duchesse de Broglie for dinner on Wednesday, I mentioned Thursday by mistake, in consequence of which she has written a most urgent note, talking of the many *tentatives infructueuses* she has made to have me, and hoping that I am not engaged for Wednesday; so must go. Dined at home. In the evening Madame de Flahault called to take me to the Opera (theatres being an exception to my vow against going out). The opera "Tarare;" the dancing scene in it quite beautiful.

18th. Worked a little at my poetry. Dined at home.

19th. Stayed at home all the morning.

Dined at the Duke de Broglie's: company, thirteen in number besides myself, who was the only English person present. Some men there of reputation for talent, whose names I do not well remember. They discussed English literature as fluently as if they knew anything of the matter. One of them fell into a mistake rather flattering to me. In mentioning those of Lord Byron's works he liked the best, he said the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh." Sat next to Madame de Broglie, whom I took out to dinner. Talked with her brother Auguste about Sheridan. He said Sheridan was not at all *un homme instruit*; he knew nothing whatever of French. So like a Frenchman! Told me that he heard, when he met Sheridan at Oatlands, that he (S.) had been, a little before, found reading the Memoirs of Grammont, for the first time, in a translation. In talking of the very unripened state of political knowledge in France at present, I said, *leurs commencemens sont interessans. Oui*, he replied; *les commencemens des jeunes gens sont interessans; mais les commencemens des vieillards... helas!* A son of General Custine's one of the party. Came away early.

20th. Wrote a few lines, and went to make some calls. Dined at home.

21st and 22nd. Employed chiefly in looking for lodgings. Thought of going to Versailles; and Dr. Williams brought a Mr. Read to introduce to me, who lives there, and promises to make researches for me. Walked with Bessy to the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées in pursuit of some quiet lodgings. Saw rooms in the latter, about which I am to give an answer to-morrow.

23rd. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard some more of her romance, which begins to be rather a task. Have written to the Longmans for her. Went out to walk with Dr. Williams to see a cottage in the Champs Elysées, where he once lived. Quite the thing I want; as rural and secluded a workshop as I ever have had.

24th. Walked out early with Bessy and Williams to the cottage, and decided upon taking it. Should have lost it if I had been a day later. Fixed with the proprietress, to meet and sign and seal on Thursday next. Dined at Latin's: the company, Boissonade, who, they tell me, is the French Porson; Gail, professor of Greek, whose edition of Anacreon

I remember my mother buying for me when I was about nineteen, and busy with my own translation. How happy the gift made me! Gail is a convivial and rather weak old man. There was also M. George, professor of theological eloquence: the Abbé Dillon; Spurzheim, the craniologist; a M. Dorien, who has written two epic poems that nobody has read, a very gentlemanlike and well-informed person. The day was altogether very amusing. Story of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, "What, lend *him* money! *Vous lui donneriez des emetiques; il ne les rendroient pas.*" Truffles another subject; whether the ancients knew them. The only reason for thinking so is that Pliny mentions a *champignon souterrain*; but he does not mention its being used in cookery. After dinner Spurzheim questioned me as to my music; whether I paid much attention to the calculation of the time. I told him I did not; and he said he could perceive that in the form of my head above the temples. A friend and pupil of his was in the meantime feeling the back of my head, and discovering there *friendship, lore of children, &c. &c.* This is carrying the joke rather too far. Boissonade, I find, is contributing materials to Valpy's new edition of the "Thesaurus."

25th. Bessy and I dined with Dr. Williams; no one else but a Mr. Vanderhausen. Williams says a French lady told him gravely the other day, that she considers these *Piqueurs* (the monsters in Paris that stab women), to be the natural consequence of the study of Lord Byron's works, and the principles inculcated by him. Went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Petites Danaïdes."

26th. Dined with Bessy and Dalton at Beauvilliers'; treated the party, which cost me two Napoleons. Went to the Opera in the evening; "Aristippe" and "Zephyr et Flore." Bessy not so much delighted as I expected.

27th. Drew fifty pounds from the banker's and went out to meet my new landlady; Fielding and Williams with me. F. much pleased with the little *guinguette*. The papers not being ready, I returned home for Bessy. Called on Mrs. Locke and at the Granards, in our way. Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline took us in the carriage to the cottage. Settled

every thing with my landlady and paid three months in advance. Asked Lord Granard to dine with us to-morrow, for the purpose of going to some spectacle. Lady Caroline offered to join the party, and eat an Irish stew in an *entresol*, by way of novelty. Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

28th. Ordered some dishes at the Rotonde, in order that the Irish stew might be in good company. Walked to take a box at the Ambigu Comique. Lord Granard came to dinner, Lady C. not being able to come on account of the desperate state of Lady Augusta's son, who is not expected to live. Went in the evening to the Ambigu Comique. Calas was the piece, and it was not a little interesting to see a whole audience of Catholics in tears for the sufferings of a Protestant family.

29th. Went to make visits with Bessy, and to purchase some things for our new abode.

30th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard a little more of the novel.

31st. Left the Rue Chantierine, after six weeks of the most uncomfortable residence I have ever endured, and transported my household goods to the Champ Elysées. A delicious day to begin with. Fleeced most dreadfully by the old harpidan landlady in the Rue Chantierine. The delight of my whole establishment at getting into a cottage and garden, not to be expressed. Heaven send them health and happiness in it.

February 1st. Every thing promises for comfort and quietness in our new abode. Doctor Yonge called on me to tell me of the king's death, supposing my debt was to the government, and that this event would be a means of gaining my reprieve. Worked a little, and read "Reynolds's Discourses" in the evening. What excellent sense there is in them.

2nd to 5th. Days passed quietly and busily, writing at the rate of between twenty and thirty lines a day.

6th. Williams and Dalton dined with us.

7th to 11th. Writing away. The Longmans have announced for some time "The Fudge Family in Italy," to be published in the month of February; but I shall not be ready till the end of April. Lord Granard and Lady Char-

lotte Fitzgerald called; also Lady E. Fielding, Lady Humloke, Mrs. Leeson, &c. &c. A Mr. Warden, a naturalised American, introduced to me. Sent me a copy of his work on America.

12th. Mr. Rawlins returned from London; brought me the two boxes of books and papers for my Sheridan task, which I left behind. A letter from Branigan, from Jamaica, in which he tells me that there was a subscription about to be set on foot for me there, till, on the receipt of my letter, expressing my intention to decline any such aid, he put a stop to it.

13th to 19th. So busy writing that I have not time to take note of my days; but they are all alike, near thirty lines a day. Dined with the Fieldings once in this week, the only time I have yet dined from the cottage. Read various works on Italy: "Thompson's Travels" (just published, and for the remarks on Art. pretty well), "Voyage en Italie," Stendhal's "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c. The Duke de Berri's assassination an important as well as shocking event. Imputed by the Royalists to the politics of Mons. de Caze, the present minister. A lady said, who went to see the body laid out at the Louvre, *Voilà la seconde exposition au Louvre de l'industrie de M. de Caze*, alluding to the exhibition of works of French industry this year. My poor mother has been very ill, and I have written to Corry to advance them any additional money they may want, either for her comfort, or the expense they have been at in changing lodgings.

20th. Called upon M. Gallois, and looked over his library for some work relative to the adventures of Rienzi: found the history by Abbé de Cercean. G. highly interested by my account of my cottage life, my hours of study, meals, &c. &c. *Ah, c'est une douce vie que vous menez là.*

21st and 22d. Nothing remarkable; thirty lines each day. In the three weeks I have been here I have done 600 lines.

23rd. Walked with Bessy into Paris. Called on the Fieldings; Lady E. Asked me to dine to-morrow.

24th. Dined with the Fieldings; only themselves; very agreeable.

25th. Took little Statia a walk to the English pastry-cook's after dinner, for some cakes. Twenty to thirty lines a day.

26th and 27th. Negotiating for a new servant in place of the portress, who has hitherto been our cook. Are about to take the cook of Lady Lanesborough, who lives near us. Madame Flahault called one of these days and saw Bessy. Camac dined with us on the 26th: full of his Italian princesses. Told us of his taking Turner's (the artist's) umbrella on the Campanal of the Capitol, to screen the Princess of Denmark from the wind, knowing neither the Princess nor Turner; of the wind blowing the umbrella back and injuring it very much, to the annoyance of Turner; how the Princess paid him with smiles, &c. &c.

28th and 29th. Little else than "scribble, scribble."

March 1st. Our new cook arrived, and I expect our *ménage* will be much more comfortable. Asked Dalton, Dr. Yonge, &c. to take tickets for a concert which Dr. Williams patronizes to-morrow night, and at which he is to sing.

2nd. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Dalton and Jack Story (an old Leicestershire acquaintance) and went with them to the concert afterwards. Some of the music very pretty. A daughter of Paccini's, rather a pretty girl, played charmingly on the pianoforte. Lady E. Fielding was there, and brought me partly on my way home.

3rd. Dr. Yonge called, and offered to take Bessy to make any calls she might wish, in his carriage. Went with him; called at Lady Raneliffe's, and saw her. Then to Lady Herbert's, whom we saw, and sat with also. Dined afterwards at Yonge's lodgings, Douglas (my old college friend) to meet us; and went in the evening to the Feydeau to see the "Chaperon Rouge."

4th. Dalton has been so long anxious to give me a dinner at Beauvilliers', that we dropped in and dined with him there; and from thence, afterwards, to the Vaudeville, where we saw "La Visite à Bedlam" and "La Volière de Frère Philippe."

5th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy.

6th. Bessy and I walked in early to the Marché des Jacobins, to provide for our dinner-party to-day. Yonge, Dalton, and Douglas dined with us; a most excellent dinner,

admirably cooked by our new *artiste*. The evening a very hearty one. I have now finished a thousand lines.

7th to 10th. Worked away, but begin to despair of being able to keep my promise to the public of "Fudge Family in Italy." Am too pressed for time now to do justice to the humorous part; must therefore only publish it as a journal. Dined with the Fieldings one of these days; Lord Robert Fitzgerald the only other person. Lady E. mentioned some lines of Lord Cowper's upon a tax-gatherer, which are comical enough. Went that evening (the 10th) to Madame de Flahault's,—the only breach in my anti-company system I have yet made. A small party; Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Seymour, Lady E. Stuart, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Hunloke, &c. Flahault sung, and so did I; very nervous about it. If I had given way, should have burst out a-crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothes's. No one believes how much I am sometimes affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others. De Roos (Lord H. Fitzgerald's son) lent me his carriage home.

11th to 14th. My dear Bessy severely ill. Dr. Yonge attended her twice a-day. Between my anxiety about her, and my desire to get on with my little work, much harassed and downcast. This decides me to give up the humorous part of my plan: shall now call it "The Journal of a Member of the Poccourante Society."

15th and 16th. Bessy much recovered. The other day, Lake (Galignani's poet), while waiting for me below stairs, wrote with a pencil the following lines, addressed to little Anastasia:

"Sweet child, when in thy beauteous face,
The blush of innocence I view,
Thy gentle mother's features trace,
Thy father's look of genius too,
If *envy* wake a moment's sigh,
Thy face is my apology."

Made an effort to organize a quiet dinner of some Irish friends for to-morrow (St. Patrick's Day).

17th. Dined, ten or eleven of us, at the Two Swans; Lord Massey, Gen. Fitzgerald, Sir J. Burke, Douglas, Williams, &c., &c. A very jolly day. Williams and I sang some of the "Irish Melodies," and our voices went admirably together.

18th to 23d. Here are several days which I have let pass too far to recollect precisely what I have done upon each. Dined one day at Fielding's; company, Lady Hunloke and George Dawson. Wrote to the Longmans, to mention my change of plan with respect to the little work, and proposing to have it printed here, for the greater expedition of sending over proofs. Worked regularly every day, but began to fall off in my daily number of lines. Read parts of Daru's "History of Venice" (which M. de Souza lent me), and wrote a poem on the subject, which is one of the best I have done. Read also Cercean's account of Rienzi's conspiracy; on which I have also written a poem. A parallel might be drawn between Rienzi and Napoleon.

24th. Had Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald and her husband, Fielding, Dalton, to dinner. F. told me that G. Dawson is gone off to England to try and make interest with the Duke of York, to get the king's consent to his marrying Miss Seymour. Our dinner went off very agreeably. Lord Cowper's epigram is as follows:

"Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
And the people all give him whatever he axes;
In enforcing his dues he uses no flummery,
And though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings are *summer*." *

25th. Dined at the Salon for the first time, and looked at their playing in the evening. Am not surprised at young men being tempted to ruin themselves. Fielding and I afterwards called upon Douglas, who had been thrown out of his gig two or three days since, and nearly broke his arm. Found him sitting up with his two physicians, *à l'irlandaise*, very nearly the end of half-a-dozen of claret.

26th. Dr. Yonge dined with us. In the evening, Dr. Williams and Mr. Warden came. They mentioned a curious acoustic instrument, shaped something like a telescope, which being placed on the chest, and the ear applied to the other end, tells whether there is any cavity in the lungs; as, in that case, the noise is heard to come plainly from the chest, otherwise it is heard from the mouth. Mr. Warden, who has lent me the "*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*," says it was given to him by a Comte Stendahl; so that, notwithstanding the conjectures about

* I have always heard these verses attributed to Mr. Theodore Hook, and I believe rightly.—En.

the *alias* of this author, Stendahl may be his real name after all. Asked Warden where he is, that I may acknowledge the copy he sent me from Italy some months ago. Thinks he is somewhere near London; at least, that Count Stendahl whom he believes to be the author.

27th. Was to have dined with Story, but put off on account of the illness of his housekeeper. Received an answer from the Longmans, to say my present title would do very well, and that they had no objection to my getting the work set up in Paris.

28th. The Vaudeville in the evening.

29th and 30th. Worked and walked. Began to grow a good deal dispirited about my *Pocourante*. A set of detached poems can hardly do much in the present day.

31st. These three days past our Champs Elysées very gay with that truly French exhibition of Longchamps. Received, to my great surprise, a letter from Stendahl, dated (as well as I could judge from a fracture in the paper), "*Palerme*," telling me he had just read "*Lalla Rookh*" for the fifth time, and saying that, as I must have friends who love the arts, *pour avoir quelque chose de commun avec eux*, he sends me an order for three copies of his "*Histoire de la Peinture*," which he begs me to read. The order on the bookseller is signed Aubertin, but the note to me is signed Stendahl. This is all odd enough.

April 1st. Walked with Bessy to market, and lost a great part of my day by doing so.

2nd. Williams dined with us. Some very characteristic stories about Irish Orangemen and freemasons.

3d. Took dear Anastasia to school for the first time. It is a school quite near, where we can see her every day, and she is to come home every Saturday till Monday. Fielding called upon me, and went to Stendahl's bookseller with our order, as I intend one of the copies for Fielding. The bookseller evidently knows nothing about him, and says he believes he is travelling. The orders on him always signed Aubertin. Have come nearly to the resolution of not publishing my *Pocourante*; at least till I have done something of more importance.

4th. Walked to the Marais to look for Smith, an English printer, whom I think of employing to set up my little work, if I determine to go on with it. Had some difficulty

in finding him. He said he would send me an estimate of the expense.

7th. Went to see the Marquis Somariva's collection, with Bessy and Fielding: the Magdalen of Conova its chief ornament; an exquisite thing, and excelling in what is generally out of the sphere of sculpture—expression.

8th. Writing on; rather inclined to persevere in my publication; but it is somewhat discouraging now to write, when the attention of all the reading world is absorbed by two writers—Scott and Byron; and when one finds such sentences as the following in the last Edinburgh Review, "These novels (Scott's) have thrown evidently into the shade all contemporary prose, and even all recent poetry, except, perhaps, those inspired by the genius, or demon, of Byron."

9th. Williams called on us in the evening; and he, Bessy, myself, and our neighbour Mrs. Brook, sallied forth to enjoy a little of the humours of the Palais Royal. Went to the Café de la Paix, the Café des Aveugles, and another, where the lady *au comptoir* is just six feet two inches high. Much amused with our evening.

10th. Received a note from Madame de Souza, begging me to call upon her on the subject of her romance. Received also the estimate from Smith; 32 francs a sheet for six copies, 36 francs a sheet for 300 copies, the paper, of course, not included. Went myself in the evening on a ramble through the theatres of the Boulevards; saw Mad. Saqui, &c., &c.

11th. Called on Madame de Souza. Didot prints 1500 copies of her work (consisting of two volumes, 250 pages each) for 3000 francs, paper and all. This is very cheap. Madame de Flahault walked back with me home, and offered Bessy her box at the Italian Opera for the evening. Went and saw two pieces, in one of which Pellegrini sang.

12th. Bessy took a fancy for some spectacle in the evening. Walked in early; enlisted Dr. Yonge and Edward Moore as recruits. Dined at a *restaurateur's* opposite the Cadran Bleu, and went to three or four little theatres. At one of them had a private box for ten sous apiece.

13th. Called upon Wedderburn Webster. Told me he had heard from Lord Byron (about two months since). He was at Ravenna. Fear

from this that he has got into the clutches of the Guiccioli's husband.

14th. Walked to the Jardin Marbœuf, which will be a favourite haunt of mine during the summer: wrote some lines there. Have been employed this day or two in correcting the second number of the "National Melodies" for Power.

15th. Dined at Flahault's. A lady (Mrs. Skinner) had called upon us in the morning, who said she had translated, while in India, the prose story of "Lalla Rookh," for the amusement of her moonshee, and he was astonished at the accuracy of its costume. No one at Flahault's but themselves and the De Souzas. Went with Madame de Flahault to the Italian Opera. When we were leaving the theatre, the Duchess de Raguse came over to whisper to her, and asked (as Madame de Flahault told me afterwards) whether it was Mons. Walter Scott she had by the arm. Upon Mad. de F.'s saying, "No, it was Mr. Moore," the Duchess replied, *Ah! c'est la même chose, c'est Lalla Rookh que j'adore*. This Duchess de Raguse has, it seems, cut her husband, on account of his treachery to Napoleon. I had mentioned to Mad. de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chatereine, but would not do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners*.

16th to 19th. Lost two of these days at very stupid dinners; one with a Leicestershire squire, Jack Story, and the other with Wedderburn Webster, at the Trois Frères Provençaux; Douglas of the latter party. Meant to go to the "Barbieri di Seviglia," but was too late, so adjourned to the Café de la Paix; drank punch, listened to nonsense from —, and was heartily sick of both. He told me that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his vis-à-vis, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance. "For God's sake, my dear B. (said W—— at last), what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder; or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?" To which B. answered, that he

always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment.

20th. Dined with the F——. By the bye, told me some time ago that Madame de Flahault had betrayed all the secrets of the Princess Charlotte, with whom she was on terms of close intimacy, to the Regent. So far is this from being true, that when, on the Princess's marriage, the Regent required of Madame de Flahault, in the name of Prince Leopold and his own, to give up all the Princess C.'s letters, she boldly but respectfully refused, saying she valued them too highly, &c.

22nd. Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "*Vous mangez à la carte.*"

23rd. Fielding and Lady E. dined with us. In the evening we all walked in the Jardin Marboeuf; and, afterwards, Fielding and I went to a concert given by Livius, where I heard Mlle. Münck sing very pleasingly. Viotti, too, was there, whom I always like to meet. Lord Trimlestown told me this evening that he is occupied in translating my "*Paradise and the Peri*" into French. He wrote, some years ago, rather pretty French verses to me on my poem to the "*Invisible Girl*," which also, at the same time, produced some very lively lines from Croker. I lost the copies of both by lending them. Croker imagined a woman of fashion to address me on the prospect of my becoming a lawyer, deprecating the idea that I should ever be

"Wrapt in a gown a world too big,
And shaded in a waste of wig!"

24th. Called upon Fielding; and he and I went to the printer's, but again missed him. Thence to Breguet's, and saw some of his very curious inventions in wheel-work.

25th. Dined with the Villamils, and went with them in the evening to see "Marie

Stuart," the new French tragedy. Very successful; but, as I thought, very dull. Elizabeth goes on a hunting party from London to Fotheringay; and Marie, pointing to the horizon, says, *C'est là qu'est mon pays; là l'Ecosse commence*; she continues,

"Ces nuages errants, qui traversent le ciel,
Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel."

There are, however, one or two pathetic passages, and one or two well-turned lines. After the play, Miss Wilson, one of our party, having on a hat, certainly rather remarkable, attracted the attention of the *parterre*, and almost every man in it looked up at our box, laughed aloud, and almost hooted; and if the entertainment had not commenced, there is no knowing how far they would have carried their insults.

26th. Began to transcribe for the press. Went to Madame de Flahault's in the evening, from an idea that she had fixed with me to meet the Duke of Devonshire at tea; but found she had dined out.

27th. Received a note from Madame de Flahault expressing her regret that she had let me know that the Duke was coming to her, and saying she hoped I would show I forgave her by coming early to her concert this evening. Transcribed through the day; the evening wet; did not go to Madame de F.'s.

28th. Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

"Kirkby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*."

"A. BYRON."

"To Lord Byron."

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:

"Ravenna, April 3. 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant easiistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with Florentine,

'Et io, che posto son con loro in croce
e certo
La fiera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.'

"BYRON."

"To Lady Byron."

The Villamils, Miss Wilson, and Edward Moore dined with us, and went in the evening to the Variétés.

May 1st. Wrote to Lord Byron. Went with the Storys to the Italian Opera in the evening; the "Barbiere," which improves upon me. Lord Kinnaird came to the box to me; arrived only a day or two ago from Milan; staid with us and saw Bessy out. Agreed to fix a day to dine together at Flahault's.

2nd. Called upon Madame de Flahault: fixed Friday to dine to meet Kinnaird. Told Madame de Souza of the answer I had received from Murray, who does not appear to wish to have anything to do with her romance. Told me of Napoleon, that, when he was embarking from Elba, his four hundred veterans wished to be aboard the same ship with him; but the captain of the vessel remonstrated and said, that if there came the slightest breath of wind, they would be upset with so many on board; and that he must take at most but the half of the guard; upon which Bonaparte answered, *Il fera beau*; and ordered that all should accompany him.

4th. Williams dined with us; went in the evening and bought a copy of the French translation of "Lalla Rookh," just published by the translator of Lord Byron. It is amusing enough that they have given a biographical sketch of me before it, entitled, "Notice sur Sir Thomas Moore."

5th. Sent Bessy's mother three pounds, making eleven since Bessy arrived.

6th. Dined at Lord Flahault's to meet Lord Kinnaird. By the bye, he said at F.'s the other day, that he felt there were three persons

he ought to have called out; the Duke of Wellington, De Caze, and Dupin the advocate-general; the former was too much above him, he said, and the last too much below him.

7th. Williams dined with us; he has begun copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, as I fear the original papers may become worn out by passing through so many hands.

8th. A wet day; but went to Villamil's in a calèche, which I had hired; Williams, Bessy and I, Hannah and the children. Left the latter at V.'s, and went on, after a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, to Versailles. Only saw the palace; it was too wet to walk about and see the *grandes eaux*. Returned at night between nine and ten.

9th. Gave the first copy of my work to the printer a week since, and he promised me a proof on Friday last; but none has yet come, and the season is far advanced. Have begun a poem on Lord Byron, which is a ticklish subject, whether with reference to himself or the public.

10th to 13th. Nothing particular. Received the proof of the first sheet, and forwarded it quite correct to the Longmans on the 13th. Went (on the 9th or 10th) with the Fieldings to look at houses in the neighbourhood of Villamil, as they wish to have one there. Lunched with the V.s, who asked the Fieldings to go out there with us to a fête next Sunday. Another of these days the Storys dined with us, and Douglas, and Dr. Yonge. Douglas has received a letter from Lord Strangford, in which he complains of my not having answered the letter he wrote from Sweden, and says, "As there is no one almost I love half so well as Moore, his silence grieves me." Went to the Vaudeville in the evening. Went on the 11th to a concert at Flahault's, where I heard a very beautiful Spanish woman sing, Madame Merlin. Her singing, however, not very good; and spoils her features as much as playing the flute did Miriova's. Had a long conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie. On the 13th, went with the Storys to the Italian Opera.

14th. Though the day was wet, the Fieldings called upon us, and we all went to pass the day with the Villamils. It cleared up; and, before dinner, we walked to look at the apartments at Bellevue for the Fieldings: would not do, however. Saw La Fayette

there for the first time, and was introduced to him; a fine, interesting old man.

15th. Dined at Madame de Flahault's to meet Loch, an Edinburgh man. Went with him in the evening to Madame Flahault's box at the Opera. Had a note to-day from Sir C. Morgan; he and my lady just arrived from Italy. Have written to ask them to dinner some day this *week*. Received a note from Lord Essex, saying that he is here for a few days, and hoping I will dine with him soon.

16th and 17th. Dined one of these days with the Fieldings. Told me that a person meeting a friend running through the rain with an umbrella over him said, "Where are you running to in such a hurry, like a mad mushroom?"

18th. Dined with Lord Essex; his niece, and the Fieldings, and Ducane, the company. Went with F. in the evening to the Porte St. Martin. Potier, in the "*Marriage du ci-devant Jeune Homme*," excellent. My work goes on printing, but rather slowly. Called at Denon's, who has promised Bessy a copy of Rogers's portrait.

19th. Dined with the Fieldings, who, I grieve to say, are about to leave Paris to live at Boulogne. Went with them in the evening to Madame de Flahault's to meet Lady Morgan. The Davys there; who, by the bye, called upon me some evenings since; just arrived. Davy went to Ravenna to see Lord Byron, who is now living domesticated with the Guiccioli, and her husband after all. He was rather anxious to get off with Davy to Bologna, professedly for the purpose of seeing Lady Davy, but I have no doubt with a wish to give his *Contessa* the slip. There were at Flahault's also great numbers of the French *liberaux*; Constant, General Foy, Sebastiani, &c. &c. Came away early.

20th. The Morgans and Fielding dined with us. We went in the evening to the Variétés, where Lady Elizabeth joined us.

21st. Dr. Yonge and Douglas dined with us. We were joined in the evening by Williams, and we all went to a fête at the Beaumont. Nothing can be more singular and beautiful than the view from the gallery of this extraordinary place.

22d. Still writing, and giving copy, as I write, to the printer. Went to dine with Douglas and Yonge at the Cadran Bleu, and visit-

ed two of the little theatres afterwards. Talking of importance of individuals to themselves, D. mentioned a letter from a servant maid, in which she says, "I hear it is all over London that I am about to leave my place."

24th. Had been invited for to-day to dine with the Davys and a *Roman* party at the Rocher de Cancalle, but had already promised, at the request of Douglas, to dine with Henry and Lady Emily at the other side of Paris.—The Miss Byrnes (the eldest of whom is heirless to 8000*l.* a year) took us. Poor Lady Emily sadly broken, and looking all but dead.—The day altogether an interesting one. We had music in the evening, and the Miss Byrnes played and sung. It is so long since I myself have sung, that my breath almost failed me with nervousness. Lord H. Fitzgerald, whom we found (with Lady de Roos) paying a morning visit on our arrival, mentioned a circumstance of an English lady taking lodgings in the Champs Elysées; and after she had agreed for them, the proprietor said, *Et je vous assure, Madame, que vous ne verrez rien de dégoûtant ou effrayant*. It was a maison de santé, where mad people were taken.

25th. Went to take a box at the Feydeau for our party to-night, and called upon Lady Davy. Saw Sir Humphry, who dines with the Duc de Richelieu, and she comes to dine with us. Have asked Fielding to meet her.—On my return found that Lord Kinnaid had been to bring back Lord B.'s "*Memoirs*," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine where ye are ganging, either." Saw the "*Voitures Versées*" and the "*Maison à Vendre*," at the Feydeau. Lady Davy told me that an Irish lady, Mrs. McNeal, whom I met in Italy, told her at Naples that I spoke with great gratitude of her (Lady Davy's) attentions, in showing me all the sights at Rome; and that I said she "was the best Cicisbee in Italy. By the bye, have just received a wretched catchpenny from London, called the "*Man in the Moon*," where I am caricatured as "*Erin's pocket Apollo*," and as a Cupid.

26th. Called upon Fielding, but missed him by mistake. Walked in with Bessy and the children in the evening. Wrote in Lady E.'s album, which she left behind for the purpose, my verses upon "Love and Time." Am asked to dine with the Cadogaus to-morrow; but as the Storys have got a box for Rossini's "Turco in Italia," shall prefer that.

27th. Breakfasted with Fielding, and went about with him till half-past one. He goes to-morrow to his new house at Boulogne; for which I grieve very sincerely, as he is almost the only man here I have any pleasure in associating with. Williams came to write out the Memoirs, and dined with us. In the evening Bessy and I went with the Storys to the Opera. Lord and Lady Spencer were there. The music of this Opera not good in general.

28th May; June. Here follows an interval of near a month, during which I have taken "no note of time," on account of the various distractions that have occupied every minute; among which, the chief was the finishing my work for the Longmans. Just as I was sending them the last sheet, and the title, I received a letter from Longman himself, inclosing one from Sir J. Mackintosh, to whom they had shown the first two sheets of the work, for the purpose of asking his opinion as to the prudence of publishing the attacks it contains upon Castlereagh, Van., and Sid., at this moment, when it is possible my friends, in bringing this Bermuda business to a settlement, may have to apply for the remission of the government part of the claims. Mackintosh is of opinion that I certainly should not publish them, as it might interfere with the success of such an application; which he thinks could not fail to be acceded to, and without "imposing much restraint on my liberty." The Longmans agree perfectly with him, and suggest that I should "work this volume up without the politics, or entice my muse into some other region." I answered it was with the most perfect willingness I agreed to give up the publication, as nothing but a wish to reimburse them the sums they had advanced for me could have induced me to send such a frail bark afloat among the public just now; and that if they were good enough to wait, the giving up of the work was much more a relief than a disappointment to me. That if the satire was good enough to justify, in any de-

gree, the imprudence such a step would appear in many people's eyes, I should say *at jacta est olea*, and give it to the world; as, though I had agreed with them in suppressing it, it was not at all on the grounds that they and Sir J. Mackintosh had so considerably suggested, but solely from my wish to let the next thing I publish be of some magnitude and importance; and that I did not think it at all likely that I should ever consent to receive anything in the way of favour from any member of the present government.

It is impossible for me to recollect the dates of the occurrences during this month, but I shall set them down at random, as they present themselves to my memory.

Our Wiltshire friends, the Lockes, arrived for two or three days in Paris. Dined with them at their hotel, on the very day the disturbances on the subject of the election law assumed the first alarming appearance. This was, I recollect, Saturday, the 3d of June.— On the Monday following, Bessy and I walked in after dinner to call on them, and found great agitation every where. Saw the crowd of students on their way to the Faubourg St. Antoine, to try and excite the people of that quarter; shops all shutting up in the Rue de la Paix. After leaving Bessy at home, returned to the Place Louis XV., from which I found the cavalry had cleared away all the people. These disturbances lasted thus the whole of this week, and I certainly thought it probable some serious explosion would follow; but the concession made by the government tranquilized, at length, the mind of the public, and the week following everything was as quiet as before. The appearance of the Champs Elysées during this time, filled with troops, and the cavalry dismounted and resting under the trees, was highly picturesque. One of the evenings (Monday 5th), after the cavalry had been making vain efforts to disperse the *at-troupements*, there came on a desperate shower, which effectually did the business; and a man running into a shop where I had taken shelter, exclaimed, *Cela vaut bien tous les gens-d'armes*. It is said that the royal family had actually begun to pack up for Compiègne.

Received a letter from Lord Byron about the 7th or 8th commissioning me to find out an Irishwoman of the name of Mahony, who had

written to him to request he would let her have the proof sheets of one of his new works that she might translate it into French, and so make a little money by being first in the field with a translation, she being an orphan, &c. He begged me, if I found she was deserving of assistance, draw upon him for a few hundred francs for her; but to tell her "not to translate him, as that would be the height of ingratitude." She had said in her letter to him, "Moore is here, and is writing; I might ask him, but it is a Life of Johnson; and the French don't care about Johnson." I called upon the lady, and found her so respectably dressed and lodged, that I felt delicate, at first, about mentioning the gift Lord Byron intended for her; and when, on my second visit, I presented the fifteen Napoleons, the poor girl refused them, saying it was not in that way she wished to be served; having contrived hitherto, though an orphan, to support herself without pecuniary assistance from any one. She began to talk about "Moore;" upon which I thought it right to declare who I was; and her broad Irish stare at the communication was not a little diverting. It should be mentioned that charity to this lady would be quite as disinterested, and as solely *pour l'amour de Dieu*, as that of Sterne to the poor woman "with the dislocated hip," as she was not at all handsome. On returning the first night from seeking her in the Rue de Bondy, with Williams and Mr. Sullivan, I got completely *cerné*, in a small street between two lines of troops, who let everybody in but no one out. We thought we were likely to be kept there for some hours, if there should be any rush of the mob towards the spot; but, after some expostulation, one of the *gens-d'armes* let us slip privately between his horse and the wall. This was on Saturday the 10th.

Received during this month two more letters from Byron, informing me that law proceedings are about to be commenced by the Guiccioli's husband for a separation, and exulting in the *éclat* it will make. Received a note from a woman, signing herself De Bocher, expressing great anxiety to know me, and begging me to call upon her. Did so, and found it was the celebrated —, now grown rather old. Something to me very disgusting in the manners of these *femmes entretenues*; I have always felt it so.

Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together; the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot ones that we have had this summer; and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which with champagne and *vin de Grave*, well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties too to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli which brought tears into my eyes, being the first I have seen since I was a little child. Saw Madle. Garnerin afterwards ascend from the Parc de Sablons, which did not affect me at all. There was a balloon in the form of an elephant went up from the Beaugon, and a Frenchman exclaimed, as its ungainly legs were dangling in the air, *Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel*. Wickedly comical.

Dined one day with the Mansfields, who had just returned from Italy. Went with them to the ballet of "Clari," and left my opera glass with young Lady Caroline, who has taken it away with her to England. Lady Frederica about to be married to Stanhope. Lord Mansfield had received most gloomy letters from his Tory friends in England, prognosticating revolution and all sorts of devilment from the queen's arrival, and the popular *furor* in her favour. The king's worst enemies must be satisfied at the pickle he has got into now.

Dined with the Flahaults, and met there a pretty woman, Mad. Lavalette, who (singularly enough) volunteered to perform the same office for Labédoyère (his wife having refused) that her namesake afterwards succeeded in so fortunately.

Lady Elizabeth Stuart sent a kind message to Bessy through Lady Davy, expressing her regret at not knowing her, and hoping she should have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. Said the same to me afterwards.

July 1st. Came out upon our promised visit to the Villamils at La Butte Coaslin, a beautiful place hanging over Sèvres, and commanding a superb view of the Seine, Paris, St. Cloud, &c. They have fitted for us, very comfortably, a small cottage near their house, where I shall be more independent in my mornings than if I

were an inmate; and shall, I hope, have leisure to complete some work. They are plain, excellent people; and Mrs. Villamil sings sweetly and tastefully, which will be an *agrément* for our evenings. Have been trying this week past to perform my promise to Power, of having a number of the "National Melodies" ready for him within the month of June, but have as yet done but five songs.

2nd. Heath and his friend Mr. Green called to take Bessy and me to Versailles, but she too ill with the restless nights little Tom gives her to go. I accompanied them. Heath told me some anecdotes of Sheridan, with whom he was very intimate. H. was one of eight who lent him a hundred pounds each for some purpose, which I must inquire further about from Heath. H. came to La Butte, and we had music. Told me that the proprietors of the "Day" newspaper, before they joined with the "Traveller," had actually a meeting to consider whether they should not change their politics. Precious fellows! Q—, who is a proprietor of the "Traveller," and who has always been a Whig, if not a Radical, in his politics, writes the high-flying government articles in the "New Times."

3rd. Went into Paris in the carriage with Mrs. V. and Miss Wilson; performed some commissions; walked back to Sèvres; music in the evening.

4th. Finished a song to a waltz air, and copied it out. Have some thoughts of a novel in verse; the subject modern and English; to be in letters.

5th. Was to have gone to a *déjeuner* at Simnot's, but sent an apology. Wrote another song to a Portuguese air. Walked before dinner with Bessy to Meudon Terrace, and in the evening to the Wood of St. Cloud.

6th. Heath came to breakfast, for the purpose of going to see the [Sèvres] manufactory and Meudon. He and Kenny dined with us.

7th. Heath came to take Bessy and Miss Wilson into Paris; Villamil and I went in a cuckoo. Called upon Douglas to see his wretched bargains in the picture way; *soi-disant* Murillos, del Sartos, &c. Thence to the bazaar in the Rue de Cadé, where there are a few good pictures; though, I think, hardly one of them is original. Leda and Nymphs, by Correggio; the price 80,000 francs; a beautiful landscape, said to be by Domenichino;

several Murillos, &c. From thence to Galignani's, where Villamil purchased a copy of the "Musée Napoleon;" price 110*l*. We then went to the Luxembourg, which gives me a higher idea than I have yet had of the French school. Great beauty and power in David's Sabines and Leonidas. Girardet's Deluge, an extraordinary fancy, extravagantly executed; far too bright and sunny to give an idea of the horrors of the Deluge; Poussin's a more sublime notion of it.

8th. Was roused at five in the morning by the intelligence of Mrs. Villamil's *accouchement*. Wrote words to a Scotch dirge. Williams and the French physician dined with us. W. told me that Villamil had given him 5000 francs. Received a note from Miss Edgeworth, begging me to call upon her.

9th. Another note from Miss Edgeworth, to say she wishes me to join a party to the Marquis d'Osmond's, at Chatenay, on Wednesday next. Kenny, the dramatic author, who lives at Bellevue, near this (and to whom Heath introduced me), called at the cottage. This poor man married Holcroft's widow, with six or seven children, and not a sixpence of money. He has five by her himself; and they live here in a waste house, almost in a state of starvation. His later efforts too, in the theatrical way, have been unsuccessful. Talked of the "School for Scandal;" thinks Joseph a very unskilful character, and that no one could be imposed upon by such ill-contrived villany.* Douglas dined with us; Villamil, with his usual hospitality, having invited him the other day when he came to call upon us.

10th. Went into town. Called upon Miss Edgeworth; not at home. Went to Galignani's to consult Cone or Ebel about the crystal hunters of the Alps: could make out nothing. Introduced Brownlow North (the bishop's son) to Villamil; he is coming out to lodge at Meudon.

11th. Have done two more songs, which makes the number of twelve for the "National Melodies."

12th. Cadeau, a painter, came down for the purpose of taking a sketch of the cottage I am in here, which Villamil offered to have painted for me, when I said I had drawings of my

* I cannot agree with Mr. Kenny in this opinion; besides which, if the villany is too well concealed, the audience may be deceived as well as the characters in the play.—Ed.

former cottages, and meant to have one of that in the Allée des Veuves. Walked with him to choose a good point of view. Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domitis*, a fine girl. By the bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk), that Shaw, having lent Sheridan nearly 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you have now the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

13th. All went to town; Villamil and I in a *célérier*. Despatched my two songs to Power. V. and I breakfasted at Tortoni's, on oysters, mutton cutlets, chablis, and coffee. Purchased some books on Egypt, having again taken up the idea of making that country the scene of a poem. Have purchased within these few days Maillet's "Description of Egypt," Abdallatif's "Relation d'Egypte," Quatremère's "Mémoire," and "Fables Egyptiennes." Have also been reading De Pauw on the same subject. All dined (Bessy, Miss Wilson, Villamil, Doller, and myself) at the Rotonde, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Arrived at home at twelve. Mrs. King (who was our companion in the *célérier*) told us that her husband, wishing to ask for pump-water, looked in the dictionary for "pump," and finding *escarpin* (which means a *light shoe*), asked for *escarpin eau*.

14th. Sat under the trees in the beautiful glade we have here, and read, with but little interruption, from breakfast till dinner. Finished the first volume of Maillet in Egypt. Have at length, I think, got the outline of my Egyptian story. Mr. Sullivan called after; walked with us; told me that that unfortunate man Trotter (so unaccountably taken up by

Mr. Fox) died in a wretched garret in Cork, as an out-patient of the hospital there.

15th. Read Maillet, and the part of Antenor's travels relating to Egypt. Walked about the park of St. Cloud, which was all quiet and coolness. Have offered to be godfather to the Villamil, and have been accepted of gladly.

16th. Studied, and wrote letters. In the evening, all went (with the children of both families, making about eight or nine little ones) to the fête at Meudon. Bought fairings, saw the dancing, and made the young things as happy as possible. I took little Tom on my lap in a merry-go-round, and he crowed the whole time with joy.

17th. Sent off letters to Mackintosh, Perry, and Rogers. In the evening walked with Villamil and a Mr. Dumoulin to see the dancing and fireworks at Meudon.

18th. Read. Walked to ask Kenny to dinner: saw his wife. Poor fellow! He and Dumoulin dined. A walk in the evening by the banks of the Seine, delightful. Would have liked it much better, however, if I had been alone.

19th. Read Quatremère and some of the "Fables Egyptiennes," by Pernetz. After dinner walked with Bessy, &c. to the park of St. Cloud.

20th. Went into town with Villamil; breakfasted at Véry's. Took him to Madame de Souza, with whom he was much pleased. *

* * Madame de Souza gave me Chenier's book, in order that I might make use of what he says about her novels in the article which I have promised her for the "Edinburgh Review." Bought "Sethos," an Egyptian romance; and have found a work by Chateaubriand, called "Les Martyrs," which is very much in the same *beat* with my new story. Must buy it as soon as I have money enough: also Lercher's "Herodotus." Villamil very kindly, when I was mentioning this morning my anxiety to consult Fleury or Tillemont's "Ecclesiastical History," said he had long been wishing for the book, and begged me to buy it him. In the evening listened to Mrs. V. singing, with her sweet voice, some of the wild and melancholy songs of her country. She sang also a *bolero* of her own, which is full of character.

21st. Finished De Pauw and the "Fables

Egyptiennes." Think I have got my mind now sufficiently imbued with the subject to make at least a commencement, which I shall in a day or two.

22nd. Read "Sethos," from which I find the author of "Antenor" has extracted his account of the Egyptian mysteries word for word. After dinner walked to the Lantern of Diogenes; the view from thence by moonlight beautiful.

23rd. Read "Sethos;" much pleased with it: whose is it?

24th. Madame de Souza and Gallios came out to call upon us and the Villamils. G. and I talked of the wonderful learning of La Mothe-le-Vayer, and some of those old writers. He said that the *esprit de société* prevented men from reading as deeply as they used to do. At the time when the streets of cities were neither paved nor lighted, people were obliged to stay at home in the evening; and, in fact the invention of *réverbères* had produced a complete revolution in the state of the human mind. Madame de Souza told me what a servant (who had come the day before to ask her to get him a situation, and who had been in the employ of Murat) said to her, *J'ai servi le Roi de Naples, et je n'aurais pas quitté Naples, si Murat n'avait pas été culbuté*. This mixture of the ceremonious title of king with the familiar phrases that followed, contained in it, she remarked, the whole history of the Revolution. Gallois has promised to lend me Gibbon, Regnier's Egypt, and D'Anville.

25th. Began my Egyptian poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it; am delighted with my subject. Think I shall call it the "Epicurean." The story is to be told in letters from a young Epicurean, who, in the second century of Christianity, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the Elixir of Immortality, which is supposed to be among the secrets of the Egyptian priests. He meets during a festival on the Nile, a young girl, the daughter of one of their priests who had lately died. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers round the spot, and at last finds a well, &c. by which those who are initiated enter (as described in "Sethos"); sees the maiden in one of the theatrical spectacles which they used to exhibit in the subterraneous elysium of the Pyramids; finds oppor-

tunities of conversing with her. Their intercourse in this mysterious place described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into these eternal prisons where they who violate the rules of initiation are confined; is liberated by the girl, and they escape together; reach some beautiful region, where she lingers with him, and is near becoming a victim to his arts. She flies, however; and it appears, by a letter from her, that she is gone to take refuge with a Christian monk in the Thebais, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had, in dying, consigned her. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place in Egypt, and she is seized, chiefly through the means (unintentionally) of her lover, and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described in a letter from the Solitary of Thebais, and the attempt which the young philosopher makes to rescue her. He is carried off, nearly dead, to the cell of the Solitary. His letters thence after he has become a Christian, and devoted himself to repentance and the remembrance of the beloved saint who has gone before him. If I don't make something of all this, the devil's in it.

26th. Wrote some more. Walked in the evening. Kenny was of the party. Told me rather a good story of Macklin. When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

27th. V. and I went into town, and breakfasted at the Rocher de Cancale. I bought "Les Martyrs" of Chateaubriand, and find he has in some degree anticipated part of my thought, by making a pagan girl become a

martyr. He places his scene in the time of Diocletian.

August 1st. Wrote eighteen lines of my poem. Am now in the first letter which the Epicurean writes from Alexandria to his friend in Athens, giving an account of the dream he had, which set him upon going into Egypt in search of the Elixir of Immortality. Have done more than a hundred lines. Within these few days received a letter from Bowles, with a very pretty poem, written by him at Sloperton Gate, on his pony *insisting* upon stopping with him there.

3rd. Went in the evening, with Bessy, to town. Received a letter from Perry, which had been delayed some time at the ambassador's, informing me that he had arranged a letter of credit for me, on Lafitte, for 500*l*. He is always kind and ready.

4th. Wrote eighteen lines in the morning, and then went with Bessy to finish her lace commission for Heath, in Paris. Met Yonge in his carriage, which he gave us the use of for the rest of the day. Called on the Storys, and proposed to them to join us at a restaurateur's to dinner. Dined at Vêry's; Mrs. S., her sister, a Dr. Lamb, Dr. Yonge, and ourselves. *Omelette aux confitures*, with a glass of noyveau thrown over it; a very excellent thing. Returned in the *céléritère* at eight.

5th. Set off with Villamil, on a long-projected trip to Ermenonville, Chantilly, Compiègne, &c.; arrived by St. Denis and Louvres, at Mortefontaine, which was (and, V. supposes, still is) the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Beautiful masses of water here, a great part of which was made by Joseph, who, on the signing of the treaty with America (which took place here in 1800, I think), gave a sort of marine fête upon those waters. He used to have 400 workmen constantly employed here. Those Buonapartes were the fellows to keep all around them in a bustle. He is called *Prince Joseph* here by every one. Dined at Mortefontaine, and meant to have slept there; but I suggested going on to Ermenonville, which we did, and put up at the sign of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Walked instantly to the chateau, and considered ourselves very lucky, as the sun was just setting; and we could not possibly have had a more happy moment for seeing the beauties of this most interesting

place. Visited, first, the view *before* the house, which was flat, rural, and glowing, and put me in mind of one of Cuypp's pictures: took a peep at the wild lake and barren scenery which is separated from the rest of the grounds by a road; and then went to the view *behind* the house, which, in the pale light of that hour, with its little temple on the hill, and the solitary tomb on the Isle of Poplars, had an effect most solemn and touching. Left it between eight and nine, with the intention of returning for a more extensive tour round the place in the morning. Found that Compiègne would make us take more time than I, at least, would wish to give, and determined to return home next day.

6th. Rose at six; and, after breakfast, went to the chateau. Were escorted, as on the night before, by an old English steward, who had lived with the family of the Girardins between thirty and forty years. Rousseau inhabited the lodge in which he now lives at the gate. Had the rooms upstairs, and died there after a visit to the Hermitage on the wild lake. The account of his desiring to be taken to the window when he was dying is, according to our old friend, all a romance. Feel now how lucky we were in our views of the evening before, as the place looked far less interesting in the equal glare of sunshine than it did in the soft midday light by which we first viewed it. M. Girardin, during the Revolution, though suffering various insults from the people around him, to whom he had been a benefactor, yet still continued here as long as they left him the bones of Rousseau; but as soon as these were carried away to the Pantheon, he quitted his favourite lakes and woods with disgust, and never more returned during the remaining thirteen years of his life. He seems to have been a man (in spite of his bad inscriptions) worthy of such a residence. The old fellow told us of the style of his living before the Revolution; his thirty covers every day, his band of music in the establishment, his buckhunts by night in those woods with torches and horns, &c. &c. The little temple near the Isle of Poplars is fancifully imagined. It is dedicated to the advancement of Science, and, *like science*, left imperfect. On the finished columns which form the front are the names of Newton, Montesquieu, Descartes, Voltaire, William Penn, with

the respective inscriptions, *Lucem, Justitiam, Nil est in rebus inane, Ridiculum, and Humilitatem*. At the back of the temple there is nothing but the *bases* of future columns, and *Quis hoc perficiat?* inscribed on the first. The materials for finishing them are strewed about picturesquely on the bank. This is all rather well imagined, though the names he has written on the standing columns might have been better selected. The whole temple is, by an inscription within, dedicated to Montaigne. Some parts of the *agreste* lake on the other side of the road reminded me of scenes in the river St. Lawrence. The tomb of the Inconnu adds another interesting association to the lake where the temple is. The place altogether, I think, contains 3000 acres, or rather *arpents*. Left Ermenonville between twelve and one, and arrived at home to dinner. In the evening I sauntered out and called upon Kenny. Miss Holcroft a very nice girl, sang me a song or two to the harp. Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time, "Well, Elliston, if *dirt* was trumps, what a hand you would have!" Received to-day a letter from Rogers, which begins thus, "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed!"

8th and 9th. Read, wrote, and walked,—always the most useful account I give of myself.

10th. Obligated to go in with my letters. Called at the Granards. A clever paper from England to-day, written by my friend Lord John, in the form of a Petition to the King on the subject of the Queen; full of good sense, moderation, and talent. Called upon Lady Annesley (Sophy Cawdor, the soldier's wife), who wanted me to dine with her and some French countess at a restaurateur's. Was proceeding to dine at some such place myself, when I met Mercer, who asked me to dine with him to meet Sir W. Gell and Keppel Craven, who were on their way from Naples to England, as witnesses for the Queen. Accepted the invitation: Gell still a coxcomb, but rather amusing. Said the constitution of Naples came in a gig (*corricolo*). Told some ludicrous things about the Duchess of Devon-

shire's sway at Rome; her passion for Gonsalvi, her admiration of the purity of the Roman government. Returned in the nine o'clock celerifère.

11th. Wrote sixteen lines, and then went in to join Villamil and the ladies, for the purpose of giving them a long-owed dinner at a restaurateur's. Received a letter from Egan, the harp-maker, in Dublin, very well and flatteringly indited, telling me of the perfection to which he had, at last, brought the Irish harp, and begging me to allow him to present me one of his best, as a mark of admiration, &c. &c. Dined at Riche's; dinner very good, and not dear; fifty francs for five of us. Dumoulin has proposed to copy out Lord B.'s "Mémoires" for me, and he will be more industrious at it than Williams. Lord B. in his last letter, alluding to what I told him of my intention, approves of a copy being made, and deposited in honourable hands in case of accident.

12th. Received a parcel from Power, containing, among other things, Luttrell's new work, "Advice to Julia," full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle of the very first water. It is just what I advised him to do, and what few could have done half so well. Worked and walked.

13th. Received a letter from Elliston, urging me to do something for Drury, and expressing his anxiety about Lord Byron's tragedy. Went in the evening to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

14th. Went to town with Villamil. Called upon Madame De Souza and Gallois, to ask them to dinner here on Thursday next, to meet the Dukes and Duchesses of San Carlos and Santa Fé. The De Souzas will come; Gallois ill, and fears he cannot. Borrowed of him Regnier's "Mémoires sur l'Égypte" and another work. Looked over D'Anville's map. D'Anville never out of Paris, and yet, when the Comte de Choiseul (ambassador at Constantinople) took his plan of the Troad on the spot, D'Anville found and corrected a number of errors in it.

15th. Finished my first letter, consisting altogether of 280 lines. Some Spaniards to dinner.

16th. Went into Paris for the remainder of my custom-house operations. Received a letter from Power, in which, to my horror, he

incloses an advertisement which he is about to publish, announcing the eighth number of the "Irish Melodies," as "ready for the press;" not a word of it yet written! Bought De Pauw's "Recherches." Met Phillips the painter, Naldi, &c. &c. Received a letter from Lord Strangford, marked "confidential," telling me he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200*l.* gift to Sheridan; can furnish me with facts, he says, that will completely disprove that story. Shall be glad to hear them. I can only say that I have the authority, direct, of Vaughan (Him of the Hat), for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money; and the authority, at second hand, of Sir Gilbert Blaine and Mrs. Sheridan, for the time at which it was offered (*viz.* when Sheridan had become unable to take any sustenance), as well as for its being by them respectfully refused.

17th. Began a National Melody to a Sicilian air, and searched in Bunting for Irish airs.

18th. Went in the evening into town, with the packet of lace which Bessy has bought for Heath; a Mr. White takes charge of it for me. Received on my return a letter from the unfortunate daughter of my friend —, who is passing through Paris, entreating to see me. Bessy instantly set her heart on the generous project of offering, if she would quit B—, according to the desire of her father and mother, to take her to live with us till she could safely deposit her under their roof. My noble-hearted Bess! Few women would have the courage or heart to do this; and, what makes it more generous is, that she never liked — from the first. It will, however, be utterly impossible.

19th. Went into town to see this poor creature. Found her with B—, and was a little shocked at first at the composure and confidence with which she met me. When he went away, however, had some serious conversation with her, and mentioned Bessy's proposal. As I expected, she said it was quite impossible; they had lost every thing in the world for each other, and must remain together. Her first burst of tears was on telling me that she was about to sell some of her trinkets to enable them to leave Paris. Went to the Granards, and came out to the manufactory with the girls, Lord Granard, and Mercer. After

seeing the manufactory, brought them to Villamil's to see Bessy, who had been ill two or three days, and was then in bed.

20th. Bessy much better. Wrote words to an Irish air. The Storys called at half-past two; and they and we and the Villamils, after a luncheon, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters play. There were some symptoms of a renewal of disturbances last night in Paris. People speak of a conspiracy to blow up the Chateau de Vincennes; have not heard particulars. Was told the other day that the insurance on the houses at Paris, M.A.C.L. (*Maison Assurée contre l'Incendie*), are interpreted by the wags into *Mes amis, chassez Louis*.

21st. The conspiracy not so formidable as represented, but the funds have fallen. Copied out the two Melodies I have written within these two days, and dispatched them to Power.

22nd and 23rd. Read Denon's "Voyage en Egypte," and made extracts. Began words to a pretty Venetian air Mercer gave me.

24th. Finished two verses to the air, and copied them out. At two o'clock went into town with Bessy and Miss Wilson. Dined by myself at Véry's while the ladies were shopping. A concert in the Tuileries Gardens this evening, being the eve of St. Louis. Returned in the *céléfère* at nine.

25th. Began an Irish Melody. Went in to dinner, Villamil and all, to the Storys'. Fireworks in the evening, on the Place Louis Quinze, which we were to have gone to Mrs. Labouchere's house (late the Duke of Wellington's) to see, but were too late. Returned home through the Bois de Boulogne; a most lovely moonlight down by the river.

26th. Finished my Irish Melody (three verses) during a walk to Bellevue, St. Cloud, &c. Had a couple of cutlets on my way, in a delightful little cabinet at a restaurateur's, looking over the Seine. Shall often pay a visit to this place if I stay here. The Envoy of Buenos Ayres dined with us. Sung in the evening with Mrs. V.

27th. Wrote a verse of another Irish Melody, and set off at two in a cuckoo to dine with Mr. Read at Versailles. The horse stopped half-way, and was unable to proceed; was obliged to go on a-foot. Company at Read's, his wife and sister, Mr. Johnson, a Mr. Moore, and Sir Robert Hudson. R—, a poet of the Hunt school; at least I believe so, for I have

not read his works; a gentlemanlike person. Saw but the last remains of the waterworks in the evening. Mrs. and Miss Crawley (mother and sister to the formidable looking poet, who, as Murray says, "thinks himself the moral Lord Byron") drank tea with the Reads, and lent me a new publication of Crawley's, called the "Angel of the World." This gentleman is one of the very few clever Irishmen who have thought proper to make war upon me (in ambuscade too), more than once. I am afraid he will never be successful enough to give me the same motives for attacking him.

28th. Went in by appointment to call on Madame de Souza, for the purpose of being taken by her to the Institute. Was received there with much kindness by M. Fourrier, one of the Egyptian *savans*, and author of the "Mémoire" prefixed to the great work on Egypt. He promised to lend me a copy of this memoir; said that he merely held the pen, for that every word in it was *disputé* among the whole number of those on the Expedition, and that it was the result of their collected knowledge on the subject. Talked of the different writers on Egypt; recommended Jablonski. Had my name inscribed among those permitted to read in the library of the Institute, which is open every day from eleven till four. When I mentioned to Madame de Souza what he said about the concoction of the memoir, she told me it was all done too in the presence of the Emperor! Villamil and the ladies came into town; met them at Riche's to dinner, and went all to the French Opera afterwards: the ballet of "Clari," more touching than all the stately, humbug tragedies they possess.

29th. Read the Mémoires of Andreossy and others on Egypt, published in two volumes. Have also read within these few days Regnier's work, which is almost purely a military detail, exposing the bad conduct of Menon, and attributing the defeat of the French entirely to him. Severe upon Lord Hutchinson, his slowness, timidity, &c. &c. Forgot to mention that yesterday, after being at the Institute, I called upon Denon, and told him my desire to get a little assistance from him in my Egyptian plan. He fixed Friday for me to go and *causer* with him on the subject. Showed me the cabinet of things he had himself found in Egypt; particularly the foot of a mummy, of beautiful shape and proportions; and so fine a know-

ledge had they (he said) of what was true beauty, that, in order to keep the instep in its elevated shape, they had put (as he showed me) a fold of linen or cotton in the hollow part of the sole. A large dinner at Villamil's. In the evening sung with Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. V.

30th. Had scarcely begun my studies for the day when Douglas called to entreat of me to dine with Lord Miltown, who had sent his carriage for me. Refused as sturdily as I could, but Douglas persevered, till, finding that my day was already cut up by him, I thought I might as well sacrifice the rest. Went in, and dined at the Two Swans; Sir Henry Mildmay made the fourth of the party. Returned in the *céléritifère* at nine.

31st. Copied out some extracts from Denon. Walked with Bessy and the little ones in the park at Bellevue: played quadrilles in the evening, while some of the ladies danced. Wrote to Lord Strangford, and sent him a fragment of Byron's writing, which he requested to illustrate an edition of Sir Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sydney."

September 1st. Went into town early for my appointment with Denon. Showed me his original drawings made on the spot in Egypt; various views of the island of Philoë, all beautiful; the isle of Elephantine also highly picturesque. I wish I could take my poetical people to these islands, but I fear they are too far off. The entrance of the temple of Tintyra (Dendyras) full of taste and elegance; and that of Latopolis still more so. Said he had never seen, among all the ruins of Italy or Sicily, anything to compare with these for grandeur, except, perhaps, the Coliseum. The strange figures with beasts' heads, he thinks, were all allusions to the disguises and ceremonies used in initiation. The broken-up statue of Memnon, whose fragments cover an immense space of ground, measures fifty feet across the breast, from shoulder to shoulder. Staid near four hours with him, looking over these drawings and hearing his explanation of them. Arrived at home at five. Scotch friends of Villamil's at dinner, and Kenny in the evening. All violent against the Queen; rank Tories of course. By the bye, the edition of Sydney's life, alluded to above, is by Sir Egerton Brydges, and dedicated by him to Lord Spencer, Lord Byron, William Spencer, Strangford, and William Herbert, as equally descend-

ed from *the Sydney*, and "worthy of that descent by attachment to literature," &c. Among the drawings of Denon was one of the *Saute-relle*, which is very large, and, he says, harmonious. He took them for bees at first; their colours are rose, mixed with black. In talking of Savary's never having been further than Cairo, he said S. had that kind of imagination which is chilled by the real scene, and can best describe what it has not seen, merely taking it from the descriptions of others. This is very much the case with myself.

2nd. Villamil is going into Switzerland for some weeks with his Scotch friends, which rather compels me to prolong our visit a little further, as Mrs. V. wishes very much that we should not leave her in his absence. We are accordingly to be called to the upper house. Copied out extracts from "*Tableau de l'Egypte*," Denon, &c., and went into Paris at four to join the ladies, &c., who were to meet at a restaurateur's with V.'s Scotch friends. Ordered them a *diner fin*, which pleased the Sandys exceedingly. In the evening sauntered about the Palais Royal, and went to see Marionettes and Ombres Chinoises. Got thoroughly wet coming home in the tilbury.

3rd. Wrote words to an Irish air; three verses. Copied out, and walked a little. The Scotchmen to dinner. Music in the evening.

4th. Wrote letters, and went into town. Called at Madame Souza's to see if Fourier had sent the book there he promised me. She out, and the book not visible. Asked to dine by the Storys. Met Douglas, who told me Lord Miltown expected me to dinner at six o'clock. Went there; but his lordship did not come in till near seven, when he brought the awful news that four or five dandies were at his heels. This was too much. One dandy or so I can bear, but a whole dinner of dandies (such conceited, fastidious ones as D.) is insupportable; so I begged him to keep my secret, ran out of the house, and went and dined at Vêry's. Got home at ten o'clock.

5th. Began another Irish Melody: the words founded upon the whimsical idea of a mad Irish scribbler of the name of Hamilton, that we Paddies are descended from the Jews; upon which hypothesis I found a parallel between Erin and the "sad one of Sion,"—England, of course, Babylon.

6th. Villamil went off on his Swiss expedi-

tion, and we left our little pavilion for the great house, not without some regrets on my part. Poor Williams, like many other people in this world, has got into difficulties by borrowing money from Jews, and must fly from Paris. Have written some weeks since to Lord Strangford, with the very faint hope of getting him taken out on the embassy, in any situation, medical or otherwise. No answer. Mean also to speak to Lord Miltown, who *might*, perhaps, have been glad of him as a secretary and companion to Italy, had he not sent for the same sort of conveniency from Ireland. Too late, I fear, everywhere; shall try, however.

7th. Wrote a verse or two of my Hebraico-Hibernian Melody. In the evening took the whole party to a restaurateur's at St. Cloud, and had coffee. Had lunched there myself in the morning, and met Prince Galitzin, who is just returned from Spain, and gives but a bad account of both its present state and future prospects. Numbers of people assembled about Diogenes' Lantern this morning, to look at the eclipse. The effect of the whole landscape in that sort of veiled light which the eclipse produced, was curious and beautiful.

8th. Went into town in order to take the Lady Forbeses to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Called at Madame de Souza's, and found that Fourier had sent the book there. Mercer was of our party to Count Sommariva's, who, on finding out who I was, showed particular kindness and civility to me. Said that Canova considers the *Terpsichore* in his (the count's) possession to be his masterpiece. Much mistaken, I think. Saw the *Galatée*, which he has painted as a "*homage* to Canova, not as a present;" though the public thought proper, he said, to report it otherwise. Went to a bookseller's to look at a copy of the "*Voyages de Pythagore*," which, I believe, I must buy, though it costs three Napoleons; but there is so much in it concerning Egypt, that my Circulating Library copy, unless I transcribe a whole volume of it, will not be sufficient for my purpose. Meant to have dined with the Storys at Riche's, but Williams's anxiety for an answer from Lord Strangford delayed me beyond the time, and I dined alone at Vêry's. No answer after all. Got home at ten.

9th. Began another Irish Melody. Dined late. Kenny told me that John Lamb (the brother of Charles), once knocked down Haz-

litt who was impertinent to him, and on those who were present interfering, and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands and forgive him, II. said, "Well I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts me."

10th. Dined early, a large party, in order to go to the fête of St. Cloud afterwards. Too late for the waters; but took Anastasia to see the wild beasts, tumbling, &c. and bought some fairings. Finished my Irish Melody in the morning, which makes now six that are done towards the eighth number.

11th. Went into Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the Père la Chaise before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected; but our dull guide insisted upon taking us to the worst part of it, which a good deal spoiled the effect. Saw the tombs of Labedoyère and Ney, which I had missed last year. Gave them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu (Bessy, Dumoulin, Miss Wilson, Anastasia, and Dr. Yonge's little girl), and took them afterwards to the Porte St. Martin. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the "Voyages de Pythagore." Bessy, however, told me when we came home, that she had saved by little pilferings from me, at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.

12th. Read Fourier's book, which is only the preface to the great work, and contains nothing that I care a pin about, referring merely to the events of the Expedition. Went in to dine with Madame de Souza. Bought the "Voyages de Pythagore" with my dear girl's stolen money. Company at dinner, M. Fourier, Gallois, Comtesse Rumford, and the De Souzas. F. talked a good deal about Egypt before dinner, but I already knew most of what he told me. He said the Egyptians, though they did not draw gracefully, had a perfect idea of the *haut style* in art; and that an accurate description, in lively language, of some of their *tableaux sculptés*, would be as sublime and striking as a copy of it in drawing must be dry and uninteresting. He instanced Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of some Egyptian sculpture, which I must take care and see.—The Egyptians had no idea of *nuances*, or perspective, in their painting. F. said that per-

spective is not founded in truth, as lines do not really seem to approach each other in nature as they are represented in painting. He praised De Pauw's book as one of authority, notwithstanding its occasional *bizarrie*. Spoke of "Sethos" as a classic book in France.—Gallois mentioned a little work by the same author (the Abbé Terrasson) upon the *Applicabilité de la Philosophie aux Productions de l'Esprit*, and said it was full of ingenuity and talent. In talking of the witnesses against the Queen, who stopped at Beauvais and went home again, Fourier said that the next batch should come through certain towns in France celebrated for false witnesses. De —, I think, is one of them; and De Souza quoted a passage from the "Plaideurs" (allusive to this character of that place), which I must see.—Fourrier mentioned a good instance of parody in this play; a famous line (of Corneille's, I think,) which Racine applies to a huissier, leaving it quite in its original form—

"Des rides sur son front ont gravé ses exploits."

The pun is in the double meaning of the last word. The "Plaideurs," it appears, does not act very well. They praised Fleury's work, "Des Mœurs des Israélites."

14th. Called on Gallois. Told me his surprise at hearing from Malthus that all his works had not brought him more than a thousand pounds. It seemed to him that the English character must have a good deal changed, to prize works of imagination so much more than those of depth and utility. Looked over D'Anville's map of Ancient Egypt, and find he makes Lake Mœris about eight leagues from Memphis. A letter from Lady Donegal, and one from Lord Byron; the latter full of epigrams. * * * * Saw Rees at three, but he was engaged to dinner. Told me that my Bermuda business was in a fair train; that Sheddon shows much anxiety about it; but that nothing can be done till the Crown's claims are brought into court, and this cannot be till January next. So here we are for the winter. He said that Lord Strangford mentioned, the day he called in Paternoster Row, that he had had much conversation with Lord Castlereagh about me; and that Lord C., in speaking of what I had written against him, said that "the humorous and laughing things he did not at all mind, but the verses of the Tu-

tor, in the 'Fudge Family,' were quite another sort of thing, and were in very bad taste indeed." This I can easily believe.

15th. Began an Irish Melody. Read some of Heliodorus's "Ethiopes" (in a French translation), and the second volume of Paul Lucas's "Voyages." Went into town between three and four to dine with Rees. Kenny accompanied me. Dined at Véry's; and went afterwards to the Café de la Paix, de Mille Colonnes, des Aveugles, &c. Rees has brought Bessy Walter Scott's "Abbot."

16th. Went to La Chapelle's to order wine for Mrs. V. Find he keeps a little shop, like the fellow who serves me, and in the same street: he was in his tradesman's jacket, packing up some wine. This is the man Villamil had the other day to meet the Duke of San Carlos at dinner! such a thing could not happen in aristocratic England.

17th. Rees came out to breakfast for the purpose of going to see Versailles and the waters of St. Cloud. Williams was of our party. Met the ladies at St. Cloud at four, and having seen the humours of the fair came home to dinner at seven.

19th. Went into town to call upon young Perry, who is arrived, and to dine with Rees at Smith's the printer; Humboldt to be of the party, my chief inducement. Called at Denon's with Rees, &c. A good thing in a letter I have had from Tegart, that the Queen has said she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. The dinner at Smith's very pleasant, thanks to Humboldt. He promised to lend me a translation of Strabo, in the notes of which there is much about Egypt. Spoke contemptuously of the great government work, as a confused heap of common-places; Fourier's a pompous preface, with nothing in it. Said the Egyptians were blackish, with good aquiline noses; the Sphynx a negro face (which it certainly appears in Denon's drawing of it). Asked him if he thought Cleopatra was "blackish?" Yes, certainly. He remarked that we know less of the individual character of the Egyptians than that of any other nation of antiquity. I said that their institutions were such as to make the state and theocracy every thing, the individuals nothing. He instanced other countries, where the people in the same way acted by masses,—the Chinese,

the Etrurians,—and where nothing secured the result of individual exertion. Said that Dr. Young (the writer in the "Quarterly") had come nearer the discovery of some clue to the hieroglyphics than any one. Mentioned Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," and said he had studied most extensively for that work, and had actually travelled to the regions there described for the purpose of accuracy. Got home at ten. Rees has some books here in Paris, out of which he has allowed me to select some for use while I remain; and I have chosen the "Encyclopædia" and "Pinkerton's Travels."

19th. Finished Heliodorus. Much more of a romance, and more interesting, than I thought it was, having never before read any but detached passages in the original.

20th. Read Sonnini, in whom there is but little for my purpose, except the description of seeds and flowers. He never found, or went to see antiquities on his way. Sang with Mrs. V., before dinner, some beautiful Nothurnes of Blanzini's.

22nd. Began another Irish Melody, finished Sonnini, and sent to the library for the Volney and Savary. Took Anastasia to St. Cloud, and treated her to the merry-go-round and the camera obscura.

23rd. Met Croker at St. Cloud with Theodore Hook, who is his travelling companion. Finished my Irish Melody this morning; have now done nine.

24th. Sent off my three Melodies to Power. Read Volney; found that all Humboldt said about the negro face of the Sphynx, &c. &c. was from Volney. Kenny came in the evening; walked with him to the cêlerifère on his way to town, and then took a saunter in the moonlight to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

25th. Went into town, having promised Hill and Perry to dine with them at a restaurateur's. Called on Lady Granard who has been very ill. She thinks the "Abbot" cannot be Scott's, as it is evidently written to favour the Queen's cause: says that the circumstances and authorities she has either known or consulted on the subject, convince her that Greenfield is the author of the greater and better part of these novels. Scott might have written the "Tales of my Landlord," but not the "Waverley" series. * * * A frightful bust of Petrarch in bronze here,

which I did not remark before; thought to be authentic, but looks like an old, dull, sensual monk. Met Richard Power, to my no small delight, in the Palais Royal; he arrived but last night, with Wrixon, Beecher's brother. Both joined our party at the Rocher de Cancalle, the remainder being Hill, Perry, Kenny, Poole (the author of "Hamlet Travestie"), and O'Meara, the celebrated surgeon of Napoleon, who is here upon the Queen's business, forwarding witnesses, &c. &c.

27th. Power came out to breakfast; began a sketch of our little *parillon* here. All went on to Versailles; and he and I, Bessy and Miss Wilson, walked through the Trianons, delighted with the "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze at the Grand Trianon. There is also a pretty statue by Chaudet, a young man who died at twenty-three—a Cupid with a butterfly and rose. Comte Sommariva has a small figure by Chaudet, representing Sensibility, who has just touched a sensitive plant, and withdrawn her hand on seeing it move. This is not very good. Power told me what a judge of painting he had heard I was grown, and that Jackson said he would take my opinion before that of most of the connoisseurs he knew. I have still, however, but very little confidence in my own judgment of this art, and am yet but a learner; my zeal, too, has a little gone off since I left Italy. Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

"So like in their manners, so like in their life,
An infamous husband and infamous wife;
It is something most strange and surprising to me,
That a couple so *like* should never agree!"

Richard Power dined with us; as excellent a fellow as ever.

28th. This morning the young son of the Duchess de Berry was born. As I came in in the cuckoo, one of my fellow-travellers, supposing this to be Saturday, said it was well the child was not born a few hours sooner, as Monsieur had all the old womanish superstitions about the ill luck of Friday, *ils sont fanatisés*, he said; *toute cette maison est fanatisée*. Walked about a little after dinner to see the illuminations, and returned home by the nine o'clock coach.

29th. Walked through the park of St. Cloud to Ville d'Array and enjoyed the deliciousness

of the day and of the scenery, with an enthusiasm even more youthful than when I was really young; for *then* my ardour was expended upon living objects, and it is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of *in-animate* nature,—the safest, as well as the purest, passion. Finished the Egyptian part of Strabo in the evening.

October 1st. *Non mi ricordo.*

2d. Wrote letters; one to Wilkie, telling him fairly I did not find it possible to go on with my Sheridan task here, at such a distance from all those living authorities, whom I felt the necessity of almost at every instant consulting. Dined with Richard Power, Wrixon, Lyne (an Irish barrister), and Story, at Beauvilliers'.

3rd. A day of fêtes for the young Bourbon. Went into town to dine with the Storys. Richard Power and I and Wrixon dined at Story's, and went to see the fireworks on the Pont Louis Seize afterwards. Power gave me to-day a most precious gift—a head of Grattan in wax, powerfully like, and executed in Dublin.

4th. I dreamt last night that Rees told me in confidence, that my friends in England were purchasing an annuity for me. They are certainly doing something of which the secret is withheld from me. In the first place, Perry some time ago wrote me a letter in which he said, "I am happy to see, by a transaction which I witnessed yesterday in an Assurance office, of which I am a director, that your Bermuda business is in a fair way of being settled." What this can mean I know not. In the next place, Rees told me when he was here, that he had taken the liberty of opening the letter which Mackintosh sent through his hands to me, in order to see whether something was mentioned in it, which (as I understood him) he did not wish me to know. And in the third place he said to Kenny (who mentioned it afterwards to me), "Moore has a great many good friends, and *some that he is not at all aware of.*" All this is very mysterious, and it is no wonder it should set me dreaming. But no matter; as long as they don't do anything to compromise my honour or independence, God speed their labours! Dined at Beauvilliers' and went afterwards to the Opera,—*"Panurge"* and *"Flore et Zephyre"*: exquisite as usual.

5th. Poor Dumoulin, who has been some

days confined to his bed, very ill and delirious this morning; and Williams, who pronounced him in danger the day before yesterday, has never been to him since. This is bad. Went into town, distressed and angry, in order to send out whoever I could to this poor, lonely man. The people of the inn, too, have moved him down to a noisy front room, without curtains, where the rattle of the coaches, and the glare of the windows must make it seem like a little hell to him. Remonstrated with them, and requested that he should be changed carefully into another room. Had an appointment with Madame de Souza at twelve, to accompany her to the Bibliothèque du Roi; but called to put it off, that I might go in search of Williams or some other physician. She told me she had a still better plan for my reading the great work on Egypt, which was at the Ecole de Médecine, where M. Moreau would give me a little cabinet to myself, with a fire in it, &c. &c. Found that Williams had gone out this morning to Dumoulin. When I told Madame de Souza of his neglect, and said I hoped he could produce some tolerable reason for it, she said, in her expressive broken English, "That man must be dead himself for an excuse." Dined with her: company, Lord Kinnaird, Gallois, M. Moreau, Mr. Labouchere, and myself. Lord K. full of intelligence about the state of England, where he perceives a rapidly growing coalition between the middling and lower classes against the higher. In talking of the equal distribution of property among children in France, under the present law, we were led to joke upon the consequences of a similar *partage* of a father's talents among his family; what a gavelkind of genius the Duke of Northumberland (for instance) could afford, &c. &c. Lord Kinnaird told us he saw Monsieur and Madame pelted with sausages, on their passing through the Champs Elysées, during the Saturnalia of Tuesday; all in play, but comical enough. A sausage actually hit the Duchess's bonnet, and her dame d'honneur was *accablée* with them.

6th. Have resolved to devote one of the songs of this number of Irish Melodies to Grattan. Such a work should, for its own sake, contain a remembrance of *him*. Looked for an air to suit it, and found one. Walked about Meudon and St. Cloud, enjoying the glories of this rich autumnal sunshine.

8th. Went in at two to see Madlle. Garnerin go up and descend in the parachute. Her ascent most grand; the sun shining upon the balloon when it was high up made it look like one of the golden apples of the Hesperides hung in the air; but we did not see her come down again. Dined with the Storys, and he and I went to the Beajon afterwards.

9th. Went to Denon's who, I found, has a copy of the great work on Egypt, and said, when I told him I was going to read it at the Library, *Mais donnez moi la préférence*. Received, all of us, invitations to the grand ball at the Tuileries on Wednesday.

10th. Villamil arrived as we were sitting down to an early dinner for the purpose of going to the Opera. The ladies and I went. "Don Juan." Fodor comes up perfectly to one's imagination of Zerlina; her singing and acting of "Batti, Batti!" perfect. Lord Wellesley and his wife in the next box to us.

11th. Took a walk of three hours through the vineyards on the opposite hill to Meudon; the day delicious. At night went alone to the ball given by the Gardes du Corps at the Chateau of the Tuileries, in honor of the *Naissance*. Not so fine as I expected; Versailles English, and bad French.

12th. Went to the Bibliothèque de Médecine at half-past two, and found a fire prepared for me in the Doyen's cabinet, where I read till past four. Returned to dinner; music in the evening.

13. Read and wrote. Have now finished, at intervals, about twenty-four or twenty-eight lines of my song upon Grattan.

14th. Went into town with Villamil. Took him to Denon's, who had the massy volumes of the "Egypte" laid out for me. Asked him would he entrust me with the volumes of the text; and he said, though he never lent to any one, yet, if I would be secret, he would to me. Met ———, who walked about with me and made me take a family dinner with him at his hotel. I have not seen so much of him since we were in college together, and I find that his vanity is even greater than has been reported to me, and his display of cleverness far less than I expected. He is undoubtedly a good partisan, a quick skirmisher in reviews and newspapers, and a sort of servant of all-work for his employers; but as to any thing of the higher order of talent, I am great-

ly mistaken if he has the slightest claim to it. Could collect from him that the instigators and managers of the present infamous prosecution against the Queen are all at loggerheads with each other; the Chancellor accusing the Attorney-general, and *vice versa*.

15th. Went with Villamil, and passed five dull hours at a horse-race in the Champ de Mars, with nothing to amuse me but the varieties of the sunshine and shadow upon the golden dome of the Invalides, the groups of horsemen, the fields, &c. &c.

16th. We took our leave of La Butte after three months and a half's residence; and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the Allée des Veuves. We dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, "This is the first rational day we have had for a long time."* I sat up to read the account of Goëthe's "Doctor Faustus" in the "Edinburgh Magazine;" and, before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness.

17th. Met — walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop; and the gentleman make signs to — as if to call me back, which — accordingly did, saying, "Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you." It was no other than the right honourable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company

with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. Dined at home snugly, and read the great work on Egypt in the evening, five or six volumes of which I brought away from Denon's.

18th. Called upon Canning, and was at — at five to dinner. His conversation to-day less ostentations, and much more sensible. He says he wrote his article on the Elgin Marbles for the "Quarterly" in one morning. Went with him and his little girl, &c., to the Gaiété in the evening, to see little Poncet.

19th. Finished my lines upon Grattan, which amount to forty-eight; much the largest poem in the "Melodies."

20th. Read and wrote. Have apprised Jeffrey, through the Longmans, of my intention to review Madame de Souza's novel, so must set about it immediately.

22nd. Began the review of Madame de Souza.

23rd. Dined with Lord Raneliffe. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck (she was Lady Mary Lowther), Lady Adelaide Forbes, and Mercer. Lady Mary invited me to go with her to her box at the opera. Went, and saw the new ballet, "Les Pages du Duc de Vendôme," which is beautiful. Heard to-night that Madlle. Garnerin, whom I saw ascend in the balloon a fortnight ago, has never been heard of since. This is frightful. They say that, intending to descend by the parachute, she forgot to take the implements necessary for that purpose; and, accordingly, became the victim of the balloon to be carried wherever it pleased, and perhaps has been starved in the clouds. Lady Mary told me that Wordsworth, who has returned within the last fortnight from Switzerland and Milan, was making inquiries after me, and wishes to see me.

24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of "Athalie;" Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the pro-

* Mrs. Moore was quite right: in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy.—Ed.

phetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c.: and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now*; for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage—*une action morte*. Saw Wordsworth's wife; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the later editions of the "Fudge Family?" I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him.

25th. Read "Mdlle. de Tournon" in the morning, for the purpose of this little twaddling task I have brought upon myself of reviewing it. Finished also Madame de Genlis's touching story, "Mdlle. de Clermont," which is, to be sure, charmingly written. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure,

and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

26th. Read the "Princesse de Clèves," the first attempt at an historical novel (I believe) in French. Its great charm is the naïveté and straightforwardness of the details.

27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey" the source of it all; from which same poem too, the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed

* There is some resemblance between "Tintern Abbey" and "Childe Harold;" but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, "When they tell me Homer made Virgil," I answer, "Then it is his best work;" so of "Wordsworth" it may be said, "If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work."—Ed.

to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuileries; he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "the game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do

you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it." Williams and Mr. Crawford dined with us, and we afterwards went to the Feydeau, where we saw two rather dull things, the "Deux Jaloux" and "Corisande." On my return home I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton. How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him.

28th and 29th. Nothing remarkable. Finished the article on Mad. de Souza, and hope to be able to send it off on the 30th.

30th. Began copying the article, but was stopped by the want of a reference to one of Mad. de Souza's novels. The bookseller whom I had commissioned to look for a copy of "Jablonski" brought me a copy, which I bought of him for eighteen francs.

31st. Went into Paris with Bessy for visits and purchases. Called upon Mad. de Souza, who read us an extract from some Memoirs, giving an account of the enormous quantity Louis XIV. used to eat. "I have seen him," says the writer of the Memoirs, "not once, but often, eat four plates of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a dish full of salad, a piece of ham, a slice of mutton with gravy, and a large quantity of all kinds of *confitures*." Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance. Find that Mr. Crawford is the author of several articles in the "Edinburgh Review;" that on Lord Amherst's Embassy, one on the Commerce of the Indian Archipelago, &c. &c. On our return home to dinner to-day we found Kenny waiting for us, having brought Miss Holcroft to introduce to Bessy.

Nov. 1st. Had a note from poor Dumoulin, to say that he is "indebted to God knows who for a remittance of ten pounds just sent him by his family." This is in consequence of the letter I wrote to his father during his illness. He adds, however, that as this will hardly pay his expenses, he may perhaps have to trouble

* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth.—Ed.

me in a day or two for five Napoleons. Kenny and Crawford dined with us; the first little dinner we have ventured since our being reduced to one servant.

2nd. Went into Paris with Crawford, and took him to Denon's. Denon out. I remained there alone about an hour, looking over the great Egyptian work. Remarked that there is much beauty in those female faces, which are among the sculptured ornaments in the Tentyra. Dined with the Granards: company, the Mercers, young Crosbie, a Mr. Rich, &c. &c. Mercer mentioned that, on the death of the Danish ambassador here, some commissaire of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procès verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée*. Lord Bristol and his daughters came in the evening; the Raneliffes too. Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

3rd. Read. Walked after dinner, and met my old friend Joddrel, who is living with his family at Passy. Went in the evening with Bessy to the Fosters; had music.

4th. Went into Paris to order a pianoforte. Looked over Belzoni's Atlas at Galignani's. Received a letter from Dumoulin's father, full of thanks, &c.

5th. Bought a work while in town yesterday ("Histoire des Juifs"), the sixth volume of which promises to be very useful to me in my Egyptian story. Had resolved now to resume this task, and pursue it uninterruptedly, but have received such anxious letters from Wilkie and Murray (who have borne, I will say, with singular patience the intention which I lately communicated to them of suspending my Sheridan operations till I return to England), requesting me, at least, to give them a few pages of preface for the collection of S.'s works which they are about to publish, that I cannot with any decency refuse it. I believe I have not mentioned in my Journal that, about a fortnight ago, I wrote to Wilkie,

representing the exceeding difficulty of continuing my "Life of Sheridan" here, so far away from all the oral authorities it was so necessary for me to consult, and that it was my intention not to go any further in the work till I arrived in England; begging them at the same time to draw upon me at six and eight months for the sum which they had advanced to me on it. They have said nothing of this latter part of my communication in their answers, but in my last letter I have again referred to it, and said that I must at least insist upon their taking interest on the sum advanced till the work is finished.

6th. Took Bessy in to attend Mulock's first lecture on English literature; *flumen verborum guttula mentis*. One of his figures was rather awkward, if pursued too minutely. He talked of persons going to the "well-spring of English poesy, in order to communicate what they have quaffed to others." I dined with Sir H. Mildmay; a dinner of dandies, but rather agreeable. It seems that, in consequence of Denman's bold parallel between his Majesty and Nero, Carlton Palace is now called "Nero's Hotel." Henry de Roos sung with Lady Mildmay in the evening, as did I some of Blangini's Notturmes. Sung also a great number of my own songs, and had the pleasure of seeing my audience much pleased. It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business." By the bye, Mr. Stretch, whom I walked with yesterday, said he had been told by the nephew of the Persian ambassador, that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into their language, and that the songs (particularly that about "Bendamceer's Stream") are sung about every where; nor can they believe there but that the whole work has been taken originally from some Persian manuscript. Went in the evening to Lady E. Stuart's. Bessy had been asked, but would not go.

7th. Read, and walked about the garden. Williams dined with us.

8th. A lovely day. Walked in with Bessy to pay some visits. Tried over some Irish airs in the evening, in order to find one for a story on the subject of Donoghue and his White Horse.

9th. Wrote a verse of the song about Don-

oghne; copied it out and sent it to Power. Went into Paris at three, with Bessy. Called upon Miss Edgeworth, who was not able to receive us. Dressed at Villamil's (where Bessy remained to pass the evening), and dined at Lord Charlemont's. Made Bessy's apology for not dining there. Company, Lord and Lady Lovaine and their daughter; the dinner very agreeable.

10th. Dumoulin thinks of being moved to a *maison de santé* in Paris; but they ask eight or ten Napoleons a month, and his money is but barely sufficient to pay for where he is. Have offered to advance five Naps., if Mr. V. will give the remainder. Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box! Read the great work on Egypt; have nearly finished all the volumes of it Denon lent me. The "History of the Jews" has given me many useful hints with respect to the Cabalistical theology which they borrowed from the Egyptians.

11th. Read till two, and then went into Paris. The decision of the House of Lords against the Queen occupying every one's mind and tongue. What a barefaced defiance of all law and justice, and what precious scoundrels there are in the high places of the world. My excellent friend Lord Lansdowne has, however, done *his* duty on this occasion; and while there are yet left such men as he and Lord Grey, the salvation of England is not wholly to be despaired of.

12th. Began my preface to Sheridan's works. Went in, between three and four, to dine with Mrs. Villamil, for the purpose of taking all our little ones to the Marionettes in the evening. A party of fourteen of us, nurses, children, and all.

13th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to express my delight at his conduct. Have heard that my darling mother has been very ill, but is now better. God preserve her dear life! Often too sad bodings come over my mind about her and my beloved father. Went to market with Bessy, and then to the reading-room. The news of the bill's defeat arrived to my great joy. Wrote to Douglas, Lord Raneliffe, &c., about the dinner, which we had agreed to have whenever this cursed measure came to its catastrophe.

14th. Wrote some more of the preface. Called with Bessy upon the Boddingtons and Forsters. Dined at Lord Raneliffe's. Lord Charlemont will join our dinner, which is to be, I believe, on Sunday.

15th. Sadly interrupted by my vicinity to Paris, and the various calls and distractions that it produces. Wrote a little, and read "Clarke's Travels." This is my darling Bessy's birthday. Kenny and Williams dined with us; and we had the Forsters, Storys, and Villamils, in the evening.

16th. Took my letters. A very pretty little poem to-day in the "Examiner," signed "A. B., Canterbury," written for the purpose of "inviting some fair friends to come and celebrate the poet Moore's birthday." Read Clarke in the evening, and Jablonski.

17th. Went in with Bessy to Mulock's lecture. Absurd and false from beginning to end. Dryden was no poet; Butler had no originality; and Locke was "of the school of the devil," both in his philosophy, politics, and Christianity. We called upon Lady Charlemont, who was all kindness to Bessy. Dined with the Storys; and Viotti having given his box at the French Opera to Lady Augusta Leith, went with her, and saw the "Pages."

18th. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from my deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one so perfectly innocent of all delinquency in it as I am, said, "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." There is a great deal of truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his "Raising the Wind" in seven days. Read Clarke in the evening. By the bye, K. paid me the three Napoleons to-day.

19th. Had a note from Madame de Souza to ask me to dine to-day, to meet Fourier and Gallois. Said I would. Finished my preface, and at two went out to Sèvres, with Williams, to see how poor Dumoulin is getting on. Found him wretchedly ill; he can hardly recover. Dinner at Madame de Souza's very agreeable; nothing but French spoken, which, when there are no English by, I can manage very well. Gallois had in his pocket a copy

of "Little" (the 1st edition), very nicely bound, which he had found *en boutique* for five francs. Fourier, in speaking of the mummies, said that one is often able to trace the *family features* in a number of them deposited together. He promised to borrow me a copy of "Zoega" from the Institute. Left at about nine, and went to the Granards, where I sung a little with Lady Caroline. At home before eleven. There is a dinner announced at Grignon's in celebration of the Queen, which I rather fear originates in a low quarter, and may make it necessary to give up ours, for fear of being confounded with them.

20th. Had a letter from Lord Byron; very amusing; several epigrams in it; one of them for the approaching anniversary of his marriage (2nd of next January), most marvellously comical:—

TO PENELOPE.

"This day of all our days has done
The worst for me and you;
'Tis now six years since we were *one*,
And five since we were *two*."

Went into town with my letters. Dined at Story's: company, the Villamils, Forsters, &c. &c. Music in the evening.

21st. Answered Byron. Called upon Sir Charles Stuart to know if he could put me in the way of having the MS. of "Byron's Memoirs" (the continuation of them), sent from Ravenna. He said there was no way, except Byron could get it as far as Florence or Turin; in which case Lord Burghersh, or Hill, might forward it by a courier. Came back for Bessy at five, and both went to dine with the Villamils, who had taken a box for the new opera of Rossini in the evening. The Spanish Consul (to London) and his wife at dinner. The opera wretched ("Torvaldo and Dorliska," I believe it is called); all bits and scraps out of the rest of this rather over-rated author's works. It is said that the Duchesse de Berri wrote to her father (as a slap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution), *Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution*. Villamil, before dinner, on my praising his Geneva watch (which I have had the loan of while he was away), entreated me to accept of it as a *gage d'amitié*, but I declined it *friendly*.

22nd. Read Jablonski, and found some good hints for my work. Went in to dine at Mer-

cers to meet Sir W. Gell, expecting to hear much about the Queen. Company, the Forbesses, Lord Valletort, Warrender, &c. &c. Gell full of jokes, but few of them good. Spoke of some one who calls the Champs Elysées the Sham Elizas. His best hit was upon Cornwall's using the word "blasted." "That's not language for good society, sir; it is too much of the *Æolic* dialect." The day altogether tolerably pleasant.

23rd. Copied out my preface (or as I prefer calling it advertisement), and went with Bessy to leave it at the ambassador's. Made some calls, and returned to dinner. Had sent Denon's books home in the morning, and got some more volumes back, which I read in the evening; one of these *sarans* (M. St. Hilaire) an insufferable coxcomb.

24th. Soon after breakfast, to my great surprise, Lord John Russell was announced to me. Arrived last night; truly happy to see him. Talked much of the political proceedings in England: thinks that the Queen's business has done a great deal of good in renewing the old and natural alliance between the Whigs and the people, and weakening the influence of the Radicals with the latter. Told me, to my great pride and delight, that he (Lord John) has just dedicated the second edition of his Essays to me; spoke of my poem on him, which appeared to have given him great pleasure. Lord Granard called to ask me to dine with him to-day, and Lord John bid me say I was engaged to him; agreed to meet at four in town. Corrected some of the "Irish Melodies" for the edition Power is about to print, and went at three into town. We dined at Véry's, and went to the Français afterwards: "La Fille d'Honneur," a comedy by Duval, rather interesting.

25th. Corrected some more of the "Melodies." Called at Lord Granard's. Begged me to fix a day for Lord John to meet me there: mentioned Tuesday. Called on Madame de Souza, who said Tuesday was the day Lord John had agreed for us both to dine with her. Went to Gallois: told me he had found, among his books, "Grave's Description of the Pyramids," which he thought might be useful for me. Found Lord John at home: walked out together in the Tuileries. Says the great difficulty the Whigs would find in coming in would be the want of some one to

lead in the House of Commons. Does not think there will be any change. The King, before the Queen's trial, opened a sort of indirect negotiation with Lord Holland for the purpose of sounding, but it came to nothing. We drove about in a cabriolet: called on Lady Charlemont, &c. He proposed I should dine with him alone at his hôtel, and I sent home to tell Bessy, lest she should wait dinner; a very agreeable *tête-à-tête*. *Chez moi* before ten, and found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier, from the Longmans. He calls himself in the dedication my "attached friend." This tribute from a Russell gives me real pleasure.

26th. Corrected the "Melodies;" read; walked into Paris. Read the French work in the evening. Yonge supped with us.

27th. Went to call upon Lord John, but he was out. Called at Lord Charlemont's. While there, the Duke of Hamilton came in. Much talk about Italy, and the chance the Neapolitans have of defending themselves against the Austrians. The Duke as high and pompous in his manner as ever. Returned home at four, and found that Lord John had been to ask me to join him at dinner at the Français. Walked in again; dined at Véry's; and went to see "Athalie," which I confess I found rather an operation, except only the scene where Joad is under the influence of inspiration, and where the effect of the chorus breaking in affected my imagination most powerfully.

28th. Went in with Bessy to market for tomorrow, when the Villamils and Lady Augusta Leith are to dine with us. Have had a letter from home, to say that my darling mother is somewhat better. Dined at Madame de Souza's: company, Lord John, Lady Gwydir, Gallois, De Lessert. The task of speaking nothing but French throughout the whole dinner rather oppressive; it is so impossible to bring out one's mind as one wishes; *on dit ce qu'on peut, et pas ce qu'on veut*.* And then for English people to address each other in bad French appears to me so ridiculous, that I can hardly keep my countenance while I am engaged in it. Came home early, and read Lord John's book, which is delightful.

29th. Wrote a note to Lord John, to express what I felt on reading him: said it "was a rare thing to be at once so sensible and so lively; and to be furnished, like a pyramid, both with point and base." Revised my "Melodies," and read Jablonski. Our dinner very comfortable. Music in the evening.

30th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, beside Lord John, Mercer, Lord Valletort, the Raneliffes, &c. It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published, "*Il a l'esprit seize*," i. e. *treize et trois* (très étroit). Mercer told me of a punster who had much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day, upon his merely asking some one at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, *Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur, mais, pour cette fois, je ne comprends pas*. The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise. Sung in the evening, and so did Mercer; one a pretty air, which he learned from Madame Durazzo, but could not get her to tell him the words. "Io credo (she said) che sono *improper*."

December 1st. Looked over my Egyptian notes, for the purpose of resuming my poem, and beginning another epistle. Forgot to mention that I walked yesterday to the Mercers for the purpose of ordering a pianoforte for Lady Raneliffe; and, at the same time took the opportunity of looking at the lodgings in that quarter, as our year here will end the first of February. Found them dear; saw nothing comfortable under 1500 francs a-year, unfurnished. Have heard of a house at Auteuil, which I have some thoughts of taking, as I have almost made up my mind not to return to England till I have finished my poem. Dined at Lord Raneliffe's: company, Lord Bristol, Mercer, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide. Some singing in the evening.

2nd. Wrote some lines of my second letter. Have heard within these few days, from the Longmans, that the King's proctor had called upon them, to say that he hoped, in two or three months, to have some favorable news to communicate to me.

* This was, I believe, the observation (and a very just one) of Mr. Hare, Mr. Fox's friend. He is one of those men who glittered with wit and humour in their day, but whose fame *caret vite sacro*.—Ep.

3rd. Received from Madame de Souza the large folio volume of Zoega, which M. Fourrier promised to procure for me. Dined at home. Read Zoega in the evening.

4th. Thought of words for one of Blangini's Notturmes to send to Power. Walked with Williams to the maison de santé to see poor Dumoulin. Shall have to advance the money for his fortnight there; the Villamils seem very awkward in producing their promised share of the sum for him. Williams thinks he will not recover. Walked about with Lord John, and called on the Charlemonts. Thought I was engaged to dine at the Forsters', but, on coming home, found they did not expect me till the evening; and I went and dined at Rosset's (a restaurateur) in the Rue de Rivoli. Middle. Münch and her mother at the Forsters'. Sang two or three Italian trios with them. This girl's voice and manner of singing very good. Supped, and home at twelve. Find that the pretty vignettes in Forster's edition of "Anacreon" are from Mrs. Forster's drawings.

5th. Finished the words to Blangini's Notturme. Read Zoega. Went in at four to Lord John: dined together at Véry's. In Voltaire's "Adelaide de Guesclin," when (on the first night, I believe) the actor said, *Es tu content, Coucy?* a voice from the *parterre* answered, *Così, Così.* We went to the Vaudeville, and saw the "Jugement de Midas" and the "Rendez-vous, Bourgeois." Asked Lord John to dine with us on Sunday; and half fixed for Bessy, and him, and me to go to a restaurateur's and *spectacle* on Thursday.

6th. Wrote a few lines of my letter. Walked by the Seine for an hour. Williams dined with us. In the evening read Zoega. Was to have gone this morning (Bessy and I), with Lady Charlemont, to Mulock's lecture; but finding that I myself was to be one of the victims of his tomahawk to-day, deferred our going till Friday.

7th. A note from Raneliffe asking me to meet Lord John to-day, but having given Bessy the hope of our enjoying a day together, did not like to disappoint her, so refused. Copied out my duet, and corrected the proofs of the "Irish Melodies" which Power sent me; dispatched them by the post. Bessy and I went shopping; dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue

de la Paix, and in the evening to the Variétés. Four pieces, none very good. The Englishman's *toujours* in Douvres et Calais, amusing enough.

8th. Read Zoega in the evening.

9th. Went with Bessy to the market for tomorrow's dinner, and after this set off by myself, on a house-hunting expedition, to the Marais. Went as far as the Place Royale, and was not sorry to find myself for once in the Rue de Tournelle, where Ninon de l'Enclos, St. Evremond, &c., used to hold their Epicurean meetings. Saw nothing that was not dear or uncomfortable, or both. Must give up all thoughts of that quarter. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord John, Lady Raneliffe, Burgess, and Lady Montgomery, &c. A very agreeable day. Much talk with Lady R. about the unlucky change of politics in her family, which she very much regrets. In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her table, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland House, "My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill, I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot suffer it any longer." A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of *bouillon* and bullion. Came away with Lord John at half-past ten, and went to Tortoni's to eat ice. Talked of Mackintosh's want of observation in common life, and his helplessness in the House of Commons from that circumstance. Tierney, who is, on the contrary, more minute than comprehensive, has rather a slighting opinion of his consequence; and says he is a "very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day," &c. Asked Lord C. to dine with us tomorrow.

10th. Read and walked a little. Lord John, Lord Charlemont, and Mercer, to dinner with us. The day went off very well. The noble Lords seemed excited by the novelty of their situation in such a little democratic cabin, and were more than usually agreeable. Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation) that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord—he

said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character; so remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible, he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably well worth his while." Took Mercer with us in the evening to Villamil's, where there was music; young Sapio and his father, and a French girl. Bessy has been persuaded by Lord Charlemont to dine with him on Saturday next.

11th. Went into town to Mulock's lecture. Find that he praised me in his discourse on the living poets, the other day, exceedingly; set me at the head of them all, near Lord Byron, who, he says, is the only person in the world who seems to have any proper notion of religion! In alluding to "Lalla Rookh" he said, "As for his Persian poem (I forget the name of it), I really never could read it." The lecture to-day upon evangelical literature and religion in general; mere verbiage. Had to dinner with us, Miss Mackey, Wilder, and Tate; rather a different day from yesterday. The Villamils in the evening; all stopped to supper.

12th. Wrote eight lines of my poem. Went in (Bessy and I) to dine with the Villamils: company, young Sapio and Williams. Poor Dumoulin died yesterday morning. Williams opened him to-day, and found that his death was occasioned by the quantity of bark which another physician had given him, and which produced inflammation in the stomach and brain. What a world it is! Here are two men whom I saw drinking wine together a few months ago, and now one of them is cutting open the other.

13th. Wrote ten lines. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lord John, Lord Alvanley, Lord Valletort, Kangaroo Cooke, the Ranciffes. The dinner too large for conversation, and there was but little fun from Alvanley. Cooke told of Admiral Cotton once (at Lisbon, I think) saying during dinner, "Make signal for the Kangaroo to get under weigh;" and Cooke who had just been expressing his anxiety to leave Lisbon, thought the speech alluded to his nickname, and considered it an extraordinary liberty for one who knew so little of him as Admiral Cotton to take. He found out afterwards, however, that his name-

sake was a sloop of war. Lord Granard mentioned of the thin-legged Bavarian ambassador here, that the other day at court, his sword having got between his legs, a short-sighted person behind him remarked to a friend, "What an odd dress that gentleman's is; he has a white stocking on one leg, and a black one on the other." Left the Granards before nine, with Lord John, to call on his friends the Grahams, to whom he wishes to introduce me; but they were out, and he drove me home. Read some of Zoega before I went to bed.

14th. Went into town with Bessy for our dinner at a restaurateur's with Lord John. Chose a new bonnet for her. Met Lord John at the Cadran Bleu at five, and thence to the Porte St. Martin to see Potier in the "Beau Narcisse" and the "Danaïdes."

15th. A beautiful, clear, frosty day. Walked to Auteuil to see the house Williams recommends; a comfortless concern, like almost all I see. Looked at some other apartments there, but found nothing to suit me. A quiet dinner at home, which of late is a rarity to me. In the evening, read. Have done ten lines to-day.

16th. Lord Granard called. Walked out with him a little way, and then went alone as far as Neuilly, where I meant to have a search for lodgings, but there were threats of rain, and I returned home. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lord Charlemont's; the dear girl looking all neatness and beauty; not so pretty as Lady Charlemont certainly, but having the advantage of more youth on her side. The day very agreeable. Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours'

coaching. Have done about twelve lines to-day.

17th. Wrote a little, and walked. Called upon Kenny, and found he had been very ill. Asked him to dine with us; very agreeable; is much frightened at the idea of his tragedy coming in contact with Lord Byron's, which is, I understand, to be played at both theatres. Left him in the evening, and read for about an hour and a-half at Zoega. He supped with us.

18th. Wrote my letters, and went in to call upon Lord John, for the purpose of being introduced to his friends, the Grahams. Find he has nearly finished a little novelette, a story, since he has been in Paris. Sent off to Perry by to-day's post, the parody he wrote on William Spencer's poem the other day. Spencer's is entitled "The Year 1806;" and begins, "It is gone with its thorns and its roses." Lord John's parody begins, very happily, "It is gone where the late Mr. Rose is." Mrs. Graham a nice little Frenchwoman. Told us that her friend Mdlle. Montjoye (one of the ladies of the Duchesse d'Orleans) mentioned the Duke's having spoken of me as being very well known to him, and that he seemed surprised at my not having been to wait upon him. Must go, I suppose. Staid with Lord John till five; and then went to dine at Bombarda's, a restaurateur's, for the purpose of being in time to see the "Mystères d'Isis" at the Opera. Was much interested with the scenery and costumes, which are said to be after drawings by Denon.

19th. Received a note from Lord John (to whom I had once mentioned the circumstances of poor Dumoulin's death), telling me that he had just been paid five hundred francs, which he had lent some time ago to a French officer; and that, as he was determined not to touch the sum, he inclosed it to me that I might make use of it for the discharge of my poor countryman's debts, &c. &c. I wrote in answer that I had every reason to think the father would be forthcoming in all that was necessary, but that I would keep a couple of hundred francs to meet any demand that might be urgent. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

20th. Bessy and I went in to dine with Lord John at Véry's; had a *cabinet particulier*. Mercer was of the party; a very agreeable

dinner. Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On vhat authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed." Went all, except Mercer, to the French Opera, to see "Nina," which was acted to perfection by Bigottini.

21st. Went with Lord John, Mr. McKay (who has a pass for all the prisons and hospitals), and Bessy, to see the Hôtel Dieu and the Salpêtrière; the former, a general hospital, and admirably conducted; the latter, for superannuated women and mad women, also a very interesting institution. To the Hôtel Dieu the government allows a franc a-day for each sick person: there are now near 1000 in it. Dined with McKay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch-Book;" a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man.

22nd. Took a walk alone, for about two hours and a quarter, to Neuilly, by the Barrière du Roule, and back by the Champs Elysées. Found, when I returned home, the packets from Lord Byron containing the continuation of his "Memoirs;" the postage altogether forty-six francs and a-half. He advises me, in the letter which accompanies them, to try and dispose of the reversion of the MS. now. This is worth consideration. Williams dined with us. In the evening I went to the *parterre* of the Opera to see "Anacreon" and the "Jugement de Paris."

23rd. Breakfasted with Lord John, and went afterwards with him, McKay, Williams, and Mr. Irving, to the Saint Lazare prison, for female offenders; well regulated. Some of the women go out with considerable earnings from their work. The *chef* mentioned one who had made 1500 francs when she left it. He says the morals of the prison are much improved. Went home with Lord John afterwards, and read a little story he has written since he came to Paris, called the "Nun of Arrouca." Dined at Montrons; the party, two or three Sicilians,

Perigord, Latour Maimbourg, a Madame Hamelin, &c. &c. Lord Alvanley the only Englishman besides myself in company; the day very agreeable. A translation of "Lalla Rookh" in French verse, by a M. Arnaud, is, it seems, now in the press: he does not understand a word of English. This produced a discussion as to the possibility of a translation, under such circumstances, doing the original justice. M. Airoidi, a very agreeable Sicilian, whom I sat next to, mentioned, as a case in point, that the best Italian translation of Homer is done by Monti, who does not know anything of Greek. M. Arnaud is the author of "Germanicus" and some other tragedies. They talked of a celebrated Sicilian poet, the Abate Mele, whom I never heard of before, in the *genre Anacreontique* and pastoral. M. Airoidi told me that, under Murat, one of his spies once came to tell him, that, in a certain house, a sonnet had been discovered by a person of the name of Filicaja, beginning *Italia, Italia*, &c. They then showed him a copy of the sonnet, which is by no means inapplicable to the state of Italy of that time. Murat agreed it was very seditious, and ordered them to arrest this Filicaja immediately. On coming to the house, however, where they found the sonnet, and mentioning the object of their search to the master of it, he said that there was but one small objection to their arresting Filicaja, namely, that he died about 200 years ago.* Went from Montrou to the Français, where Lord John and Lady Ranciliffe had taken a box, and saw Madlle. Mars in the "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard."

24th. Have done now about 100 lines of my second letter. Slow work this, but I must turn over a new leaf. Had a letter from the Longmans, saying they think it would be quite right for me to stay in France till I have completed my Egyptian work. Easily said this. Walked with Bessy, Miss Forster, and the children, to the Louvre. Dined (both) with the Villamils; an odd party of the Sapios, Spaniards, &c. &c. A man told us of a Frenchman in London having mistaken the sign of the Two Friends over an eating-house for the *Deux Friends*. A considerable accession to the *ménagerie* in the evening.

* This story has been told of others, especially of Eugène Beruharnois, Viceroy of Italy. Probably not true, but *ben trovato*.—Ed.

Singing by the Sapios, Mrs. Villamil, Mercer, &c.

25th. Went with Bessy and Williams to see the house at Auteuil. She liked it all but the kitchen, which is away from the house, and a wretched paved place, such as we could not bear to see our excellent Hannah inhabit. The French do not care where they put their servants. Dined at home, of course, to-day, and made Williams partake of our beef and plum-pudding. Finished Zoega in the evening.

26th. Wrote a few lines. Took a long walk by myself to the Boulevards des Invalides et du Mont Parnasse. Saw many houses to be sold, but no furnished lodgings. At six o'clock Lord Granard's carriage came for us, and Bessy and I dined there. A vast effort for her, and one she will not repeat, although the girls were civil and kind to her. No one but Lord John at dinner. In the evening came Lady Ranciliffe, Princess Castelcicala, Prince Somebody, &c. &c. Came away early.

27th. Had a job-coach for the half-day to return some of Bessy's calls. Miss Forster went with us. Dined afterwards (Williams of the party) at the Cadran Bleu, and went to the Ambigu Comique to see "Thérèse," a most interesting and well-acted little piece. The villain Valter, admirable. Received to-day Crawford's work from London.

28th. Began words to a Notturmo for Power. Went in to order wine for dinner. Have perceived, within these two days, a little tumour in my groin, produced by the same cause as that which I had about ten years ago. Lord John and Mr. Irving came to dinner; the evening very agreeable. Mr. Irving complains grievously of the last thing Lord Byron has sent, as unworthy of himself, and likely to injure Murray's property in the former works. Lord John went to Lady Ranciliffe's ball, but I begged him to make an excuse for me. The tumour begins to be so troublesome, that I have resolved to send for Dupuytren in the morning. In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No,

sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c. &c.

29th. Sent for Dupuytren: fear very much that the tumour will suppurate, which, from the place in which it is situated, may give me much uneasiness. Dupuytren arrived at one; says that the tumour will disperse, and ordered me a mercurial plaster for that purpose; but ordered me to lie in bed, and be very careful of myself. Were to have had some people to supper in the evening, but wrote to put them off. Montron called; said, in bad English, upon my remarking that Lady Byron was not a fit wife for Lord B., "'Tis indeed a very hard thing to find a good person in that capacity." Williams and his friend Dunwiddy (two of our guests whom the notes had not reached) came to supper in my bedroom. Asked Dupuytren to-day, whether he had been paid for his visit to poor Dumoulin; and, when he said not, paid him.

30th. Thought myself a little better. Read, and endeavoured to write, but visitors interrupted me,—Forster, Lord Granard, and Lord John, who says, as I cannot dine at Lady Raneliffe's with him on Monday, he will set off on that day. He looked over some of the sheets of Lord Byron's continuation of his "Memoirs." In the evening I read a little of Crawford's book. Williams came to tea. My darling Bessy nurses me most attentively and tenderly.

31st. A good many visitors. Lord John came between two and three, and read over the remainder of B.'s continuation. Staid with me till near six. Goes off to-morrow. I wrote a few lines of my poem to-day.

January 1st, 1821. Had rather an uncomfortable night, and fear that the tumour is suppurating. Sent a note to Dupuytren by Mrs. Forster. Read some of Jablonski, and wrote a few lines. Dupuytren did not come.

2nd. A visit from Dr. Arthur, to offer his services. *L'abondance de richesses* in doctors, at all events. Gallois came, and sat for some time: lamented that Lord John showed to so little advantage in society, from his extreme taciturnity, and still more from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others: said that several here to whom he was introduced, had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such re-

serve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature. After Gallois came Y — (another doctor), and persisted in staying till Dupuytren's arrival; which quite put an end to my plan of keeping my *friends* out of the concern; and he was, of course, called into consultation. It appeared that the tumour had already broken, and Dupuytren widened the aperture (roughly enough) with a lancet, which Y — said, afterwards, was unnecessary, and would render it rather tedious in healing. Bessy, who had walked out with Williams (another doctor) to make some purchases, was a good deal alarmed, on her return, to find me bleeding. Williams dined below with her, and came up to my room at night for supper; during which I read out to them Irving's beautiful account of Christmas in his "Sketch Book." Looked this morning over the "Curiosities of Literature." Quotes from Bacon's will the following striking words: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." A pretty quotation for small editions, *Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem!* (Martial.) He says, "Though the fire offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts." A fine instance of Fairfax's admirable translation. Tasso of Olindo, *Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede*; which Fairfax has done.

"He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought."

3rd. Read, and tried to write a little. Nicolle of the Port-Royal Society said of a *show-off* man in society, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the stair-case." Noah (according to the Rabbins), when in the ark, had no other light than jewels and pearls. Among the titles of the king of Ava is, "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas." Good *invalid* reading this kind of book is. I wish men oftener would give us what they *read* than what they *think*. Mr. Baring and Charles Sheridan have called upon me, but I could not see them. Have been much easier since the lancing.

4th. Corrected the revise of the advertise-

ment to Sheridan, and copied out with some difficulty the duet of "Blangini" to send to Power. Williams in the evening.

5th. Have got to a sofa, which is less enfeebling; about twelve or fourteen lines between to-day and yesterday. Saw Mrs. Story, who is just returned from England, and has brought the shawl I commissioned her to buy for Bessy: come just in time for the dear girl's new year's gift. Douglas called; said he had heard me highly praised yesterday by Mr. Irving. Williams in the evening; read me a passage from a letter of his wife's, in which she calls down all the blessings of heaven upon me for my friendship and services to him. Poor fellow! I have done nothing for him; I wish I could. I see that Byron in his continuation says, that I advised him to go into the details of his loves more fully; but, if I recollect right, it was only his adventures in the East I alluded to, as in recounting these there could be but little harm done to any one. He showed me once, I recollect, a letter of Lord Sligo's, relating the adventure by which the Giaour was suggested, and with which he seemed to intimate that he himself was connected.

6th. Wrote thirteen lines to-day.

7th. Came down to the *salon*; found myself much feebler than I had the least idea of. Douglas called with Lady Susan and one of her daughters: proposed to me to go out a little way in their carriage, and, the day being so fine, went with them for half an hour. Walked a little in the garden afterwards. In the evening, wrote a few lines, which I rejected before I went to bed.

8th. Mrs. Story called to take me out in her carriage at half-past two; a gentle, kind-hearted little woman, worth hosts of your clever ones. Eat a very hearty dinner, and wrote some lines in the evening; have now finished my second letter within two lines.

9th. Wrote the two concluding lines before I got up: this letter is 192 lines long, and I have been no less than five weeks about it! This will never do! Walked about the garden for half an hour, and went out for a short time with Mrs. Story at three. Read in the evening.

10th. Drove out with Mrs. Story, and made calls; in the evening read over my Egyptian notes for my "Letter."

11th. Again drove out, all wet days; no walking. Miss Forster dined with us, and I sang to her and Bessy in the evening.

12th. Drove out, and walked a little. Bessy and I dined with the Forsters; music in the evening: an agreeable day. Wrote words this morning to a Notturmo of Blangini's. A letter from Lord John to-day, the second I have received from him since he went. A letter from Lord Byron yesterday; in which he tells me of his intention to visit England in the spring, and proposes (as a means of paying my debts) that he and I should set up a newspaper together on his arrival there.

13th. Drove into town rather late: not being able to return time enough for dinner, dined at Dupont's, the *restaurateur's* (formerly Massinot, whom I have commemorated in the "Fudges"), and got home to tea at seven. In the evening began copying out my Blangini duet.

14th. Began words to another Notturmo of Blangini's before I got up. Drove out with Mrs. S. Dined at home, and finished my copying of yesterday's Notturmo in the evening.

15th. Wrote letters to Lord John, Lady Donegal, &c., and dispatched my Notturmo to Power, besides finishing the words of the other. Had seen, Saturday (13), Lord B.'s verses to me ("My Boat is on the Shore"), very incorrectly given in the "Times;" sent off a correct copy of them to-day to Perry, and added some nonsense of my own about Sir Richard Steele, the high sheriff, who has just dispersed a meeting in Dublin by the military, beginning,

"Though sprung from the *clever* Sir Richard this man be,
He's as different a *sort* of Sir Richard as can be," &c.

Dined at Story's. Went to Villamil's: music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c.

16th. Began my third letter. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

17th. Wrote a few lines: went in with Bessy and the little ones to walk them about the Palais Royal. Dined with the Storys, and went to the Mille Colonnes in the evening for coffee and Ponch à la Romaine.

18th. Went out with Mrs. Story: called upon Douglas, and asked him to meet Charles Sheridan at dinner with me to-day; Lord Granard the other guest: had asked Wash-

ington Irving, too, but he was engaged. C. Sheridan clever, but not a very negociable sort of cleverness; he will never turn it to much account in the world. Mentioned a good story of a robber who plundered the mail by means of four or five straw figures with muskets planted behind a hedge: told an anecdote of his father having induced a sentimental old maid to put a favourite cock to death, and then placing himself privately behind her bed at night and crowing faintly (as the ghost of a cock might be supposed to cry), in order to frighten her, which he did effectually. I made Douglas dispatch a note to Lady Susan and her daughters to come in the evening. They arrived accordingly to tea, and we had music; staid supper, and did not leave us till near one.

19th. Wrote some lines. Douglas Kinnaird called at two; walked with him in the Tuileries Gardens for an hour. Went to dine (Bessy and I) at the Two Swans; a sort of frisk set on foot by Douglas and Lord Miltown: company, Sir G. and Lady Webster, Baron and Baroness Roebeck, Lady Susan and her daughters, Douglas and Lord Miltown: rather a noisy and frivolous day. In the evening all adjourned to Douglas's, where we had music. Irving and Lord Sandon added to the party.

20th. Wrote some lines: walked by myself for a couple of hours on the solitary road that leads off from the barrier of Neuilly, and brought back a few more lines.

21st. Went in and left my excuse for dinner to-day at Sir H. Mildmay's. Met Lord Granard, who took upon him to be sentimentally angry at my never dining with *him*, and said I was cutting my old friends. Dined at home: have done this week near fifty lines of my third letter.

22nd. Dispatched a fourth duet of Blangini to Power. Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltown's on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgot me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided,

I should have gone to his levée. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Raneliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the Royal command. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, "Latin, Greek, and Algebra:" "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebraians, to be sure," said Sheridan. Dined at Lord Gwydir's: company, the De Souza's, Raneliffe, Montron, Alvanley, Kinnaird, &c. &c.: the conversation chiefly in French. Madame de Souza said very truly that admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*; I forget quite the phrase, but it meant that admiration is always impatient to put an end to itself, and is glad to seize the first opportunity of doing so. Went from thence with Bessy and the Storrs to Sapio's concert, given at a Russian nobleman's house: very crowded; heard but little. Introduced Bessy to the Duchess of Sussex, who said she was very like what Lady Heathcote was in her day of beauty, and had "a very wild poetic face." Mademoiselle d'Este said to me too, "What a very handsome person your wife is." Had sandwiches at Story's afterwards.

23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuileries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and "to talk over old times," he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Raneliffes' on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: the company at Raneliffe's, Kinnaird, Cook, Alvanley, Montron, &c.; six or seven English speaking broken French to each other, because there was one Frenchman (who could speak as good broken

English) in company: this is too absurd, and the conversation was, accordingly, as dull as it was ungrammatical; even Alvanley is stupid in French.

24th. Wrote a little. Bessy and I dined with the Douglasses: company, Washington Irving and his brother, Williams, and Lord Miltown; in the evening, Baroness Roebeck, a young bride of seventeen, with the most perfect Hebe eyes and cheeks I have seen for a long time. Sung a good deal; supped, and had a very pleasant evening. Called this morning before dinner on Mr. Canning, and was most cordially received. Miss Canning and I to practise Blangini together.

25th. Wrote letters, and walked into Paris: saw the "New Edinburgh" announced, and find that "Madlle. de Tournon" is in this number. Dined at Boddington's. Went with the Forsters to a ball at a Mr. Boode's, a Dutchman; very splendid and very raffish; came away immediately.

26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the Duke of Orleans's) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, "I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:" he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner *à l'Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, patés, &c., before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightedly, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, "The Antiquities of Normandy," and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of "charmant," "délicieux," &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Donnington Park, "Cadet Roussel" and "Polichinelle est par tout bien reçu," and I

played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, *Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*, never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most detestable language for music of any. The "Evening Bells" seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day. Music at Forster's; Madlle. Monek, Mrs. Dickens, &c. &c.

27th. A free day; went into Paris, half-intending to go to some spectacle in the evening, but returned home at six to an Irish stew, and read afterwards.

28th. Douglas Kinnaird called in the morning; had taken a box for the Variétés; agreed to join his party at the Trois Frères Provençaux, consisting of Sheridan, young Hibbert, and Sir Charles Willoughby: pieces at the Variétés, the "Bonnes d'Enfants," "Diable d'Argent," &c. &c. Called this morning at Canning's to answer their invitation for Friday; saw him, and sat some time there.

29th. Besieged by hosts of visitors now every morning, but contrive to do a little, and have this week written fifty more lines of my third letter.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Sheridan called; asked him to dinner: the Forsters in the evening.

31st. Wrote fourteen lines. Dined at the Villamils'; some singing in the evening; Mercer, Sapio, &c.; a very pretty trio just composed by Garcia.

Feb. 1st. Did nothing. Dined with the Storys; a large party of Websters, &c. A most unprofitable day altogether, except that I went for about ten minutes in the evening to a Mrs. Fyler's, and saw a number of pretty

English girls, as refreshing to the eyes in this country as a parterre would be in a desert.

2nd. Wrote a few lines. Dined at Canning's: company, Sheridan, Lord C. Churchill, Gen. Buchan, and one or two more. Not much from Canning. In talking of letters being charged by weight, he said that the post office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hippley's, "it was so dull." I sung for them in the evening, and Miss C. sung some duets of Blangini with me. Refused an invitation this morning for the Duke of Orleans's music on Sunday.

3rd. Called at Chabot's, and left the first number of my "National Melodies" (which I borrowed from Lady Webster) for Mademoiselle. Had company at home: the Villamils, Washington Irving, Forster, and Story; Mrs. Story and the Miss Kingstons in the evening. Sapio came too, and we had a good deal of music: supped, and did not break up till two; all seemed very happy.

4th. Wrote some lines. I dined at Douglas's. Went away between eight and nine to the Duke of Orleans's; the rooms looked very splendid; the music good; Cinti, Bordogni, Pellegrini, &c. Lord Miltown took me back to Douglas's, where I sang and supped. This morning took Irving to introduce him to Mr. Canning.

5th. Have now done fifty-three lines this week. Went out rather early and made some calls. Dined at the Raneliffes': took Irving with me to introduce him: company, Lord and Lady Charlemont, Lord Bristol, Kinnaird, &c.; an agreeable day enough. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they
carry."

The Longmans tell me that, in consequence of my article on Madame de Souza's novel, they have had it translated.

6th. Wrote some lines. Dined with the Storys at Véry's (Bessy of the party); and went to Feydeau to see the opera of "Joseph" by Mehul. Some operas do not *do* at this theatre; the French are as unfit for the he-

roic in music as in poetry; the light, common style is their element in both.

7th. Dined at Mad. de Souza's; only Gallois and a Frenchwoman, whose name I could not make out, an idolatress of Lord Byron, as almost all the Frenchwomen are. Spoke of M. Mercier's prohibited play, "*La Démonie* de Charles IX.;" his style *bizarre* and affected. M. Arnaud (the person who has translated "*Lalla Rookh*") has also written a play, "*Guillaume de Nassau*," which they think could not be acted on account of its political allusions. Talking of authors reading their plays in society, they asked if it was the practice in London. I said no; that the English would not stand it; it would make them laugh. The Frenchwoman said, *Nous dissimulons mieux l'ennui*. The fact is the English have too quick a sense of the ridiculous to go decorously through such an operation. I remember when a party, many years ago, consisting of Monk Lewis, Miss Lydia White, Lady Charleville, &c. got up a reading of "*Comus*" at Lady Cork's, I saw Lord Grey (who sat in the front of the audience) put his hat before his face, as soon as Lewis stood up to begin, "The star that bids the shepherd fold," and he was evidently concealing a laugh. I had foreseen that this would be the case, and having at first undertaken to read "*Comus*," contrived afterwards to smuggle myself out of it, and was merely concerned with the musical part of the business. Returned home about ten, and found Mrs. Story and her cousins, who supped with us.

8th. Wrote between to-day and yesterday twelve or thirteen lines. To-day a grand treat for the little ones; the Villamils, the Storys, and ourselves had taken four boxes at Franceni's for our whole establishments, and mustered there, what with nurses, children, and one or two adult friends, thirty in number. Some of the very young ones fell asleep half way in the evening, but all enjoyed themselves heartily, and the whole flock was got home again without any sort of embarrassment or accident.

9th. Wrote about eight lines; dined at home, and went in the evening for the purpose of seeing the new opera, "*La Mort du Tasse*," but could not get in. Went from thence to the Gymnase, and saw two very amusing pieces, "*Le Colonel*," and the "*Cuisinier* and

Secrétaire;" the examination of the pretended cook by the pretended secretary, in the latter, excellent. *Comment entendez vous les ortolans à la Provençale? quel est votre système la dessus?* In one of his songs he calls himself *Le Cæsar de la Bechamel*, and *L'Alexandre du Rost Bef*.

10th. About twelve lines. Received the "Edinburgh Review" with the article on *Madlle. de Tournon*: tremble a little at the way in which *Madame de S.* will take it. Dined at Sir G. Webster's: company, his brother, and the Storys, and Lord Miltown.

11th. Walked out to look again at the house at Auteuil. Had some idea of taking an additional apartment there, for the sake of a better kitchen; but, upon my asking the woman whether I might *sous-louer* these extra rooms, which would be much more than I could make use of, she said that they had already suffered too much by the subletting of the apartments in separate chambers to individuals; and added (as if she saw my *radicalism* in my face), *Je n'aime pas qu'on fasse une république ici.* Dined at Villamil's; music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c. Left that house with the Storys at twelve (Bessy and I), and went to sup at Lord Miltown's, where we found Lady Robert Fitzgerald, Lady Saltoun, &c., and did not get home till near three o'clock.

12th. Fifty lines this week. Met Gallois. *Madame de Souza*, it appears, is much mortified at the article I have written, particularly at the extract I have made from her "*Adèle de Senanges.*" This is unlucky. I confess I hesitated about the passage myself, but it was coupled with a fling at the proceedings against the Queen, and I could not bring myself to leave it out. Why did I break through the resolution I had formed, never to review the work of a friend? Dined at Lord Charlemont's: the Rancliffes, Kinnaird, Mrs. Henry Baring, Sir Sidney Smith, &c. This last-named person said, that, when he was at Jerusalem, there was no *Bible* to be had for love or money. Mrs. Story called for me, and I went with her to Lady Susan Douglas's: there was music there, but I came away immediately, notwithstanding a violent seizure upon me by Lady Susan, and by a much more irresistible person, *Mademoiselle d'Este*.

13th. Wrote to Lord Byron. Called upon

Kinnaird, who goes off to-day. Dined at the Forsters', a family party, and took a lesson in quadrilles from the girls in the evening. Have determined to send Anastatia to Mrs. Forster's, whose usual price for girls is 100 guineas a year, but who has expressed a readiness to take her upon more moderate terms. Found a note on my return home from Miss Drew, to offer me a ticket and convoy to the funeral ceremony for the Duc de Berri at St. Denis, to-morrow.

14th. Went early to the Douglasses', but they, from not having heard from me, had given up the thought of going; breakfasted with them, and returned home, but was chased out again by visitors. The two Miss Forsters and Williams dined with us.

15th. Dined at the Storys': had written some lines in the morning. Have received two or three kind notes from *Madame de Souza*, but fear there will never be the same cordial feeling between us again. Some attempts at singing in the evening, but the card-tables got the better of us.

16th. Dined at Mildmay's. Company at Mildmay's, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, the De Roosees, &c.

17th. Dined at the Granards', and was home early in the evening.

18th. Wrote near fourteen lines. Dined at the Douglasses', and went to Lafitte's *soirée dansante* in the evening; prettier French women there than it is often one's luck to meet with.

19th. Have done, notwithstanding my abominable and frivolous dissipation this week, near fifty lines, and not bad, at least so I think now: what they will appear upon cooler revision is another thing.

20th. Worked at a second *verse* for one of the Irish Melodies ("Oh, the Sight entrancing"), which I had left unfinished. Dined (Bessy and I) with Mrs. Story and her cousins, and went to the Variétés: "the Bonnes d'Enfans," "L'Ennui," "Ci-devant Jeune Homme," the "Interieur d'une Etude." It is all settled with the Villamils, that we shall take the cottage of theirs that Col. King had last year.

21st. Finished my verse. Dined at the Rocher de Cancale, with a party invited by Col. Cope, Lords Charlemont and Rancliffe, Fitzherbert, Fox, Lambton, &c.: a dinner at twen-

ty francs a head, and, of course, full of erudition: *bisque d'écrevisses*, *epigramme d'agneau*, and (still more literary) an historical salad (*salade d'homards historiée*); a *pâte d'Angoulême*, one of the best things in it. A good deal of laughing, at very little expense of wit. Some of us afterwards adjourned to Mrs. Fitzherbert's, a pretty and rather gay little woman: at home before twelve. Not a bad pun of Rancilffe's to day, that the *points* of the *epigrammes d'agneau* were *pointes d'asperges*.

22nd. Sent off my second verse to Power. Have received by Flahault (who is arrived for a short time) a very kind letter from Lord Lansdowne. It is amusing to find that even he is becoming a reformer; and the same impulse of the times that makes him a reformer, will make others revolutionists. Dined at home; Williams of our party: Mrs. Story, her cousins, and Kenny came in the evening, and supped with us. Kenny told us a story of an outside passenger of a stage coach, whom his fellow-travellers called "the gentleman in black" ("Won't the gentlemen in black have some breakfast?" &c.). When the coach was overturned, and the coachman was collecting his passengers, he saw one of them sitting in a rut, powdered over with dust, and said, "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the gentleman in black," was the answer.

23rd. Went out early to breakfast with Flahault: showed me a letter from Italy, giving an account of the state of the country, of the Carbonari, and the opposite party, the Calderai: the former though not regularly organised are bound by an oath; and their first principle is to forget all distinctions, and co-operate as Italians for the great cause. They have contrived to get the lower clergy into their interest by connecting religion with the objects of the sect. Went and took a box at the Porte St. Martin. Bessy and I dined with the Storys, and went all (joined by the Villamils) to this theatre: the "Vampire," *Jeune Werther*, and the "Dieux à la Courtille."

24th. Walked into town with Irving: employed, during the morning, in finishing another Irish Melody, "Yes sad One of Sion." Dined with Canning: company, Burgess and Lady Montgomery, Rancilffe, Lord Bristol and daughters, and Chenevix, whom I did not know at first, not having seen him for near twenty years. A good deal of conversation

with him and Canning after dinner. Chenevix's ultraism (which was the motive of his writing those strong articles against France in the "Edinburgh") breaks out at every word. Talking of the sort of *enragé* that Ducis had made of Hamlet, he said that Talma, in acting it, was like Casimir Perrier in the Tribune: remarked that, for many years after the Revolution, the French artists never painted a picture without introducing *blood* into it. He spoke of the exceeding comicality of my translation of Lamartine's verses in the last "Edinburgh;" but find he regretted the slight I had thrown upon this young author, as it had been his intention to introduce him to the notice of English readers as the only, in short the *earliest*, French poet. From Canning's, Irving and I went to the Opera, Henry de Roos having given me an order for two to his box.

25th. Went to the Chapel Royal with the Douglasses. A little girl and her mother in tears before me during the service: upon inquiring, I found that it was at the sight of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had had the little girl educated, and whom she had never seen so close before, that caused *her* emotion, and of course affected the mother also. Went afterwards with Villamil to see the collection of M. Portalis in the Place Vendôme; he himself received us. Some fine things: a good picture by Murillo; a head of a man full of expression by Spagnoletti; a beautiful small picture by Carlo Dolci, of Christ surrounded by the saints that preceded his coming; a portrait of an old man by the same author, and a female head surrounded by flowers, very pretty and delicate; some fine Vanhuysums. Portalis invited us to his house on Wednesday next. Dined with Lord Rancilffe: company, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide; rather agreeable.

26th. Still correcting the 8th Number of my "Irish Melodies. Called on Lady Gwydir: dined with Keeny, by invitation, at the *Bœuf à la Mode*; a stinking place, but not a bad dinner. Williams and a Mr. Emerson of the party. Went afterwards to see the "Mort du Tasse" and the "Carnavale de Venise."

27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that

I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of "Lalla Rookh," and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur, promised to translate for me the programme of the fête, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen. Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer and the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Raneliffe's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of the beauties of the day, Madame Barrante and Madame Baufremont. Returned home early.

28th. Still occupied in the disagreeable task of eking out verses for the 8th Number. Dined (Bessy and I) at Villamil's; and in the evening V. and I went to M. Portalis', those pretty rooms looking very well by candle-light, and filled with very good company of both nations. Music by Pellegrin, Garcia, Madame Jidd, &c. Some church singing, accompanied by an instrument called the expressive organ, not very agreeable. Had some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie: got home about one. Met Lord Charlemont on his way to me this morning, for the purpose of consulting with respect to some opposition which he understands will be made among the red-hot Tories here to my taking the chair on St. Patrick's Day: went with Lord C. to Col. Cope's, and, after some consultation with them, decided upon the part I should take. Both offered to stand by me, if I meant to persevere in being chairman; but this would neither be good taste nor good temper.

March 1st. Had some alarms this morning of a return of the tumour on my thigh; applied a plaster, and was rather downcast about it. Dined at Lady Montgomery's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baring, Lord Sandon, Dandy Montague, Warrender, Rothschild, the Raneliffes, &c. Montague mentioned that D'Este, when he first came to Paris, was persuaded that *belle comme le Pont Neuf* was a fashionable phrase when speaking of beauty, and applied it to some women. All going to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's ball, except myself, who, in a fit of pride, stay away: have no idea of being asked merely with their *mob*. Bessy, too, asked to-night. Mrs. Cadogan had invited me to go to her box at the Opera, but I returned home early from Lady Montgomery's.

2nd. Went to the meeting of the committee about the Irish dinner at Cope's; was voted into the chair. Proposed Lord Charlemont to them as president of the dinner; agreed to of course. Am a little sorry that I gave in so easily myself, for I now find that numbers are disappointed at my not being president, and I can trace the objections to no one but that *par nobile* of geese, W. and F. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lords Sandon and Francis Leveson, Robinson, and Lady Helena, &c. &c.; a dull day. Raneliffe mentioned that Whitbread used to be called the "Chevalier de Malt," and that Lord Melville was said to be his "entire butt."* Went afterwards with Bessy and the Storys to Sapio's concert; a bad business. Hear that the Fieldings are arrived.

3rd. Williams called upon me; went with me to Lafitte's, where I drew a bill upon Power for 40*l.* at three months, and lent Williams ten Napoleons out of it. Went with the Villamils and Storys to dine at Brizzi's, an Italian house; very dirty and disagreeable: the Duke of St. Carlos and all his family there: nurses and little children, &c. all dine there almost every day. Villamil treated us to the dinner. Adjourned to his house afterwards, and had music till twelve, when we all went to the bal masqué at the Opera. Bessy much amused in teasing some of her acquaintances. Left that at three, had sandwiches and hot wine at Story's, and did not get home till near five.

* A joke of the Duchess of Gordon. She said to Mr. Whitbread in 1805, "Do you know what I call Lord Melville now, Mr. Whitbread? I call him your entire butt?" —J. P.

4th. Received from the Marquise de Dolomieu a translation of the Berlin programme, with a very civil note, in which she says, *Je ne saurais assez vous dire combien j'admire votre inimitable poesie*. Dined with Lord Charlemont at Vêry's; happy to find Fielding of the party. Not a very agreeable day: the dinner too French, and the company too Irish; Galway politics and truffles *usque ad nauseum*: home early.

5th. Dispatched at last the poetry of the 8th Number, corrected and filled up, to Power. Met again at Cope's about the St. Patrick's dinner. Forgot where I had been asked to dine, and went to Grignon's, where I met Sir Henry Willoughby, and we dined together. Came home before ten, and found poor Bessy very ill with cold. Willoughby mentioned that Talleyrand once, upon somebody who squinted asking him, *Comment vont les affaires*, answered *Comme vous voyez*. Received a letter within these few days from Florence from Lord Burghersh, directed "Tom Moore, Esq. Paris," inclosing an Italian opera to which he has written music, and wishing me to translate it, if it appeared to me good enough.

6th. An idle morning. Dined (Bessy and I) at the Villamils': company, the Sapios, W. Irving, and his brother. A party in the evening; Lord Granard and the two girls came, Mrs. Story, &c.; singing and supper.

7th. More idleness. Called by appointment on Madame de Dolomieu: another French woman with her: surprising how well acquainted these women are with my poetry. On my mentioning that Lord Byron had said, in one of his late letters to me, that if honour came unlooked for upon him during the Neapolitan struggle, he hoped I would at least celebrate him by another, "Oh breathe not his name," they turned instantly to the page of my book where the song is. Left my card at the Duchesse de Broglie: dined with Lord Raneliffe (one of the series of *restaurateur* dinners) at Robert's: dinner very bad.

8th. Went into town early with Bessy, in order to market for to-morrow's dinner. Dined at Cadogan's: company, Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Miltown, Leveson, and Mercer: rather agreeable. From thence to Mrs. Hamilton's, where I met Denon, and had some talk with him: he spoke of Bessy's beauty. From thence, for ten minutes, to a Dr. Lafin's,

where there was music. Then to Lord Miltown's ball, Bessy having refused to go on account of the expense of a dress. A very brilliant ball; in one quadrille set counted eight pretty women, French and English,—Madlle. d'Este, Lady A Forbes, Miss Canning, Madame Barante, Madame d'Oudenarde, Madame Shackerly, &c. Left at two with Mrs. Story, who brought me home.

9th. Mrs. S. drove me to the Cadran Bleu, in order to negotiate for our St. Patrick's dinner. Meurice asks the enormous sum of 65 francs a head, but I rather think the Cadran Bleu will do it for 40. There is a strong party still for my being chairman. Lord Miltown says he will put in his own claim against Lord Charlemont, as being prior to him in rank, and will then yield in favour of me; but I trust nothing will be done to offend Charlemont, who is a particularly manly and friendly person. Our dinner at home consisted of Irving, Fielding, Villamil, and Colonel Corbet, an old college acquaintance of mine, who was obliged to leave Ireland in the "time of the troubles," and has been fighting in the French service ever since. He was one of the four given up by Hamburg to the English government. Our dinner went off well; plenty of talk and wine; in the evening the Storys and Forsters; supped and left us at one.

10th. Bessy and I dined with Mrs. S., and went to the Gymnase in the evening: a new piece, the "Gastronome sans Argent;" Perlet excellent.

11th. Went to the Cadran Bleu, and got their calculation of the wines that would be necessary. Amusing to see how little they know of our mode of drinking. The great weight of the wine was, of course, thrown in the second service, and, *after* dinner, the allowance for fifty Irishmen was "two bottles of Malaga, two of Luneld," &c. &c. I, however, explained the matter to them. Dined at home; and Bess and I went to the Villamils in the evening: the Story party came and all supped there. Wrote a note to Lord Charlemont, to beg he would decide as to the dinner.

12th. Dined with the Douglasses. Sapio came in the evening, and we looked over some glees for Saturday; fixed to meet again at Douglas's on Wednesday.

13th. Breakfasted with Henry Leeson, who drove me afterwards in his cabriolet to Lord

Charlemont's. Lord C. continues chairman, and I don't know but what it is all for the best. Drove thence to the Cadran Bleu to give my final answer. Took a box for the evening at the Porte St. Martin; dined (Bessy and I) with the Storys, and went to this theatre in the evening: Potier in the "Cid devant Jeune Homme," and pretty little Jenny Vert-pré in "Riquet à la Houppe;" both admirable. Gave orders this morning for the printing of the tickets, &c.

14th. Dined with the Douglasses; Williams and Sapio there; had a good practice of glees in the evening.

15th. Met Lord Charlemont, Col. Burton, &c. at Cope's, to take some arrangements about the dinner. Dined with the Fieldings: Lady Payne, a Mr. Clay, and Montgomery, the party. Young Galignani (who has, ever since his father's death, been anxious for me to give him such a cession of the right of publishing my works in France as may enable him to suppress the cheap editions now preparing here), called upon me this morning with the copy of a document, in which, instead of the nominal sum of 4000 francs, which was at first mentioned as the consideration for which I sold him the works, he has inserted, with the intention of making it *real*, the sum of 2000 francs, of which he begged my acceptance: signed the paper and took the money.

16th. This being our dear Anastasia's birthday, Bessy has invited all the little Storys, Villamils, Forsters, and Yonges (amounting to near twenty) to a dinner. On my return to dress, found Bessy very ill with a headache, but endeavouring, notwithstanding, to do the honours to her little party. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord Bristol, Lady Montgomery, Lady Saltoun, &c. In the evening a large party; a very pretty Frenchwoman, Mad. Chateaubriand. Was introduced to the Duchesse de Clemon-Tonnerre, who asked me to a concert on Sunday next. Begged of Lord Bristol to propose Lord Charlemont's health to-morrow. On my returning home found that Bessy had been obliged to go to bed from sickness of stomach and head, but that at eleven o'clock, hearing from Villamil (who came to fetch his little ones) that my little god-daughter Mary had had two or three attacks of fits in the course of the day, she got up and set off to assist Mrs. V. in nursing

and watching her. Waited up for her till half-past one, but she did not return.

17th. Bessy came home at ten this morning, having sat up all night with the child. Went out with Galignani to confirm the document I gave him on Thursday, by signature before a notary. Have all along felt scruples at putting a false date to this paper, but felt these scruples still more strongly after confirming it thus formally by a second signature. Begged of Galignani to suspend further proceedings in the business. Went and consulted Le Roy (Villamil's notary), who thinks some other mode might be adopted, *plus conforme à la vérité*. I begged of Galignani to let it be done in this way, and that I would more willingly refund the money than sign anything colourable or false even in form. Called upon Douglas to make further arrangements about the dinner. At half-past four went again with Galignani to his own attorney, who seems to think the affair may be arranged so as to meet my scruples, and yet secure the property to Galignani. Went from thence to the Cadran Bleu to see how the dinner was laid out, to look after the wine, and see the names written on the plates, &c. &c. Douglas there to assist me. About sixty sat down to dinner. The day very lively and interesting: never saw anything like the enthusiasm with which my health was drank, and the speech, with which I followed it, received. The manner in which I applied the circumstance of St. Patrick's name, meaning originally the Devil, had a particularly good effect. I spoke twice after, and, in proposing the memory of the old Earl of Charlemont, pronounced an eulogium on Grattan, which was cheered most rapturously. The glees we had got up told wonderfully: altogether, I have never seen a better public meeting. At twelve o'clock, Lord C. left the chair, and we all separated. On my return found that Bessy was again gone for the night to nurse the little Villamil.

18th. Williams called, and I begged him to write some account of yesterday's meeting for Galignani's paper, which he did.

19th. Went out at ten o'clock to Galignani's, and attended him to his notary's, where a paper was drawn up, dated at the time when I actually did agree to transfer the right of publishing, which I, of course, very willingly signed. Too happy to dine at home to-day.

Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately: in the course of ten days has written about 130 pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the characters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, &c. &c., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manners and feelings: left us at nine. Lady Gwydir had called in the morning to give me a *coupon* to her box at the Opera, but I did not go. Heard this morning, to my great regret, that about six or seven drunken fools remained after the party broke up on Saturday, and disgraced it by a quarrel among themselves, which made it necessary to call in the *gens d'armes*.

20th. Went to make some calls. Dined at Lord Granard's; *dullissimum dullorum*. Irving came in the evening. Went thence to Lady Montgomery's ball: full of pretty women; Miss Canning the most lovable. Paid one of these days (I forget which) four Napoleons to a man for copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" he had the conscience to ask eight or nine.

21st. Not very well; this company-going hurts and wearies me. Dined at Doctor Lafanus': company, Chenevix, Sir William Peacocke, Bligh, &c. Chenevix mentioned, as an instance of the importance of dancing masters, one who, the other day, when the person employing him wished to fix him to a particular hour, and said that the other artists were accommodating in that way, answered, *Oh, oui, c'est bon pour ces autres artistes, mais un maitre de danse doit choisir ses heures*. He also mentioned, "les Artistes Décorateurs" in the Palais Royal. Went thence to Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera.

22nd. Saw in the *affiches* that the "Fille d'Honneur" was to be acted, and wrote off to Mrs. S. to take a box. Dined with her (Bessy and I), and went to the Français: Irving of our party. The "Jeunesse de Henri V." the entertainment, in which Michot (who acts no more after this season) played Capitaine Copp admirably. Supped at Mrs. S.'s afterwards.

23rd. Dined at home, and read a little in the evening; rare occurrences with me now.

24th. Went down to the Cadran Bleu with Douglas, to see how our account lies there: find there is enough of wine left to settle all extras, without calling upon the pockets of the stewards. Took a box at Franconi's. Bessy and I dined at the Douglasses', and all went to see the "Attaque du Convoi;" military spectacles got up *con amore* at this theatre.

25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers than any married couples of the same standing I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Raneliffe's, but dined at home alone with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seem to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it!

26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, "whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother," she answered, "Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much." Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglasses. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near

four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, "Thérèse Aubert," and cried over it like a girl.

27th. Two strings to our bow to-day; the Fieldings and the Français, or the Douglasses and the Opera. Bessy too much knocked up for either, and I divided myself between both. Dined with the Fs., and went to the Opera with the Douglasses, the "Barbrière." Heard of the surrender of the Neapolitans, without a blow, to the Austrians. Can this be true? Then there is no virtue in Maccaroni.

28th. The news but too true; curse on the cowards! Dined at home; Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera, and Mrs. Arthur's ball tempting me in the evening, but went to neither. A very kind note from Madame de Souza to-day. Galignani told me the other day, that every person setting up as a bookseller in Paris is obliged to get four persons to testify solemnly for him that he understands Latin, Greek, &c. &c.

29th. Dined at the Granards': was also asked to Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis, but could not get off the Granards. By the bye met Madame de Genlis last Sunday at Denon's, with Lady Charlemont; a lively little old woman, but by no means so fantastic a person as Lady Morgan makes her.

30th. Wrote a few lines about the rascally Neapolitans.* Dined (Bessy and I) with the Fieldings, and went to the Gymnase in the evening.

31st. Went out (Storys and Irving) to Sèvres, to show them the manufactory, and to make some arrangements in our cottage for the summer, but old Colonel King would not give the key. The wheel of Mrs. S.'s carriage came off as we returned; our *chute*, however, very easy and innocent. Dined with Chenevix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner: talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *cotelettes à la*

minute. The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum* as it were, reminded me of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that, once on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the king, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post office," forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, &c. &c., and, indeed, the first necessary *sine qua non* of his people being able to write letters. They mentioned Ali Pacha having, some time ago, sent a messenger to Corfu to look for a constitution for him, and his once wearing his three tails of the three revolutionary colours. A Frenchman there spoke of the Languedocian language: said it was the old Roman language, and still exists; that the common people of the country all speak it, and that they say of any one who does not, *Il se donne des airs; il parle Français*. He quoted a passage from one of their ancient songs, in which the lover says, "You ask me for your heart again; I would willingly return it if I could, but, having placed it beside my own, I no longer know one from the other." The idea, it seems, inculcated and believed among the French is, that the Duke of Orleans and English gold produced the Revolution. Went from thence to Mercer's; heard two or three things from Madlle. Münch and Sapio (not over well sung), and got home at twelve.

April 1st. Finished my lines about the Neapolitans. Took a solitary walk (for the first time these many weeks) along the Boulevard de Roule. Dined at Lord Ranciliffe's: company, the Duc de Guiche, Warrender, Lord Alvanley, and Lady Adelaide. The talk at dinner all about horses and birds, but in the evening we had something better. Alvanley mentioned a book, called "L'Histoire du Système," giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man, who made a good deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. The story about the Irish chairman whispering to Sheridan on the night of the fire at Drury Lane, "Don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. S.; in about ten minutes the devil a drop more

* See published Works, vol. vii. p. 392. "Aye, down to the dust with them slaves as they are."—J. R.

water there will be to be had!" Sir A. C. — once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-Chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know any thing of the Totteroddy bow-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him. Came home early. Lady — said Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand *une vieille lampe qui pue en s'éteignant*.

2nd. Copied out my Neapolitan verses, and sent them to Perry; not bad. Dined at home, and took Bessy in the evening to drink tea with Mrs. Villamil.

3rd. Wrote to Lord Byron, and went to the post with the letter. Called at Galignani's: a strange gentleman in the shop accosted me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, but I was requested by the Princess of Prussia to tell you, if ever I met you, how beautifully the fête at Berlin, taken from your 'Lalla Rookh,' went off." He then told me several particulars. The Grand Duchess of Russia (daughter of the King of Prussia), who acted "Lalla Rookh," is, he said, very handsome; and the sister of Prince Radzivil, who played the "Peri," a most beautiful little girl. He expects some drawings that were made of the principal personages in their costumes, and will show them to me. Took courage, and called upon Madame de Souza for the first time since the article: was very kindly received, and walked about her garden with her. Dined (Bessy and I) at Story's: company, the Villamils, and Irving. Sung a little in the evening. At ten, Lady E. Fielding called to take me to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Repeated my Neapolitan verses to her and Fielding. She said they were like sparks of fire running through her in all directions. Saw there Madame de Barante, looking very pretty; the Duchesse de Raguse, and the Marquise de Dolomieu, who called me *un monstre*, for not having been to call upon her. Home at twelve. Have been reading a little miscellany these two or three days, from which the following things are worth preserving as illustrations. Talking of coral reefs and

islands, "There is every reason to believe that the islands which are occasionally raised by the tremendous agency of subterraneous volcanoes, do not bear any proportion to those which are perpetually forming by the silent but persevering exertions of the sea-worms, by which coral is produced." "The transformation of insects is only the throwing off external and temporary coverings, and not an alteration of the original form. Reaumur discovered that the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly itself, was inclosed in the body of the caterpillar. The proboscis, the antennæ, the limbs, and the wings of the fly are so nicely folded up," &c. In the diamond mines, "when a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of seventeen carats and a half, he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom by paying his owner for it:" a pretty story might be made out of this. "When a negro is suspected of swallowing a diamond, he is confined in a solitary apartment, and means taken to bring the gem to light."

4th. A desperately wet day. Dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, the Gwydhrs, some unpronounceable Russians (Prince and Princess Sabatcoff, I believe), Count Funchal, and Gabriel Delessert. The Russians a very unaffected, amiable-mannered pair. Funchal just the same merry, hideous little fellow, I remember him, sixteen or seventeen years ago at Tunbridge Wells, when he used to wear his hat in a particular way (as Wm. Spencer said), "to look like the Duchess of St. Albans'." Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's. Went from thence with Funchal to Lady Gwydir's box at the French Opera; Sir C. Stuart and King there. Afterwards to Lady Aldborough's soirée. A good deal of conversation with Lady E. Stuart, who told me that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into German. It has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and Persian languages. Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wishes to be made much of,—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his

head turned, let him go to Berlin; there is nothing else talked of there but 'Lalla Rookh.' " Douglas took me home.

5th. Wrote to Rogers. Went about the character of a new cook we are hiring, and then out to Sèvres (where Bessy and Mrs. Villamil had already gone), with the keys of the cottage we are to take possession of for the summer. Took measure for window curtains, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Bristol's. Mad. de Genlis could not come. Company, the Stuarts, Mr. and Miss Canning, Lord and Lady Surrey, Funchal, &c. Dully placed at dinner; in the evening, sung, and liked my audience much.

6th. Dined at home. Miss Forster came to tea, and the Kingstons. Some singing.

7th. Bessy called away by the increasing illness of Mrs. V.'s child. I dined alone at Véry's. Went afterwards to a book-auction, and bought Rousseau's works, thirty-seven small volumes, for sixty-eight francs. Brought Bessy home at night. Had called in the morning on Lady Gwydir, and repeated to her my Neapolitan verses.

8th. Jane Power arrived from England on her long meditated visit to us. Brought the copy of the "National Melodies," which I had ordered for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; most splendidly and tastefully bound. Dined at Fielding's: company, Lattin, Fazakerley (who has been the bearer of a copy of Rogers's last edition of "Human Life" to Bessy, "from an old friend"), and Montgomery. Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France" but had *guessed* it. Talked of Forsyth's book on Italy; its wonderful learning and ability. I mentioned some strange errors he had fallen into; and Lattin noticed his assertion that Acton was the son of a barber.

9th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne: mentioned to him the report of a revolution at Constantinople, and said, "Nothing now is wanting to bring the 'Rights of Man' into proper disgrace than their being taken up by the Turks. The Spanish constitution translated into good Turkish would complete the farce." Dined at Douglas's to meet Harry Bushe and his wife, just arrived. Bushe, *à propos* of Lord Eldon's *larmoyant* propensity, quoted some verses about Provost Hutchinson from the "Baratariana:"

"Who feels all his crimes, yet his feeling defies,
And each day stabs his country with tears in his eyes."

Douglas mentioned Hutchinson's having gone once to Lord Townshend to ask for some situation for his daughter Prudentia; and, on Lord T.'s saying that he really had nothing just then left at his disposal but a captaincy of dragoons, the ready place-hunter replied that he would be most happy to accept of it; and Miss Prudentia was accordingly made a captain of dragoons. Mrs. Bushe played in the evening, and I sung. Bushe said that Grattan died possessed of an income of 9000*l.* a-year, owing fifty thousand, having borrowed to purchase. When I returned home found that Bessy had gone to sit up with Villamil's child.

10th. Dined at home; had Irving, Dr. Williams, and Power's man of business, to dine with me. Poor Bess still at Villamil's. Never was there a creature that devoted herself to others with so little reserve or selfishness. In the evening went with the Kingstons and Jane Power to the Vaudeville. Called at V.'s in my way home to try and persuade Bessy to return with me, but she would not; she promised, however, to take off her clothes to go to bed there.

11th. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet Lord Beauchamp. Went from them alone to the Variétés: saw half of the "Marchande de Goujons" and the "Coin de Rue." From thence to Villamil's: the baby better, but Bessy would not leave her.

12th. Power's man, Mr. Goodlad, came to settle the signing of the deeds of assignment he has brought: took him to Forster's, who was witness on the occasion. Went thence to show him the Beaujon, and took Miss Forster with us; four courses in the car with her. Walked off Mr. Goodlad thence along the Boulevards to the little theatres, when I took a box for the evening at the Ambigu, and (as he wished much to dine at a restaurateur's, but, not speaking French, did not know how to manage it), I gave him in charge of the landlady of the Cadran Bleu, and chose his dinner for him. Dined at Story's, and went to the Ambigu: the "Famille Irlandaise," a piece founded on the rebellion of '98, General Lake, &c. &c. Called at Villamil's for Bessy, and brought her home. The following extracts are from the "Curiosities of Literature:"

—"It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own Life, that 'Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales; and it was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of that size.'" "Lord Falkland was of low stature, and smaller than most men;" and of Sydney Godolphin, "There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient unto his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man.'" "It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire." An old writer calls coffee "this wakeful and civil drink."

13th. Dined with Lord Trimlestown: company, Lord Granard, Lattin, Harry Bushe, &c. Lattin and I told Irish stories by the dozen. Some of his very amusing. A posting dialogue: "Why, this chaise is very damp." "And a very good right it has to be so, sir; wasn't it all night in the canal?" Lord Trimlestown mentioned a person saying, upon seeing an upstart nobleman covered with stars and orders, *C'est de la noblesse plaquée*. Found, on my return home at night, Lord Byron's letter about Bowles and Popery, which Fielding had sent me to look over. The whole thing unworthy of him; a leviathan among small fry. He had had the bad taste to allude to an anecdote which I told him about Bowles's early life; which is even worse than Bowles in his pamphlet quoting me as entirely agreeing with him in the system he is combating for.

14th. Occupied all the morning in taking places in the diligence for Mr. Goodlad and Miss Forster, who avails herself of the opportunity of his return to go to England. Dined at Peter's; Lord Raneliffe took me in his cabriolet. A very handsome house and dinner; *au reste*, dull enough.

15th. Dined at Fielding's: George Dawson and Montgomery. Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'—Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir."

The Storrs called for me at eight; came home with them, and they and Emma Forster supped with us. Bessy very much affected by my singing "I'm wearing awa'," and obliged to leave the room.

16th. Days of idleness and waste. Have done nothing for weeks past, except about a dozen lines to a cavatina of Carafa's. Walked into Paris with Bessy, to provide for dinner. Called afterwards to take leave of Emma Forster; a scene. Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas, and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c. in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the lemons?" Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows: "Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"—*Grêle, grêle, toute grêle*.

17th. The Kingstons dined with us; and all went to the Variétés in the evening: much amused with Vernet in the "Marchande de Goujons."

18th. Dined at home; Williams of the party.

19th. This being the great day of the Longchamp, Mrs. Villamil lent Bessy her carriage on the occasion, and it was arranged that Anastasia should go with Mamma, and that Tom and the two maids should be stationed on chairs in the Champs Elysées, and bow to Mamma as she passed. Irving and I walked about there for hours, but saw nothing of any of them; grew alarmed about six o'clock, and sent an apology to Raneliffe, with whom I was to have dined to meet Czartoriski and Lady De Roos. I saw Bessy at last, who had been detained, but not by any accident. Dined by

myself at the Trois Frères, and came home immediately.

20th. Went in with Bessy to shop. Saw the "Examiner," which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the "Chronicle," and says, "their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate the poet and patriot from whose pen they came." Dined at Fielding's: company, Lambton, Montgomery, Fazakerley, and young Talbot. The day very agreeable, as it always is at the Fieldings'.

21st. Went to the Louvre, with Mrs. Story, Bessy, and the Kingstons: afterwards lounged about at bookstalls; read the newspapers at Galignani's. Called on Charles Fox, who is just come from Constantinople, and is on his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Says Lord and Lady Holland will be here in the course of the summer. Dined at Story's.

22nd. Went out to St. Cloud, to see the chateau and Meudon with the Kingstons and Bessy; a lovely day, fit for laugh and idleness. Dined at Story's.

23rd. Have begun words to a quadrille air. A young Frenchman called upon me with part of a translation of "Lalla Rookh" in verse; a professor of the classics in Belgium: left his MS. with me. Dined at Harry Bushe's: company, Col. Cope, Lord Charlemont, Douglas, Lattin, &c.; a noisy dinner. Bushe told of B., the Bishop of (I forget what), saying after his fourth bottle (striking his head in a fit of maudlin piety), "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer." This bishop is one of the opposers of the Catholic claims; so is F.—! Godly ecclesiastics! pity *their* church should be in danger! Went to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's in the evening; had some talk with William Bankes, who is the bearer of an early copy of Lord Byron's tragedy. Introduced Irving to Sir Charles Stuart.

24th. Dined at home, and went with the Storys and Bessy to the Français: Madlle. Duchenois in "Jeanne d'Arc." Attended watchfully to her recitative, and find that, in nine lines out of ten, "A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall," is the tune of the French heroics. Took the Storys this morning to see Gérard's "Corinne."

25th. Dined at Story's: company, Cope, Irving, &c. &c. Cope mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonish-

ment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving *what* it could mean, *Si je fais, je fais; mais, si je fais, je suis un Hollandais.*

26th. Called on Lady Charlemont, and walked some time in her garden with her. She has not seen Lord Byron's tribute to her beauty in his pamphlet. Dined at home; and went in the evening, with the Storys and Bessy, to the Odéon: a splendid theatre, but wretched, bad acting. The afterpiece, the "Voyage à Dieppe," very amusing. Copied out my "Quadrille Song" this morning, and sent it to Power.

27th. The young French professor called: showed me a recueil of poems he had written, translations, some of them, from my "Melodies." Dined at Story's, to meet Caroline Kingston's lover (just arrived), and a Captain Lane. The following little notices are from the "Curiosities of Literature," which I have been reading occasionally during my idleness. "His notion (Dr. Campbell, in his 'Hermippus Redivivus,') of the art of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies." "They have the custom (the women in that long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagunes), when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs (chants from Tasso), and continue to do so with great violence till each of them can distinguish the response of her own husband at a distance." This is very poetical. "The laws of the Twelve Tables, which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code, were, after they had been approved by the people, engraved on brass: they were melted by lightning, which struck the Capitol and consumed other laws." "A schoolmaster (in Rome) was killed by the *stiles* of his own scholars." "Virgil, when young, formed a design of a national poem, but was soon discouraged from proceeding, merely by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names; such as Decius Mus, Lucumo, Vibius Caudex."

28th. Dined at home. Went with Bessy and the Storys to the Panorama Dramatique. Much pleased with the spectacle.

29th. Was to have gone to Malmaison, but the day not fine enough. Took Lady Elizabeth Fielding and her daughters to see Gérard's "Corinne;" Mad. Gérard having written me a very civil note to fix the time. Walked with Irving to call upon Lady Salton. Dined at Story's, intending to go to Lady Charlemont's in the evening, but did not.

30th. Went to the Louvre with the Kingstons, Mrs. Story, and Bessy. Villamil pointed out a female in one of Rubens's Luxembourg pictures, whose face resembled Mrs. Story's.

May 1st. The commencement of the fêtes on the Duc de Bordeaux's christening. Saw the procession in the morning; at least, had a glimpse of it from the Quai de Voltaire. Dined at Story's, and in the evening walked out to see the illuminations and fireworks: was foolish enough to take Anastasia with us, and got into an immense crowd with her to my great alarm. The misty darkness of the night very favourable to the effect of the illuminations, which, in the Tuileries Gardens, were most magnificent: the star by itself in the middle of the dark sky, over the Legion d'Honneur, particularly striking, and the long arcade of light at the end of the gardens beautiful. Saw the fireworks (but badly) from a Mr. Penleaze's windows on the Quai Voltaire.

2nd. Walked about the Champs Elysées to see the humour of Mât de Cocagne, distribution of the sausages, &c. &c. Had tickets for both Notre Dame yesterday, and a ball at the Hôtel de Ville to-night, but, not having a *habit habillé*, made no use of them.

3rd. Dined, the same party, at the Café Français, and went to the French Opera in the evening. Saw a new allegorical opera, got up in honour of the occasion, called "Blanche de Provence;" the music (by Cherubini, Paer, and two others) very pretty, and the dancing delightful. Received this morning Lord Byron's tragedy. Looked again over his letter on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of all his contemporaries, in order that they may fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unencumbered, even by their floundering. It is like that Methodist

preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded,—"You may perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven; but it won't do; I'll trick you all; for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer." So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, "How modest!"

5th. Went through the disagreeable inquisition of our furniture, &c. by our landlady, and took leave of her and the Allée des Veuves for good and all. Bessy and the servants set off for Sèvres about one; and I (after going to the Père la Chaise with Mrs. Story and the Kingstons) got there at seven, and dined with the Villamils. Kept awake at night by the nightingales. Finished to-day Lord B.'s tragedy; full of fine things, but wants that necessary ingredient, interest. Not one of the characters excites our sympathy, and the perpetual recurrence of our memory to Otway's fine management of the same sort of story is unfavourable even to Lord B.'s great powers.

6th. The Storys (children and all) came out, and all, except Bessy, who was too tired with our *déménagement*, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters. Dined at Madame Raimbault's (or rather her successors), with great difficulty, being obliged almost to battle for our dinners; and having called at La Butte on our way back, proceeded to town with the expectation of a fête at Beaujon; but there was none. Slept at Story's.

7th. Went to the Beaujon; descended in the cars three times with each of the Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S. From thence for money to the banker's. Met there old Montague, Burgess, and Lord Sandon. Had previously called upon Lord Essex, who told me of the King's late civility to the Opposition at Brighton, and his having had Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Cowper, &c. to dine with him. Mentioned this to Lord Sandon, who said he was himself at the dinner; that Lord Cowper was very sulky; would hardly answer the King, and stayed outside in the passages as much as he could. Lord Lansdowne, on the contrary, all courtesy.

Burgess, who is setting off for Scotland, repeated his invitation to me to visit him there on my return. He quoted, *à propos* of something, Lord Thurlow's two lines upon the Dutch—

"Amphibious wretches, speedy be your fall,
May man undam you, and God damn you all!"

Montague spoke to me about my verses on his "dear friend" Perceval's death. Dined by myself at Bombarde's, and came out in the *célérier* at six. Received a note from Chabot, announcing a present of a clock from Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

8th. The first quiet morning I have had for a long long time: arranged my books, &c. Walked out: sketched two or three verses of a song. Dined well and comfortably. Walked to shop with Bessy in the village. Received an invitation to dine with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly to-morrow.

9th. Wrote to Chabot to make the best excuse in his power for me to the Duke. Walked, read, and copied out my song. Dined with the Villamils, to meet the Princesse Talleyrand, and a comtesse and marquise, whose names I could not make out. It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, &c. &c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, *Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!* he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe. There are various stories of her *niaiserie*. Upon being asked once what part of the world she came from, she said, *Je suis d'Inde* (Dinde), meaning *des Indes*. Sat next her at dinner. She talked much of "Lalla Rookh," which she had read in French prose. Mentioned her having passed three months with the King of Spain and his brother and uncle at Valençay: said it was all

a story about Ferdinand's embroidering the petticoat, and that it was the uncle who did it. Seemed to remember nothing curious about them, except her having eaten, one day, a dish of little fish caught expressly for her by the uncle; and that Ferdinand, who had been always accustomed to wear uniform, said to her, upon his putting on a new suit of velvet, "I think I look like a *bourgeois* to-day!" She seemed to think this very interesting. Praised Bessy's beauty to me. Some singing in the evening.

10th. Went into town, partly to take in my letters, and partly to bring out Mrs. Story for our party to Malmaison. Left Paris with her and Miss Morris at a quarter past twelve, and arrived at the Grille of Malmaison at two: were soon joined by the Villamils and Bessy. The library here very interesting, as having been Napoleon's *cabinet de travail*, and still in the same state, they say, as when he left it. In one of the salons the letters N. and J. are alternately on the ceiling. Went on afterwards to St. Germain; dined; saw the chateau, the room into which Louis XIV. used to descend by a trap to Madame de la Vallière, the chambers of James II., &c. Returned to La Butte at nine. Received to-day Mademoiselle d'Orleans' letter, which is highly kind and flattering; she signs herself *Votre affectionnée*.

11th. Waked, and read over what I have done of my Egyptian letters; must make great alterations. In the evening Mrs. Story and Miss Morris surprised us with a visit. Went to Villamil's, and had some music.

12th. Resumed my Egyptian work, and wrote seven or eight lines. It will require some thought and time to get back into the train of the story.

13th. Went into Paris early. Called upon Mr. Graham Moore (the author of the lives of "Ripperda and Alberoni," &c.), who has brought me a letter of introduction from Sir J. Mackintosh. Went to the Fieldings. Called to return Greffulhe's visit; the first time I have seen his splendid house; twenty-five acres of beautifully arranged pleasure-ground in the middle of Paris! Talked of Sheridan. He said that Sir A. Absolute was evidently taken from Old Mirabel in the "Inconstant." Went from thence, according to appointment, to meet Lord Essex at Marshal Soult's, to see his pictures: a large assembly of English

there, the Bessboroughs, the Ponsonbys, the Bristols, Canning, &c. &c. The collection remarkably fine; almost all Murillo's; the most interesting among which appeared to me, the Prodigal Son, Christ with the Man at the Pool, and a Saint looking up at a Burning Heart. There is also a little sketch from a large picture, very beautiful. I should like to see those pictures of Murillo's placed beside some of the best of the Italian school. There is a Christ of Titian's here, and a picture by Sebastian del Piombo, but the former does not strike me as very good, and the latter is not of a style to admit the comparison. As it is, I have never seen a collection that appeared to me more curious and valuable. Returned to Sèvres with Mrs. Story and her children, who dined with us; the rest of the party, Kenny, Story, and Dr. Yonge. Music at V.'s in the evening.

14th. Went into town with Bessy in a cuckoo, and called upon our dear Anastasia, who looked very well, and (*selon nous*) very pretty. Afterwards went with Villamil to see a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, which at least enabled me to see more of the detail than I was before acquainted with. What a strange jumble to be called sublime! From thence I went to Madame de Broglie's, who has written to me to fix a day to meet M. Lafayette at dinner, he having expressed a great wish to know me. Saw Miss Randall, and fixed next Monday. Miss R. said how much she had been struck by the resemblance between Lord Byron's smile and Buonaparte's. From thence to Chabot's to see my clock; found Lady Isabella at home. The clock very handsome; a figure of Homer playing on his lyre; must have cost, perhaps, near thirty Napoleons; too splendid for any room I shall ever have to put it in. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord Thanet, Fazakerley, Vaughan, Denon, and Cornwall, Lord E.'s daughter, and her governess. Lord Thanet spoke to me a good deal of Sheridan. Sheridan very unfeeling about Richardson's death. When Lord T. spoke to him about it a fortnight after, as a melancholy thing, he said, "Yes, very provoking indeed; and all owing to that curst brandy and water, which he *would* drink." When I mentioned S.'s want of scruple about stealing other people's wit, Lord T. said he might have made use of Molière's apology for the same

practice, *C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout ou je le trouve*. He said that Sheridan, at no part of his life, liked any allusion to his being a dramatic writer; and that, if he could have spoken out when they were burying him, he would have protested loudly against the place where they laid him, as Poets' Corner was his aversion: would have liked to be placed near Fox, &c. Said that Lord John Townshend and (I think) Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mathews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Mathews described the duel as a mere hoax—in fact, as no duel at all; that Sheridan came drunk, and that he (Mathews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen. A precious fellow this Mathews was! Lord T. said he thought that Sheridan never was the same man after Richardson's death. R.'s argumentative turn was of great use to him in stirring up his mind, and making him sift thoroughly any new subject he took up. This is not improbable. Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Dowton's gig to come to town, while Dowton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlour to see him. Denon remarked of Murillo's Prodigal Son, that the traces of gold are seen on the rags he wears, and that the remains of his shirt are of the finest texture. Vaughan said that there are seventy-two Titians in the Escorial. Arrived at La Butte at a quarter past ten.

16th. Twelve lines. Went to drink tea at Kenny's in the evening: took Irving, who called, with us. Kenny told a story of one Jim Welsh, who said, "Rot me, if I don't take a trip to France: and rot me, if I don't begin immediately to learn the language." He got a grammar, dictionary, and master; and after three months study thought himself qualified to undertake the journey. Just before he set out Duruset came up to him one day, and said, *Eh bien, Mons. Welsh, comment vous portez-vous?* Jim stared, looked bothered, turned his eyes to the right and left, and at last exclaimed, "Now rot me, if I han't forgot what that is." Mrs. V. and I sung.

17th. Wrote six or eight lines. The Storys came out early for the purpose of seeing Puteaux, the late Duke of Feltré's place; a very agreeable morning. All dined with Villamil;

a hearty evening, and laugh and Lafitte went round merrily, but poor Bessy confined at home by a bad cold.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked in the evening.

19th. Villamil and I went into Paris to see the Palais Royal. Took Mrs. Story and Miss Morris with us. The Duke's pictures not very good; some of them in the very worst French taste, by Picot, Coudry, &c. &c. Horace Ver-net's Battle of Jemappes a poor thing. Two portraits, by Philippe de Champagne, of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin struck me more than any thing I saw there.

20th. Have done seventy lines since last Saturday (12th). Wrote a few to-day. Dr. Williams came up and dined with us. Mrs. S. and Miss Morris after dinner to see Bessy, who is still far from well.

21st. Bessy much better. This is the day I fixed with Madame de Broglie to meet M. de Lafayette at dinner; went in at two. Received two letters from Lord Byron. In one of them he says that the lines on the Neapolitans, which I sent him, "are sublime as well as beautiful, and in my very best mood and manner." Company at the Duc de Broglie's, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Duc and Duchesse Dalberg, Wm. Schlegel, Count Forbin, M. de Lafayette, Auguste de Stael, the Swedish ambassador, and, to my surprise, Madame Durazzo, of whom I have been hearing so much in all directions. A fine woman; must have been beautiful; not at all like an Italian. Sat next Miss Randall, and had much talk about Lord Byron. She said Lord B. was much wronged by the world; that he took up wickedness as a *subject*, just as Chateaubriand did religion, without either of them having much of the reality of either feeling in their hearts. Had much talk with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary coxcombery: spoke of Hazlitt, who, he said, *l'avoit dépassé* in his critical opinions, and was an ultra Shakspearian. Is evidently not well inclined towards Lord Byron; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it. Found fault with the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" for not being sufficiently European (in other words, for not

taking notice enough of M. Schlegel and his works). Auguste de Stael, in praising these works, said that if there came a being fresh from another planet to whom he wished to give a clear and noble idea of the arts, literature, philosophy, &c. of this earth, he would present to him the "Edinburgh Review." M. Schlegel seemed to think that this planetary visitant had much better come to *him* for information. Sung in the evening. Madame Durazzo perfectly acquainted with all my "Melodies," Irish and National. All seemed much pleased with my singing; the Duchesse de Broglie exclaiming continually, *Oh Dieu, que c'est joli!* M. Schlegel said I made the English language sound as soft as the Italian.

22nd. Wrote to Lord Byron. Mrs. S. set me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way home.

23rd. The Villamils gave a child's party in honour of their little Philip's birthday. Nineteen little ones and thirteen adults sat down to dinner. We danced in the evening; villainous weather.

24th. Went into town: wrote twelve lines before I started, and six in the cuckoo going in. Went with Villamil to see a collection of pictures that are to be sold; a beautiful little Cuyt and some good Ruysdaels. Irving and I went out in a cuckoo, and dined at Kenny's; Villamil of the party.

25th. Wrote sixteen lines. Bessy went into town. I dined at Villamil's with Kenny, and walked in the evening.

26th. Wrote some lines; have now done eighty this week.

27th. Went in at two about Lady Davy's lodgings, she having written to Bessy to procure some for her. Could not get a place back in consequence of the fête at Sèvres, and dined alone at Rossel's. Came out at six. Mrs. Story and her children to tea and supper.

28th. My birthday. They come too quick. Went in and breakfasted with Mrs. S. Got some money, and came out with Fielding, young Talbot, and Montgomery, who dined with me; Villamil and Kenny of the party. A very nice dinner (as all seemed to think), and the whole day agreeable. Fielding told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe), and gave his name, *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*, the clerk answered, *Il n'y*

a pas de De. Eh bien ! M. Saint Cyr.—Il n'y pas de Saint. Diable, M. Cyr, donc.—Il n'y a pas de Sire ; nous avons décapité le tyran. Wrote eight lines to day.

29th. Walked about ; a beautiful day ; the first we have had for a long time. Wrote eighteen lines. Kenny mentioned yesterday, as a specimen of translation from the French, "A room furnished with fifteen *shepherdesses* (*bergères*)."

30th. Engaged to dine with the Fieldings to-day. Went in with Mrs. Story. Met Fazakerley on the way, who told me Lord and Lady Holland were arrived. Called upon them : a very gracious reception from my Lady. Showed me a letter she had just received from Lord John Russell, in which he talks of going to Spa ; but she said, with an air of triumphant certainty, "Don't mind that, however ; as soon as he knows *we* are here, he will change his plan." The Hollands have taken the fine house of Madame Crawford. No company at Fielding's. Talked of strange etymologies ; poltroon, from *pollice trunci*, soldiers who cut off their thumbs to avoid going to the wars ; topsy-turvey, from topside t'other way ; hocus pocus, from *hoc est corpus*, &c. ; pantaloons, from *pianta leone*. A good punning one—*méchant* (wicked), from *meche* (a wick), &c. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, with some more sheets of his "Memo-randa ;" postage, 10 fr. 12 sous. Came home in the gondola at nine. Two lines I met in "Athalie ;" how else than according to the "Cobbler there was," can they be repeated ?

"N'a pour ser'vir sa cause, et venger ses injures/
Ni le cœur assez droit, ni les mains assez pures."

June 1st. Went into Paris at two. Saw a copy of the "Mémoires de l'Académie," in seventy-four volumes (12mo.), which I am much tempted to buy. Gave 20 francs to secure it till to-morrow, and in the meantime shall make inquiries about it : price asked for it 74 francs. Dined at Story's : a large party, of which the only good ingredients were Fielding, Villamil, Irving, and a nice, newly-arrived girl, Miss Lee. Sat between her and Mrs. S. Sung in the evening. Took leave of Fielding, who starts to-morrow for a year or two's tour in Switzerland and Italy. Wished me to go on with them to Fontainebleau, and pass Sunday with them there ; but cannot. Returned to La Butte at twelve.

2nd. Have written seventy-two lines this week. Went in to dine with Lord Essex. Called at Galignani's to look at the "Manuel des Libraires" for the editions of the "Mémoires." Find that the 12mo. is in 102 vols. ; so, of course, shall not buy this incomplete one. Went to the bookseller's, and got my 20 francs back again. Company at Lord Essex's : Young the actor, Lord Thanet, Standish, and Denon. Sung for Miss Capel and Denon in the evening ; the latter said it was the first time he ever heard English made to sound like Italian. Came home in the *céléfère* at nine.

3rd. Employed to-day in corrections of the 3rd No. of "National Melodies." Had company to dinner : the Storys, Villamil, and the Sapios. Went all to Kenny's in the evening. Little Mary Villamil again alarmingly ill.

4th. Wrote two or three additional verses to "Hymen once his Love-knots selling." Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. A desperate wet day. Read some of "Belzoni's Egypt" before I went to bed. Kenny said that Antony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) "died of a cold caught by washing his face."

5th. A large party asked to dine at Villamil's to-day. Begged of him to let the dinner take place at our cottage instead, as the alarming state of the child would make it uncomfortable for him to have company at his home ; but he preferred letting it remain as it was. Company there : the Storys, the Sapios, Dr. Williams, Wilder, Irving, Mr. Hinchliffe, and Kenny after dinner. Neither Bessy nor Mrs. Villamil came down. Wilder said that an Italian, who was with him while he was dressing, upon his mentioning that he was coming to me, wrote *all'improvista*, an acrostic upon me, which he had forgotten to bring, but would give me another time. In seeing Mrs. S. down to the Grille at night, she, and I, and Irving lost our way in the wood, and had a good deal of laughing before we got out of it again. Bessy resolved to sit up with little Mary to-night, who was evidently dying.

6th. At about a quarter after ten this morning the poor little thing died. Bessy and Dr. Williams sat up with it the whole night, and Bessy had it for six hours on her lap, where at last it died. Williams said he never saw any thing like the strength of mind, and, indeed, of body, which Bessy showed throughout the

whole time. This day altogether gloomy. We dined with Villamil, and he, and I, and Williams walked in the evening.

7th. This day still more miserable than yesterday; the weather wretched, and the house comfortless and deserted, from Bessy being away all day with Mrs. Villamil. Wrote a few lines.

8th. Had fixed to-day to dine with Lord Bristol, to meet Madame de Genlis: felt very ill-inclined to it, from my spirits and the barometer both being low. However, went in without having quite made up my mind. At near six o'clock sent an apology to Lord Bristol, dated from La Butte, but the stupid servant said I was in Paris, which brought a note back again from his lordship entreating me, if possible, to come. I however persisted in my caprice, and dined at Story's. Not quite right; for he is a most amiable man, and deserved the effort; but the necessity of returning home at night, and having to walk in thin shoes up the wet road from the *célérifère* to my cottage, is too great an operation to expect from any one. Left Paris at eight.

9th. Have written some fifty lines this week, and come to the conclusion of my third Egyptian letter, which comes to about 520 lines.

10th. Wrote a dedication and short preface for the letter-press edition of the "Irish Melodies." The weather still of the worst kind.

11th. Copied out the dedication and preface, and revised some things for the appendix of the same work. Went in at one. Received from Wilder the acrostic of his Italian friend; well enough for an *improviso*. Bessy and Jane Power in town. All dined with the Storys. Major Henley mentioned a play of Racine's (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon. Met Luttrell to-day, who is just arrived. Find that he took unkind my not acknowledging the receipt of his "Julia;" a sad trick of mine, this laziness about writing.

12th. Reading over my notes about the Pyramids previous to beginning my fourth letter. Weather and spirits still bad. Read Belzoni, &c.

13th. Went in for the purpose of dining with the Hollands. Called on Lady Bessborough; told me that, when she was a child, she was *en pension* at Versailles; used to be

a good deal taken notice of by Marie Antoinette; spoke of the very striking air of dignity her countenance could assume. On one occasion, when she (Lady B.) had been playing with her in the morning, there was to be a reception of ambassadors, whom it was the custom for the Queen to receive sitting at the bottom of the bed. The child, anxious to see the ceremony, hid herself in the bed-curtains, and was so astonished and even terrified by the change which took place in the Queen's countenance, on the entrance of the ambassadors, that the feeling has never been forgotten by her to this hour. Went from thence to Lady Granard, who told me that Lord Forbes is appointed one of the aides-de-camp to accompany the King to Ireland. Called afterwards at Madame de Souza's, and found Lady Holland there. Met Luttrell on the Boulevards and walked with him. In remarking rather a pretty woman who passed he said, "The French women are often in the suburbs of beauty, but never enter the town." Company at Lord Holland's, Allen, Henry Fox, the *black* Fox (attached to the embassy), Denon. and, to my great delight, Lord John Russell, who arrived this morning. Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of something), of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts." Allen told me of a Mr. Henry Scott being now in Paris, who was a great friend of Sheridan's and could, he thinks, give me some information about him. The dinner rather *triste* and *gêné* both from Lord Holland's absence (being laid up with the gout) and Denon's presence, one foreigner always playing the deuce with a dinner-party. Luttrell set me down at Story's. Slept there.

14th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Has brought me a copy of his last book, "On the English Government and Constitution," which is already going into a second edition. Was bearer of a letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how dilatory and indifferent all parties have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my exile. Mentioned Scott having shown a letter from him acknowledging a copy

"from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing) necessary for accuracy in the costume, &c. &c. of such works; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester" (this must have been in "Kenilworth"); "he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael!" or, *vice versa*, for I forget which way it was. Came home in the gondole to dinner. Villamil in the gout; sat with them in the evening.

16th. Have been able to do but about thirty-five lines this week. Mrs. Story came out to-day with her two little ones to pass some time with us. Had also Dalton, Irving, and Kenny, to dinner. Went to V.'s in the evening, and had music.

17th. Wrote twenty-two lines. Dined, all of us, at Villamil's. Had walked before dinner with the children, &c. to the Lantern in St. Cloud; a lovely day.

18th. Went in at one. Dined at Story's with Miss Morris (the governess) at three o'clock; champagne in ice, fine strawberries, &c. &c. Called afterwards on Lord John Russell, who was about dressing to dine with Lord Stafford (he is to dine with us on Thursday). Told him all I thought of the wisdom, moderation, and usefulness of his last work. Came home in the gondole at eight. Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer and Reynolds, who was about to write an opera for him. "Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?"—"Oh, yes, several." "Vat is one, *par exemple*?"—"Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place,' last winter." "God d——. I hope dis will be better than dat." The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner,

said, "You may cut dere,"—"Who de devil say dat? no, no,—cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat at last." Wrote eleven lines to-day.

19th. Took a cold dinner to the park at Bellevue: had all the children with us, and passed a very delightful day. Wrote some lines before I went out.

20th. Wrote sixteen lines, chiefly in sauntering about the park of St. Cloud.

21st. Wrote a few lines in the morning. Irving, who was to dine with me, came about two, and brought the MS. of the work he is writing to read to me, which he did sitting on the grass in the walk up to the Rocher. It is amusing, but will, I fear, much disappoint the expectation his Sketches have raised. Between three and four Lord John and Luttrell arrived, and all walked together to Mendon. We were speaking of the pedantic phrases of physicians,—the word "exhibit" for instance; and Luttrell said that "exhibit" was chiefly used for mercury. "You *exhibit* mercury, *throw* in the bark, and *premise* a venæsectio." Villamil, Mrs. S., and Jane Power were our other diners. The dinner (the *physique* of it) was not so good as usual. But I made up in the wines,—Chambertin, Champagne, Madeira, White Hermitage, Claret, and Muscat. In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject: "put them in his *strongest* pickle," said Luttrell. Lord John in going asked me to fix a day to dine with him and Fazakerley; fixed Thursday next.

22nd. Wrote and walked. Lord Granard and Lord Raneliffe called before dinner: asked them to come and dine on Wednesday next. Lady Augusta Leith, Miss Morris, and the Villamils, dined with us to-day; and Kenny came after dinner.

23rd. Have done between eighty and ninety lines this week. Went in with Jane Power and Mrs. Story at one. Got 30l. at Lafitte's. Called upon Lambton and Lady Louisa. Dined at Story's, and returned with her and Jane in the evening.

24th. Wrote thirty-two lines to-day in bed and sauntering about. Dined at home. To Villamil's in the evening.

25th. A large *dîner champêtre* given by the Villamils, in the park of Bellevue: the Storys, Kennys, Williams, Irving, Poole (author of

"Hamlet Travesti"), &c. &c.; pleasant enough. After Williams and I had sung one of the "Irish Melodies," somebody said, "Everything that's national is delightful." "Except the National Debt, ma'am," says Poole. Took tea at Villamil's, and danced to the pianoforte. Wrote thirteen or fourteen lines before I went out. In talking of the organs in Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ.

27th. Lady Davy called; asked her to stay to dinner, which she did. Our company, Lords Granard and Ranciliffe, Kenny, Irving, Mrs. Story, and Jane Power. Kenny said of Luttrell's "Advice to Julia," "that it was too *long* and not *broad* enough." Ranciliffe said that the chancellor is of opinion the Queen must be admitted to the coronation dinner if she claims it, and that they are inventing all sorts of large tureens, &c. &c., to hide her from the king.

28th. Wrote some lines and went into town with the Storys. Called on the Hollands: both very gracious: wanted me to stay to dinner, as my agreement with Lord John and Fazakerly was off, but I had promised the Storys to go to the fête at Beaujon in the evening. Lord H. praised "Lalla Rookh" very warmly; and my Lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was in that region. Spoke of Canning. Lord H. said he was not ill-tempered, but wrong-headed, and had *le main malheureuse*, always contriving to turn the worst view of the public towards the public; that this arose very much from over-refinement, and from aiming at high delicacy of sentiment, &c. On my saying that authors now did not keep their poems nine years, Lord H. said, "No, no; who is to pay the *interest* all the while?" Asked me to dine on Monday. Dined at Story's, and went to the Beaujon; all dull, except four or five flights I took in the cars with Mrs. S.

29th. Bessy came into town at twelve to pay visits, having hired a job for the purpose. Found Lady Lavy and Lady Charlemont at home. Went thence to Lady Ranciliffe's and the Granards', where we were let in also. Called to see our darling Statia, who looked very well and pretty. Bessy returned home,

and I dined at Story's. Returned at night with the Villamils.

30th. Have written between eighty and ninety lines this week. Must begin to transcribe, there being now, in all, about 1400 lines of my Egyptian work written. Called at Kenny's in the morning, and found he had gone to bed in a pet, because somebody had taken away his ink bottle. Dined with Villamil. Kenny came in the evening, and all supped and drank tea with us. Have transcribed something to-day.

July 1st. Transcribed. Dined at home. Walked with Bessy, &c. through St. Cloud in the evening, to look for a spot for our *diner champêtre* next Wednesday.

2nd. Went into town early. Called upon the Lockes, who are arrived. Took Irving, to present him to the Hollands: my lady very gracious to him: Lord John there. I had told him that Villamil meant to translate his last work into Spanish for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and find he is much pleased at the intention. Lord Holland said there might be some useful notes added to the translation, containing hints to the Spaniards on the improvement of their present institutions, &c. &c. Mentioned, as an instance of the foppery of the French about their language, that an author, some time since, writing a play on the subject of Philippe le Bel, where the word *monnaie* must of necessity be introduced, found, after consulting the chief literary men of his acquaintance, that it was impossible to introduce that word in the full dress of poetry, and accordingly was compelled to give up the plan altogether. *Quare*, whether *cash* is not subject to the same difficulty? Lord H. doubted whether *cash* was a legitimate English word, though, as Irving remarked, it is as old as Ben Jonson, there being a character called Cash in one of his comedies. Lord H. said Mr. Fox was of opinion that the word *mob* was not genuine English. Appointed to dine with Lord John at Riche's. Went to Lady Mildmay for the MS. of Lord Byron I had lent her to read; sat some time with her. Mentioned how much she felt afraid of Lord Byron, when she used to meet him in society in London; and that once, when he spoke to her in a doorway, her heart beat so violently that she could hardly answer him. She said it was not only her

awe of his great talents, but the peculiarity of a sort of *under* look he used to give, that produced this effect upon her. Separated from Lord John about eight, and returned in the Parisienne with Mrs. S. and Jane at nine. Lord John means to come to take a bed with us at the *parillon* we had last summer.

3rd. Transcribed; and went in at three. Dressed at Story's, where Luttrell called to take me to dinner to Lord Holland's. Had met Morier, who offered to take me in the evening to M. Langles' *conversazione*. Company at the Hollands', Lambton, Lady Louisa and her sister, Lord Alvanley, Lord John, Lat-
tin, Lord Thanet, Lord Gower, &c. Talking of Delille, Lord H. said that, notwithstanding his pretty description of Kensington Gardens, he walked with him once there, and he did not know them when he was in them. Mad. de Stael never looked at any thing; passed by scenery of every kind without a glance at it; which did not, however, prevent her describing it. I said that Lord Byron could not describe anything which he had not had actually under his eyes, and that he did it either on the spot or immediately after. This, Lord Holland remarked, was the sign of a true poet, to write only from *impressions*; but where then do all the imaginary scenes of Dante, Milton, &c. go, if it is necessary to *see* what we describe in order to be a true poet? Latin mentioned that Gail, the old Greek professor here, who was a great friend of Delille's, embalmed him after his death, and varnished him, and after making a horrible figure of the poor poet, put a wreath of laurel round his head. Lord Holland mentioned having once been betrayed into a most exaggerated compliment, in saying that Virgil was lucky in meeting a poet as great as himself to translate him: to which Delille answered, *Savez vous, milord, que ce que vous dites là est joli. mais très joli.* Before dinner, on my remarking to Luttrell a fine effect of sunshine in the garden, which very soon passed away, he said, "How often in life we should like to arrest our *beaux momens*; should be so obliged to the *five minutes* if they would only stay ten." Allen, on our talking of persons who described what they had not seen, said that Adam Smith never attended to anything that was said in conversation; and *yet* (or rather, perhaps, *because* he did not attend) used to give

the most delightful and amusing accounts of all that had been said, filling up the few outlines his ear had caught from his own imagination. Talked of the numerous editions of Voltaire now printed. (By the bye, Gallois mentioned the other day, as an instance of the great increase of printing and publishing, that in Marmontel's lifetime they did not venture to publish a complete edition of his works, but printed the popular things separate from the rest, in order to facilitate the sale; and that it took a long lapse of time, even so, to sell off the whole; whereas, within some years past, a collection of all his works (including the "Théâtre," which nobody ever reads) has gone off not only successfully, but rapidly. He granted, however, that reading has not increased in proportion, but that books are become more an article of furniture and luxury than of study. Lord Holland said that Lord Exeter burned his copy of Voltaire at the beginning of the French Revolution, and that he had been told Lord Grenville had actually turned a copy out of his library at the same time. Went with Fazakerley and Morier to M. Langles': a dingy set of *sarans* there. M. Langles very civil to me: talked of "Lalla Rookh;" offered the use of his library, &c. &c. Introduced to M. Jullien, editor of the "Révue Encyclopédique, who said he was about to write a detailed article upon my works, their character, &c. &c. Was afterwards introduced to M. B——, who addressed me in poetical prose; said he had *soupiré* after me for a long time; that he last summer wandered through the country which I had immortalised by my "Melodies;" *Je n'y pensois qu'à vous; je vous demandois aux rochers*, &c. &c. Was rather bored by the whole thing, and heartily glad to escape. Slept at Story's.

4th. Came out early in the Gondole. Had asked a large party to a dinner in the woods to-day, but the weather so bad that the cold meat must be eaten within doors. Lady Susan Douglas and the Drews came out early in order to see the Sèvres manufactory; escorted them thither. Our company at dinner, they, the Forsters with our dear Anastasia, Dalton, the Storys, &c. Merry enough. Sung and danced in the evening.

5th. Went in early with Villamil for the purpose of introducing him to Lord Holland.

Much talk about Spanish politics, on which subject Lord H. and Allen are very much interested. Walked about the garden with them. Dined at Morier's: company, M. Langles, Denon, Pozzo di Borgo, Hamilton. Pozzo di Borgo very complimentary to me on my introduction to him. Much talk about Egypt. A curious matter of speculation to trace the source from which she derived her knowledge and civilisation. Could not have been from the East by the Red Sea, because it is evident it proceeded immediately from Upper Egypt, a course it could not have got into upon this supposition. It must have been from Abyssinia and the interior of Africa, which bewilders the mind but to think of. The interior of Africa! how little we really know of this world! In talking of Soult's pictures, on my mentioning that I heard he wished to sell them, Pozzo di Borgo said that, if so, he should be happy to treat with him for them for his master the Emperor; that he had made some very good purchases in Paris; among others the Gallery of Malmaison, which he had bought, I think, for seventy thousand pounds. In this collection was the Cupid and Psyche of Canova. In the evening a Frenchman came in who had dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and brought the intelligence that Buonaparte had died on the 5th of May. Pozzo di Borgo, in talking to me of the news, said it was a *triste catastrophe*, and that, in spite of every thing, he could not help feeling a *sentiment de tristesse* at it. He asked if I was at work upon any subject, and trusted I would not remain idle. Went from thence in Fazakerley's cabriolet to the Opera to join the Forbeses, who had given me a ticket for their box. Heard a few scenes of "Don Juan," and then joined Villamil, whose carriage took us home at twelve o'clock.

6th. Busy preparing the *pavilion* for Lord John. Our company to dinner: Lord Granard, Lady Adelaide, Lady Caroline, Lord John, Luttrell, Fazakerley, and Villamil. The day very agreeable. Luttrell in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm over-paid for the job." Lord John told us that Bobus

Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, *C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien*. Went up in the evening to Villamil's, and had music. She sung some of her boleros to the guitar, which delighted Fazakerley exceedingly. By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, "Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of, speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me." There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *highmindedness* upon occasions.

7th. This week has been one of pure and unmixed idleness; have done absolutely nothing; so much at the beck of every one that chooses to have me. Had asked the Lockes to come out to-day to see the Sèvres manufactory (of which I am, I think, become the *concierge*), and dine with us. Accordingly they came, with three children and a governess. Lord John wisely did not join our party, but sauntered about by himself till dinner, at which time Kenny joined us, making altogether twelve. Some agreeable conversation in the evening, after the company were gone.

8th. A proof that Lord John feels himself comfortable is, that he has begun another book this morning; the subject the "French Revolution;" or rather a sketch of the long series of misrule and profligacy in the upper orders that led to it, and made it necessary. It will, I have no doubt, be amusing, because he means to found it upon anecdotes drawn from the French Memoirs; and it will be useful, as reminding those people who now talk of nothing but the "horrors of the French Revolution," that there were other horrors antecedent to it, which must in fairness be taken into account. Dined at Lord Granard's, who has persuaded us to transfer our restaurateur dinner (fixed for to-day) to his house: company, besides Fazakerley, Lord John, Luttrell

and myself, Col. Palmer, Mrs. Rawdon, and one or two more. The usual clouds hung about the dinner, notwithstanding some of the materials. Lord John drove me to the gondole office, and I arrived at home at nine.

9th. Irving came to breakfast, for the purpose of taking leave (being about to set off for England), and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans' (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve-edition writers treated with claret, &c.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture. Went with Villamil to dine with General Fuller at Versailles; a party of ultras. High dispute about Spain with Villamil, in which two or three coxcomb Frenchmen exhibited their usual ill-breeding and mummery. Sung a little in the evening.

10th. Wrote about twenty lines. Went in to dine at Lord Holland's, Villamil being unable to go from the gout. Company, Lord John, Fazakerley, Irving, and Allen. Left them at nine, and came out in Villamil's carriage alone at eleven. Kenny and Irving set off together for England to-morrow. Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;" he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer;
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

11th. Breakfasted at Villamil's to meet the Marquis Santa Cruz and his family; very amiable persons. Am much inclined to think with Lord Holland, that the Spaniards altogether are among the best people of Europe. A good deal of talk with the Marquis. He says that Spain, whatever she may suffer or do, will not retrograde in liberty. Told me of the reception which the Comte d'Artois, the other day, gave to Torreno, the Spanish minister to Berlin; he hardly looked at him when introduced by Santa Cruz, but turning abruptly round to the Prussian minister said,

J'espère que vous serez content du ministre que nous venons d'envoyer chez vous (meaning Chateaubriand); *au moins, il ne révolutionnera pas votre pays*: this is worse than foolish. Wrote some lines, and took a late dinner with Villamil. Dear Statia passed this day with us, and returned with Mrs. Forster in the evening.

12th. Lost a great part of the day in letter writing, &c. Dined at home.

13th. Wrote something. Went in at five to join the Villamils at Riché's, for the purpose of attending Mrs. Forster's musical party in the evening: the Storys went with us. Mademoiselle Naldi sung very charmingly; Mrs. V. and I much teased to sing, but both refused; too many foreigners and professors. Returned home about twelve.

14th. Wrote a little. Went into town at four to dine at Lord Holland's: company, Lord Gower, Duc de Broglie, Dumont of Geneva, Lord John, &c. Lord Holland said that the Cheltenham waters are manufactured every morning for the drinkers, and are *not* natural. Some pleasant conversation with Lord H. in the evening. He said that Apreece (the Cadwallader of Foote) had a trick of sucking his wrist now and then with a sort of *supping* noise, in which Foote exactly imitated him. Upon this farce coming out, Apreece went to Garrick for the purpose of consulting him as the propriety of challenging Foote for the insult; but all Garrick said was, "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." Spoke of Foote's farces; "Witty, but wrong," in Smirke, which Foote used to say so well. Lord H. said to-day that Mr. Fox was always an advocate for the mode of raising money by lotteries, maintaining it was a just tax upon vanity and avarice. Lord H., however, added laughing, that he believed the opinion rather arose from his uncle's strong passion for play in general. Came out in a cuckoo at half-past nine. Villamil is getting on with his translation of Lord John's book; has bought for the purpose "Father Conolly's Dictionary," which Lord Holland, however, says is a very bad one. Heard to-day that Rogers is dangerously ill.

15th. Have written this week seventy lines. Went in for the purpose of passing two or

three days with the Storys. Miserable wet day. S. and I went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Jean de Paris," a very pleasant little piece.

16th. Went to the Chamber of Peers, to hear sentence passed on the person lately tried for a conspiracy: sat with Dumont. Dined at Hardy's, with the addition of Dalton and Capt. Arbuthnot: chose them an excellent dinner. A ball at Story's in the evening in honour of her birthday. A strange sort of evening from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the cripelas again by dancing. I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. The supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock.

17th. Called upon the Granards, &c. Dined at S's, and went to Tivoli in the evening: a true summer's night. Bought a little set of books to-day, the "Encyclopédie Poétique."

18th. Called upon Gallois, who told me that he had just seen a pamphlet in prose, professing to be "*traduit de l'Anglais de Sir Thomas Moore, on the death of Buonaparte*," with an ode on the same subject annexed, as written by Lord Byron: an audacious catchpenny; but it's something that one's name can furnish a catchpenny. Came out to Sèvres at three: at dinner early at Villamil's: Lord John, Fazakerley, Luttrell, Lady Davy, Gallois, and Ora (a Spaniard). The day very agreeable. Talking with Luttrell of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was. "Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh, sensible men never tell." He mentioned too, at dinner, a good sort of sham problem, "Given, the tonnage of a ship, and the course she is upon; required, the name of the captain." Singing in the evening: Ora sung to the guitar some thoroughly Spanish songs.

19th. Gallois dined with Lord John and me. Began this morning something for Power: words to an air of my own, which I mean to pass as national.

20th. Villamil rode with Lord John in the morning. All dined with me.

21st. Went into town early, in order to get Bessy's passports, take the places, &c. Dined (Lord John and I) at Villamil's; Dalton of

the party. All I have done this week is a verse or two of a song for Power.

22nd. Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's and came out at eight in the evening.

23rd. All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the dear girl. Dined at Story's; Dalton of the party. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

24th. Could not sleep all night with anxiety about the morning's operation. All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy comfortably off at nine o'clock, with Jane Power, Hannah, and dear little Tom. Heaven guard her! Breakfasted at Perry's, and returned to Story's to dress. Made some visits to Madame Durazzo, Luttrell, the Bushes, &c. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Mr. Sneyd (who, I find is the author of those lines on "Lalla Rookh"), Sir Charles Stuart, Lord John, &c. Ellis rather clever. Had some very delightful conversation with Lord Holland after dinner. Told me some highly amusing anecdotes about Dr.—, a matter-of-fact Irish atheist, resident in France during the Revolution; who, Lord H. thinks, was mainly instrumental in heating Burke's imagination about that event, by writing letters to him, in which he claimed for himself and brother atheists the whole credit of bringing it about. Burke believed him, and saw nothing henceforth but atheism and all sorts of horrors at the bottom of it. Lord H.'s mimicry of this man's manner; of his boasts of proselytism among his patients, "at those moments when the solemnity of their situation made their minds more open to the truth;" of his rising in a French coffeehouse, when some one had expressed doubts whether ever any man was really an atheist, and saying gravely, *Mon-sieur, j'ai l'honneur de l'être; non seulement je ne crois pas qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais je le sais et je le prouve, &c. &c.*: all was irresistibly comical, and made us laugh as heartily as ever Liston did. Sir C. Stuart afterwards joined us. Talked of foreign ministers: their difficulty sometimes in making out materials for dispatches. The Prussian government requires of its ministers to turn at least the first page. It appears that England manufactures at present a much greater quantity of silk than France. Slept at Story's.

25th. Called upon Lattin, who showed me the room which he destines for me in his house; a little dark, dirty, bathing room. I'll none of it. Went to the Granards. Lady Adelaide walked with me to Lord Raneliffe's, and ordered *his* bedroom to be prepared for me whenever I came into town, Raneliffe himself having just gone to England. Called at the Hollands'. My Lady just going out to dine, and offered to take me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way to Sèvres. Went thence to Galignani's, to beg him to get a contradiction of the pamphlet imputed to me and Lord Byron into one of the French journals. By the bye, forgot to mention that yesterday morning at the Louvre (whither I went for the purpose of seeing the fine statue discovered at Milo), I met Comte Forbin and Gerard the painter, who spoke of this *brochure*, and advised me to contradict it in the French papers. Came out in the gondole at four with Williams, and dined at Villamil's; a party of foreigners, Spanish and German; rather amusing. Slept at home.

26th. Wrote some letters; a verse or two of a song, &c., and went into town at two. Called upon Benjamin Constant to beg he would use his interest with some of the French papers to have the brochure contradicted: he said no one believed it to be mine. Dined at Lattin's: company, Lords Holland, John Russell, Thanet, and Trimlestown; Messrs. Maine de Biron and Denon, Luttrell, and Concannon. Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and its rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a belly-ache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I'll know *you'll* not betray me sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing*," pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was neither more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient. Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been

asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day."—"Most willingly." "Name your day, then."—"*Aujourd'hui, par exemple*," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties." Talking with Lord Holland about George Lamb's translation of Catullus, I mentioned how beautifully Cowley had done some parts of the *Acme* and *Septimius*—

"While on Septimius' panting breast,
Meaning nothing less than rest."

Upon which Lord H. said he would have sworn this second line was my own. Slept at Raneliffe's.

27th. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called afterwards on the Miss Berrys. Miss Berry employed about some work which will make it necessary for her to come and live in France. Having a private opportunity to write to Lord Byron, sent him his (supposed) "Ode on Napoleon's Death," and a ridiculous engraving of him upon a *rocher*, in order "that he might see what justice they do to his mind and body here." Came out to Sèvres at four. Dined with Villamil; Williams of the party. Slept at the pavilion. Got a letter in the evening from my darling Bessy, who had arrived safely at Calais, and gives the following laconic description of her fellow-travellers:—"Little Tom on the way was delightful, Jane very quiet, poor Hannah very sick, the gentleman very gentlemanly, and the lady (*I* think) a lady's maid." Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's "Memoirs," on condition that, in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor.

28th. A day of incessant rain: home very,

very dull. Copied out three songs to send to Power, and wrote a little of a fourth. Dined with the Villamils. Received a note from Miss Drew to join their party to Versailles to-morrow.

29th. Went with the Douglasses to Versailles: a fine day, but very a dull one.

30th. Another letter from my darling Bessy, who has arrived safe at Dover. Went into town; saw my dearest Anastasia in my way. Called at the Hollands': asked me to dine; and though I went in with the determination of being free for the evening, I consented. Frere's brother just arrived from Constantinople. Told us something about the Turks; but very muddily, as if he had been himself dosed among them with opium. Drove about a little with Mrs. S. Somebody told at dinner of a little French boy from college saying, when his father remonstrated with him upon some insubordination or waywardness he had been guilty of, "*Mais Papa, il faut marcher avec son siècle.*" Lady H. showed me some verses Lord Holland had written to her in English and Latin upon the subject of Napoleon's gift; some lines of Lord John's too. She said I must do something of the same kind, and wished she could have a few lines from Lord Byron too, to add to her triumph. Lord Holland's verses chiefly turn upon the circumstance of the box having been originally given to Napoleon by the Pope, for his clemency in sparing Rome. Frere objected to the last line of the Latin. Went about nine o'clock to the Storys.

31st. Made two sets of verses to Lady H. about the box before I got out of bed, but did not write them down. Called upon her with the intention of breakfasting, but she looked so out of temper, that though I sat down to the table, yet as no one asked me to partake of what was going on, did not venture to say that I had not breakfasted. Went for that purpose to Rosset's the restaurateur. Idled about Paris. Dined at Douglas's: Sir John Gifford and young Murray of the party. Went to the Opera to join Lady Holland, who asked me in the morning; pretended to think her box full, and came away again. Returned to Douglas's, and took Lucy to Tortoni's to have ice.

August 1st. Found Rogers was arrived. Drove about a little with Mrs. S., and called

upon Rogers at four; his sister and niece with him. Received me most cordially, and I truly happy to see him again. Staid with him till it was time to dress for dinner at the Hollands': company there, Lord Thanet, Lord John, Gallois, the two young Foxes, &c. Somebody mentioned that Canning had said, upon Ward's late tirade in the House against Austria, "Then I suppose lodgings are very bad and dear at Vienna." Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of "*Lalla Rookh*" most splendidly bound and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen. In the evening came Benjamin Constant, Casimir Perrier (a very good-looking man), Lord Alvanley, &c. Lady Holland proposed to Rogers and me to drive out with her on the Quais; a *triste* operation in a shut-up carriage, at the rate of a mile an hour. As soon as I could escape, went to Tortoni's and refreshed myself with an ice.

2nd. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called upon Rogers; Luttrell with him. Luttrell said that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, "like that king of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town." Walked about the Tuileries Gardens for an hour and a half with Rogers; sarcastic and amusing as usual. Dined at the Storys': the company not worth enumerating, though amounting to about fifteen dull souls in all. Went in the evening to Tivoli.

3rd. Rogers having proposed to come out to the *pavillon* to-day with his sister, I hustled away early with a pigeon-pie and some other provisions for the dinner. Took up a pretty Dutch girl in my cuckoo, who deals in shawls, and gave me her history. With the assistance of Mallard the *traiteur* and Mrs. Villamil, made out a very respectable bill of fare. The Rogerses arrived before two o'clock, and went with me to Meudon and the Sèvres manufactory: our dinner very lively and agreeable; Villamil and Lord John of the party. Lord John slept in the little *pavillon*. Rogers quite distressed at hearing from me that Lord Byron had just finished a tragedy on the story of Foscari.

4th. Lord John went into Paris to prepare for his journey to Switzerland with Ward: a large dinner at the Villamils; the Storys, McLeods, Dalton, a Mr. Wilks (a Dissenter who lives at Bellevue, author of a work on the "Persecution of the French Protestants"). Capt. Arbuthnot, &c. &c. Mr. McLeod told Dalton that he himself heard Walter Scott say that the "Fire Worshippers" is the best poem written by any of the living poets. *Can this be true?* Music with Mercer and his sister in the evening.

5th. A sultry day. Felt heavy and feverish, partly from taking too warm a bath: did but little. Dined with Villamil, after a walk to St. Cloud to see the Waters play. Wrote a verse of a song for Power.

6th. Went into town with Villamil. Called on the McLeods, in order to fix a day for them to take me to Coulon's dancing school, to see the new Spanish dancer of whom so much is said. Dined at the Cadran Bleu with Rogers, his sister, and niece, and Lord John. Lord John has again given up his idea of leaving Paris, and means to come out to La Butte. Rather inconvenient this, as the attendant Bessy has left me in the cottage turns out to be a stupid, drunken dawdler. This morning too our former cook sent me a most earnest and well-written letter, telling me she had a good place offered, but that she preferred mine to any she ever lived in; that if I would take her back now, she would be most happy; or if I chose to wait till Bessy's return, she would come to us from the best place. It is unlucky I have declined this, as she would be most useful to me just now. All our party went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Solitaire." A letter to-day from Bessy, who is safe in Wiltshire. Slept at Ranciliffe's.

7th. Breakfasted at Story's. Had my little Anastasia in from Mrs. Forster's, to show her to the Rogerses. Walked her about a little afterwards, and met several of my acquaintances, who seemed to admire the dear girl a good deal: bought her a little French book. Mrs. Story took me in her carriage to pay a visit to Bowditch (the Ashantee man), who has sent me a whole heap of his new publications. An immense journey off to the Quartier de Jardin des Plantes: one ought to be as great a voyager as himself to visit him. Showed me the spec-

imens of fossils which they are liberal enough to lend him from the Museum, for the lithographic drawings of his work on "Natural History." Dined with Rogers and his sister at Beauvilliers'; they went to the Français afterwards, and I to "Otello:" fine effects of harmony in this opera, and a few touches of feeling, such as Otello's "*Sì, dopo lei morirò*," and the scene where Desdemona hears the gondolier singing, "*Nessun maggior dolore*:" this whole scene very romantically imagined.

8th. Asked to breakfast with the Hollands this morning (as I had been to dinner yesterday), but went to breakfast with Rogers. Have been lucky enough to get my cook back. Went to Chevet's to buy a pie towards my dinner at home to-day; *perdre aux truffes*; gave thirteen francs for it. Mrs. Villamil, however, just came to town; says they expect Lord John and me to dine with them, which will be more convenient. Called on the Hollands. Wrote out for Lady H. one of the sets of verses which I made upon Napoleon's gift to her, and which she seemed to like very well. Lord John drove me out to Sèvres in his cabriolet; dined with Villamil. By the bye, there have been lately some attacks upon me in the "Courier," and a defence in the "Chronicle;" the former, however, far more flattering than the latter, as bestowing warm praise in the midst of its censure. Suspect Croker of it.

9th. The Villamils were to have had a party to the woods to-day, but the excessive rain made it impossible. Some of the invited, however, came; Captain Arbuthnot and the McLeods. Lord John eat his boiled chicken alone in the little *pavillon*. I dined with Villamil. Went in at night to meet Rogers and his sister, by appointment, at Beaujon, but they were not there. Went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl. Slept at Ranciliffe's.

10th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went afterwards to the Louvre with him. The nose of the new statue from Milo badly restored, which gives the face in some respects an air of coarseness and vulgarity; but a very fine thing: would much rather have had it than the lanky Diana. R. spoke depreciatingly of Chantrey and Canova. Said Gerard's Henry IVth was "like a tin-shop," which is true; a hard glitter about it. Explained to me what is called breadth of light, by Correggio's pic-

ture of the Nymph and Satyr. Beautiful hands in one of the female portraits of Leonardo da Vinci. Went to Denon's; his meeting with Rogers very comical—kissing him, &c. &c.: the sweet character of his heads by Giambellino, on a gold ground. Dined with Miss Rogers and the niece, R. being engaged to Lord Stafford's, and went to see Talma in Neron. The announcement of the catastrophe in long, dull speeches most tame and uninteresting. The touching exclamation, *Oh ciel, saurez Britannicus!* given very coldly by Bourgoin. Supped at Mrs. Story's.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers. A letter from my darling Bessy, who is about to leave Wiltshire for Derbyshire. Dined with Rogers; *dîner de commande*. Went in the evening to see "Don Juan."

12th. Breakfasted at Tortoni's, and went afterwards to see the new opera house, a rehearsal going on. Went at one o'clock, a large party of us, to see Soult's pictures, Lady Holland, Madame Durazzo and her husband, Lord Clare, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), the Rogerses, &c. &c. Was anxious to see whether this collection could conquer the prejudices R. has against Murillo. He confessed he never before had such a high idea of this master, but still saw all the faults of his manner, the want of strength and decision, the florid colouring, the undignified and ordinary nature of his figures and faces, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Rogers, Lord Herbert, Mrs. Rawdon, &c. The Miss Rogerses called to take R. and me to the Beaumon: a military fête, the storming of a fort, &c., very beautiful: went down the cars twelve times. Went to Lord Holland's afterwards. Raneliffè returned from England to-night. In talking to Rogers about my living in Paris, I said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," says he; "I daresay when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

13th. Breakfasted with Lord Raneliffè. Drove about with Mrs. Story. A dinner given by Lord John, at Roberts', to the Rogerses, Luttrell, and me; gayer day than Saturday. Rogers's story of his having called a lady *une femme galante et généreuse* at Père la Chaise to-day; her anger and the laughter of her companion, who seemed, as if she said, "It's all out; even strangers know it." Went

to the Variétés in the evening. Rogers joined us, after a visit to Miss H. M. Williams, and gave us an amusing account of it; the set of French Blues assembled to hear a reading of the "Mémoires de Nelson," which R. was obliged to endure also; the dialogue with Miss W. on the stairs, &c. &c.

14th. Breakfasted at Mrs. Story's. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Lord and Lady Sefton, Rogers, Humboldt, &c. Humboldt mentioned at dinner a theory of Volney's (I think), with respect to the influence of climate upon language; that, in a cold, foggy atmosphere, people are afraid to open their mouths, and hence the indistinctness and want of richness and fullness in the sounds of their language; whereas, in a soft balsamic air, which the mouth willingly opens to inhale, the contrary effect takes place. Talked of the comic dramatists of France, Regnard, Destouches, &c. &c.: the comedy of the "Irresolu" (by the latter, I believe), and that amusing touch of character at the end, *J'aurais mieux fait, je crois, d'épouser Célimène*. Went (Rogers and I) to the Italian Opera: the "Barbieri."

15th. Breakfasted with R.: read me his story of Foscari, which is told very strikingly. Was to have seen the pretty Spanish dancer, Maria Mercandotti, this morning, but, being a fête, no dancing at Coulon's. Drove with the Rogerses to Bagatelle, but not admitted for the same reason: went thence with the two women to Notre Dame, and saw the Royal Family walk in procession. Dined at M'Leod's: party, Villamil, Mr. Gisdon, and myself. A little M'Leod (two years and a-half old) repeated to me, quite correctly, the lines from "Lalla Rookh," "Tell me not of joys above," taught by his young aunt, who seems to have everything I ever wrote by heart. Sung in the evening. Joined the Rogerses at Tivoli: went down the cars some half dozen times, and then to Lord Holland's. My Lady very anxious I should dine there to-morrow to meet Mercier (author of "Louis IXth") and Count Torreno. Rogers, speaking as we walked home of the sort of conscription of persons of all kinds that is put in force for the dinner of the Hollands, said, "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—they and the police." Took leave of them: he starts for Switzerland to-morrow.

16th. Invited Anthony Strutt (who has

brought a letter of introduction from his uncle) to dine with me at Sèvres to-day. Met Fawcett the actor, and asked him out too. Found, when I arrived, that Lord John was to dine with Villamil, who expected me also. Had my party, however, to myself, and joined them in the evening. Slept at Sèvres.

17th. Not very well, nor in good spirits. Cried bitterly over the account of the Liverpool packet lost the other day. No letter from Bessy. Endeavoured to write a song to a Sicilian air, but in vain; in short, all day at two lines, without success. The Villamils and I picnicked our provender: had dinner *chez moi*, Lord John, they, and Dr. H——. Mrs. S. came in the evening. A letter too from Bessy, which made a material alteration in my spirits.

18th. More successful with my Sicilian air; wrote two verses. Sauntered about with Lord John. Both dined with Villamil; Dalton of the party.

19th. Began another Melody to a Swedish air. Lord John drove me in his cabriolet. Both dined at the Hollands': company, Villamil, Arnould the poet, Mrs. Rawdon, a Mr. Ponsonby, &c. It turns out to be quite an invention what Madame Hamelin told me at Montrons, of Arnould having translated "Lalla Rookh." What led to the mistake was his having mentioned to her that he was trying to put some of my Melodies into French verse: a good deal of talk with him before dinner. Said to be one of the authors of the "Miroir;" the government persecute him incessantly. Lord H. told me that, among the thirty excepted from the amnesty on the Restoration, Flahault's name was at first inserted, but through Talleyrand's interest was afterwards removed, and (as they thought it necessary to make up the exact number of thirty) poor Arnould's name, being the first that occurred, put in his place. Went in the evening, with Allen and Henry Fox, to Beaujon. Supped afterwards at Mrs. Story's.

20th. Breakfasted at the Café Hardy. Made sick by the excessive heat. Was too late for Lord John's; and went to Beauvilliers, where I found Harry Leeson sitting down to dinner alone, and joined him.

22nd. Finished my song to the Swedish air, and wrote it out. Lady Holland called to take Lord John and me in to dine with her.

Did not see her; he did, but refused. Dined quietly together. Mrs. S. called in the evening to take me to a fête at Marboeuf; but there was none. Slept at Raneliffe's.

23rd. Went with the McLeods to the Panorama of Athens, whose dreariness rather consoled me for not having been at Athens. Dined at Raneliffe's: company, Villamil, Lord John, Long Wellesley, Daly, &c. Wellesley mentioned an anecdote to show the insincerity of George III., that in giving the ribbon to Lord Wellesley (after having done all he could, as Lord W. well knew, to avoid giving it to him), he said, "I recollect, my Lord, having thought, when I saw you as a boy at Eton, that I should one day have to bestow this distinction upon you." Lord R. told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Buonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the King. Put this into verse afterwards. Went and eat an ice at Tortoni's in the evening.

24th. Came out early for the purpose of looking after the arrangements of my dinner to-day. Company: Raneliffe, Lord John, Fitzherbert, Villamil, and Wilder; rather a pleasant day. Had singing at Villamil's in the evening.

25th. Put another song on the stocks. Went into Paris at two. A letter yesterday from my dearest Bessy, full of the most natural and touching phrases; just like herself in every word of it. Dined at the Hollands'; company: Lord Darlington, Madame Durazzo, Lord John, &c. Sat near Lord H., who was, as usual, most hearty and agreeable. Talked of his early habits of mimicry; how difficult he had often found it to avoid mimicking people in re-stating what they had said; particularly Lord Loughborough. Heard his uncle mimic Pitt in the house. Went in the evening to the Storys, and walked (a party of us, Col. Cooper, Wilder, and the women) to see the fireworks, for the fête of St. Louis, in the Champs Elysées.

26th. Breakfasted with Lord John at his new lodgings in the Rue Chantereine. Drove out with Mrs. S. to see my dear Statia. Meant to have dined with the Granards, but did not let them know till near six o'clock, and they

had not room for me. Dined by myself at Beauvilliers'; and went afterwards to the Tuileries, to see the fireworks given by the Gardes du Corps; very beautiful; just as if flights of luminous birds were sporting about in profusion among the trees; lasted, too, near a quarter of an hour.

27th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and read over some of what he has lately been writing, which promises very well indeed. Agreed to dine with him at a restaurateur's: read over some of his MS. before dinner. Dined at Riche's, and afterwards separated; he to go to the Français, and I to the Opera. "La Vestale" and the "Carnival:" never tired of the dancing.

28th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and came out to Sèvres at one, anxious for a letter, which I counted upon by yesterday's post, from Bessy; none arrived, which puzzles me with respect to my plan of meeting her most awkwardly. Dined with Villamil, and practised over some duets with Mrs. V. in the evening.

29th. Finished the song I began on Saturday to one of the Mahratta airs Lady Hastings gave me; three verses. Dined with Villamil to meet a Captain and Mrs. Fisher. Went in the evening for the purpose of sending off a letter by one of Meurice's coaches to Bessy at Calais; found he has no coaches, but he took charge of the letter.

30th. Called at Lord Holland's; Lord Darlington there. Meant to have gone and dined with the Granards, but Raneliffe wished me to go with him to the Fitzherberts'; did so, a *partie quarrée*. He drove me in his cabriolet, after dinner, to the Hollands', then went to the Granards'.

31st. Got up early and went to the Messageries Royales, for the chance of seeing some one I knew going off in the Calais-coach, who might bear a message to Bessy for me. Gave a card to the conducteur, on which I wrote with a pencil that I would wait her arrival at Paris. Breakfasted with Lord John: drove me afterwards to the Hollands'. Much talk with him about his intended political steps the next session: means to bring forward a plan of reform; evidently displeased with the shilly-shally conduct of his party. Found Lord Holland in high spirits, and reciting verses in all languages, while he tore up his bills and

letters; among other things the following of Cowper's:—

"Doctor Jortin
Had the good *fortin*,
To write these verses
On tombs and hearses;
Which I, being jinglish,
Have done into English."

This led us to talk of Jortin's *Que te sub tenerá*, and Gruter's including it among his collection of ancient inscriptions, which Lord H. said surprised him, there being some evident clues to its detection as modern. The word *oro*, as it is here used, and the situation in the line of the word *crudalia*; the one (I think, he said) being of modern use, and the latter only used in the early Latin authors. Lord H. repeated, with much emphasis, those fine verses of Dryden's about transubstantiation ("Can I believe * * * that the great Maker of the world could die"), which I have heard Matthew Montague say he has known Mr. Fox write out to amuse himself during an election committee. Lord H. showed me some verses he had written the day before; one, upon a clock, with the design of *L'Amour fait passer le Temps* on it, beginning something this way,

"Love, says the poet, makes Time pass,
But I'm inclined to doubt him;
Dismiss the roving boy; alas!
Time pushes on without him."

The other, a string of similes on his son Charles, of which I remember the following (*N. B.* Charles is a great person for recollecting dates):

"That he's like a palm-tree, it well may be said,
Having always a cluster of dates in his head."

Mrs. S. took me out to Villamil's, with the hope, indeed the certainty, of finding a letter, by this post, from Bessy; but none arrived, to my no small wonder and uneasiness. Heaven send all may be right. Came in at eight; dressed, and went to Lord Holland's; a number of people there to take leave of them, as they go to-morrow: among others, Lavalette, who is a very gentle, interesting little man. Slept at the Storys', having lost my bed at Raneliffe's, on account of the expected return of Lady R. to-morrow.

September 1st. Have not been very well these some days past.

2nd. Began a song to a Sicilian air: Went

into town at two: Called upon Miss Capel, who played me a fine lesson of Beethoven's. Raneliffe called to take me to dinner at the Fitzherberts': company, Lord Fife, John King, Lady Augusta Leith, and Dr. Gullefer. In the evening had some music. Found two pretty airs among Mrs. Fitz.'s MSS.

3rd. A letter from Bessy to my great delight: her too hospitable spirit has induced her to invite two girls (the Miss Belchers) to pay us a visit here, and that they are actually coming with her. Went out with the Storys, after an early dinner, to the fête at St. Germain's. Dull enough, but the evening beautiful.

4th. Came out to Sèvres to order every thing to be ready for Bessy's reception. Dined with the Storys, and drove in the evening to the Messageries Royales. At about eight the diligence arrived, and in it the dear girl and her little one, whom I was right happy to see; the Miss Belchers, too, with her. Mrs. S.'s carriage brought us all out to Sèvres.

5th. Passed the morning in talking over what has happened since we parted. After dinner went in to fetch Anastasia.

6th. Sent off six "National Melodies" to Power: took Anastasia in. Returned to dinner at Villamil's; a large party, the Macleods, Storys, &c. Some singing in the evening. Lord John came out at nine for the purpose of seeing Bessy; is to dine with us to-morrow.

7th. Lord John dined with us, and slept.

8th. Took in Bessy and her young friends for the purpose of passing two or three days at the Storys', and showing them some of the lions. I dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, Count Funchal, Gallois, Lord John, and Binda. Talked of the clever men of Italy—Nicollini, Fabbioni, &c. Fontana was a strong materialist. Binda mentioned an Italian epigram of Lord Holland's about *Ratto*, who was the paymaster of the witnesses against the Queen; the point of which was that, in Italy the Rats paid, but in England *i Ratti sono pagati*. Gallois also alluded to some French epigram which Lord Holland had showed him, but which was radically faulty from a confusion in the meaning of the word on which the point turned. This must often happen in such school-boy attempts at foreign verse-making.

Funchal mentioned Mathias as an instance of success in this way; but Binda (I was glad to find) pronounced his verses to be very indifferant. Spoke of a Society or Academy at Rome (I forget the name), of which the Duchess of Hamilton was made a member, under the title of Polymnia Caledonia. At a little after eight joined Bessy, &c. at the Porte St. Martin: saw the "Tableau de J. Jacques," in which Potier was very amusing, and "Riquet à la Houppe," pretty little Jenny Vertpré being replaced in the character of Abricotine by a very infirm make-shift. All supped and slept at Story's.

9th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and afterwards went to look for Lord Lansdowne, who arrived last night. Found him *au troisième* in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc; starts again for the Pyrenees to-morrow. A good deal of talk about the Royal visit in Ireland; the good sense with which the King has acted, and the bad servile style in which poor Paddy has received him; Mr. O'Connell pre-eminent in blarney and inconsistency. Many good results, however, likely to arise from the whole affair, if the King but continues in the same state of temper towards Ireland in which he is at present. Drove about with Mrs. S. and Bessy: dined at the Storys; Col. Cooper and Dalton of the party. Went all in the evening to Beaujon, and thence to Tivoli; where I went down in the cars with the two girls, who are, by the bye, very pretty, and much admired. Slept at Story's.

10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, "The Prince's Day," sung before him, immediately after "God save the King," and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but upon reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, "*Maturin* and the *rising* Poets of Erin," what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition at Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find

for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have bedaubed him hardly deserve. Dined at Story's, and went to the French Opera in the evening: "Iphigénie in Tauride" and the "Jugment de Paris."

11th. Took the women to the Louvre. Dined at Story's, and went all to the Gymnase in the evening; little Leontini Fay and Perlet very amusing. A letter from Lord Byron, in answer to my communication about the sale of the MS., very satisfactory.

12th. Went to Denon's with the Belchers. He has put Grattan's medal into hand. Received a note from Lord John to say that he is for England and will take me. How lucky! the 4th of this month, two years since, we started together from London. Dined with him at Beauvilliers'; - he afterwards to the Gymnase, and I to Sèvres.

13th. Made some arrangements for my journey, which is rather a perilous one; but I have made up my mind to it ever since I found the Longmans had been so dilatory in their negotiation; besides, my poor father and mother are growing old, and it is time I should see them again. Went in to dine at Beauvilliers' with Hill and Horace Smith, one of the "Rejected" brothers.

14th. Mrs. Villamil brought to bed this morning. Began words to a Neapolitan air. Lord John came out to take leave of Bessy. Told him that, as I knew he liked to change his mind, he must not be particular with me, as to his promise of going with me; he seemed, however, decided upon it. He made his luncheon, while Bessy dined. I dined with Villamil and Dr. H——, who described an organ in the *poitrine* of the newborn infant, which seems to have been placed there solely for the purpose of nourishing it till the mother is capable of doing so, as it diminishes when the child begins to suck, and at last disappears entirely. It is what is called the *fraise* (he said) in a calf. Mrs. S. came in the evening, with Mr. Newton, an American, who brought

letters of introduction from his friend Irving to us.

15th. Went in for the purpose of dining with M'Leod. Had a note from Lord John to say he has changed his mind about going. This uncertainty rather a fault. My chief regret at it is the not having his assistance in my negotiation with the American agent, to whom I meant, through *him*, to offer a thousand pounds immediately on my settling with Murray for the "Memoirs." Went to Lafitte's, and drew upon Murray, at three months, for a hundred pounds. Called upon Lord John, who seemed, after a little conversation, to be half inclined to change again; bid me, at parting, not give him up. Company at M'Leod's, Villamil, Arbuthnot, and Girdon. Sung in the evening. Slept at Story's.

16th. Bought a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women, as a mode of disguising myself in England. Came out at twelve: a party to dinner, the Storys, Dr. Lamb, and Irving's friend: dined at four; and went to the fête at St. Cloud in the evening; saw several shows, &c.

17th. Wrote to Murray, to say I should start on Wednesday: inclosed also to Rogers's housekeeper the note he gave me for her, directing that I should have a bed at his house during my stay in London. Went in with my letters: saw Lord John, who says he is now determined to go, if I will stay for him till Saturday; promised to give him an answer tomorrow. Dined alone at the Café Français, and came out to Sèvres at eight.

18th. Resolved to wait for Lord John; wrote him a note to say so. Went in with Villamil in his gig at four, in order to dine at Story's, and go with the M'Leods to Madame Fodor's benefit. The tickets a Napoleon each; the entertainments a combination of the three best things in Paris, Italian singing, French dancing, and Mdlle. Mars's acting; all excellent, but rather too much for one evening; not over till past twelve. Eat ice with the ladies at Torton's afterwards, and slept at Story's.

19th. Called upon Lord John, who is still in the mind for Saturday. Went afterwards to the Louvre to meet Villamil and Newton, who is a painter. He is at present occupied in finishing a copy of Paul Veronese's "Mariage at Cana," begun by another American artist, Leslie. His remarks upon some of the pictures interesting: the temptation the Vene-

tian painters had to gorgeousness in the rich and various costumes with which Venice abounded. An approach to idiocy (he said) in the faces of Correggio; the angel in the picture at Parma an instance. The rough canvas of Titian favorable to rapidity of execution, as it takes the colours more quickly. The neatness and elegance of a little page in one of Rubens' Luxembourg pictures. The admirable picture of Erasmus, which I have so often stood before. Saw Wilkie in the gallery, who thanked me, with much warmth, for having called upon him: he was employed in taking a rough copy of a picture of Cuyp's. Told me the Royal Academicians had lately a private dinner together, in which my health was drunk with great enthusiasm. Called for my little Anastasia, and brought her out to dinner. Sung with the girls in the evening.

20th. Read, and sauntered about. A dinner at Villamil's: four Spaniards (one of them the brother of Duke —, and a poet and painter), Newton, and ourselves. The Spanish poet explained to me the nature of the rhyme called *Asonante*; peculiar, I think, to Spanish poetry, and taken, he thinks, from the Arabs. Morantín's comedies are all written in this kind of rhyme. Singing in the evening.

21st. Packed up to go and sleep in town to-night, preparatory to my departure to-morrow.

22nd. Left Paris with Lord John at a little after seven. Slept that night at Airaines.

23rd. Started at six; delayed for horses on account of the King of England, who was expected at Boulogne: slept within two stages of Calais; the evening most lovely.

24th. Sailed from Calais at twenty minutes past eleven; a most sickening passage of seven hours. The only persons aboard who knew me were Tyler and Forster, the Duchess of Devonshire's son. Lord John recommended my assuming some name, which I did, calling myself, in the packet and at the inn, "Mr. Dyke." Lord John and I searched at the custom house; they took from me a little locket with the hair of Anastasia and Tom, which I was carrying to my sister, and a mother-of-pearl pocket-book I had for my mother. Lord John, however (towards whom the change in the comptroller's manner on finding who he was amused us exceedingly), got them back again. Told me an anecdote of Hare's

books being stopped at a Dogana, and on his explaining that one of them was *Platone filosofo antico*, the doganiere sagaciously answered, *Sì, sì, filosofo antico; ma può contenere qualche cosa contra il governo.*

25th. Delayed by the custom house. Tierney, whose family are at Dover, called, and sat some time with us; thinks the tide is setting now towards royalty. When I said, "The wind is fair for the King to-day," he answered, "Damn it, everything's for him." Thinks that the majority of the country are tired of the present ministry, but don't know where else to supply their places: a mournful avowal for the Whig leader. Started in a back-chaise at half-past twelve. Lunched at Rochester: the King had gone through the day before, and done the distance from Rochester to Sittingbourne (eleven miles) in forty-two minutes. Set down Lord John at his father's in St. James's Square, and arrived at Rogers's about a quarter past eleven.

26th. Wrote notes to summon Murray and Power; the latter came immediately. Lord John wants me to go to Woburn. No Murray. Lord John dined with me onutton chops. Supper at Power's.

27th. Power called, then Lord John, and at last Murray. There was a mistake in the delivery of my note to him yesterday, which caused the delay. Agreed to all my arrangements about the payment of the sum for the "Memoirs;" took away the MS. Says that Lord B.'s two last tragedies ("Sardanapalus" and "Foscari") are worth nothing; that nobody will read them. Offered Lord B. 1000*l.* for the continuation of "Don Juan," and the same for the two tragedies; which he refused. Advised Murray not to speak so freely of his transactions with Lord B., nor of the decrease which, he says, has taken place in the attraction of his works. "Don Juan" to be discontinued, at the request (as, according to him, Byron says) of the Countess Guiccioli. A passage this morning in "Marmontel's Memoirs" struck me. Talking of the choice of a profession his mother says, *Pour le barreau. si vous y entrez, je vous exige la parole la plus inviolable, que vous n'y affirmerez jamais que ce que vous croirez vrai, que vous n'y défenderez jamais que ce que vous croirez juste.* On these terms he never could have been a lawyer; but she was quite right Lord.

John repeated some verses, by Home, author of "Douglas,"

"Proud and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried:
He drank the potion, and his spirit died."

The joke of the King giving a drawing-room (attributed to Rogers), that he was in himself a *sequence*—King, Queen, and Knave. Dined with Power; looked over some of my songs in the evening.

28th. Lord John was to have dined with me, but is summoned off to Panshanger by Lady Holland: made me promise to come to Woburn on Monday, if my affairs were in train. Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the "Memoirs"; seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were, and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remarked that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting *one* friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! Entreated of me still to leave the settlement of the business in Lord L.'s hands; but, of course, will not. Supped at Power's.

29th. Sent to Tegart, who called and asked me to dinner to-morrow. Henry Rogers came and sat with me two hours and a half. Dined at home. Walked out in the evening, the only time when I venture abroad except in a hackney coach. The gas-lights very inconvenient for gentlemen *incog*. Called at Lady Donegal's, and saw Philippa Godfrey. Lady D. comes to town to-morrow; supped at Power's. Found in Marmontel that pretty thing said by

Lord Albermarle to his mistress (Madlle. Guncher) who was looking earnestly up at a star, *Ne la regardez pas tant; je ne puis pas vous la donner*. Saw Bessy's mother this morning, and gave her five pounds.

30th. Went to Newton's; dined at Tegart's: W—— W—— there: owes Lord Byron, he says, 1000*l*., and does not seem to have the slightest intention of paying him. A note from Lord John from Cashiobury (directed to Thomas Dyke, Esq.) inclosing one from the Duke, in which he says, laconically, "Bring T. M." Read the proofs of Lord B.'s "*Sardanapalus*," with which I was delighted. Much originality in the character of Sardanapalus, but not a dramatic personage; his sly, insinuating sarcasms too delicate for the broad sign-painting of the stage.

October 1st. A letter from Lord J. Dined at Lady Donegal's; she herself not able to sit at dinner, but saw her in the evening. Excellent warm-hearted women in spite of their Toryism, which is, to be sure, most strong.

2nd. Preparations for departure; went to Power's.

3rd. A quarter before seven started from Holborn; arrived at the Duke's between two and three. Lord Tavistock there; invited me over to Oakley, but shall not be able to go. The Duchess full of farming and all its technicalities; disappointment in sale of pigs, price paid for driving bullocks, &c. &c. Had music in the evening: the Duchess said she wished I could "transfer my genius to her for six weeks;" and I answered, most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time." Introduced to Mr. Wiffen a Quaker poet, in the library this morning. The statue gallery of the Duke very interesting; Ganova's Graces exquisite; a cast of Sommariva's Magdalen there.

4th. A dreadful wet day, which deprived me of the first opportunity I had had of enjoying the air by daylight since I left France. Mr. Wiffen took my profile with a camera lucida; he already had those of Campbell and Rogers. Made him take Lord John's also to inclose to Bessy. Singing again in the evening.

5th. Walked with Lord John to see Mrs. Seymour (sister of the Duke's first wife and of Lady Bath) after breakfast: knew her very well in Ireland during the Duke's lord lieuten-

nancy, when she was very intimate with my friend Mrs. H. Tighe. A person to be liked very much; they live in a pretty cottage of the Duke's adjoining the park. The Duchess afterwards put me under the guidance of her niece, Miss Russell, to see the grounds, &c. &c. A pretty place, called the Thornery, where they sometimes drink tea in summer: the dairy, another pretty show place, two milk-pails of Sèvres china there, made for Marie Antoinette, and given by Lord Alvanley to the Duchess. Went afterwards through the apartments of the house with Lord John. A whole room full of Canalettos, a good many Vandykes; Lord Russell's long gold-headed cane in one of the rooms, beside his picture. The Duchess told at dinner of Sir W. Farquhar's going into an assembly and being bowed to by several girls, whom he did not know; upon which Lady Aldborough said, "Go home and put on your night caps, girls, if you wish him to know you." Talked of the Duke of York, who has lately been here: mentioned his having said (half jest, half earnest), in speaking of the arrangements of the coronation, "By G—, I'll have everything exactly the same at mine;" the Duchess's mimicking of his R. H. very good. Talked of a picture of Rogers done for the Duke by Hayter: asked me to put off my departure till Sunday, and the Duchess proposed I should go to-morrow and see Amptill. Sung again in the evening the Duke's two favourite songs "The Boys of Kilkenny" and "Here's the Bower."

6th. After breakfast went in the carriage with the Duke and Lord John (who were going to shoot), and Miss Russell. She and I walked to Amptill Park; very old trees there, some of them declared superannuated in Cromwell's time. Thence to the church of Millbrook; a pretty village in the valley. A pretty monument there of Georgiana Fox; bust very like. A figure of Christ in the basso-relievo, rather clumsy. An inscription in the churchyard struck me:

"Praises on tombs are titles vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument."

On another tomb is an apology from the defunct for not having left a P. P. C. card at his departure:

"I had not time to bid my friends farewell."

Thence to Amptill Church; a column there erected by order of Lord Ossory to his memory, he being buried in Northamptonshire. Some verses on it by Lord H.; one of the lines,

"His was the smile that spoke a mind at ease,"

The last line, the Duke says, is Rogers's, and that some one, not knowing this, criticised it severely to him. The Seymours came to dinner. Lord J. told of a Mr. Hare, upon being asked his quality in passing some barrier in Germany (having been long bored with such questions), saying that he was grand cabinet trumpeter to the Prince of Thurn-Taxis, and being taken out of his bed next morning by gens-d'armes for the joke. Singing in the evening. Miss Russell promised to write out some pretty national airs for me.

7th. The Duke and Duchess made me promise to take Woburn in my way back, and she said, "If you are in ever such a hurry you must sleep somewhere, so make this your inn." Some conversation with Lord J. in the library before I started. His new plan of a book of Sketches, prefacing the story he showed me at Sèvres to them, and giving the Sketches as the remains of his hero. Much talk about the projected newspaper, or periodical work, between Lord Byron, him, and me. Received letters from dear Bess. Started at twelve, in the Duke's gig, for Brickhill: missed the coach: posted on twenty-nine miles to Daven-try: slept there.

8th. Up at three: off in a coach at four: arrived in Birmingham at ten. Somewhat tempted by Miss Wilson's name in the bills for to-night, never having heard her, but took the mail, four guineas, to Holyhead, and started at eleven. A cook, tobacconist, and a young man from Canterbury, going as preventive officer to Ireland: let into some secrets about the smuggling trade by them: some good *bulls* from the tobacconist, such as, "if the *absentees* would *stay* at home," &c. &c.

9th. At Holyhead at seven: sailed in the steam packet at eight: arrived at Howth at half-past one: called by my fellow-travellers Mr. Dyke: found that the searching officer at the custom house was my old friend, Willy Leech; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother. A good story

of the fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

10th. Arrived at my father's lodgings, in Abbey Street, at half-past twelve: felt very nervous in approaching the door, but, thank God! found them all as well as I could possibly expect. My mother still ailing, but strong; and my father looking aged, but in excellent health. Dear Ellen, too, the meekest and kindest spirit that ever existed; if at all altered, rather for the better. Dined at home: John Scully of the party: walked out with him at night on his way to the Dunleary coach. In returning saw a fellow with a ridiculous travelling cap, that seemed too heavy for his head, and heard a girl say, "Oh, blood an' ouns, there's a head-dress."

11th. Corry called; right glad to see him; young Rawlins too. Set off (father, mother, Ellen, and I) for my sister Kate's cottage at Monkstown: a very happy day. The first time I have seen Kate for six years; looking much better then when we last met. Her little girl very intelligent: when asked by Corry whether she could not play some tunes on the pianoforte, she said, "Yes, I stagger over two or three." Returned in Kate's jaunting car: walked through the town home. Heard a fellow say to another, "Well, I never seed the match of you, since the ould king died."

12th. Drove out in a hackney coach. Called upon Mrs. Smith; told me that the poem of "The Universe" is not Maturin's, but a Mr. Wills's, who induced Maturin to lend his name to it by giving him the profits of the sale. All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey the only person beside ourselves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, "To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else—a blow, a blow!" at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus—"There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent," &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on

the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon, he said, "The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was unanimously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way." He said also to some one who came in, "You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds." Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. "No, no," said G., "let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend." Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (*readiness to go out*). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he had kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably.

13th. Drove about in a hackney coach with Corry. Have had the precaution to secure the silence of the newspapers on my arrival. Called on Mrs. P. Crampton: went to Moscrop's, the modeller, who did the fine head of Grattan, from which Denon is having a model taken for me: is doing a series, in this way, of eminent Irishmen; begged me to sit to him. Went thence to Kirk's, a sculptor of some talent; a bust there of my dear friend Dalton, painfully like. Dined at home. Some friends of my father's (Mr. Abbott, his wife, and her sister) formed the party, together with young Curran. Two or three more came in the evening and supped: sung to them. Story of a man asking a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—"No sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, sir, that's out too." When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with

him upon it, said, "Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast." Have forgot to mention, that on my way to Holyhead I wrote some lines for the little pocket-book I brought my mother, with which she was, of course, very much delighted.

14th. Ventured to walk about the streets, it being my intention to start on Wednesday next (17th.) Shall be able, I trust, to get through London before the echo of any noise I may make here reaches it. Accosted oddly by a man in the streets: "Pray, sir, are you Mr. Thomas Moore?" and on my answering, "Yes, sir," he turned to another that was with him, and saying, "There now," both walked off without further words or ceremony. There had evidently been a dispute, or perhaps wager, between them on the subject. Met Frankland Lewis, who is one of the Parliament commissioners, and spoken of for the new secretary: walked some time with him; very kind to me. All went out to dinner to Kate's: took Curran with us. The Abbots again. Called on P. Crampton this morning. Showed me some lines of his to his daughter.

15th. Sat to Mossop and to Kirk. Space between the eyes indicates memory of forms, and Kirk has always observed that conformation in persons who were ready in knowing likenesses. The protuberance I have in the forehead remarked in heroes, — Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, and the rest of *us*. Large ears a sign of eloquence: praised mine; so did Bartolini, by the bye. Kirk said he had thought the ears in the busts of Demosthenes out of nature, till he saw the ears of Burton (an eminent Irish barister). Sat to Mossop again. All dined at Rawlin's, an old friend of my father and mother: music in the evening.

16th. Sat to Mossop and Kirk. Philip Crampton came while I was sitting to the latter. Forced me to let a mask be taken from my face: disagreeable operation. Dined (I only) at Mrs. Smith's: company, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, Shiel, Maturin, Wills, &c. A large party in the evening; father, mother, and Nell among them. Had music, then quadrilles: danced with Lady Clarke's little daughter and a Miss Browne. After supper Lady Clarke sang a song she had written

on the occasion of my return: very lively done.

17th. Gave my last sitting to Kirk and Mossop. Went with Mrs. Corry to choose a tabbnet for Bessy. Egan the harp maker, most anxious that I should judge of the power of his improved Irish harps, sent his son with one. The chaise at the door at half-past three, and some beautiful Irish airs played to me during my last moments. Had wine in, and all filled bumpers to the Irish harp and our next happy meeting; the effect saddening. Corry came part of the way with me. Dined at Howth with Leech, and slept there.

18th. Sailed at half-past eight in the filthy Talbot steam-packet; Lady Belmore and her sister and Lord Dunsany aboard. The latter offered to take me on in his carriage, which I accepted. Dined at Holyhead and slept at Gwyndu.

19th. From Gwyndu at ten; had bread and cheese at Bangor, and dined and slept at Keninge. Lord D. said, that poor Lord Fingal had been obliged to borrow 2000*l.* at 17 per cent. to pay the expenses of his ribbon, which amounted (Lord D. saw the account) to 1350*l.* The general insolvency in Ireland most deplorable.

20th. Started at ten. Lunched at Llangollen and slept at Shrewsbury.

21st. This slow travelling, occasioned by the severe asthma under which Lord D.'s son labours, would delay me too long, so took the mail at nine. Dined at Birmingham. Took in a drummer there that amused me a good deal. One of my companions mentioned that an old woman said, upon the regiment of the Emmiskilleners lately entering that town, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

22nd. Arrived in London at seven; breakfasted at the Swan with Two Necks; got to Rogers's before ten. Wrote to Shee to say I would come and dine with him, if he had no company, I being *incog*. Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the 1000*l.*, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine and showed myself up St. James's Street and Bond Street. Shee all wrong about

the late servile pageant in Ireland: thinks that Paddy behaved exactly as he ought to do. Letter from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, "God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy *bird* (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you."

23rd. Called with Longman upon Sheddon to see whether he really meant to advance anything towards the sum I am to pay: his conduct all along shabby and shuffling, and now, when brought to the point, his agony at the prospect of being made to bleed, quite ludicrous. Upon my rising from my seat and saying, with a sort of contemptuous air, "Since Mr. Sheddon does not seem inclined to give anything but advice, Mr. Longman, I think we may take our leave," he, with much stammering, proposed to give 200*l.*; and, upon Longman saying that really this was not worth while talking about, he was, at last, with much pain and groaning, delivered of 300*l.*, having had a very difficult time of it indeed. Resolved to let the remainder of the debt (740*l.*) be discharged with Lord Lansdowne's money (in order that his generous purpose should not be wholly frustrated), and then to pay him immediately afterwards by a draft upon Murray. Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the height of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, are usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. Explained to me in what cases the eyes ought to be marked or picked out, and in what not. Dined with Power. In the evening to the Haymarket: Kenny's piece, from the French, "Le Present du Prince;" and the "Beggar's Opera."

24th. Called upon Murray: Belzoni there: mentioned a Dutchman, who has just arrived from the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, and came through Timbuctoo: says Mungo Park was executed there. Met Luttrell, who asked me to dine with him on Friday. Dined at Longman's: went to Covent Garden in the evening; "Exile and Poor Soldier." Received

a letter from Lord John this morning, pressing me, with a kind and almost jealous anxiety to take the 200*l.* he had left in Longman's hands (this produce of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards the settlement of the debt: says he had set it apart for sacred purposes, and did not mean to convert any part of it to the expenses of daily life, so hoped to hear no more of it.

25th. Made various calls. A bust of Lord Byron at Murray's by Thorwaldsen; does not do him justice. Sad wet weather. Met Sir Robert Wilson: told me he had seen my verses to Lady Holland on the snuff-box in the "Chronicle;" went to look at them; no great things in print; Lord Holland's, however, not much better, which is a comfort. Was to have dined with Beecher, but, instead, dined alone at the George: met there a Captain Somebody, whom I had seen in Paris: proposed going to some theatre, so went with him to the Adelphi: a piece from "L'Ours et le Pacha;" Wilkinson very comical.

26th. Williams called upon me: has got in with Foscolo, and translates his articles for the "Quarterly:" says he writes a farrago of Italian, French, and English. Tells me he can live cheaper here than in Paris: dines for a shilling, a pint of porter included, and lives altogether for a guinea a-week, which Foscolo allows him. Hopes to make something by adapting French pieces to the English stage, which is the great manufacture of the present day. Met Luttrell and walked about with him. Lambton asked us to come to his box at Covent Garden to-night. Dined with Luttrell; Sandford and Mrs. Thompson of the party. Sandford, in speaking of my good looks, said I seemed to "feel less the change of Almacks" than any one he knew. Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him, "What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but, if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room." Left them at nine, and went to Covent Garden: introduced to Miss Foot, and conversed with her as I stood at the prompter's door, and she on the stage in the splendid scene of the "Exile." Went afterwards to the Duke

of Bedford's box; he and Miss Russell there. Thence to Lambton's; returned behind the scenes. A pretty afterpiece from the "Rendezvous Bourgeois." Those two nice girls, Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont (with a third, not bad, Miss Love), making a racket behind the stage-door, being supposed to be locked up in a closet: helped them in their noise.

27th. Took Williams to introduce him to Murray. Settled my business with the latter. Amusing jealousy on the subject between the rival bibliopolists of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row, Murray claiming the merit of my liberation for himself and Lord Byron, and the others for *themselves* and Lord Lansdowne. Called in Clement's Lane on H. Rogers, but missed him: thence to Longman's: offered to discount the bill upon Murray for 1000*l.*, which I meant to pay into the hands of Lord Lansdowne's bankers: said it would be handsome to give him at once a draft for the 740*l.* Called at Drury Lane: saw George Lamb and Elliston, who proposed to me to write a drama on the story of "Lalla Rookh;" said that I should not like to risk this myself, but if any one else undertook it, I should be glad to assist. Dined at the George at half-past six. Went to Drury Lane to see the "Coronation" and "Monsieur Tonson;" laughed heartily at the latter. Drank spruce beer afterwards with Levins, who is bringing out a piece, and bored me abundantly with the details of it. Received a letter this morning from dear Bessy; Fanny Belcher has been ill, and they have had, altogether, a hospital house of it.

28th. Sat to Newton, who arrived yesterday, and has laid an embargo upon me for my picture: Campbell (Thomas) came while I sat, knowing from Williams that I was there; made the operation pleasanter; talked much about his magazine, &c. &c. Walked in Hyde Park; joined by Lord Blessington and Frederick Byng. Dined at Holland House: company, Colonel Anson. Tierney, Duke of Bedford, &c. &c. Told them about Lord Byron's "Cain," parallel with Milton: wrong for lovers of liberty to identify the principle of resistance to power with such an odious person as the devil. Abdiel's case often drawn in as a precedent for rattling. Allen said that Milton ought to have let him escape without a knock in the battle. Sir J. Rey-

nolds told Lord Holland that he had applied those verses about Abdiel ("faithful found among the faithless," &c. &c.) to Burke as a compliment. Long talk with Lord H. about poetry, Crabbe, &c. &c.: repeated me some *vers libres* of Porson's: he apologised for sending my verses on the snuff-box to the "Chronicle," but said it was done as a set-off against some savage lines Lord Carlisle had written on the same subject, and which were published in "John Bull." Lord H. had produced the following epigram on those verses of Lord Carlisle's:

"For this her snuff-box to resign!
A pleasant thought enough.
Alas! my lord, for verse like thine,
Who'd give a pinch of snuff?"

Told Lady H. of Lord Lansdowne's kindness, and how deeply I felt it; on which she said, "From those who know you and have the means, it is but what is due to you." The Duke of Bedford brought me home in his carriage. Made an arrangement this morning with a Mr. Stibbert to join him in the journey to Paris, he having a carriage at Boulogne.

29th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, &c. &c. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird, who showed me a good deal of Lord B.'s correspondence with him upon his pecuniary negotiations with Murray: got 1000*l.* for "Marino Faliero" and "Prophecy of Dante;" 2000*l.* offered by Murray for the three other plays and remaining cantos of "Don Juan," which Lord B. refuses. Sat to Newton. Kinnaird took me to dinner at Chantrey's: company, Mr. Hatchett (once a philosopher, now I know not what) and Jackson. Chantrey's objections to subjects (in sculpture) displaying muscular exertion; *mind* the great material; difficulty of doing the mouth; said, laughing, that he "would do busts at half price, if he had not to put in the mouth." Lord Blessington called to take me to supper with him. Mentioned some good jokes about the King; one, a wicked toast, "May the King come home in *spirits*." Received a joint letter to-day from Hobhouse and Sir F. Burdett, congratulating me on the settlement of my business, and full of the warmest expressions of friendship.

30th. Started at seven o'clock for Wiltshire; slept at Calne: wrote to the Phippses to announce my arrival.

31st. Answer from Phipps: breakfasted at

Wand's with him and Bennett (member for the county). Mrs. Phipps at Bennett's, near Salisbury; resolved to go there. Walked with Hughes to Sloperton and Bromham; the poor cottage in a sad state of desolation: touched my pianoforte (which is at Hughes's house), and found it sweeter than almost any I have met since I left it. Set off in a chaise for Bennett's, changed horses at Warminster, passed by Fonthill Abbey, and arrived at four. A magnificent sunset; these two last days lovely. Dined, sung, and slept.

Nov. 1st. A walk before breakfast with Mrs P., she in my travelling-cap, which became her mightily. After breakfast through the grounds with her, Bennett, and Phipps; a beautiful place, but its master at his wit's end for money, and haunted in this paradise by duns. Started at one in a chaise for Salisbury, dined there, and left in the coach for town at seven.

2nd. Arrived in St. James's Place at eight; called upon Newton and Murray. Lord H. came to the latter's, and took me away in his carriage. Anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's Letter; whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrell. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with. I should much like to know the secret of his reviving this matter just now. Dined at Power's to meet Bishop upon musical matters; said that Rossini chiefly consisted of ornament, had but little staple of air: praised the genius shown in Paer's Agnese. Is employed, he and three others (Horsley, Wesley, and some one else), on a musical dictionary; Koch, who has been translated for them, their great resource. Early to bed. Had called upon the Longmans this morning, and got my account from them. Called upon Croker one of these mornings,

and had a long conversation with him about my Bermuda business, Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c.

3rd. Dreadfully wet day. Received Lord B.'s tremendous verses against the King and the Irish, for their late exhibition in Dublin; richly deserved by my servile countrymen, but not, on this occasion, by the King, who, as far as he was concerned, acted well and wisely. Sat to Newton: Murray came, during my sitting, with the Anglo-Saxon attorney, Turner, to sign definitely the deed making over to him the "Memoirs of Lord Byron." Went with Lord Blessington, Stibbert (both asked at my request), and Chantrey, to dine at Longman's: dinner well enough. To Lord B.'s to supper in the evening; a strange fellow there, Varley the artist, full of all the nonsense of astrology, such a conjunction producing revolutions and headaches, &c. &c., but seems in earnest, which makes him rather interesting.

4th. Sat to Newton. The Blessingtons drove me to Holland House and waited for me. Read Byron's verses to Lord and Lady H. and Allen; much struck by them, but advised me not to have any hand in printing them. Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Stael, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Dined at Lord Blessington's; Sir T. Lawrence in the evening. Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so. Resolved to put off my departure from London. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the "Memoirs," to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, be-

tween the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it.

5th. Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it: found myself easier after this. Took Luttrell to Newton's; Lady B. came there and took me to see Lawrence's pictures. West, Scott, Duke of Bedford, Lady Jersey, admirable. Dined with Luttrell; looked over his new edition with alterations of the "Advice to Julia." By the bye, I received the other day a manuscript from the Longmans', requesting me (as they often do) to look over it and give my opinion, whether it would be worth publishing anonymously. Upon opening it, found to my surprise that it was Rogers's "Italy," which he has sent home thus privately to be published. Went to Covent Garden to the B.'s box, and afterwards supped with them. Received this morning a letter from an unknown poetess, entreating me to call upon her any day, between three and nine in the evening; "that I must not expect to find her a blue-stocking, for that she is only a curly-headed little mortal," &c. &c.; and inclosing me the following (not bad) specimen of her talents.

IMPROPTU

ON THEIR REPEALING THE ACT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

"So you think that the days, then, of witchcraft are past,
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical art;
Those who hold this belief may repent it at last,
When the force of a spell is found deep in their heart.
That the maidens of Erin in witchery deal,
By those who have seen them can ne'er be denied;
While the spell of their bards o'er their senses will steal,
As by some hath been felt, and by Moore hath been tried.
Then think not to 'scape on such dangerous ground,
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,
For in Ireland these powers will ever abound,
While their witches are fair, and their wizard is Moore."

6th. Paid various bills: wine merchant, sixty-six pounds; Hodgkinson (for presents to Bessy's sister, &c.), sixteen guineas; hatter and glover, ten pounds, &c. &c. Breakfasted at H. Rogers's, Highbury Terrace: sent Miss R. the proof-sheets of "Cain." Called upon the poetess. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord

Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and inclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the "Memoirs." In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more consequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or misstated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, "Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying." Arranged with Stibbert for our departure tomorrow; dined at the George; called upon Power afterwards; packed, &c., and got early to bed.

7th. Off at seven in the Dover coach; two Frenchmen our companions: talked of the niceties of the French language, *Parle par ma roie* in Racine wrong. Boileau full of faults in grammar, as I had already known from Saint Marc's notes. *Je ne m'en rappelle pas*, wrong. Arrived at Dover at seven; King's Head, wretched inn.

8th. Sailed in the Rob Roy at half-past seven; wind and sea against us; five hours' passage. Arrived at half-past two; obliged to stay till to-morrow on account of the custom-house. Met Brummel (the exile of Calais), and had some conversation with him.

9th. Set off in a hired chaise at half-past eleven for Boulogne, dined there, and arrived in Stibbert's carriage at Montrenil at half-past ten at night.

10th. Lunched at Abbeville; slept at Beauvais.

11th. Arrived in Paris at four, Bessy out, but saw my darling little Tom quite well. Dined at home. Bessy returned soon after.

Thank God, all my dear ones are safe and well for me on my return!

12th. Drove out with Mrs. Story and Miss Inglis; wet day. Dined at home.

13th. Paid visits to Lady Jersey, &c.: paid some bills. Forgot, by the bye, to take notice of some verses of Luttrell's, which he gave me in town, and which he wrote as if from Rogers, upon hearing, about the same time, that parts of "Lalla Rookh" were translated and sung in Persian, and that Lord Lauderdale had all "Human Life" by heart.

A SET-OFF.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.
'Tis hard; but one reflection cures,
At once, a jealous poet's smart;
The Persians have translated yours,
But Lauderdale has mine by heart."

14th to 22nd. For this week I have not been able to journalise very accurately. Besides writing an additional verse to one of the "National Melodies" of the third number, I began revising what is written of my Egyptian work, and added a number of new lines. Our lodgings (which are Rue d'Anjou, 17) seemed at first formidable to me from their noisy situation, but I find that, by lying in bed some hours in the morning, I may contrive to get on a little with my work during the winter. Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the "Memoirs," at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them. Received a letter from Croker, to whom I had written, in consequence of a paragraph in the "Courier" charging the "Morning Chronicle" with "importing epigrams from Paris," begging him to set them right as to any suspicion they may have of *me*, as I have not published any thing political, except the verses about the Neapolitans, for some years; and with respect to the King, if I occupied myself about him at all, it would be to praise him with all my heart for his wise

and liberal conduct in Ireland, whatever I might think of the hollow and heartless sycophants who were the objects of it. Croker says in his answer, that, slight as this favourable mention of the King is, he read it with pleasure, and should hail a *rapprochement* between us on that point with real gratification, &c. &c. It is flattering enough to think that I have now, within the last month, received letters full of the most cordial attachment from three persons so widely sundered in the political hemisphere as are Sir F. Burdett, Lord Lansdowne, and Croker. Dined the 19th with Lord Granard: was to have joined Lord Dunsany and the Douglasses at a *restaurateur's*; had the latter dinner on Thursday 22nd, at the Rocher de Cancalle (Bessy of the party), and went in the evening to Franconi's.

23rd. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet the Chabots, who, by the bye, have sent me home the clock (Mademoiselle's present), which is very handsome, and now adorns my mantel-piece.

24th. Still occupied every morning in revising my work. Dined at a *restaurateur's* with the Villamils, Storys, Dalton, and the Belchers, and took our chance for places at the Italian Opera afterwards: the "Matrimonio Segreto." Supped at Story's.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestra at the French Opera for the evening. Dined with Story, and both went: the "Danaïdes." Had called upon Lady Jersey before dinner, and read her Lord B.'s Irish verses: sat for near an hour with her, Lord Jersey, and Lord Thanet.

26th. Bessy and I and the girls dined with Villamil, and went to the Gymnase in the evening: "L'Artiste" and "L'Arnaut Bossa;" Perlet and Gontier the respective heroes. Forster came to tell me that poor Dr. Yonge was put in prison for debt, and that he was making a collection for him: gave 500 francs towards it.

27th. Having finished the revisal of what I had written of the Egyptian work, resumed my task and wrote ten lines. Dined all at the Douglasses'; Lord Dunsany of the party. Went in the evening to the Duchesse de Broglie, in consequence of a note I had had from her in the morning: a party there, Madames Dolomieu, St. Aulaire, De Barante, &c. Lord Jersey, and Lord Bristol. The Duchesse

made me fix a day to dine there, Thursday week.

28th. Dined at home, and read and wrote in the evening. In the morning had gone to the Opera House, and saw Marie Mercandotti dance; a beautiful little girl, most perfectly shaped, and promises to be a first-rate dancer.

30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party, Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the "olden time" rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the "Lusiad," she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his "Tales" as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, "Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon*." The same person, too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon*. Told me that she once entrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover: supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams. Sang in the evening. Translated, "Keep your Tears for me" into French, for Madame de Genlis before I sang it. Went from thence to Madame de Flahault's: heard some pretty good singing from the De — and Flahault; some fine playing too on the French horn by a M. Puzzi.

December 1st. Dined with Stibbert: company, Lords Trimlestown, Kensington. Lisburne, &c. &c.: good dinner enough, but Lord Kensington too talkative. Went afterwards to Madame de Flahault's box at the Italian's:

found there the De Souzas and Gallois: "L'Italiana in Algeri."

2nd. Wrote in the morning as I have done every morning. Macleod dined with me, *solus cum solo*; and he and Lord Dunsany accompanied me to Madame Courtin's benefit at the Opera: "Don Juan," from the Italians, and "Psyche." Bigottini beautiful in "L'Amour."

3rd. Have now done seventy-two lines in six days, which is not bad, considering my interruptions. Walked out with Mercer, and made some calls. Had Lord Granard and Lord Dunsany to dine with us, and took them in the evening to the Villamils, where we had a swarm of Spaniards, and music. Massimino accompanied us on the pianoforte.

4th. Wrote some lines. Went with Story to St. Pelagie, to see poor Yonge, but were not admitted for want of a permission from the Préfecture de Police. Dined at home: a note from Yonge in the evening, to beg I would see Forster, and try and prevent the sale of his furniture to-morrow morning. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Forster's, who promised to do what he could about it. My things laid out to dress for the Ambassador's but changed my mind and did not go.

5th. Finished my Fourth Letter. Dined at Story's with Dalton and Macleod; all went (except Bessy, who is ill with a headache) to Forster's, where we had the old doubly-Dowager Lady Dysart and some foreigners. Sung and supped.

6th. Copied out some of my corrections, and wrote letters. Dined at the Duc de Broglie's (had been asked to the Flahaults' too): company, the Jerseys, St. Aulaires, Comte Forbin, &c.: very agreeable. A piece, some time ago at one of the little theatres, called "La Mort d'Abel, ou le Frère sans Delicatesse." Talked of Grilparzie's tragedies (Sappho, &c.) with Mad. de Broglie, who has read some of them, but does not like them. Sung in the evening, and it did not seem lost upon them. Mad. de Broglie sang with me, "Go where Glory waits Thee," and pronounced the words (all except "hearth," which she made rather a startling sound of) very prettily. Mad. St. Aulaire (who is married to the father of Mad. Decaze), a very pleasing person.

7th. Went to call upon Mildmay at his own request; poor Yonge's situation the subject on which he wished to speak. Determined to

try whether Lord Thanet (whom he once attended) will do any thing. Went to the Beaujon with Mrs. S. and the Macleods: went down seventeen times with various partners. Called at the Jerseys' to ask Lord Thanet's address; he came in while I was there, and I mentioned Yonge's case; have hopes it will produce something not only from him, but Lord Jersey. Received a ticket from Lord Fife for the Opera this evening. Dined at home. Went to the Opera for a short time: saw the dance in "Ferdinando Cortez;" Rose, Adelise, Roland, Buron, rather pretty *figurantes*. Went afterwards to join Bessy and the girls at Mrs. Villamil's, and practised over some Italian duets.

8th. Read (as I have done for some days) Dupuis' "Origine de tous les Cultes," which I bought the other day for forty francs: am reading it for my letter of the High Priest. Dined (a large party, the Storys, Macleods, Villamil, and Dalton) at Beauvilliers', and went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Edmund and Caroline," and "Gulistan."

9th. Began my Fifth Letter. Called with Bessy in the morning on Lady Raneliffe and Lady Granard: walked with her in the Tuileries afterwards. Dined at home. Went to read in the newsroom. Poor Perry's death! Lord Jersey brought me back this morning Lord B.'s "Journal," which I lent to Lady J.

10th. A letter from Corry to say that Richard Power cannot live many weeks. What a dreary thing to see such noble hearts dying around one! Wrote three or four lines of my Priest's letter, which I find difficult. Lord Granard dined with us to go and see Marie Mercandotti's debut at the French Opera; the Storys, Macleods, and we have taken three boxes for it: Lord Dunsany of our party. The "Caravane de Caire" and "Nina." Marie succeeded, but rather fell short of the expectations she gave me in rehearsing. Bigottini perfect in Nina; such dumb show with sweet music beyond all the tragedies in the world.

11th. A few lines more of the letter; not good enough to stand. Have some thoughts of employing the few distracted moments allowed me, to arranging the "Rhymes on the Road" for publication. Went with Bessy to make calls, Lord Dunsany having lent her

his carriage for the purpose. Dined at home: after dinner, a note from Lady Raneliffe, offering to take me to the Français; accepted her offer. Soon after arrived a note from Madame de Flahault, saying a seat in her box for the Italian was at my service. Went to the Français: Mars in "La Jeune Femme Colere." From thence accompanied Lady Raneliffe to the Ambassador's: large assembly: conversed for some time with the Duke of Hamilton. Saw Talleyrand for the first time.

12th. Called upon the Jerseys; Lady E. Stuart there. Mentioned that it has long been the *ton* in France to press people to eat at dinner: instanced the Duchess of Orleans; that, however, some of the young Frenchwomen are beginning to adopt the English fashion of leaving people to themselves. Dined with the Storys (Forster of the party), and went all to the christening of Macleod's child in the evening. Supped there, and went afterwards to Mrs. Morier's ball: home about one.

13th. Walked out earlier than usual to perform some commissions for the day's dinner: wrote letters. The Douglasses and Lord Dunsany to dine with us: more people in the evening; Storys, Villamils, Macleods, &c. Were told that Madame Benjamin Constant (our neighbour *au premier*) had sent word that she would come down and take coffee with us: waited upon her, and found it was Benjamin himself had sent this message, accordingly he came down and stayed till eleven o'clock. Had music and sandwiches, and afterwards danced; left us between one and two.

14th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Met Auguste de Staël, and had much talk with him about the change of ministry. Wrote about a dozen lines to-day. Called on the Villamils at five, and proposed to dine with them; did so, and returned home early. De Staël to-day mentioned a joke about the new ministry; that its being Monsieur's choosing, he had *escompté son règne*.

15th. Wrote a few lines and walked in the Champs Elysées for an hour and a-half: made some calls. Bessy and I and the girls dined at Villamil's; Kenny and Mercer of the party: had music in the evening. Have written now about forty lines of my Priest's letter.

16th. Wrote and walked a little. Received an invitation to the Duke of Orleans' this

evening. Dined at Flahault's: company, the Jerseys, a Monsieur Labonne (I think), and young Lieven. Dinner late, on account of Flahault's late return from *la chasse*. Went between eight and nine to the Palais Royal; the Duchesse de Berri there, and the Princess of Denmark. Mademoiselle came and spoke to me and Gerard: asked him if he had heard me sing, &c. &c. He said, among other things, that I was the "flambeau de l'Angleterre." Few of the immense circle of women here worth a second look; the best among them Madame Sturmer and Lord Robert Fitzgerald's fine, colossal daughter. Boissy d'Anglas with his white hair spread out upon his shoulders, a most extraordinary figure. Introduced by Madame Durazzo to the Duchesse Litta, who is esteemed a beauty.

17th. Wrote a few lines. Went with Lord Dunsany and Douglas to dine with the Henrys, very far away, near the Chateau de Vincennes. Was to have gone to Madame St. Aulaire's in the evening, but returned to Paris too late.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked out with Bessy. Dined at Gage Rookwood's: company, Lord and Lady Kenmore, Douglas, &c. &c. The little Moscow girl acted a scene in the evening. From thence to the Ambassador's: some show of beauty; the Duchesse de Fieremaçon and a Miss Huxley, an Irish girl.

19th. Six or eight lines, chiefly made out during a solitary walk beyond the Barrière. Drove afterwards a little with Mrs. S. and the Macleods. Dined at Robinson's; Lady Helena very agreeable. In the evening to Madame de Flahault's, and from thence to the Duchesse de Broglie's. A great beauty at the former place, Madame de Vicence, and Benjamin Constant, who said he had come to pay a visit to me this evening, and sat some time with Mrs. Moore. Got into a scrape about dinner to-day, having promised also to dine with the Gramms and forgot it.

20th. Wrote letters. Dined at home: Mrs. Story dined with us. Received a parcel from Sir Robert Wilson from Calais, where he is detained with Lambton, Lady L., her sister, and Lady Ossulston; they having sailed in an open fishing-boat from Dover, and left carriages, baggage, &c. behind them. The parcel consisted of two copies of Lord Byron's new tragedies (sent off some days before publication), on one of which Murray wishes me to

found a bargain with Galignani, for the right of publishing here. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Galignani's after dinner.

21st. Galignani called and agreed to give a hundred pounds. Wrote a few lines. Dined at C. Hutchinson's: company, Mackenzie, Mills, Greathead, &c. &c. Sang a little, and went from thence to Lady Charlemont's ball: home early. Sent a copy of the tragedies to Lady E. Stuart this morning.

22nd. Have done now in all 100 lines of my Fifth Letter: have read also two or three volumes of Dupuis. He has abridged this book, and well he might; never was any book so full of repetitions and redundances. Walked in an unfrequented road beyond the Barrière from which the view of Mount Calvaire and the Aqueduct in the setting sun is very fine. Felt one of those fits of faintness in returning, which always come over me when I do not eat enough. Dined by myself at the Café Français (in consequence of Bessy's early dinner with the little ones), and sauntered off alone to the Ambigu Comique afterwards: *L'Homme à Trois Visages*. Our dear Anastasia came home for the holidays. Called upon Lady de Ros this morning, who showed me some of her very clever lithograph drawings; subject of one, the child and ruffian in "Paradise and Peri," charmingly imagined; promised to give me copies of them.

23rd. Revised some of what I had written. Walked to call upon Kenny. Thought I was invited to Villamil's to dinner, but found it was not the case. Dined with Dalton at the Café Français. From thence for an hour to Lord Fife's box, to see the dance in "Ferdinand Cortez," and thence to Villamil's, where we had a little music and supped.

24th. Wrote some lines. Dined at home. Went to Mad. St. Aulaire's in the evening: some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie; told her of Power's having supposed (from my telling him that I saw her some years ago dance the Cossack air which Knyvett claims as his) that she was an opera dancer, and begged me to inquire of her in what ballet she danced it. Went from thence to the Macleods', to join a party for the *messe de minuit* at St. Roch; Mrs. Story, Miss Moore, the Macleods, &c.; a dull and cold operation. Got home at once.

25th. Wrote and walked. Dined at home.

Took Anastasia and Tom to a children's ball at Douglas's. Bessy too ill to go. Danced and played at blindman's-buff with the children; little Tom much admired. The adults danced afterwards; supped and sung. Douglas is making a table to surprise Bessy with on New-Year's Day, adorned with poetical emblems: the Irish harp, &c., and scrolls containing the words "Lalla Rookh" and "Irish Melodies."

26th. A few lines. Dined early, for the purpose of taking the children to Franconi's: the "Bataille de Bovines," the Elephant, &c. &c. Little Tom, notwithstanding his raking last night, full of animation.

27th. Wrote letters. Walked in the Tuileries, first with Gen. Cheron and Wilder, then with Captain Waldegrave and Cadogan. Dined at Lord Granard's: Mercer, Burrell, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Much curious talk with Lady Adelaide about Lord Hastings. Went in the evening with Lady Helena to Lady de Ros, to thank her for the beautiful lithograph drawings she sent me.

28th. Dined at the Villamils': Storys, Dalton, Captain Popham, Mercer, &c. Music in the evening. Massimino accompanied, and very ill. Lady Popham and daughter joined the party in the evening. After the departure of a few, became more merry and supped. Forgot Lady Charlemont's ball.

29th. Meant to go and see the "Paria" to-night, but met the Macleods, who said they had got Lord Fife's box for the Italian. Dined with the Storys, and went: the "Barbieri:" Fodor in her very best voice. Did not go to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Have done near sixty lines this week.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Walked on the road beyond the Barrière; a glorious day, a bright sun on one side, and a misty shower and double rainbow on the other. Dined at Brummel's, having nearly fainted beforehand with the pain of a blow I got on my knee while dressing. Company, Mr. and Mrs. White and William Dawson. Sung in the evening, and had one or two pair of bright eyes weeping around me. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's, from whom I had a note this morning, entreating me not to fail being at her supper to-morrow night.

31st. Went with the Douglasses to dine at Henry's, under a promise that I should be

back in town time enough for Madame de Flahault's New Year's Eve supper. Left that at nine, and was in the Grande Rue Verte a little after ten. A very select party: the Jerseys, Lady Ossulston, the Lambtons, Lady E. Grey (a most charming person) the Ellises, Prince Beaveau, Mrs. G. Lamb, Sir R. Wilson, and one or two more. A *jeu de loterie* occupied the time before supper, in which some of the prettiest things from the Petit Dunkerque were won. Much wished that Lady E. Grey should win a beautiful paper-presser, in the form of a butterfly, with wings for handles, but she did not.

January 1st, 1822. Walked out with Bessy in the morning to choose an *étrenne* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took to games of forfeit; drunk champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

2nd. Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party. Went from thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the *divertissement* in the opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Elysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera: staid only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to-day.

3rd. Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons: no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers) which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy gone to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box.

4th. A Mr. Rose called upon me with a

letter from Murray, and a miniature of Lord Byron's little girl, which he wishes me to forward to him. Dined at Villamil's: two Spaniards of the party. Mrs. S. called to take me to the Opera to see Marcia's last appearance before her departure for England. Nothing could be more beautiful than her face, dress, and figure, in dancing the Guaraccia.

5th. A children's ball at Story's. Macleod, Story, Dalton, and myself dined together at the Café Anglais, and adjourned to the ball at ten o'clock: danced, supped, and sung till near three. Wrote ten lines to-day.

6th. Wrote a little in walking beyond the barrier. Dined at Story's, Macleod of the party. In the evening all went to Douglas's; very sleepy after last night. Ombark Boubi, the Moor, there; expects to be made *Chargé d'Affaires* from Constantinople to England; requested me to write to Lord Strangford in his favour.

7th. Walked, wrote letters, &c. Dined by myself at the Trois Frères, and found great pleasure in the few moments of silent repose it gave me. Never did I lead such an unquiet life: Bessy ill, my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety. Came home early and read. Have this week done but about forty lines.

8th. Dined, by Kenny's desire and instrumentality, at Pictet's, a Swiss banker. Villamil of the party, the Newtes, &c. Found that I was to be shown off in the evening to his customers, and took flight. Called on the Macleods, and went from thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly. Some talk with Sir Charles. Lady Ranciliffé brought me home. Have got Lord Byron's Irish verses printed on a single sheet by Galignani.

9th. Dined quietly at home for a wonder. In the evening went to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, as chaperon to the two Belchers: the prettiest ball I have seen in Paris; the music delicious, Colinet's best. The ease with which all Rossini's lively songs and choruses may be turned into quadrilles and waltzes, shows the character of his music. Did not get to bed till five o'clock. Fanny Belcher very much admired, and supposed to be Bessy by most of the company.

10th. Was to have dined with Stibbert, but preferred Lambton's: company, only his

brother, Lady Louisa, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ellis. All went to the Français afterwards to see the new tragedy of M. Jouy, "Sylla;" full of allusions to Napoleon, which were loudly applauded. Talma very fine in the last scene. Home early. Lambton quoted to-day a Persian proverb, "The words of kings never fall to the ground."

11th. Lambton called and left me a *coupon* for the Variétés this evening. Looked over my Rhymes on the Road, for the purpose of seeing what sort of a *rifacimento* I can make of them. How lucky I did not publish so slight a trifle! Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's: company, the Jerseys, Sir C. and Lady E. Stuart, and Lord Thanet. Sat next to the latter, and found him agreeable. Lady E. Stuart said that the "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun" (which, of course, she did not own to have read) were supposed to be "genuine but not true." Lord T. saw nothing improbable in them; found them even dull from this probability; his women were all such easy triumphs. Lady Jersey asked me for a copy of my verses on Naples, and the words of "I love but Thee," which I had promised her. A good deal of conversation with Sir Charles S. about cruelties, suggested by a portrait of Brinvilliers, the poisoning woman in the reign of Louis XIV., which Lady de Ros had got from the Louvre to copy. This woman was punished by the torture of water, being made to drink it till she burst. Mentioned the old book with engravings, about the cruelties of the Dutch at Amboyna. Went away at nine to the Variétés: found only Lambton and Lady Louisa in the box. Laughed almost to pain at *Je fais mes Farces*. Went afterwards to the Macleods', and from thence at twelve o'clock to Lady Charlemont's ball; a good deal of talk with Lady C. Home between one and two.

12th. Dined at Douglas's: in the evening to Mercer's (where I was to have dined): the Villamils there: sung a little. Was called for by the Douglasses, and went with them to Lafitte's ball. Was introduced, at her own request, to the wife of one of Buonaparte's generals (I could not make out her name), to whom Napoleon has left a large sum in his will: told me he had also left money to Arnaud and to Labédoyère's children.

13th. Walked beyond the Barrière, and

wrote an epigram or two for the Rhymes. Dined at Colonel Ellice's: company, the Robinsons, Lady Hunloke, Lord Marcus Hill, and Cornwall; very agreeable. In the evening, Mrs. Ellice played some of the choruses in the "Gazza Ladra," and I sung. Thence went to Madame de Flahault's, where I found Lady E. Grey: suffering in the midst of *Crapauds*; all French but herself, did not stay, but meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's assembly, went to a wrong place, and found myself in splendid rooms, where there was not a single English face to be seen. On inquiring of the servant, found it was Maréchal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in seeking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent. Went to the Macleods', and took Miss I. off with me in the carriage to fetch Mrs. Story, who had set off on foot, and we found her on our return.

14th. Walked in the Champs Elysées, and wrote a couple more trifles. Dined at the Douglasses' to meet the Henrys: a party in the evening. Went for half an hour to Mrs. Newte's ball, and returned; did not stay late.

15th. Dined with Macleod and Major Handley at a traiteur's near the Odéon, in order to go to see the "Paria." Some fine situations: in the Paria's discovery of himself to his mistress, I suspect the author was thinking of my "Fireworshipper:" altogether dull. Went and supped at Mrs. Story's afterwards. Found a coupon for the Français from Lambton on my return.

16th. Had a letter from Lady Jersey, thanking me for the words of "I love but Thee," which I sent her; and asking me to dine with her to-morrow, but am engaged to Lord Granard's. Dined at Lambton's: Cottu, the author of the work on "English Jurisprudence," and Sir Robert Wilson. Wilson's slap-dash politics and slap-dash French in his disputes with Cottu very amusing. His pronunciation of La Pologne as if it was L'Apollon, and Cottu taking it for granted he meant the latter, and saying, *Non, non, on ne ferait pas la guerre pour l'Apollon*. Cottu's supposition of a case (in ridiculing the present minute subdivision of property) of a man planting a large cabbage, which would overshadow his neighbour's grounds, &c. Sir Robert's pun, *Vous aimez les choux, moi, je n'aime pas les Chouans*. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's this evening.

17th. Dined at the Granards'. Received, while I was dressing, a *coupon* for the Français, which I thought came from the Lambtons': company, the Chabots, Rothschild, Lord Marcus Hill, &c. &c. Introduced to Rothschild in the evening: offered to send any thing to Italy for me by his courier, but did *not* ask me to his ball, which is what I want. Went off between eight and nine; found no one but Darby in the box, which was the ambassador's: looked again at the *coupon*, and found it was a ticket for the whole box, which Lady Elizabeth had sent me; an unlucky mistake, as I wanted to take the Belchers, and might have saved the hire of a box to-morrow night by it. The play, "Sylla:" went after it was over behind the scenes, to Talma's dressing-room: was introduced there to Jouy, the author of the play. Talma mentioned a portrait of Shakspeare on a bellows, which had fallen by accident into his hands, and which he considers authentic: several inscriptions on it from Shakspeare, in the orthography of his time. Went from thence to the Arthurs' ball; a particularly nice girl, either daughter or niece of Prince Pignatelli.

18th. Up early to go look after the person that is to take charge of the Belchers. Went afterwards to Lambton's, and thence with them to Sommariva's, who showed us some beautiful cameos in oriental stones from his pictures and statues. Took a box for the Français: dined at home, and went with the Belchers and Mrs. Story: play, the "Tartuffe:" entertainment, the "Ménage de Molière;" Molière represented as jealous of his wife.

19th. Dined with the Storys, who had made a party to go to the bal masqué at night; some *embarras* about the Belchers wishing to go. Had procured their passports and taken their places in the morning for Tuesday next.

20th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Have done nothing but some forty or fifty lines of trifling doggerel this week. Called upon Darby to know if his dinner stands good for Tuesday, as Lambton has asked me to meet the Portalises on that day. Saw with him a M. le Garde, who asked me if I could speak French, and on my replying "a little," said, *Ah! oui; on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si beaux vers sans savoir le Français*; this is excellent. Darby's dinner

stands good. Called in at Villamil's at five, and stopped to dine, having sent an excuse to Col. Huxley's, where I was invited: returned home early.

21st. Got up early and went to Darby's, he having invited me to breakfast for the purpose of attending the Chamber to-day. Darby had gone out, there being no Chamber in consequence of the anniversary of Louis Seize's death. Went and breakfasted at Tortoni's. Walked afterwards in the Champs Elysées: dined at home. Went in the evening to the Palais Royal to purchase bon-bons and music for the Belchers.

22nd. Up early to see the Belchers off to the coach. When we arrived there, found they had forgot their passports, and had to drive back furiously for them; just came as the coach was driving off. Told me that they had not money enough, and that I must send them some to Calais. Went off to Lafitte's and dispatched to them an order upon a banker at Calais for eight Napoleons, having already advanced them 25*l*. This with the 500 francs I gave to Yonge's subscription, and 400 I lent the other day to Dalton, leaves a melancholy vacuum in my already shallow purse. Dined at Darby's: company, Etienne (the famous journalist and deputy, who made on Saturday last the best speech that has been spoken on the law for restraining the press); Thiard, another deputy; Dupin the advocate, Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, Sir H. Mildmay, King, Mackenzie, &c. &c. A good deal of savage cleverness about Dupin. His story of P—— (a chief judge and now minister) asking of a girl, whose pardon some one solicited, *Est-elle jolie, la petite?* Etienne said it was *De Sade en robe*. The day altogether curious and amusing. Went afterwards to Lambton's: found there the Portalises (both brothers and their wives), Lady Jersey, Mad. de Broglie and the Duke, and Sir R. Wilson. The Duc de Broglie said that fanaticism no longer existed in France, and that religion is only used as a political instrument. From thence went to the Macleods', and had a merry supper with them and the Storys.

23rd. Dined at home. Received a coupon from Lambton for the Gymnase: went, and laughed very heartily at Clausel in M. Beaulis. From thence, Lambton and I went first to his house and then to the Duc de Broglie's:

a very good party; did not stay long. Saw Lord Auckland there.

24th. Wrote a letter, and walked. Dined at Mercer's: company, Mad. d'Ameland and Miss d'Este, Lady Glenlyon, Warrender, &c. &c. Some music in the evening. From thence to Lady Rancilffe's ball: home pretty early.

25th. Dined at home, and took Bessy to the Variétés in the evening: "Sans Tambour ni Trompette," "Les Comédiens de Paris," &c. Supped at home.

26th. Dined at Villamil's: company, Dawson, Mercer, the Macleods: music in the evening. Went neither to Mad. de Broglie nor Lafitte's ball. Have done some few trifling lines every day.

27th. Wrote words to a Neapolitan air. Dined at Lambton's: company, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Lady Ossulston, Sir R. Wilson, &c.; the Portalises and Ellices in the evening.

28th. Sent off the air to Power. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's: company, Warrender, Grefulhe, Denon, &c.; sang in the evening. Denon told me that the medal of Grattan was nearly finished, which I am not very glad to hear, as nobody has yet paid me, and I shall have to give the 1000 francs it costs out of my own pocket. Went afterwards to sup at Story's; Bessy, who had been at the Français with Villamil (Mad. de Flahault having sent us *coupons* for her box before dinner), came there too.

29th. Dined at Douglas's: a party in the evening; singing and dancing. Went away for an hour to Lady E. Stuart's; returned to Douglas's for Bessy.

30th. Went out early to order wine, ice, &c. &c., having a dinner party at home to-day. Company, Douglas, Kenny, Stibbert, Story, and Millingen. The dinner (thanks to my dear girl's management and superintendence) most comfortable, and Villamil's excellent Lafitte (of which he sent me a dozen the other day), not the worst part of the feast. Drank of this six bottles, two of Madeira, and one of Champagne. A party in the evening; sung, danced, drank three bottles more of Champagne, besides lots of negus, and did not part till two. One or two of my dinner guests rather *lively*.

31st. Dined with my fellow traveller, M. Mariton: Stibbert, too, of the party; the re-

mainder (about eight or nine) all French : very curious as giving a perfect idea of the genuine French mode of living ; abundance and variety of the dishes, handed round by the guests themselves and never ceasing ; nothing but ordinary wine during dinner, except towards the end, two small decanters of red wine (one de Grenache, the other, I think, l'Amalque, both southern, strong and good), of which no one tasted but Stibbert and I ; then, with the dessert, a bottle of a white Mousseux wine, called Clairette de Di, made of the sweet grape ; and, for the conclusion, a liqueur glass round of vin de *sucré*, and hardly to be known from other sweet wines. Violent party politics talked ; an old hot Liberal, who was Minister de la Marine under Napoleon, foremost in violence ; the ultra champion, a shrewd little doctor, was all astonishment at the absurdity of the minority in still speaking, when they so well knew all measures would be carried against them, leaving entirely out of account the effect their speaking had upon the country. A good deal of talk about Etienne, and his celebrated plagiarist of the "Deux Gendres," from a MS. by the Jesuit Conaxa, found (during the Revolution when they were burning the works of the Jesuits) by M. Maltebrun, and given by him to Etienne, who founded on it his "Deux Gendres," and got both money and reputation by it, till having refused to share *either* with his friend Maltebrun, the latter took revenge by revealing the whole transaction to the public, and the thing has never been forgotten to Etienne since. The doctor also mentioned the famous Déjeuners de Rovigo, During Napoleon's time, where Etienne (then the virtual censor of the press) used to denounce the publications that were to be suppressed. After dinner, two ladies played on the pianoforte ; said they saw I liked music, and asked whether I played myself ; said "a little," was pressed to sit down to the pianoforte ; sung "When midst the Gay I meet." Went from thence to the Princesse Talleyrand's to hear Vieni (author of a suppressed play, "Clovis") read a new tragedy he has written, called "Achille." Heard two acts declaimed by him with true French gesticulation ; the ludicrous effect of his missing one of the *feuilleton* in the middle of a fine speech, and exclaiming in the same tragic tone, *Grand Dieu ! qu'est ce que c'est que ça !*

Was introduced to him ; said he should like to have had Talma to act Priame, but that there was no getting him to play with Lafond. By the bye, how convenient as a rhyme, "Madame" is! for Priame, Pergame, &c., *toujours prête*. Though pressed by the Princess to stay, bolted, and went to an assembly at the Conte Jules de Polignac's. Introduced to him by Lady Ossulston : saw there Madame de Broglie, Lady Ranciliffe, &c. and a number of high flying Royalists, Décars, Chateaubriands, &c. From thence went to their very antipodes in politics at Clermont's ball : saw some bad waltzers dancing to a beautiful thing from the "Gazza Ladra," and left for Mrs. Story's supper at a quarter before twelve : home a little after one.

February 1st. Had determined (from the difficulty I find in writing here) that Bessy should set off for England in ten days and prepare the cottage ; but received by the post of to-day a letter, to say that old Hall, my rival in Sloper-ton, had wheedled farmer Hutton out of the key, and got possession of the house, so that this is all at an end. Dined at home, and went to the Porte St. Martin in the evening.

2nd. Dined at home : went to Mrs. Story's (a children's party chiefly) ; supped there. Mean to make an effectual struggle against engagements henceforth, if I can.

3rd. Have written some straggling trifles for the "Rhymes" this week ; altogether have done more than 200 lines in this way. Dined at Lord Granard's : had promised to go to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but went to Villamil's to hear Weiss, a flute player. A party of Spaniards there : Duc and Duchesse of San Lorenzo, Duchesse of Rivas, Marchioness of Santa Cruz, &c. &c.

4th. Wrote a letter to Lord John : dined at home, and read in the evening. Mrs. Story and Miss Norris to supper.

5th. Walked and wrote a little : dinner and evening at home ; ditto to supper.

6th. Dined at Douglas's ; a large party in the evening to which Bessy came. Went away for an hour to Madame Portalis's ball, which was a very good one.

7th. Received an anonymous note, written evidently by a Frenchwoman, inviting me to meet her at the bal masqué on Saturday next, — *une rose à la main me fera connaître* ; evidently a hoax, and, I have no doubt, origin-

ating with Mrs. S. and Miss Inglis. Dined at home; worked a little in the evening, and went at ten to sup at Mrs. Story's; the Macleods there. Did not go to Mrs. Drummond's ball.

8th. Have begun my prose part of the work these two days past. Walked beyond the *barrière*: offered myself to dinner at the Villamils': left them between eight and nine, and came home to dress. A *soirée* upstairs at Benjamin Constant's, to which I went: plenty of *libéreaux*, Lafayette, Exelmans, Abbé de Pradt, &c. A good deal of talk with M. Buchon and another *littérateur*, who reminded me he had sent me a translation of "Alexander's Feast," some time ago. Introduced to the celebrated French *bleu*, Madame Sophia Gay, who is herself overwhelming, but has pretty daughters. From thence went to Lady Charlemont's ball; home before one. Have been negotiating with Galignani for Lord Byron, who has given up publishing with Murray, and has some things ready, which he wishes to have published at Paris.

9th. Dined at home. Had received a note from Mad. de Broglie in the morning, asking me to come to her: engaged also to a great ball at Mad. de Chabanais, and promised to meet Denon at Lafitte's, in order that he might introduce me to Marechal Soult. Went for a short time to Mad. de Broglie's. In talking of Peyronnet, and wondering how he would look in going to receive the sacrament in public, it was said that he and all the rest of the Ministers ought to be confessed *en gros*, as they do a regiment,—“Let every one who has committed this sin hold up his hand.” The priests of the Greek Church read out a long list of crimes (such as only Greeks would think of) to the penitent, who nods his head at every item of which he has been guilty, and the priest puts a mark of his thumb-nail against it accordingly. At the conclusion the whole is summed up, and a receipt in full given for the total by absolution. In some places people *abonner* themselves for some one favourite vice for six or eight months to come. Went from thence to Villamil's, where there were Spaniards and music: did not go to my other places, but supped there.

10th. Took a long walk to the Bois de Boulogne; have done but little of my prose. Dined at Col. Ellice's: company, Mad. de

Menon, a young Monsieur something (coxcomb, of course), Warrender, and Lambton's brother. Left them early and went to Villamil's.

11th. Dined at the Café Français. Received a letter from the Longnans to-day, to say that another Bermuda claim has been brought forward; an after-clap of that thunder-storm! The amount 1200*l.*, but think it may be reduced to three; and offering, if a letter which they advise my writing to old Sheddou (the father of that Jew, Robert) should fail, to advance me the money: shall not take it. Came home early: did not go to Mad. St. Aulaire's or Mrs. Gold Gent's.

12th. Bessy and I went with the Miss Drews to dine at Lady Emily Henry's: some beautiful playing on the violin in the evening by a young man, Obrecht (I think), an élève of Viotti's, and possessing much of the sensibility of his touch. Brought the Drews home to sup with us. Received Lord Byron's MS. of "Werner" this morning; paid five Napoleons for the postage.

13th. Dined at the Ranciffes': company, Lady Jersey, the Ellises, Fox, and Mrs. George Lamb; the dinner very agreeable. Asked Ranciffe to dine with me on Friday, which he promised. From thence to Mad. de Flahault's, and afterwards to sup at the Macleods'.

14th. Power has sent me the third number of the "National Melodies," and wishes me to secure the copyright of the words for him in France. Dined at home, and went to the Gaiété in the evening: "La Forêt enchantée."

15th. Went to the Marais to Smith's, to have the words of the "National Melodies" printed. Dinner at home: Ranciffe has remembered another engagement, and Benjamin Constant will be detained at the chamber: company, Villamil, Brummel, Davison, and Mercer. Mrs. and the Miss Brummels in the evening, the Constants and some friends they brought with them, the Macleods, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Villamil, &c. A good deal of music; supper, dancing, blindman's buff, &c. till four o'clock in the morning.

16th. Rather knocked up with my last night's achievements. Walked to see Kenny: he and Macleod dined with me off the scraps. Went together to the Feydeau; dull work. Supped at Mrs. Story's: persuaded Bessy to

give up the bal masqué, and brought her quietly home.

17th. Dined at home. Went by Bessy's wish to the Douglasses' in the evening: introduced to a Mad. Thayer, an American, married to a Frenchman, who owns the hôtel in which they live, and the whole of the Passage du Panorama. She "Sir Thomas-ed" me all the time we spoke together. Home at one.

18th. Up early; wrote letters, and a little of my job-work. Bessy very ill with her late hours: takes no care of herself when she is the least well. Dined at home; uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and forgot my annoyances a little in the beauty of the ballet.

19th. Got some books on St. Domingo I wished to consult. Walked about to see the Bœuf Gras and the other fooleries of the Carnival. Dined with Villamil: a Frenchman of the party, who, when Villamil introduced him to me as a distant relation of Buonaparte's, said, *Ce n'est pas le plus beau de mon histoire*. It was mentioned of Talleyrand one day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin" who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. *Nous appelons Pekin* (says Davoust) *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire*. Oh, oui, *c'est comme chez nous* (replied Talleyrand); *nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil*.

21st. Dined with the Villamils, and went to the Italian Opera; "La Gazza Ladra;" music in the trial scene, and after the condemnation, misplaced and frivolous: shows a want of feeling; "Sends the girl's soul upon a jig to heaven."

22nd. Have taken to translating some passages of "Catullus" for my Letters. Am not at all well; a bad cold in addition to my other ills. Dined at home; bathed my feet, and went through the operation of gruel, &c. at night.

23rd. Wrote thirty-six lines of translation from "Catullus." Dined at Lord Granard's (to whom, after having fought off invitations from Chenevix and Peters, I struck): company, the Chabots, Lord Marcus Hill, Lord Harvey, &c. &c. Left early in the evening, intending to go to Mad. de Broglie's, but contented myself with accompanying Bessy to the Macleods'; a most dull evening, I too ill to

sing. By the bye, called upon Stewart Rose, who has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Lansdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favourable to working; dines always at home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time. From combining circumstances, Rose thinks it was the "Bride of Lammermoor" he dictated in this way. Told me of sad conduct of Williams to Foscolo.

24th. Walked and wrote a little; am continuing my translations from "Catullus." Dined by myself at Riche's, and came home and worked a little in the evening. Read a long article about myself to-day from "Blackwood;" the tone insolent, but flattering in the main.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestra to see the "Lampe Merveilleuse." Asked Dalton to dine with me, and both went to the Opera together: bad music and dialogue, but the scenery and spectacle altogether like magic.

26th. Wrote one or two trifles. Dined at Bushe's: company, Lord Charlemont, Ellises, Mr. Ricketts (*quondam* secretary of Lord Hastings in India), Sir Sidney Smith, &c. Bad dinner and dull day. Sir Sidney never stirred out of Jean d'Acre for hours: kept strict possession of it, like a gallant commander as he is. Read the newspapers in my way home, and got to bed early. Ricketts' account of Lord Moira giving into his hands all the letters and applications for appointments after his arrival, &c. &c., all characteristic of his lordship.

27th. Wrote some more of my prose. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, the Kenmares, Bushes, &c. &c. Another bore in the shape of W., who fought over the Wiltshire election as pertinaciously as Sir Sidney did Acre. Mrs. Cadogan said she would show me some verses written to her by an amateur poet, "a gentleman poet." Meant to have gone to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but too late. Went to Madame de Sapenay's concert (through the intervention of my literary friend, M. Dorion, who has written epics, lyrics, and God knows what, and sent them *all* to me to read), and heard some music, the

best of which was M. Obricht's violin. A Madame Molinos (formerly Mlle. Lafitte), Galli, and a Garde du Corps, were the vocals. Went from thence and supped at the Macleods'.

28th. More of the prose. Walked about with Bessy. Dined at Daly the banker's; a very good set-out, excellent wines: company, Sir T. Webbe, Wellesley, Ricketts, King, Peters, &c. &c. Called for Bessy at ten, and took her to a party at Davison's; cold and meagre. Heard a Frenchman sing Spanish songs to the guitar. From thence went both of us with the Villamils to Lady S. Douglas's, where there was dancing; home a quarter after one. By the bye, Wellesley mentioned that Lord Castlereagh, in speaking of the females who were common in the Manchester riots, said, "As for these wretched women, I shall leave them to *purge themselves*." Dorion told me that to print 1000 copies of such an octavo volume as his, in Didot's best manner, cost but about seventy pounds English.

March 1st. Dined with the Villamils, and they, and I and Bessy, went to Miss Corrie's concert: bad enough, except a few very touching bars in Benazet's violoncello, and Madame Fodor's song from the "Barbieri." *Amor possente* is the name of the beautiful duet from "Armida," in which there are such affecting passages.

2nd. A meat breakfast at Villamil's at two for the purpose of practising some music, but neither practised nor dined. Went all to the Variétés, and made up by a most hearty hot supper at V.'s afterwards.

3rd. Dined at Cadogan's: company, the Charlemonts, Lady Warrender, Sir Sidney Smith, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Sat next to Sir Sidney. Told me some curious things; the distillation of salt water; a most useful discovery for the navy; the water *fade* and insipid, but quite pure and fresh. Some navigator, he mentioned, is going to take out casks of coal with those of water; if it succeeds, there will be so much stowage saved, as the calculation is that one cask of coal will make three of water. Sea scurvy arises from the want of fresh air; the knowledge of this has led to the almost total extirpation of it. Mrs. Cadogan told me that Sir Sidney *amused* her for a whole evening by explaining how she might see a ball coming out of a cannon's mouth in time to avoid it.

4th. A party proposed for the Gymnase to-night, with the Storys. Received a letter from Lord Byron, who signs himself now *Noël Byron*. He has called out Southey, as I expected he would, and he has done right; no man should suffer such a letter as Southey's, signed with his name, to pass without this sort of notice. Lord B. ought not to have brought it upon himself, but, having done so, there was but this left for him. Neither will there any harm result from it, as Southey, I am sure, will not meet him. Wrote a little now every day, but very little. Dined with Story's men (their first appearance) at a restaurateur's, and afterwards went with them and the ladies to the Gymnase: three very pretty pieces, the "Artiste," "Mémoires d'un Colonel," and "Michel and Christine." Bessy quite uncomfortable about the fate of poor Stanislas in the last: said it would haunt her for a week.

5th. Wrote: walked with Bessy: dined at home. Afterwards to Madame de Broglie's: some amusing conversation among the Frenchmen there. Talked of national songs; "Vive Henry Quatre" almost the only *royal* one, except "Fils d'un Béarnois," written when Louis XVI. was in prison. Disclaimed Charmante Gabrielle as a national song; praised the words of the first verse; seemed to think it was written by Henri himself. Mentioned some verses upon a pun by the present king, but I could not collect them: *les chaleurs extrêmes* one of the phrases, and the Duke seemed to doubt if the plural *chaleurs* was admissible. One of the talkers, an old fellow, spoke (with a license of language which we should not well tolerate in England), about the illegitimacy of the Duc de Berri. From there went to the Ambassador's, where I found Talleyrand coming out, and (a much better thing) that pretty girl, Miss Huxley, going in: talked a little to her, and came away early.

6th. Have been reading "Saint Foix ou Paris," and a wretched thing, "Les Amours de Camille." Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Marquis of Yruco (who was in America), and his wife, the Drummonds, &c. Some singing in the evening; Bessy came; supped afterwards.

7th. Had fixed to-day for a restaurateur dinner with Kenny and Elliston. Villamil, Macleod, Hunter (the King's messenger), and

his son, joined the party. Dined at a bad *traiteur's*, Peyton on the Boulevards; bad and dear. Went, five of us, in the evening, to see Mdlle. Bégrand in "Suzanna," at the Porte St. Martin; much changed in figure from what she was four years ago; an extraordinary exhibition. Brought them home to supper; had also the Storys, Mrs. Villamil, and the Douglasses: left us at two.

10th. Can do but little: ruinous work. Had Elliston and Villamil to dine with us (Kenny was to have been of the dinner), in order to go to Madame Fodor's benefit in the evening. Tickets twenty francs each: Bessy went: opera, the "Elizabeth of Rossini;" some fine things, but heavy as a whole. Went and supped at Mrs. Story's afterwards.

11th. Walked to look at some of the remarkable streets mentioned by Saint Foix. Dined at Lord Stair's: company, Rancilffe, Lord Paulet, Colonel Milman (brother to the poet), Dalton, &c. &c.; magnificent style of living: went to his box at the French Opera afterwards, "Aladin." Did not go to Mrs. Gent's ball.

12th. Walked and wrote a little: my course, either to-day or yesterday (I forget which), by the Rue du Temple and the Rue Ste. Avoye, which took me out on the Quai by the place de Grève. Was looking for the Rue des trois Pavillons, but could not find it. The Rue du Petit Bourbon (from a house in which, that had belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, Charles IX. fired on his Huguenot subjects as they crossed the water to the Faubourg St. Germain) is, as far as I can discover, demolished. Dined at Villamil's: company, Captain Light, Princesse Talleyrand, &c. &c. Music in the evening. At twelve o'clock, went with Bessy to the Macleods', and staid till near two.

13th. Weather very hot. Dined with the Lockitts and Storys at Riche's: sent an excuse to the Drummonds.

14th. Dined at De Flahault's: company, Madame de Souza, Monsieur De Lessert, Count Pahlen, and a Frenchman, whose name I don't know; very agreeable. De Flahault made me a present of "Courier's Pamphlets," and Madame de Flahault of "Beranger's Songs." Had before dinner received tickets for the Duke of Orleans's box at the Italian: sent the Villamils and Bessy; joined them

there afterwards; Count Pahlen took me. Some conversation with him about Rossini. Rossini at Venice being employed to write an opera for the Carnival, passed off an old one upon them, but was, I believe, imprisoned three days for the deceit. In comparing him to Cimarosa, critics say, Cimarosa never repeated himself, but then there is but one of his pieces that keeps the stage, the "Matrimonio." The opera, to-night, "L'Italiana." Returned home to dress again, and went to Lady E. Stuart's ball; very splendid, a blaze of English beauty.

15th. Went to show the Lockitts Sommariva's collection, and lost my day by it. Dined with the Storys: they and Bessy went to the Variétés, taking also our dear Anastasia. I returned home and played over the whole of "L'Italiana," which Madame de Flahault lent me.

16th. My dear Anastasia's birthday; preparations for a young party on the occasion. Weather as warm as summer. Walked to the Rue des Fossés de St. Germain Auxerrois. Saw the Cul de Sac de Sourdis, where was one of the residences of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Saw also the Rue Bailleul (a very narrow street), where, according to St. Foix, she also lived à l'*Hôtel de Schomberg qui subsiste encore, derrière l'Hôtel d'Aligre*. This latter hotel is still there with the same name. Saw also, in the Rue Béthisy, which is a continuation of the Rue St. Germain Auxerrois, the site of the house (the second on the left *en entrant par la Rue de la Monnaie*) where Admiral Coligni was assassinated the night of St. Bartholomew. The church of St. Germain, &c., from which the signal was given, is opposite the façade of the Louvre.

17th. Dined at Colonel Huxley's, the father of the beautiful *blonde*: company, General Ramsay, Sir C. Green, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Went from thence to Villamil's: Kenny, Davison, and Miss Holcroft; some music and supper.

18th. Went with Flahault and De Lessert to see a match at the Tennis Court: great activity exhibited by two boys. Flahault bet on the Vieux (as they were called, about twenty-nine years of age), and won. Dined at Fitzherbert's: Lord Rancilffe, Daly, and Dr. Gullifer; a little music in the evening. Returned home early.

19th. Dined at the Café Français with Bessy, the Storys, and Major Handley, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Potier in the "Frères Féroces" excellent. Took ice at Tortoni's afterwards.

20th. Dined at Robert's with Campbell of Saddell: company, Lord Beauchamp, Berkeley Craven, Irvine, Henry Baring, Macleod, &c. Beauchamp and Craven both clever in their way. The story of Montrou falling into the saw-pit at Newmarket, &c. &c. Meant to go to *Frascati* afterwards, but changed my mind, and came home early.

21st. Walked all the way to the Palace de la Bastille, and round by the Boulevard St. Antoine. Dined with Hanley at Roberts': a dinner given chiefly for Bessy, but she was too tired with her shopping in the morning to come. The Storys, Miss Maurice, Lady Augusta Leith, and the two Mackenzies. Had received a note from Lady Ranelagh in the morning, to ask me to join her at the Français; went, just in time, to see Mars in the "Suite d'un Bal Masqué."

22nd. Went with Bessy, Mrs. Story, and Miss Drew, to see Soult's pictures. Denon took us. Denon said to me, "If ever you describe Jesus Christ, take that for your model (the figure of him in the Healing of the Sick); it is the only true idea ever given of him; *c'est la morale de Jesus Christ*." Soult very civil to me: spoke about Lady Holland, &c. &c. Walked to look at the Rue Git la Cour, where Francis I. built a palace to be near the hotel of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Dined at Chenevix's: company, the Payne Galways, the Howards, the Montalemberts, Fox, &c. &c. Went to the Opera to join Bessy and Mrs. Story, and supped afterwards.

23rd. Dined by myself at Véry's; joined Bessy at Mrs. S.'s in the evening, and supped there.

24th. Write every day a few lines of some trifle or other for my *omnium gatherum*. Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Storys, Douglasses, Dawson, Kenny, &c. &c. Went away in the evening for a short time to Madame la Briche's (where I had been asked to dine) and saw there some high-flying royalists, Duc de Duras, &c.; returned to Villamil's and supped. Story, last night, won 2,600*l.* at *ecarté*; began with thirty-three Napoleons. Offered to-day to lend me as much of it as I

close, but declined with many thanks; a kind hearted fellow as can be.

25th. Anniversary of my wedding-day: the Storys all start for England: the Villamils, Dawson, and Kenny dined with us. Went in the evening to the Feydeau, to see the "Paradis de Mahomet;" dull enough.

26th. Weather like midsummer; the dandies all mounting their white trowsers and straw hats. Am reading Lacretelle's "History of the Wars for Religion in France;" strange style sometimes. He says under Henry IV., *Love rederenait une passion digne des Français*. This is like Franconi's *Pendant que le roi de Navarre (ah! je me sens impatient de le nommer Henri IV.), &c. &c. A travers tant de scènes confuses, l'histoire n'a qu'une ressource, c'est de s'attacher au panache blanc de Henri IV.* On coming in to dress found that Tom had had a fall, which alarmed me a good deal; had him stripped and examined, but it was only a bruise on his shoulder. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's; Henry Leeson, Fox, King, and Latouche; agreeable enough. Two of Fox's stories good: the Prince de Poix stopped by a sentry, announced his name. *Prince de Poix!* (answered the sentry) *quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots, vous ne passeriez pas par ici*. The wife of a colonel at a review in Dublin stopped by a sentry in the same manner, and telling him she was "the Colonel's lady,"—"No matter for that, ma'am; if you were even his wife you couldn't pass." Came home early (being anxious about Tom) instead of going either to Madame Talleyrand's or Madame Sassenay's.

27th. Dined with the Ellices: Cornwall, the Standishes, Lambton, and Ellice's brother. Went in the evening to Madame de Broglie's: some conversation with Count Torreno and the Duc, who promised me a copy of his last speech. From thence went to Mrs. Gent's *infants'* ball.

28th. Was to have dined with Sir T. Webbe, but sent an apology, and agreed to go with the Villamils (Bessy and I) to see Madame Georges in "Merope;" dined with them. The play very affecting; a good farce afterwards, "Les Deux Manèges." Remarkd the odd effect of the word *autel* occurring so often in the tragedy, and sounding like *hôtel*.

29th. Dined with Stibbert at Roberts': a

large party: Lords Thanet, Kensington, Stair, and Beauchamp, Henry Baring, Sir Granville Temple, King, &c., about sixteen in all: very splendid dinner and very dull. Returned home at ten to see how Bessy (who has been very ill these two days past) was going on: found her in bed asleep and went out again. Eat ice at Tortoni's.

30th. Went at twelve with young Thayer to the college in the Rue St. Jacques (College de France) to hear a lecture by Monsieur Guizot, who has given a course on the History of the Representative Government in England. This lecture embraced the period of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The parallel with which he concluded, between those times and the present, very striking; our superiority to them in intellectual acquirement, and our inferiority in moral energy; happiness and rights were then so rare and so difficult of attainment, that it was necessary to exert the whole force of men's nature, to gain ever so small a portion of them out of the struggle; now comforts are so diffused and *la vie est si facile*, that men grow indifferent, and are contented with *knowing* the rights they are entitled to, without taking any extraordinary pains to possess themselves of them: hence their theories are bold, but their practice timorous and compromising; it is in short the age of what he well described, *les esprits exigeans et les caractères complaisans*. Went from thence to the Sorbonne, where a new lecture room has been fitted up, and heard M. Biot on Physical Science. His lecture was upon sound; not very interesting. An exceedingly crowded auditory, and many young men here (as at M. Guizot's) taking notes. Dined at Villamil's with Dawson, and went to join the Macleods at the Variétés in the evening: supped with them afterwards.

31st. Dined at home: was to have gone to Madame la Briche's in the evening, to hear Madame Orfila sing, but got occupied with Bessy in examining and tearing up letters and papers, and did not go.

April 1st. No letter to decide me about my going. Dined at home. Villamil joined me over a leg of lamb and sausages, and enjoyed his little dinner exceedingly.

2nd. The Macleods called: wanted Bessy and me to join them at the Café Français, or

rather to be their guests: Bessy not liking to do so, I went.

3d. A note from Mrs. Macleod to beg that, as they are off to-morrow, I should join them, Campbell, &c. at the Café Français to dinner: half promised; preferred, however, going with Bessy and Mrs. Villamil to the Cadran Bleu. Bessy ill with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres (as was intended) in the evening. I went alone to the Ambigu, and saw the "Forêt d'Herminstadt."

4th. Dined with Raneliffe: company, Mildmay, King, Lumley, Lord Charlemont, &c. Heard that the party I was to have joined yesterday at the Café Français had a row with some Frenchmen, who abused them, called them poltroons, &c. The men, Macleod, Gordon, Campbell, and Irvine, took no notice till the ladies had retired, but then found that this fellow was gone, and could not make out who he was.

5th. Saw Campbell at Longchamps, who told me the particulars. All arose from Miss Inglis shutting the door of the cabinet they were in, and (it is supposed) hitting the Frenchman's arm in doing so. The party, after they had got rid of the ladies, cast lots to decide who should call him out; it fell upon Irvine. Macleod and the ladies are off this morning; they have not yet discovered who is the man, but have put up *affiches* in the coffee-house, and advertised to-day in Galignani. My lucky stars, not to have been of this party! Dined at Greffulhe's: company, Sir Sidney and his ladies, and some Frenchmen: sang in the evening. Had a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that the new claim is 1400*l.*, and that instead of 300*l.*, which it was expected they would take, they actually demand 600*l.*, so that I must not think of leaving France. Shall take a run over, however, for Power's sake.

6th. Walked to Montmartre, where I had heard there was a nice house to be let, but saw nothing. Sauntered about the cemetery, and lost myself for a while in very sad thoughts. Came home for Bessy, and walked her about a little. Dined by myself at St. Lambert's, and came home early. Smith the banker (Lord Carrington's brother), who has taken La Butte for the summer months, offers me, I am told, in the kindest manner, the *parillon* I have already occupied, rent free: worth con-

sideration. Met Campbell to-day: they have got into a further scrape by the *affiches* they stuck up, which was resented by some young French officers, as reflecting on the army in general. Gen. Gourgaud, too, tore down the *affiche* at the Café Français. These matters, however, have been explained away by the interference of Henry Baring. They have found that the original offender is at Bordeaux, and mean to set off there immediately (the whole three, as the lot is *again* to be cast) for the purpose of calling him out. What a pleasant business I should have had of it!

7th. Hired a carriage to take us all out (children, &c.), to a cold dinner at La Butte, previous to its being given up to the Smiths for the summer. Dawson of the party. Sauntered about: looked at a pretty house in the avenue, very tempting, but too dear. Home early.

8th. Dined with Bessy and Villamils, and Dawson, at the Rocher de Cancalle, and went to see the "Chateau de Kenilworth" at the Porte St. Martin afterwards; a shocking story. Have nearly made up my mind to accept of Mr. Smith's offer. Gordon came into our box to-night to take leave on his departure for Bordeaux to-morrow. Seemed in a state of much excitement. Handley goes with them as friend, and was asking my advice this morning about some points he was a little doubtful in: told him he must positively confine the quarrel to *one*.

9th. Walked about with Bessy: was to have dined with Mildmay, but preferred Bushe, having been asked so often by him without being able to go. Company, Lord and Lady Charlemont Lady Sligo, Sir C. Warrender, &c. Sat next to Lady Charlemont; a good deal of talk with her about Mad. de Genlis, &c. &c. Asked to Mrs. Armstrong's in the evening, but came home.

10th. Had a note yesterday from the Peters, offering me their box for to-night's opera. Sent for Stasia to take her there. Dined at home, and went with Bessy and Anastasia: the "Danaïdes."

11th. Went and took my place in the diligence for Saturday, and got my passport. Dined with Ranelagh: Lords Thanet and Herbert, King, Fitzgerald, Flahault, &c. A story of Alvanley writing to a friend, "I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if

you can put up with turtle and turbot, I shall be happy to see you." Came home early.

12th. Have been transcribing these two days some of the trifles I have written lately, and marking on the proofs of "Rhymes on the Road" the poems which I wish to have omitted, in case any accident might prevent me from superintending their publication myself. Met Mr. Smith this morning, who invited me to join him in his carriage to-morrow morning, instead of going by the diligence: accepted his offer, and am to be off at six o'clock.

13th. Started between six and seven, and slept at Amiens; our party, Smith, Abercrombie, and young Smith.

14th. Smith told some anecdotes of the revolutionary time in France; two brothers, one of whom was so shaken in his nerves by the scenes around him, that the other was in perpetual anxiety lest he should be surprised into some act of cowardice, and disgrace himself. They lived concealed; ventured out together to see the execution of Charlotte Corday: the horror of the nervous man, &c. &c. Bribe a soldier to aid in their escape from Paris, who told his wife, and she, in her fears for her husband, gave information; both executed. Another of a man, who, in making his escape in disguise, in coming to one of the frontier towns, asked a party whom he did not know, but with whom he had been singing revolutionary songs through the street, to dine with him; drank republican toasts, &c. The same party saw him out of town in the evening, singing as in the morning; his escape from them, and breathless run when he got beyond the frontier: heard afterwards that the whole of the party had been seized as his accomplices, and most of them (a young girl among the number) executed. Met Lord Lansdowne on the road to-day; got out and shook hands with him. Arrived at Boulogne at eight in the evening, and decided for going in the steam packet from thence.

15th. The scene of our departure (at about half past four) very amusing; all the fashionables of Boulogne, in gigs, carriages, curricles, &c. on the pier. Resurrection of many Irish friends whom I had thought no longer *above* the world: Tom Grady, who told me that there was some other region (unknown) to which those, who exploded at Boulogne, were blown. Told me of some half-pay English

officers, who having exhausted all other means of raising the wind, at last levied subscriptions for a private theatre, and having announced the "Forty Thieves" for the first representation, absconded on the morning of the day with the money. Our passage only four hours, but very disagreeable.

16th. Separated from the rest of the party, and started in the coach at half-past ten. Cunningham and Col. Meyrick my companions. C. mentioned that Prince Paul of Wirtemberg one day at Rothschild's, upon being frequently addressed as plain "Paul" by the Jew, said at last, casting his eyes towards the servant at his back, *Monsieur le Baron Rothschild, mon domestique se nomme Pierre*. Meyrick mentioned several puns against Napoleon at the Variétés (it must have been during the Cent Jours), one of which was something of this kind, *Le garde mérite la croix de la Légion d'Honneur, L'Empereur l'accorde (la corde)*. Went on my arrival to Power's, and slept there.

17th. Took lodgings at Blackie's, the baker, in Bury Street, from whom I learned that my good old friend and landlady, Mrs. Pineand, died near a year since at Edinburgh. Went to the Longmans; dined there, and Rees and I went to Covent Garden afterwards, to see "Cherry and Fair Star."

18th. Found my lodgings so uncomfortable that I paid part of the week, and took others at 24 Bury Street. Dined at the George and went to Drury Lane. Elliston (whom I had called upon in the morning, but who was ill in bed) had a private box prepared for me. Saw Madame Vestris in "Don Juan," and was delighted with her.

19th. Dined with Lord Essex: company, Brougham, Lord A. Hamilton, and Bob Smith. Brougham mentioned having heard some one describe the execution of a *Cretin* as particularly horrible; the creature's unconsciousness of what was to be done, his pride at being the object of so much crowd and bustle, &c. Went in the evening to Lord Blessington's; found a party there, among whom was Galt the writer. Met Henry de Roos to-day, who gave me a ticket for the Opera. Lady Blessington has given me another.

20th. Dined with Lady Donegal, and went to the Opera in the evening: part of the evening in the Blessingtons' box, where I met the

Speaker, who very civilly volunteered his permission for my entrance under the gallery, the night of Canning's Catholic motion. Went afterwards to Lady Grey's box.

21st. Went out to dine at Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Lord Gower, Lord Clanwilliam, &c. &c. Some conversation with Lord Holland at dinner. I said if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), I did not know what poesy meant. Lord H. said that Mackintosh did not consider Burke poetical. Talked of the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*): was *not* such as he will be represented in history, that is, weak and wicked, but very clever and only shabby. Lord H. mentioned a curious fancy of Lord Wycombe (late Lord Lansdowne), attaching himself to a Colonel Neale, of the 9th regiment of foot, merely on account of his extraordinary ignorance; "a phenomenon of a man having lived so long without learning anything;" used to delight in persuading him that he was clever, &c. &c. Slept there in a beautiful little bed-room.

22nd. Irving, with whom I arranged the matter yesterday, came out at eleven o'clock to pay his homage. Lady H. said, "What an uncouth hour to come at," which alarmed me a little; but she was very civil to him. Showed me her Napoleon treasure, and the extracts from the will. Wanted me, right or wrong, to stay to-day to meet Lord Grey and Jeffrey; but could not, being engaged to Lord Blessington. By the bye, met Jeffrey on Saturday: did not know me, I being, as he said, so full of bloom and youth; whereas the last time he saw me I looked pale and careful.

Walked in with Irving; called at Kingston House (Lord Listowell's) in our way. Wants me to dine there on Thursday, but Lord John's motion for reform will prevent me. Met the Sergeant-at-arms to-day, who told me that the Speaker had mentioned me to him as to be let in under the gallery on Canning's motion. Called upon Lady Grey, and sat with her some time. Dined at Lord Blessington's: company, Lord Erskine, Dr. Parr, Captain Morris, Lord Auckland, Galt, &c. None of the veterans very bright, though the old American sung some of his songs. What a venerable triumvirate,—learning, law, and tilting! Ought to have mentioned that, soon after my

arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain. Got an Opera ticket from Lady Grey, and sent it and another to the Forsters.

23rd. Dined with Shée: showed me a poem he had written upon Scott, Lord Byron, and me,—“Three poets in three different regions born.” Left him early for the Opera. The house splendid; most of the women in their drawing-room dresses, and the general rising to “God save the King” most striking. What a contrast to the *canaille*-looking audiences of Paris. Some time in the Grey’s box. Went behind the scenes, my old haunt at this house. Many years since I was there before. Went to the British Museum this morning with the Forsters.

24th. Dined with Chantrey: went with him in the evening, to Sir Humphrey Davy’s scientific *soirée*, where I met Sotheby, &c.; and from thence to Almaek’s. A very pretty show of women, though not quite what it used to be. N. B. Chantrey’s remark about sculpture having taken the lead of painting in ancient times, and *vice versa*, among the moderns. The consequences of this.

25th. Sat to Newton. Took an early dinner at the George, and went off to the House of Commons, to hear Lord John’s speech on the Reform. Got a very good place under the gallery; Lord John sat with me till the time for his motion came on. His speech excellent, full of good sense and talent, and, though occupying nearly three hours in the delivery, listened to throughout with the profoundest attention. Towards the end of the debate Canning spoke, and far surpassed every thing I had expected from him. It was all that can be imagined *agreeable* in oratory; nothing, certainly, profound or generalising, or grand or electric; but for good taste, for beauty of language, for grace, playfulness, and all that

regards manner and display, it was perfect. Eat cold meat at Bellamy’s (introduced by Lambton); and did not leave the house till near two.

26th. Called upon Lord John, and sat with him some time. Upon Canning, whom I congratulated upon his speech of last night, “What (he said), were you there? I was little aware I had such a critical auditor.” Was asked to dine to-day at Lord Burghersh’s, but dined at Kingston’s: company, Mrs. Story, Twiss, Hallam, Sotheby, and Irving. Went in the evening to Lady Burghersh’s, and afterwards to Mrs. Thomas Hope’s, where I saw Miss Edgeworth.

27th. Walked about with Lord John. Dined at Holland House: Jeffrey, Wishaw, Irving, Knight, &c. &c. Talked of a worm that destroys books in India, and the difficulty of getting rid of it. Irving and I went to the Opera.

28th. Sat to Newton. Went and worked at the “National Melodies,” with Bishop, for about two or three hours. Dined at Abercromby’s. Met Lady Morgan this morning, who begged me to join her, Lady C. Lamb, and General Pepe (a glorious “triumvirate,” as she herself calls a man and his cow, and something else in the Wild Irish Girl), to a *soirée* at Lydia White’s to-morrow night.

29th. Called upon Luttrell after breakfast. Found there Beresford, author of the “Miseries;” a grotesque-minded person, very amusing. Dined at Kinnaird’s: company, the Duke of Sussex, Sir F. Burdett, Jeffrey, Hobhouse, &c. &c. Sat next to Jeffrey. Talking of the trouble of the “Edinburgh Review,” he said, “Come down to Edinburgh, and I’ll give you half of it.” I told him I thought the public “would find, in that case, one half of the disc obscured.” Duke of Sussex asked me to dine with him to-morrow, but excused myself on account of Canning’s motion. A long conversation with Hobhouse about Lord B.’s “Memoirs,” which confirmed me more and more in my satisfaction in having rescinded the bargain. Hobhouse an upright and honest man. In speaking of Lord B. he said, “I know more of B. than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know.” Gave up Lady Grey’s again, and walked down to the House of Commons with Jeffrey. Talk about Lord Byron; expressed his fear that Lord B.

had but few of the social sympathies in his heart. Went in for a short time, and heard Brougham on Finance.

30th. Breakfasted with Luttrell, and walked out with him. Alluding to my restlessness, he said I was "like a little bright ever-moving ball of quicksilver; 'it still eludes you, and it glitters still.'" We did nothing but repeat our respective verses to each other; some of his admirable. Called upon Irving with him. Met that Vaughan who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted. This alters the complexion of the thing materially. L. mentioned a poetical midshipman who described the weather in the log book thus, "Light airs, languishing into calms." Laid in some cold meat and went to the House of Commons; avenues all blocked up with unsuccessful candidates for admission. After several repulses, and at last giving it up in despair, was taken in by Jerningham as one of the Catholics on his list, Mr. Blunt. Sat next Lord Limerick and Randolph, the famous American orator; a singular looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that, when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful. Canning's speech very able and statesman-like, but far less beautiful as a display than that of the other night; *that* was indeed the *bouquet* of his *feux d'artifice*. Supped at Stevens's: the last time I supped there was with Lord Byron at three in the morning.

May 1st. Took Irving to dine at Lady Donegal's: Lord Clifton and Charles Moore of the party. Irving and I went afterwards to the Ancient Music, where "I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me" was performed (the first time that anything of mine has presumed to breathe in this venerable atmosphere), and encored. From thence I went to Catalani's concert, where also (proud triumphs for Irish Music!!), the thing that produced most sensation was "The Last Rose of Summer," on Nicholson's flute; and finished the night at Almack's, having been obliged to go home and dress

again, and being nearly excluded for my lateness. Some conversation here with Canning and Lord Grey.

2nd. Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there, in order to go to see Mathews in the evening: Rees went with us. Very clever and amusing, but too much of it. Too tired to go to Devonshire House (which I have now missed three Thursdays), and went with Irving to sup at the Burton ale house.

3rd. Called, and sat with Lady Lansdowne, who was full of kindness. Went to the private view of the Exhibition with Mrs. Chantrey and Lady Dacre. Two fine things of Westmacott's among the sculpture, a *Psyche* and a *Beggar-woman*; the latter full of sentiment, carrying the art, too, into a new region. Lawrence's *Adonized* George IV., disgraceful both to the King and to the painter; a lie upon canvas. Was to have dined to-day with the Artists' Benevolent Society, but preferred a dinner alone at Richardson's coffee-house, and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Miss Stephens delightful. Received, on my return home, a letter from Jeffrey, saying that he had "heard of my misfortunes and of the noble way I bore them," and adding, "would it be very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years." The letter concludes with the most anxious and delicate apologies for having taken the liberty; and assuring me that he would not have made the offer, if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me. This is deeply gratifying.

4th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne: told him of my last arrangement with Murray. He said that *his* chief objection to the disposal of the "Memoirs" was removed by Lord Byron's having given me full powers (as to correction and alteration) over the whole of the MS. signed by bond, &c. &c. to Murray. Dined with Power. Sent to Rees to come to me in the evening, and told him what I had done with Murray. Staid at Power's, and looked over some of my music, having given my Opera ticket for to-night to Irving.

5th. Sat to Phillips the painter, for the finishing of the picture he began two or three years ago. Went to Stothard to give him my idea of the designs he is about for the 4th No. of "National Melodies." Irving walked about with me: called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is that?" I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death." Four invitations to dinner on my list to-day, but, owing to some puzzlement about Holland House, lost all, and dined alone at a coffee-house in Covent Garden. Met Lord and Lady Tavistock, who were to dine with the Hollands, and begged them to explain why I did not go out. Went to Power's in the evening, and wrote out a National Melody.

6th. Sat to Newton and to Phillips. Went with Mrs. Story, Irving, and Newton to the Exhibition. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, the Abercrombys, Oakden, young Macdonald, and Wishaw. Went with Lord and Lady Lansdowne at ten o'clock to St. Paul's to see it lighted up with gas, for, I believe, the first time. Afterwards to Lady Grey's; where I smug, and the girls played.

6th. Occupied in calls and packing; desperate rain. Irving went with me to the inn in St. Clement's, from which the Dover mail starts; where we dined; and at half-past seven I was off.

8th. A stiff breeze: had some thoughts of not venturing across, but at last decided for it. A most stormy and sickening passage: found Macdonald (Mrs. Armstrong's brother) among the passengers, and joined him, on landing at Calais, to the Hotel de Bourbon, where we were very comfortable. Went to the theatre, where some English actors performed in the evening.

9th. Started in the diligence (Armstrong and I), at half-past nine.

10th. Arrived in Paris at six. Found Bessy not at all well, and looking wretchedly: dined at home. Villamil called in the evening; and, soon after, Denon. Told me the medal of Grattan was nearly finished. By the bye, when Lord Holland was in Paris, I mentioned to him the plan I had for ten persons subscribing five pounds each to have a medal executed; and he bid me put down his

name for two subscriptions. Informed by Denon that Rogers is arrived in Paris from Italy.

11th. Called to look for Rogers at the Hôtel de Breteuil, but not there. Told by Lord Granard (who wants R. and me to dine with him on Sunday or Monday), that he was at the Hôtel de Londres. Went to dine at Véry's with the Villamils and Bessy: saw Rogers there, dining with Millingen: seemed very good-natured and glad to see us.

12th. R. agreed to dine with me at Lord G.'s. Went out to La Butte to Mrs. Smith, who is about to give up the place, thinking that it does not agree with her, and thereby upsets all my plans for the summer. Never were quiet and study more necessary to me, and never did I seem much farther from them. No one at Lord Granard's but ourselves, Rogers and I, and Lady Raneliffe. Went together in the evening to the Duchess of Hamilton's, where we found the Duke and her, and one or two foreigners.

13th. Walked about with Rogers for two or three hours. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow at Roberts'.

14th. Joined R. at Roberts', at five: had asked Gallois and Stewart Rose, but they were engaged: sat down (he and I) to a splendid dinner at fifteen francs a-head, exclusive of wine. Poets did not feed so in the "olden time." Went to the Italian Opera afterwards: Camilla (by Paer); Madame Pasta very fine. R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by Horace Smith), that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "Cain," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed too much inclined to follow him. Shelley too has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning.

15th. Went out to look at the house near Bellevue, which Mrs. Cunningham occupied last year; but it was let. Joined the V.s and Bessy at Véry's to dinner. Called yesterday on Mrs. Smith at Auteuil, where she has taken a house.

16th. Drove out with Bessy and Villamil to call upon Mrs. Smith. Looked at the apartment in Auteuil, which I have so often looked at: but it won't do. In coming past Passy, Bessy got out of the carriage, and walked through it house-hunting. Found one that, I think, will just do. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils, and went to the Italian to see "Romeo and Juliet:" Madame Pasta in Romeo delightful.

17th. Drove out with Bessy and Mrs. V. to see the *pavillon* at Passy: all liked it exceedingly. Agreed for it: 1500 francs for six months, and power to keep on a year for 500 more. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils; and went afterwards to some sports in the Palais Royal, and the Café des Nymphes de Calypso: evidently not a very virtuous place.

18th. Bessy went out with one of the maids to Sèvres to bring away our things, and the other went to Passy to air beds, &c. Dined with the Villamils at Véry's. Bessy did not return till eleven at night, much fatigued with her operations.

19th. Went over the état of our Rue d'Anjou lodgings, with the old porter, &c. Came off to Passy. Have now some prospect of quiet.

20th. Walked in for the purpose of ordering wine, and other little arrangements; wet day. Returned to dinner.

21st. My first task, completing the unfinished verses of the 4th No. of "National Melodies."

23rd. Wrote out what I had done, and walked with my packet into Paris. Bessy had gone in the morning, and both dined with the Villamils at the Café Français.

24th. Began writing for my little work ("The Letters from Abroad"), finishing the poem on Country Dance and Quadrille: wrote thirty-two lines of it. Walked at half-past three to meet Villamil at the Tir le Page in the Champs Elysées; tried my hand at firing, and, after some trials, hit a *poupée*. The Villamils dined with us.

25th. Some lines of the Quadrille thing.

26th. Finished the poem, having written

more than 100 lines of it since I came. Miss Drew to dinner. All walked for Anastasia in the evening. With some people, the heart is the spoiled child of the imagination.

27th. Wrote my letters, and began a poem called the "Three Angels,"—a subject on which I long ago wrote a prose story, and have ever since meditated a verse one. Lord B. has now anticipated me in his "Deluge;" but *n'importe*, I'll try my hand. Went into town with my letters, and dined with the Villamil's at Véry's.

28th. More of the poem. Horace Smith, Kenny, and Villamil to dinner. Smith mentioned a conundrum on Falstaff: "My first is a dropper, my second a popper, and my third a whapper." Promised to dine with Smith on Monday next. My birthday, but forgot to have my health drunk; which would not have been the case if Bessy had dined with us.

29th. Roasting weather. Worked at the poem. Bessy and I walked to take Anastasia to Mrs. Forster's in the evening; I turned into the Tir le Page to try some shots, but fired wide of my mark.

31st. Bessy and I started at ten o'clock in order to go with the Villamils to see Raincy, which now belongs to the D. of Orleans. Day scorching hot: had luncheon there under the trees, and then walked about. The Rivière Anglaise (which, we are told, the old D. of Orleans had *depensé une somme enorme* to make *sur la crête de la montagne*) a poor little gutter, about as wide as the river down the Prince Regent's table at his memorable fête. In going went by Pantin, the great reservoir and laboratory of the Poudrette, and therefore insufferable for stench; but, thanks to the quarter of the wind, not very offensive to-day. Returned by Montreuil (Les Pêches); the sight of the country here, covered with walls and espaliers, very curious, but a dreary place; no shade in summer, nothing but bare walls in winter. Arrived at Véry's between six and seven, and dined. The whole very agreeable.

June 1st. At work: expect to have written 100 lines by to-morrow evening, which, with yesterday's idleness, is doing wonders within the week. No walking beyond the garden to-day. A violent storm of rain; thunder and lightning came on between three and four, which lasted all the evening and night.

2nd. Turned my 100 lines in the course of this day. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne with Bessy, &c. after dinner, and looked at the dancing.

3rd. Set off at two in the Parisienne to dine with Smith at Versailles: the weather insufferably hot: company, Greathead, Berguer, Kenny, and Grattan. Some amusing stories told. Harry Erskine saying to a man who found him digging potatoes in his garden, "This is what you call *otium cum diggin a taty*." It appears that Dante Cary is the author of those pretty translations from the old French poets in the London Magazine.

4th. A letter most kind and affectionate from Lord Strangford. Says that the game is up with the poor Greeks, and that they will now be in a worse situation than they have been in since the taking of Constantinople. Dined at home and worked. Walked with Bessy and Tom to the Bois de Boulogne after dinner; on our return, found the Forsters, who drank tea.

5th. Wrote and walked. Weather tremendously hot, the thermometer some days at 90° in the shade. Feel that it does not agree with me.

6th. Villamil called: went into Paris with him. Heard of the arrival of my good friend G. Bryan and his family; had not time to call. Dined at Forster's. Bessy came in the evening. All went to Beaujon; several turns down in the cars with Emma and the rest of the girls, my Anastasia among the number. No hackney coach to be got at night, and obliged to walk Bessy home, after twelve o'clock, by that dreary Boulevard.

7th. Wrote a note to Bryan, and sent for "Otello" to Calais, where I have subscribed for three months music. After dinner played over some of it; nothing very good except the duet, in which *Si dopo lei morro* occurs, and Desdemona's scene in the last act. Went to walk in the Bois de Boulogne, and on my return found the Bryans. Agreed to dine with them to-morrow.

8th. Went at two (Bessy and I); eat ice in the Palais Royal with Bryan. They had at dinner, Mrs. B.'s brother and his wife, and George and his, a pretty woman. Left them pretty early, and called at the Drews; thence home.

9th. Finished to-day (within one or two) my 100 lines for the week.

10th. Went into Paris to attend a meeting for the purpose of relieving those unfortunate Irish, who are always in some scrape or other, either rebelling, or blarneying, or starving, which is, perhaps, the worst of all. Sir C. Stuart took the chair; found myself named on the committee. Sir S. Smith made a speech, and contrived to bring some of his whims and theories to bear even upon the subject of Irish starvation. Proposed sending them wine from Bordeaux, and portable soup from Paris. Walked about the Palais Royal with Bryan for an hour. A thundering storm came on. Went to Véry's to write my letters, which I sent off by a commissionaire, and dined there. When half done, the Villamils came and joined me. Called for Anastasia on my way home in the evening. Have done nothing to-day.

11th. Wrote some lines. Bryan and his son George came out to dine with us.

12th. Had put down my name at Lafitte's for 100 francs to the Irish subscription, but have removed it till I see what are the arrangements under this new plan. Wrote and walked.

13th. Walked into town to attend the Irish Committee. Returned to dinner at five.

14th. Wrote and walked.

15th. Went into Paris to attend the committee. Am appointed one of the collectors at the door for the charity sermon to-morrow; subscribed 200 francs. Dined with Bessy, Bryan, and Villamils at Véry's.

16th. In at half-past two to attend the sermon; very little on my plate, but near 200l. altogether collected. Bessy and I dined at Lady Susan Douglas's, and drank tea at the Bryans'.

27th. Wrote out an air for the "Blindfolding of Love," and sent it off to Power. Have done my 100 lines this week.

20th. Went in with my letters, intending to dine with the Bryans, but found they were engaged. Called on Dr. Sigmond, who brought me a letter from Lady Burdett and her nice daughter Susanna, who inclosed some music. Called afterwards on Kirk the sculptor, who told me he had (under the idea that I was in London) brought a cast of me as far as Liverpool, in order that I might sit to him for some little details, and that Croker, upon hearing it was there, insisted upon having it, and made him write to Liverpool for it. Ap-

pointed to take Kirk to-morrow to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Dined by myself at Riche's, and called in my way home for Anastasia, the Bryans wishing she should accompany us to dine with them there to-morrow.

21st. Went in at two with Bessy and Anastasia, after writing my usual number of lines. Waited at Sommariva's for Kirk three quarters of an hour, but he never came. Dined all at Bryans'; their carriage brought us home in the evening. A long letter from Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice, he said, in showing me this child, "I suppose you have some notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have not; this little thing amuses me, but that's all." This, however, was evidently all affected; he feels much more naturally than he will allow.

22nd. Lounded about and wrote. Have just finished the First Angel's Tale. By the bye, a brother of Mrs. Goold, who is in the Navy, called upon me some evenings since: said with what delight he and his brother officers had read my Bermuda poems on the spot; how they had looked for the little bay, &c. Told me that my pretty little friend Mrs. W. Tucker, was dead, and that they showed her grave at St. George's as being that of "Nea."

23rd. Working and walking. Begun a song to send to Power to-morrow.

29th. Went with Bessy into town, to see her off to Montmorenci with the Villamils. She and I dined at Riche's, they being engaged to the Duc de San Lorenzo's. Saw her off at seven. Went to Bryan's. A saying at Paris, *Il faut être riche pour diner chez Hardy, et Hardy pour diner chez Riche.*

30th. Worked very well; have finished my 100 lines. Went into town to dine with Bryan: took him to the Café de la Paix in the evening. Came home by the gondole. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of Malesherbes's. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming from my dark corner at the end of each of his recitations, *C'est de Malesherbes, ça. Oui, Monsieur. C'est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*

July 1st. Have now done 500 lines of the poem. Dined at Véry's, and went to Bryan's

in the evening. Called at Forster's on my way home, and offered myself to dinner there to-morrow. Went to the Louvre this morning with Kirk, to look at the modern sculpture; some of it very good. The son of Niobe, by Pradier, very clever. A sleeping Nymph with a Faun stealing fruit from her, by Lemoyne, some parts of it charming. Innocence weeping the death of a snake, by Ramy, full of beauty and simplicity. Took him to Denon's afterwards. Denon told me of a picture at the Louvre this year, the subject of which is a set of pigs, with underneath the inscription (seen on several), *Société des Amis des Arts.*

2nd. Wrote about twenty lines. Dined at Forster's, and passed the evening in the garden with the girls.

4th. Met Kirk at Forster's at three, that he might see our dear Anastasia, and give an account of her to my mother. She was in high beauty, and he seemed much struck with her countenance. Walked in with him. Dined at Véry's, and went to the Beaujon with the Bryans in the evening. Luckily found a cuckoo at eleven to bring me out.

5th. Not very well; went in late. Dined at Riche's, and thence walked to the Ambigu Comique: staid but a short time, and not finding a carriage at the Place Louis Quinze, had the whole way to Passy to walk back again.

6th. Went out with the Douglasses to Montmorenci. Had completed, within a few lines, my 100 during the five days, which is good going. Found Bess and her dear little fellow very well. Walked before dinner in a pretty park, and after went on the water. The effect of the coming storm on one side of the heavens, and the remains of sunset on the other, very fine. Had half intended to stay till Monday, but thought I should lose less time by returning to Paris. Slept at Lady Susan's. Lucy and I sung duets in the midst of all the lightning, coming home; tremendous flashes, and the carriage open.

7th. Got home to Passy about one. Dined at home; sauntered into Paris in the evening.

8th. Surprised by a visit from Bessy. Went into Paris, and dined with her and the Villamils at Véry's. Saw her off again in the evening, and went to see an act of "Ferdinand Cortez" at the Opera. Found a note on my

return from Lady Mildmay, saying that the "Tancredi" is to be to-morrow, and reminding me that I was to dine and go with them.

9th. Not the "Tancredi," but resolved to go. Dined with the Mildmays: opera, "Romeo." They may talk of the profanation of turning Shakspeare's stories into operas, but Pasta's Romeo and Desdemona are to me as touching as the poet's. Got home about eleven.

12th. Did not go in till very late. Took four or five turns about the Palais Royal (the weather being very wet) before I dined, alone, at Véry's; called on Bryan afterwards. Mentioned some one saying that second marriages were "the triumph of hope over experience." Home early. Had another message yesterday from the Prince Royal of Prussia about "Lalla Rookh;" he told the writer of the letter that he always sleeps with a copy of the poem under his pillow.

13th. Bessy and her dear little fellow came home from Montmorenci; found them so much better for their trip that I am resolved they shall go back again. Went in to dine with the Bryans. Bessy too tired to accompany me; came home early.*

14th. A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me; said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month; told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him; this merely to get rid of "the Hermit." Bessy and I went in to dine with the Bryans. Tremendous storm in the evening; Bryan's coachman wanting to put us out in the midst of it.

15th. Have done pretty well this week; near 120 lines. Bessy went in to meet Mrs. Villamil; joined her at five. Thought Mrs. V. would join us at a restaurateur's (Villamil being away on a visit to the Princess Talleyrand's), but she feared returning so late. Dined, Bessy and I, at Riche's: went to Fors-ter's in the evening.

16th. Worked pretty well: dined at home; walked in the evening. On my return found that Bessy, upon sending for Anastasia to come home (in order to meet the Bryans to-mor-

row), was informed that she was ill, and had walked off to see her. Followed and overtook her; both a good deal alarmed, but found the dear child but little the worse for the attack, which was a giddiness in the head from deranged stomach.

17th. Bessy went in early to provide for to-day's dinner. Saw Anastasia in her way, and found her much better. The Bryans to dinner. Received to-day a letter from Brougham inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be 100*l.* a-month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it.

18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*.

25th. Dined with the Mildmays, and accompanied her to the Opera to see Pasta in "Tancredi." Nothing could be more perfect than the pathos of both her acting and singing. Greffulhe said that Talma declares she is as much superior to Duchesnois in acting, as Duchesnois is to V—. Got home rather late. Called this morning, and sat some time with Emma Forster.

31st. Have done fifty lines within these last two days, which, contrary to my expectation, completed my 1000 to-day. Dined at Bryan's.


August 1st. Worked away. Dined with the Douglasses, under the idea of going to Beaujon, but the weather too wet.

4th. Called upon by the Douglasses at three to go and dine at Mr. Thayer's [an American to whom their hotel (de Morency) and the Passage du Panorama belongs] at his country house at Seeaux. A large and strange party there: among others the famous M. Say, whom I found agreeable. In speaking of Lamartine he said, that his school, which was that of Chateaubriand, met with strong opposition from the critics. M. Chenier particularly had attacked it. Praised Chenier: said his epistles were, some of them, equal to Voltaire's. No truth whatever in the story of his having been accessory to his brother's death in the Revolution. Said that the school of Chateau-

briand consisted in producing effects more by words than ideas; that it added to the stock of phrases without increasing that of thought. For instance, he said, Chateaubriand, in calling God *Le grand Célibataire du Monde* (what wretched affectation!) conveyed no more than if he had called him *Le Père Eternel*, or any other name. Madame Thayer (a very hearty good-natured person) told me at dinner of a friend of hers, M. Labourdonnaye, who is enthusiastic about "Lalla Rookh," carries it about with him everywhere, &c. &c. Among the company too was Garat, brother to the old singer of that name, who sings himself with much spirit, and gave an Anacreontic after dinner with great effect. In the evening went to the dance in the park, which was very pretty. Returned and had music. A French girl, Mademoiselle Picherant, sung some things of Rossini's, accompanied by Consul of the Opera. I sang too. Home at twelve. Lucy and I chanting duets by moonlight all the way.

5th. Rather interrupted in the morning. Mrs. V. to breakfast. She and Bessy took me in at three. Called on Bryan: thence to Lafitte's, where, in talking of the disgraceful outrage on the English actors last week, somebody said, that in Buonaparte's time, when there was a violent opposition to a play called "Christophe Colomb" (merely because it was written in violation of rules of the critics), Napoleon sent down to the theatre, not only some troops of gens-d'armes, but a piece of artillery, and carried the tragedy off smoothly. What a powerful support at an author's back! Dined alone at Vêry's, and home early in the evening.

6th. Have finished to-day 1100, making at the rate of twenty lines a day since last Thursday. Took Bessy in at four to dine with the Bryans, who had a box at the Opera for the night. The "Barbière." Remark on the pathos of the accompaniment to a bass

duet . Home before twelve.

7th. At home. Wrote to the Bryans in the evening to say I meant to take Bessy to Tancredi to-morrow, and asking them to join us. Walked in.

8th. Note from Bryan, to say that he had taken a box. Went and dined with them.

Pasta charming. The way she sings *Traditore*; her action with the finger in the girdle; her dignity in pronouncing *Saprai, quando cadrà*; all delightful.

11th. Dined at home, and went with Lucy afterwards to Lady Virginia's at the Observatoire, to see the Jardin Suisse. Very pretty: went down in the cars. A violent rain-storm came to dissolve the vision. Supped afterwards with Lady Virginia, who gave Bessy a pretty bronze kettle; left at home by Lucy.

12th. Have done, since the 6th (Tuesday), one hundred lines more. Walked in to make visits: to Mr. Brodie (introduced to me by Godwin); to Miss Stephens, who, I delight to find, is as wild about Pasta as myself. Says her heart never was thoroughly touched by a singer before. Bessy and I dined at Douglas's; John Bushe and an Algerine, one of Douglas's monsters from the East. Mrs. Armstrong and singing in the evening.

13th. Bryan rode out in the morning with a present of a pretty watch set in pearls and a gold chain for Anastasia to wear at the children's ball given by the Douglasses to-night; but Bessy too ill to take her. Dined at home, and called upon the Bryans in the evening to go to the ball: a large party, ladies Isabella Chabot, Emily Henry, Lucy Foley, Sligo, Clanricarde, Kensington, &c. &c., with their respective little ones. Very sorry that little Stasy did not make one of the number: came home early.

14th. Bessy and I dined at the Bryans'. Am not writing much to my satisfaction this week.

15th. Nervous and uncomfortable. Dined at Forster's to meet Bishop. Some talk about music. B. said that Handel was the first who studied general effect, and brought his voices and instruments into *masses*, as a painter would call it: Mozart carried this to perfection: Haydn had not so much of it; too fond of finishing up bits to the injury of the whole. Does not think that Rossini's music will live. Had some singing in the evening. Tried over *Mi manca la voce*, which he owns to be perfectly beautiful. Had a hackney coach home for Bessy, who came after dinner.

25th. Walked in through the mummeries of the Champs Elysées at three o'clock. Received a very kind letter last night from Lord Lansdowne, chiefly relative to the cottage at

Sloperton, which, by the death of old Hall there is now another chance of my having if I choose. One paragraph of his letter is as follows: "I can only say, that if an address from all the neighbours at Sloperton could recall you, you would speedily receive one as cordial and affectionate, and perhaps rather more sincere, than those which his Majesty is now collecting from the loyalty of his Scottish subjects, and in which the inhabitants of Bowood would certainly not be behindhand." Dined at Bryan's and went at seven with them to join the Douglasses, for the purpose of seeing the fire-works, &c. Walked and drove about till past ten, and then the D.s took me home. Have done now 1400 and some odd lines.

28th. Very much interrupted these two or three days. Obligated, by having fixed the day myself, to go in and dine with Darby: company Lattin, Sir Robert Wilson, Beckett (under-secretary), Lord Sligo, &c. &c. Did not dine till near seven, and left them at eight, being called for by the Bryans to attend the little dance at home. Found the young ones all at tea: a very merry evening. Played blindman's buff with them, sung, &c. Our new neighbour, Mrs. Clifton and her children, of the party. Separated a little after twelve. Our dear Stasy the flower of the flock; dances very gracefully: and altogether a thing to be proud of.

29th. Not a line to-day but letters. Tom's cough a confirmed hooping-cough. God send the sweet fellow safe over it. My anxiety about these children almost embitters all my enjoyment of them. Bessy is more sensible on the subject, and "doats" without "doubting." Both went in in the evening to join the Villamils to the Opera (the same box): "Romeo and Juliet:" Pasta something more touching than ever I yet saw on the stage, except Miss O'Neil. Bessy cried through the whole last act.

30th. Dined at Davison's to meet my old friend Carlo Doyle, who has returned from India some months, and within these few days arrived at Paris. Much talk about old times. All of us, who were such early and close companions, still alive,—Lords Forbes, Ranccliffe, Strangford, &c.; but some breaches, alas! of the friendship have taken place, Forbes and Strangford being now decided enemies.

31st. Dined at home, and walked in in the

evening. Called upon Bryan. Have not got on very vigorously these some days past.

This book now contains three years of my life; *quam nihil in medio invenies*.

September 1st. The Bryans called for Bessy in the morning to go see the Rosiere, at Surresne. Dined with them: a Frenchman of the party, a Royalist, who told of a girl he walked with last year, at the *bal masqué*, being arrested while with him, for having a tri-colour ribbon on her gown: and (as he since found out) imprisoned six months; no other offence, and it was by chance the poor girl put on the ribbon. Home early.

3rd. Walked in. Dined at the Douglasses'. Before dinner, Bessy and I went to order some of Rossini's operas, she having hoarded (by little occasional thefts from me) six Napoleons, which with three more from the same source, which she lent me some time ago, are to be devoted to this purpose. Ordered four, and some ballets. All went to the Opera in the evening; "Otello." Papers thrown from the *Quatrième* into the parterre, which proved to be a list of the jury at present sitting on the affair of the conspirators at La Rochelle. The Douglasses drove us home.

5th. Went in at two. Accompanied Bessy and Mrs. Bryan to the Diorama: a beautiful invention; the artists, Daguerre and Bouton. Dined at the Bryans', and went all to the Opera Comique in the evening; "Ninon chez Made. de Sévigné," and "Le Solitaire;" the latter new and no great things, Madame Prudher very charming.

7th. A German called upon me, to ask my opinion with respect to some alterations he was about to make in an opera brought out by Spontini last year at Berlin, on the subject of the "Feast of Roses," in "Lalla Rookh," but which Spontini thinks requires enlargement and an addition of incident to secure its further success. Being engaged to be in town at twelve, I took him to walk in with me, during which he explained his plan. An intelligent man; spoke of Schultz (I think), a German composer who has great reputation for ballads. Expressed great anxiety to hear some of the Irish Melodies, and promised me some of his country airs. Begged him to order for me from Berlin a set of the engravings the king has had made from the costumes worn at the Court Fête founded on "Lalla Rookh," as well

as the translation of the poem by Baron Fouché, author of "Ondine," &c. &c. Said that the style of this translation was so elaborate, so full of *recherché* words and compound epithets, that it was almost impossible upon hearing it read, to understand it. Talked with much rapture of Pasta. Was with Lucy at twelve, in order to go with her to Massamino's singing school for girls, which she attends. Very few there; there being in general between twenty and thirty. One very pretty little girl, full of wicked looks and coquetry, called Zoe, only fourteen years of age, sung very nicely, particularly the duet of Desdemona and Emilia, in "Otello." Lucy called for me at nine with her mamma, and drove me home; a delicious night.

8th. Have done only between sixty and seventy lines this week. Went in to dine with the Bryans: Bessy not well enough to go. A son of — at dinner; a very rough-grained sort of gentleman, but came out with one or two things that smacked of the Irish *esprit*. Said that the Irish administrations of late (consisting of a liberal Lord-Lieutenant and a bigot Secretary, or *vice versa*) wore sometimes an orange coat with green facings, sometimes a green coat with orange facings. In talking of —, too, he said (what is, I think, perfectly true) that his patriotism is and always has been humbug; and that the difference of the currency between English and Irish money would at all times be sufficient to decide him between Toryism and Whiggism.

10th. Dined with the Douglasses, in order to go and see Pasta in "Elisabetta." Had called in the morning at the Denons, to meet the artist, and give him instructions about the inscription for the medal. * * * * No one at Douglas's but the Murrays. Rather a *triste* dinner. The suspension of Lady Susan's annuity has thrown them into much embarrassment. Most sincerely sorry for Lucy, who is a fine creature. The opera a complete failure. Pasta could not reach the pitch of her part through the whole first act; and the only thing worthy of herself was the cavatina at the end of the second. Quite mortifying to see her fail thus. Lucy and her mamma drove me home; near twelve when I arrived.

11th. Have now completed 1600 lines. Do not mean to attempt any more till my return from Rouen. Have seen Bishop, who pro-

mises to have the "National Melodies" finished this week. Mr. Abbot called upon me, of whose coming I had notice from my father and mother, with a request that I would be very kind to him. Brought me a letter from Rees, who says that there is nothing wanting towards the arrangement of the last Bermuda claim but the consent of an insurance company in Edinburgh, which meets but five times a year; that there is no doubt of its being given, and that I may count upon my liberation in a few weeks. Mr. Abbot is empowered by Harris (whose agent he is) to engage Catalani for Dublin. Offered to accompany him to her country house to-morrow. Dawson afterwards called with a friend of his, whose MS. translation of the "Pucelle" he had sent me to decide upon, and which I pronounced unpublishable. The author very gentlemanly and good-humoured about the matter. Mrs Bryan took Bessy in. Called at the Burghershes; saw Lady B. but for a short time, as she had begun her toilette for dinner at the Duke of Orleans'. Dined at Bryan's; drove us home in the evening.

12th. Went to Abbot's to breakfast. Arrived at St. Brice (the château where *Vallabrique* lives) at twelve. Found that Catalani had gone to Paris the day before. Walked about the pretty grounds of the place for an hour and a half, while the horses rested, and then returned to Paris. Abbot mentioned two or three legal anecdotes. Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, &c., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My Lord. Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the Counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm. The same judge, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, "Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to the stake." "No *not* tied to the stake, my Lord," interrupted the Counsel. He mentioned the excellent joke of Curran's upon a case, where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring* and *tumbler*

kind." Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's, which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch* a *mar-quee*. Called at Catalani's on our arrival in Paris; found her; asked us to dine at five, which we did. Her *naïveté* and cheerfulness very delightful. Spoke of Pasta with enthusiasm, as the singer that had most touched her heart, next to her own master, Marchesa. I mentioned the defects of Pasta's voice: "Yes, but she can do beautiful things with it." Praised Mrs. Salmon for her church-singing. Very amusing in her imitation of the mincing-pining style of talking among French women. All went to the Feydeau except me. Showed me a splendid box given her by the King of Prussia, containing the Medal of Merit. Went from thence to the Douglasses. Some conversation with Lucy, whose rapid change of looks within these few days is quite melancholy.

14th. Walked in with Bessy. Called at the Forsters' to see our dear Anastasia, who has a bad cough; have no doubt it will turn to a hooping-cough. Got my passport at the Ambassador's, and having left Bessy at Bryan's, went to the *Ministre de l'Interieur* and the *Préfecture* to be visé. Was with Bishop at three o'clock, and went over all he has done (nine) of the fourth number. Succeeded very well with them. Seemed to think "Heaven knows what" a little too free for this work. Agree with him, and shall substitute another. At dinner had Duruset and Poole, besides Bishop's lady, who is rather a fine woman. Poole told of a man, who said "I can only offer you for dinner what the French call a *lever* (*lièvre*) and a *pully* (*poulet*)." I said to Bishop that "this sort of dinner would do for our men of business, the mechanic *Powers*." After dinner they made me sing, and seemed to like it. Went thence to the Douglasses where Bessy dined. Curran, too, had dined there.

16th. Was at Bryan's, in the Rue d'Artois, before half-past six, though stopped at the barrier to have my trunk opened and examined. We started in his carriage at a little

after seven. A most heavenly day. The first sight of Rouen, on descending the hill, very beautiful; the long, richly planted island in the river, the faubourg and villages over the plain opposite to the city, and the black, lofty towers of the cathedral, one of which (as our post-boy first told us in descending the hill) had been struck by a thunder storm the day before and very much injured, produced altogether a most striking effect in the bright, but indistinct, sort of light which sunset threw over them. Did the journey in eleven hours, six minutes. Drove to the Hotel de France, where —'s unfortunate daughter (to see whom was the whole object of the journey) met us with as much easy self-possession as if she had been the best-conducted person in the world. The inn a wretched one; my bed seemed to me to be damp.

17th. All walked out for the purpose of seeing the cathedral, but, on account of the workmen being employed in repairing the late damages, were not admitted. Went from thence to the Museum in the Hotel de Ville; a wretched set of pictures. M. L——, a Rouen artist, the perpetrator of a great many of them, and of the best, perhaps. The catalogue has the audacity to give a bad copy of Raphael's glorious Dresden Madonna as an original. Dined wretchedly at our inn, where the only comfort was a very good pianoforte in our sitting room, with some music books, oddly enough consisting for the most part of Stevenson's songs and mine. Went all to the theatre in the evening. The pieces were the "*Coquette Corrigée*" and the "*Rivaux d'Eux Mêmes*." A Mademoiselle Le Grand the coquette.

18th. Not at all well. The filth of our inn very disgusting; the cookery poisonous. Went to the library; vacation time, and no permission to read, which is rather a disappointment, as I had some references to make, on the subject of angels, which I had hoped to have employed myself in here. The town allows 3000 francs a-year for additions to the library, whose *fond* seems chiefly theological. Another wretched dinner; to the play in the evening. "*La belle Fermière*" and "*Un Moment d'Imprudence*;" the latter very good. Bryan mentioned a ridicule he once saw on "*Otello*," where the harlequin says to his lamp, "*Si j'éteins ta flamme, j'ai mon briquet*,

mais on n'allume pas une femme comme une guinguette." To-day before dinner walked by myself to a height above the road, by which we first came in sight of Rouen, and had a magnificent view, not only of the city, but of the river to the left, studded with islands to a great extent.

20th. Up before six, and off a little after seven. Arrived in town at seven, and found Bessy and Mrs. B. waiting dinner for us. Called in our way home for Anastasia, whose cough is now decidedly a hooping one. A letter from Rees to say that we may safely return to England as soon as we like.

21st. Went into town pretty early to make some calls; one of them on the bookseller, who some time ago sent me an English poem, called "Cleon," and has now written to say that as I was pleased to express approbation of it, he trusts I shall not be less interested in its success for knowing that it was written by a young lady of seventeen, now his wife. A thorough take in; the first symptoms of which were his saying *Elle est actuellement plus âgée*; and the lady's own appearance in a few minutes quite dispelled any hope I might have had of seeing the youthful muse he led me to expect; the lady being a rather elderly Jewess. Joined the Murrays afterwards at Marechal Soult's.

22nd. The artist employed by Denon to engrave Grattan's medal for me, called with the die. Abbot called and sat some time. Spoke with much warmth about my mother; her warm-heartedness, her animation, the continual freshness and energy of her thoughts and affections. All very true, and, of course, delightful to hear. Dined at home. Have not yet resumed my work.

23rd. Called on Abbot, and thence to Denon's. Upon my proffering a thousand francs to the medallist (which according to my impression was the *prix convenu*), he exclaimed, *Ce n'est pas ça, diable, ce n'est pas ça; c'est cinquante louis*, making the difference of ten napoleons, which I was obliged to pay. Denon seemed a little ashamed of the price, and suggested that I should *porter ces deux cent francs sur le tirage*, the striking being three francs cheaper for each medal than I had expected; but this, though very French, was not my mode of doing things. Denon, to console me, read us a *notice* on the life of Puget the

sculptor, which he has written for some forthcoming work. Very neatly done. Puget, it seems, upon remarking the resemblance a mountain at Marseilles bears to a sitting figure, proposed to make out the form, and so realise the Mount Athos project, but met with no encouragement for his sublime undertaking.

The statue of Milon at Versailles is by Puget, and one of his finest works. In talking of Claude Lorraine, Denon having said that his talent broke out at a late period of life, without any instruction whatever, I remarked that this rather lessened one's respect for the art, as in other subjects a certain degree of intellectual preparation and instruction was necessary, he answered very lively, *Ah, oui, il faut de l'instruction pour faire de mauvaises copies de ce qu'il a fait, mais*—for original genius it requires no such thing; it is like your Shakspeare, &c. &c." Went from thence with M. Galli to the mint. Ordered sixty medals to be struck at two francs each. The mint keeps six (not included in the sixty). Two must be given to the artist, one to Denon, and one to Mossop (the Irish artist from whose wax model the portrait was taken); so that I shall have six over to pay the expenses of the *tirage*. Dined at the Douglasses'. Company in the evening. Had some conversation with Gallatin, the American ambassador. Told me the Duke of Wellington mentioned to him a day or two since, that Lord Londonderry had a similar attack of madness at the time of the Union in Ireland.

27th. Called upon the Miss Dalys at Passy. Walked in the Bois de Boulogne. Dined at home. Have been reading Manon l'Escarot; rather disappointed; as yet there is no variety in the scrapes she and her lover get into.

28th. Have written since Tuesday (24th) near sixty lines. Bessy very ill to-day. Emma Foster called; saw her home on my way into town. Went to the mint; received my sixty medals, and had the die *biffé*, or broke, which excited a great sensation in the mint; it being, I take for granted, a rare occurrence. Told me the last time they had any such task was in destroying the *timbre* of Napoleon, and that there was a guard of soldiers both inside and outside the Bureau during the three days it took. Carried my medals and the broken die to Douglas's, and begged of Lucy to set about wrapping up each

medal in separate papers for me. Went to call upon Wishaw, who was all kindness. Returned to Douglas's, and found the medals all neatly papered, as I wished. Dined there, and went to the coach-office in the Rue du Bouloi, where I found Mrs. Branigan just arrived. Brought her to Passy in a hackney coach.

29th. Lady Susan called for me in the morning to go and hear Douglas preach at the Ambassador's Chapel; was not ready. Wrote some lines. Went in at three to atone for my morning's failure, and heard D. at the Oratoire. The close of his sermon very spirited. Dined at home.

30th. Left Abbot's five medals, with one for Mossup (who modelled the head from which I had the medal engraved), at Cumming's, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, to be taken over to Ireland to him. Bessy and Mrs. B. all day shopping in town. Called upon the Granards. Lady G. told me of her giving a note of mine to Count Orloff, who was in search of my handwriting. Dined at home. Wrote a note to-day to M. Langlés, head of the King's Library (which is now in *vacance*), to beg he would, if possible, show it to the Murrays before their departure.

Oct. 1st. A very civil note from Mons. Langlés, beginning, *Je suis si heureux de vous donner une faible preuve de ma haute estime pour votre personne et pour votre talent, &c. &c.* Went in at twelve, and took the Murrays and Lucy to the Bibliothèque. Showed us the autographs. Told M. Langlés I wanted to consult some books on the subject of Angels. Mentioned to me a translation by Laurence of the "Book of Enoch," and lent it me, together with the second volume of his own "Norden," which I asked him for. Particularly kind and obliging. When I spoke of the liberality of the French about books, he said, *C'est pour cela que nous les avons.*

2nd. Walked a good while in the Bois de Boulogne. Met with rather an adventure; girl singing the air from the "Solitaire," *Il voit tout, il sait tout, &c.* A lovely soft day.

3rd. Have at last completed the 1700th line of the poem. Narrowly escaped M. —, one of those wretched French literati who pester me. Had a large copy of Propertius (which he is translating) under his arm. Went to the Ambassador's, Lafitte's, &c., and was at Bryan's at four, having bought two of the

pieces to be given at the Variétés, to-night, where we have a box. Feared that Bessy would not be well enough to come in; but at five, she and Mrs. B. arrived. Pieces at the Variétés, "Le Paris de Surenne," "Les Petits Acteurs," and "L'Actrice en Voyage;" the last a *premiere representation* to show off little Jenny Vertpré, who was charming in it.

5th. Am in much doubt and perplexity about my return to England, on account of the expense and of the difficulty I shall have in mustering the supplies. Bessy, however, making preparations to go with Mrs. Branigan the week after next. Dined at home.

8th. Doing a few lines every day. Wrote to Lord Strangford by a courier going off to the Duke of Wellington at Vienna. All went in to dine at Brian's. The Douglasses, Lord Trimlestown, and little Byrne of the party. Byrne's story of the priest, saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had anointed him: "Anointed you, did he? faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it." The Irishman's defence of the palavering reception given to the King in Ireland: "Well, faith, after all, you know the only way to deal with a humbugger is to humbug him." The King of France*, who asked one of his courtiers, why he had gone to England? and on his answering, *Pour apprendre à penser*, said quickly, "*Les chevaux?*" (*panser*). Curran's old story of the piper cutting off the legs of the hanged man for the sake of the stockings, then leaving the legs behind him in a cow-house where he was allowed to sleep, and the woman supposing, on finding them there (he having gone off early), that the cow had eaten him up all but the legs; the driving the cow to the fair, bidding a piper stand out of the way, because this was a cow that eat pipers, &c. &c.

9th. Went in at two to sit to a French miniature-painter for Galignani. Dined at Bryan's. Mrs. B., Lucy, and Little Byrne of the party. Went to the Français afterwards to see Talma in "Regulus," a three-act tragedy: Talma very fine. The "Grondeur" followed it, a wretchedly dull farce.

* Louis the XVth.

10th to 18th. Must here take several days *en gros*, having been too much occupied to minute down the details. Received letters from the Longmans and Powers that at last decided me to go to England. Wrote to Goddard about the cottage, and received an answer offering it to me at 25*l.* a year for whatever term I chose. Wrote to say I agreed. Preparations for Bessy's departure. Completed 1800 lines of my poem, which I see is announced for the 1st of December.

23rd. Up at six, and at nine my darlings started. Heaven bless them! If ever creatures deserved that God should particularly watch over them, it is they. The day beautiful. Dined at Bryan's. The night stormy, and kept me thinking with much anxiety of the dear travellers. Home to Passy a little after eleven; the house looking very dreary.

24th. Still very stormy. Dispatched off a letter to Calais by the post to beg of Bessy for the hundredth time not to venture across in bad weather.

26th. Got a letter in the evening from my darling girl, announcing their safe arrival at Calais. Dined at Douglas's.

28th. Packed up, and left the operation of surrendering the house, &c. to my cook, Mary. Have taken lodgings at the Hotel de York on the Boulevard, and at 32 francs and half a week. Got a letter announcing Bessy's arrival at Dover.

29th. Began the revision of my poem, and read "Suarez de Angelis," which M. Langlés has lent me from the King's Library. Told me they have not got "Bonaventura de Alis Seraphim," which I also asked for.

November 1st to 5th. Have not had time to keep any accurate diary of the next few days. Passed my evenings chiefly at Douglas's, and was in the morning occupied with the revision of my poem, one half of which I sent off on Monday 4th, and the remainder on Thursday 7th. Not able, from want of time, to correct or fill up the blanks for epithets in the latter half; must do it in the press. Idea of a farewell dinner to me resumed; promises very well. Hopes of Lord Granard, Vaughan (secretary to the Embassy), and some other Tories coming: Douglas most active and good-natured about it, and Lucy most anxious. Dined with Bryan twice. Stories of Lattin's. Lord Muskerry saying on his death-bed "that

he had nothing to reproach himself with, having never through life denied himself anything." Dined with Lattin on the 4th: company, Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Sartorius, Princesse Beauveau, and Nugent. Heard from Bessy of her arrival at the cottage, and her being welcomed by peals from the village bells.

6th. Accompanied Lucy in the morning to the *marché aux fleurs*; bought her a white japonica; and breakfasted afterwards with Lady Virginia. Went out to Versailles to dine with Greathead: company, H. Smith, Grattan (with whom I went out), and Kenny. Smith told, after dinner, the dreadful ghost story of the woman with the black collar, &c.; also about the Englishman at Calais, *Pourquoi vous dites hem quand moi passe*, &c. &c.

7th. Dined with Douglas: Richard Power of the party: never was there anything like my surprise and delight at seeing him the other day, just arrived, and looking almost as well and strong as ever; such a resurrection from the grave as I never expected to see.

9th. Went to the Bibliothèque du Roi in the morning: introduced by M. Langlés to M. Vonpradt, and took a hasty look at the Targuin of Onkelos. Dined at Douglas's; Dawson there too. Practised in the evening one or two things to sing at the dinner on Monday: civil notes from several people about said dinner, which honest Douglas files: Sir C. Stuart has sent Nugent to say that if he is asked, he must certainly (rather than show any slight to me) *come*; but that, for many reasons, he would rather that the invitation was not sent. This is quite as civil as could be expected from him in his situation. Supped at Douglas's; and stayed, as usual, late: Lord Trimlestown and Lattin came in in the evening.

11th. The dinner took place at Robert's; about fifty sat down: Lord Trimlestown in the chair: among the company were Lord Granard, Sir G. Webster, Robert Adair, &c. Collinet's band attended; the dinner one of Robert's best; and all went off remarkably well. In returning thanks for my health, I gave "Prosperity to England," with an eulogium on the moral worth of that country, which was felt more, both by myself and the company, from its being delivered in France, and produced much effect. Douglas, in pro-

posing Bessy's health, after praising her numerous virtues, &c. &c., concluded thus:—"We need not, therefore, gentlemen, be surprised that Mr. Moore is about to communicate to the world 'The Loves of the Angels,' having been so long familiar with one at home." In returning thanks for this, I mentioned the circumstance of the village bells welcoming her arrival, as being *her* triumph in England, while I had mine this day in France, and concluded thus:—"These, gentlemen, are rewards and atonements for everything. No matter how poor I may steal through life—no matter how many calamities (even heavier than that from which I have now been relieved) may fall upon me—as long as such friends as you hold out the hand of fellowship to me at parting, and the sound of honest English bells shall welcome me and mine at meeting, I shall consider myself a Cræsus in that best wealth, happiness, and shall lay down my head, grateful for the gifts God has given." In introducing the subject of the village bells, I said, "This is a day of vanity for me; and you, who set the fountain running, ought not to complain of its overflowing." Lattin proposed the health of my father and mother, and mentioned the delight he had felt in witnessing my father's triumph at the dinner in Dublin. In returning thanks for this I alluded to Southey's making his Kehama enter triumphantly in through seven gates at the same moment, and said: "This miraculous multiplication of one gentleman into seven has been, to a great degree, effected by the toasts into which your kindness has subdivided me this day;" concluding thus:—"I have, often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him." In proposing the health of Richard Power (who was present), I spoke of him "as combining all that is manliest in man, with all that is gentlest in woman; that consistency of opinion and conduct which commands respect, with that smooth facility of intercourse which wins affection; a union, as it were, of the stem and flower of life—of the sweetness which we love, and the solidity on which we repose." In alluding to the charitable object of the Kilkenny

Theatre, I called it "that happy expedient for enlisting gaiety in the cause of benevolence, and extracting from the smiles of *one* part of the community a warmth with which to dry up the tears of the *other*;" the happiness we had enjoyed together at that time, "days passed in studying Shakspeare, and nights in acting or discussing him; the happy freedom of those suppers (*Tamquam sera libertas*—late enough, God knows) where, as in the suppers described by Voltaire---

La liberté, convive aimable
Mit les deux coudes sur la table,
Entre le plaisir et l'amour.

In proposing the health of Lord Trimlestown, spoke of his being particularly fit to take the chair at such a meeting, not only from our old acquaintance, &c. &c., but his love of literature, and "the success with which he had practised it; his intimate knowledge of French and English, which placed him as a sort of Janus between the two languages, with a double-fronted insight into the beauties of each, and enabled him not only to make the wild tale of Atala resound in language worthy of its sweetness on the banks of the Thames, but to occupy himself (as I was proud to say he was doing at present) in teaching the story of 'Lalla Rookh' to the lighter echoes of the Seine." A song was sung by Grattan during the night which he had written for the occasion. Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas's, where I supped.

13th. Went to the Library in the morning, and worked very hard for two three hours. Dined at Villamil's; Dawson and Douglas of the party. Mrs. V. sung some of her *boleros* to the guitar in the evening; the last time of my hearing them God knows how long. Went to D.'s in the evening, and looked over some papers and music with L. Villamil said very prettily, that Bessy was quite a female Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

14th. Went to Smith's, the printer, for the purpose of destroying the printed copies of my "Rhymes on the Road," but he was not at home. Made arrangements for its being done on Saturday. An account of my speech about England has appeared in *Galignani*. Grattan was preparing to give details of the whole dinner, the persons there, the speeches, &c. &c.; but I put a stop to it, as, however honourable

to me, such publicity might give pain to many who were there (Tories, &c.), whose courage in going at all was very praiseworthy, and ought not to be put to any further test.

15th. Breakfasted at D.'s, and went to the Library. What a shame I should not till now have availed myself of the facilities of this treasury! Went at nine o'clock to Grattan, in order to sing to his wife (according to promise), and found some men assembled, which was contrary to compact. Among others, a Capt. Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron's, who passed a great part of last year at Pisa, and has written a volume of poems. Tells me Hunt's whole family is living in the same house with B., and he believes Mrs. Shelley also and her children.

16th. Went to Smith's, and set about tearing the sheets of the "Rhymes," with the assistance of two journeymen and Grattan, whom I found there: but finding that it would take me all the rest of the day (there being 500 copies), entrusted the task of destruction to Smith's chief man, and came away. Grattan, very much amused with the operation, said, while we were about it, "How useful Doll Tearsheet would be here!"

18th. Started in the diligence at nine. Leicester Stanhope, one of my companions inside, and Lord Mountcashel in the *galeria* behind. Travelled all night. Took up some Frenchmen half-way, who went as far as Boulogne. A good deal of conversation with them; complimented me much on the accuracy of my French, but said I pronounced it something like a German, and that, indeed, I looked much more like a German than an Englishman. According to their imitation of the Gascon pronunciation, it consists very much in pronouncing (?) the final *es*.

19th. Arrived between six and seven. Went to the Hotel de Bourbon, where, there being but the one bed to spare, I got rid of my fellow-travellers. Dined alone in my bedroom. Bad prospect for to-morrow. No steamboat at this side; nothing can get in or out of Dover. Dreadfully feverish at night and haunted by tumultuous dreams.

20th. No steam-packet arrived. A French sail-boat to start for Ramsgate, but preferred waiting till to-morrow. Called upon Brummel. Saw his fine toilette (which the King gave him in the days of his favour) set out in a little bed-

room, 8 feet by 9. Walked outside the town for some hours, translating a passage from St. Basil, for my notes. Dined alone, and to bed early, having to be up at four for the steam-boat.

21st. Sailed about seven. Arrived at Dover in about four hours. Had to get out into boats. The Captain had made some work about receiving my luggage on board, thinking it merchandise (three or four large packing cases with my books, &c. having come to Calais before me), and was beginning to be very uncivil about it, till some gentleman aboard told him who I was. Found I could not get my things through the custom-house time enough to be off to-day. A long operation, but the people very civil. Kept the pieces of china which Young gave Bessy: but told me, if I sent a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury they would let me pay duty for them. Dined alone.

22nd. Started at near eleven for town, having waited for an hour for a little French milliner, who was going through the operation of the custom-house; went without her after all. Reached town about nine. Went to the George Coffee House, where I had begged the Longmans to get me a bed. Despatched a porter off to Mrs. Power for letters, which I expected to find from Bessy. Sent me word there were some, but I could not have them till the morning. Too tantalising this, as I had not heard from my dear things at home for more than a week.

23rd. The letters from Bessy did not come till past ten, but all, thank God, well. Called at Rogers's: found he was at Holland House. Left a note for him to say I would go out and dine there to-morrow, if they would have me. Went to dine at Longman's. Found them in high spirits about the poem. Agree to my taking it down with me to Sloper-ton for revision. Left them rather early, and went to Drury Lane; behind the scenes.

24th. Had a note from Lady Holland, to say that they will be glad to have me, but that I shall meet no one but themselves, as Rogers is obliged to dine in town. Called upon Shee, &c. Went to dinner at six. None but Lord and Lady H., and Allen. Conversation chiefly about the state of France.

25th. Dined with Rogers, and went to Lady Holland's box in the evening to see Miss Kelly

in Juliet. Very bad; but (as it seems) good enough for the public, who are delighted with her. Lord John Russell (who is just arrived from Hastings) came into the box. Received his tragedy ("Don Carlos") yesterday, and mean to keep the reading of it for Sloperton. Went behind the scenes. Told Miss Foote how much I had heard of her Desdemona; her answer very modest and sensible. Fixed to meet Lord J. next day at two. By the bye, the Longmans have made use of the 200*l.* he has left so long in their hands (the receipts of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards paying this last Bermuda claim. I expected they would have advanced the money themselves; but it cannot be helped. Besides, he seems to have set his heart on my appropriating it in this way, and it is but owing to him instead of to them.

26th. Went to the Foreign Office to get my two packets of medals. Gave Lord John ten for himself and the Duke, and, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary, allowed Rogers, too, to have five. Wished Lord J. to dine with me at Rogers's, but he had already engaged himself to Lord Bradford at Brookes's. Persuaded him however to get off this, which he did. Nobody at dinner but Rogers, he, and I. In the evening all went to the Duke's box at Covent Garden to see the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Miss Tree charming in Julia. By the bye, Shee told me a *bon-mot* of Rogers's the other day. On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says R.; Knight being a very bad listener.

27th. Have been in expectation of the Donagals from Brighton, and their nephew has been entreating me to act as mediator. They were to have arrived to-day, but are not. Had promised Lord J. to dine with the Hollands to-day, to meet him; but offered myself to Murray instead, wishing to have some conversation with him. Found, however, it was a regular dinner party; Mr., Mrs., and Miss D'Israeli, Mr. Hamilton, Newton, &c. Came away early in order to pack up. The Longmans have received an anonymous letter about my poem, beginning, "I conjure the respectable house of L. R. H. O. and Browne to pause ere they, &c. &c.;" and ending, "Beware of the fate of Murray and of Cain!"

28th. Set off at seven in the coach for Calne. Arrived at home between seven and

eight, and found all well, except poor Bess, who looks wretchedly. Lost my great coat in leaving town. The dear girl has worked hard to get the cottage into order, and it is most neat and comfortable. The change made in my study, by throwing the two rooms into one, a wonderful improvement. Most happy to be at home again. *Oh quid salutis est, &c. &c.*

29th. Set busily about correcting and revising my "Angels," which the Longmans have had printed all upon slips for that purpose. Walked with Bessy to the Phippses, and got a wetting.

Dec. 1st. Sent off the first sheet through Croker, who had offered me the use of his franks in town. This was the day announced originally for the publication; and some people asked the Longmans (who of course were not aware that the 1st fell on a Sunday), whether the poem was so *very* sacred, that nothing less than a Sunday would do for its publication.

2nd. Walked to Bowood, and met Lord Lansdowne, who had rode to call upon me. Walked on to Bowood with me. A good deal of talk about France. His high opinion of the Duc de Broglie. Saw Lady L.; both all kindness; expressed the same alarm as others with respect to the title of my poem. Promised, if I could, to dine with them on Saturday.

3rd. A letter from the Longmans to say they must have the whole of the poem and notes by the middle of next week, or they cannot get it out in time to supply the Christmas customers; there are about 3000 copies already ordered.

5th. Had a letter from Lord L., expressing his surprise at not having been called upon for the sum he held at my disposal; and saying that if I had been able to arrange everything "through the help of the Muse alone," he would rejoice at it, as he knew it was the mode most satisfactory to my own feelings; but that if I had applied to any other person than him, he could not help feeling a little jealous, &c. Can anything be more thoroughly and sterlingly kind? Wrote him a short note to say I should inform him of all the particulars on Saturday.

7th. Dined at Bowood; company, Lord Malmesbury, the Barings, and Bowles. Lord

L. mentioned Pitt's dislike to Erskine, and his frequent attacks upon him. On one occasion, when E. followed Mr. Fox in a long speech, Pitt said, "The learned gentleman has followed his Right Hon. Leader, running along the line of his argument, and, as usual, attenuating it as he went."* Baring, a sensible, good kind of a man. Sung in the evening. Am afraid I shall be obliged to go to town, to expedite the flight of my Angels. Lady L. begged me to dine again on Thursday next, to meet Charles Grant, whom they expect.

9th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy to invite her to dinner to-morrow. Prevailed on her to say yes.

10th. Went (in a hack chaise) to Bowood; company, the Barings, Mr. and Mrs. A'Court, and some other people, whom I know nothing about. Lady L. all kindness to Bessy. I sung in the evening, and so did one of the unknown ladies to the Spanish guitar. Baring, at dinner, applied the French phrase, *un homme qui avait oublié de se faire enterrer*.

11th. Sketched out my preface and one or two notes.

12th. Set off in the Regulator for town, where I arrived between nine and ten. Had written to bespeak a lodging at Mrs. Soames', where I found myself very comfortably received.

15th. Wrote to Lady Donegal, to tell her I was in town, and that if she could put off dinner for me till between six and seven, I might perhaps, manage to come to her. Answer in the affirmative. Went at half-past six; found her pretty well, and all as kind as ever. Took Barbara a present of one of the Cupids sent me last New-Year's Day with which she was much delighted. Left them at half-past eight and returned home to work, at which I continued till past one, when I sealed up the last notes (written in far too great a hurry), and ordered the servant to take them in the morning to Paternoster Row.

16th. Went after breakfast to call on Rogers. Thence to the Hollands; asked me to dine. Walked out with Lord Holland to the Park. A wretched cold day, and even the sunshine of his conversation did not atone for the total want of it in the heavens; besides he walked so

slow, and I had no great coat. He mentioned what his uncle one night said in a reply to Mr. Pitt: "The Right Honourable Gentleman seems to have a very high notion of his own abilities, and I must say it is the only one of his opinions in which I most perfectly coincide with him." Dined at the Hollands. In the evening went with Lord H. and Henry to the play.

17th. Dined with Murray, to meet Wm. Spencer. The rest of the company, Harry Drury, the D'Israelis, a Mr. Coleridge, &c. &c.

A long time since Spencer and I met before, and he is but little altered, either in looks, spirits or good nature. Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a bell-wether on the opposite hill, the translator made bell-wether, *le beau temps*. Price, on the Picturesque, says that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs*. Scroope Davies called some person, who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian Lyre." Left them at eleven, almost suffocated with a severe cold, and more wine than was good for it. Found proofs waiting for me at home, and sat up till two o'clock correcting them.

18th. Passed the whole morning between Paternoster Row and Shoe Lane, correcting the last of the revises. Dined at Lady Donegal's. Came home early and went to bed, which I much wanted.

19th. Took my place for Sunday in the York House coach. Made an agreement for a hackney coach, and went out to Hornsey to visit the grave of our poor child Barbara, Bessy having heard it was much neglected. Found this not to be the case. Sought out the sexton, and bid him have it new sodded, giving him at the same time five shillings, and promising him more when I should come again. Went to Rogers's on my return, to say I would dine with him if he had room for me, and proposing to him, by Lady Holland's desire, to accompany me to her box in the evening to see a new opera. Three of his nephews

* I have heard this metaphor from Lord Holland somewhat differently, as, "The Hon. and Learned Gentleman, who followed the Right Hon. Gentleman, attenuating the thread of his discourse."—Ed.

at dinner. Left him early and went to Drury Lane. The opera very bad; Lady H.'s box full; the Tierneys, &c.

20th. Went to Chantrey's, but did not find him at home. Croker called upon me in his carriage at half-past five, to take me out to his apartments at Kensington Palace to dinner. The company, Sir George Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, and Admiral Moorsom. Cockburn's *noli me tangere* manner with me the few times I have met him since his advancement to office, highly amusing; somewhat less to-day, however. Ridiculously enough, in looking round Croker's room before dinner, I saw a bust, which I took to be the King's; on looking nearer, however, I found it to be myself, a cast from the bust in Dublin by Kirk. Mrs. Croker said several persons took it to be the King. Returned at night with Admiral Moorsom.

21st. Called upon Bishop. Thence to the Longmans, where I found some copies of my book ready, and sealed up seven or eight of them for Paris; for Lucy, for Villamil, &c. &c. Called to take leave of the Donegals. Dined between seven and eight at the George Coffee House, and went home early. By the by, I have within this day or two (in order to enable me to get on for a little while) drawn upon Corry for 100*l.* at three months, meaning to take up the bill myself when it becomes due. Out of this I gave 40*l.* to Mrs. Power, as a set-off against the sum Power paid for my life insurance.

22nd. Up before six, and off at seven. Arrived at home a little after seven, and found my darling girl pretty well, and her little ones bravely.

23rd. Walked over to Bowood, and took Lord L. a copy of my book. To-day it is published.

24th. Arranging my books.

25th. Went with the two little ones to church; Bessy not well enough to go.

26th. Rather fidgety about the fate of my book. Bessy had a note yesterday from Lady L. with a present of some toys for the children, but not a word about the "Angels." Rather ominous this. Wrote to Lady Donegal yesterday about some silver tissue for Mrs. Phipps's dress for the fancy ball, and said, "Don't say a word about the 'Angels' in your answer; stick to the silver tissue."

27th. An answer from Lady Donegal, with the following sentence in it, which, from the state of nervousness I had got into about my book, came upon me like a thunderbolt. "You bid me not to say anything about the 'Angels,' but I must so far disobey you as to say that I am both vexed and disappointed, and I think that you will feel I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it." I never remember anything that gave me much more pain than this. It seemed at once to ring the death-knell of my poem. This at once accounted for the dead silence of the Longmans since the publication, for the non-appearance of the second edition, which I was taught to expect would be announced the third day, for Lord Lansdowne's reserve on the subject, for everything. My book, then, was considered (why or wherefore it was in vain to inquire) improper, and what I thought the best, as well as the most moral thing I had ever written, was to be doomed to rank with the rubbish of Carlisle and Co. forever. Bowles, who was with me at the time, endeavoured most good humouredly to soothe me, and, though he had not read the poem, gallantly made himself responsible that I could not have written anything to bring upon me such a censure. It was all in vain. I wrote off to the Longmans to beg they would tell me the worst at once, and to my mother, to prepare her for the failure which I now considered as certain. In this mood Bowles left me, and in about an hour after, luckily for my peace of mind, Lord Lansdowne and Byng arrived. Their coming was like an avatar to me. Lord L. declared, in the warmest manner, that he thought the poem not only beautiful, but perfectly unexceptionable and pure, and that he had no hesitation in preferring it to anything I had ever written. Byng, too (who two or three weeks since had expressed himself with some degree of alarm about the title), told me that, on reading the poem, he had instantly written off to some friends who felt the same apprehensions as himself, that "it might be safely trusted in the nursery." It is inconceivable the relief all this was to me, and not less so to my darling Bessy, who had seen the wretched state I was thrown into by Lady D.'s letter, and had in vain employed her good sense and sweetness to counteract its effect. Walked part of the way back with Lord L. and B.

28th. Dined at Bowood; company, Jekyll (just arrived with his two sons), Mr. and Mrs. Abercromby, Byng, Macdonald (the member), Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. Lady L. spoke in raptures about the poem; said they were all enchanted with it, and could not conceive how any imagination could contrive to extract an idea of impropriety from it. Lady L.'s favourite, the first story; Miss Fox, and others, preferred the second. Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for on "Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend —, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again." Said that when the great waterworks were established at Chelsea there was a proposal for having there also a great organ, from which families might be supplied with sacred music, according as they wished, by turning the cock on or off; but one objection he said was, that upon a thaw occurring after a long frost, you might have "Judas Maccabeus" bursting out at Charing Cross, and there would be no getting him under. He said that it was an undoubted fact that Lord (?), the proprietor of Lansdowne House before the old Lord Lansdowne, had a project of placing seven and twenty fiddlers, hermetically sealed, in an apartment underground from which music might be communicated by tubes to any apartment where it was wanted. Lord L. bore witness to the truth of this (with the exception of its being an organ instead of Jekyll's hermetically sealed fiddlers), and said that the pipes which had been already laid for this plan were found during some repairs that took place at Lansdowne House. Walked home.

29th. Received the "Literary Gazette," "Literary Chronicle," and "Museum," all containing reviews of my work, and all favourable enough. The last the least so, but (from its being connected with clergymen) the most useful, as giving me credit for a moral design in the poem. Wrote a letter to Lady Donegal, telling her the opinions of Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c., and of this journal, as a set off against her own.

1823.

January 1st. The coat (a Kilkenny uniform) which I sent to town to be new-lined for the fancy ball to-morrow night, not yet arrived. Walked to Bowood. Found Lady Lansdowne and Jekyll, Lady L. again expressing her strong admiration of the poem. Said she had proposed to the Bowleses to dine at Bowood on Saturday, and hoping that Bessy would have no objection to be of the party.

2nd. Obligated to make shift for to-night, by transferring the cut-steel buttons from my dress-coat to a black one, and having it lined with white silk. Dined with the Phippses. Went in the same way as before; Mrs. P. dressed as a Sultana, and looking very well. The ball at a Mr. Hardman's (a German), beyond Devizes: odd enough, and amusing, though in a small ill-lighted room. Two fine girls there, the Miss Holttons, the eldest beautiful. Not home till between four and five.

4th. The day very wet. Had promised the Bowleses to meet them at dinner at Bowood (Bessy having given up the whole plan), and go on with them to Bremhill to stay till Monday, but sent an excuse, and offered myself to the Lansdownes for to-morrow instead. An answer from Lady Lansdowne, begging me to stay till Tuesday, and as much longer as Mrs. Moore could spare me.

5th. Have received several newspapers with reviews of the poem; all very favourable. Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippses Company, besides them and the Bennets, Mrs. Abercrombie, Misses Fox and Vernon, the Jekylls, Stanley (Lord Derby's son), Lord Auckland, and Macdonald, a young Irishman. Got nothing out of Jekyll, who was talking all the while to Phipps, except that when I offered my arm to him to help him down to dinner, he said, "This is making a mistress in Chancery of me." Sung in the evening several of the "Irish Melodies," which seemed to produce considerable effect. Slept there.

6th. After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since:—

"John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaus
In England."

Mentioned Lord Cranley having been caught up, currie and all, by a crane, in Thames Street, and the verses to him which he (Jekyll) wrote on the occasion. A joke about the "Pigmies warring with the Cranes." Told of the actor saying by mistake,—

"How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
To have a *toothless* child;"

and old Parker who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of "poisoned cup:" and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, "No, no!" and called for the other reading. A good deal of talk about Sheridan. Said that Mrs. S. had sung once after her marriage, at the installation of Lord North at Oxford; and as there were degrees then conferring *honoris causâ*, Lord N. said to Sheridan that he ought to have one *uxoris causâ*. Spoke of Tickell's discontent with Sheridan; his idea that S. might have brought him forward but would not. Described Tickell's anxiety on the first night of Parliament's meeting after the publication of his pamphlet "Anticipation." The laughable effect on the House of Col. Barré's speech; he being the only one (having just arrived from the country) ignorant of the pamphlet, and falling exactly into the same peculiarities which the pamphlet quizzed, particularly that of quoting French words and then translating. At every new instance of this kind in his speech there was a roar of laughter from the House, which Barré of course could not understand. A friend went off to Tickell (who in his fidget had gone to bed in a coffee-house in Covent Garden) to tell him the successful effect of his pamphlet. His next pamphlet, "The Cassette Verte, &c." (?) was a failure. Said from his own observation, Sheridan was a most painstaking writer. Knew it in the instance of his Prologue to the "Miniature Picture" (a piece written by Lady Craven, and first acted at Benham, but not successful on the public stage), which Sheridan corrected, and altered over and over again. Jekyll wrote the Epilogue; and it was said, "that the *frame* was much better than the *picture*." Mentioned some lines which he (Jekyll) had written upon the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, that he had better hasten his departure, as the rainy season was coming on:—

"The sage Chian-ki-ti
Has look'd in the sky,

And says we shall soon have wet weather;
So I think, my good fellows,
As you've no umbrellas,
You'd better get home, dry, together!"

Canning and some one else translated these lines into Latin verse, and the word they chose to express the want of umbrellas was very happy—*vos inumbrelles video*. They sent across the House to Jekyll one night to beg for the rest of the verses, and his answer was, "Tell them, if they want papers they must move for them. We find it very hard to get them even so." Set out to walk home and see Bessy, but, the rain coming on, turned back. Found Jekyll and Macdonald in the library on my return, and had some conversation, during which they laughed heartily at some stories I told them. After dinner sung a good deal, and talked; and had altogether a very pleasant evening. Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day: not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c. &c." Slept at Bowood.

7th. At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita*; upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?" He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, "What! going to bed without one kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate." This Gen. Smith was the original of Foote's "Sir Mathew Mite" (his father having been a cheesemonger); and Jekyll told of some one having taken Foote to Smith's country house on his way to town; his sleeping there, and being treated with every civility by Smith; and saying before they were a hundred yards from his house, "I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting." Came away at one after having been much pressed to stay another

day. Found my darling Bess not very well on my return. Confessed to me she had not been able to sleep ever since, from the idea that I was offended with her about something in going away. Far from it; I do nothing but bless her whenever I think of her.

8th. Have now done another sacred song to an air of Crescentinis, and have begun a third to an air of Kozeluck. Have begun reading books on Greece for the new plan I have relative to the Miscellany. Raffenet's "Account of the Revolution" seems a very fair one. In Lady Jersey's last note, she says, "I am very much in love with one of your angels, but won't tell you which. Your poem is charming; so like the Italian; full of beautiful similes." Have had a letter also from Lord John, in which he says, "I am delighted with your poem. Fairly speaking, I think the second story the best, and the *third a falling off*. The verses are beautiful and full of imagination." He adds afterwards, "I am happy to find that all here agree with me in my opinion. Lady Jersey, Luttrell, Agar Ellis, all like the 'Angels' exceedingly." It is curious to see the difference of tastes. Lord J. here says, "The third story is a falling off," and just before I received his letter, I had been reading a Review, in which the wise critic says, "The third story, which is unquestionably the best of the three." Lord John, of course, is right: it is a falling off after the second.

9th. Read and wrote. Received a copy of last Sunday's John Bull, in which (as was to be expected) the "Angels" are grossly abused, and strong efforts made (which I rather fear may be but too successful in some quarters) to brand it with a character of impiety and blasphemy. This is too hard. Received a letter also from Rees, in which he mentions a criticism of Miss Aikin's, somewhat of the same tendency. The old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, &c. &c." Should not wonder now if the tide were to set decidedly against it.

11th. Mrs. Phipps came. Said the "Angels" were torn to pieces yesterday at Locke's. Hardly any of the party had read it, but all abused it. Was just going out to call on the Lockes. Found Mrs. L. at home. Said (Mrs. Phipps having given me leave) that I heard how actively I had been dissected yesterday. She made some awkward explanations, and I turned the whole matter carelessly into a jest.

12th. Went to Church with Bessy and the little ones. Called on Mr. Awdrey afterwards, who told me how his house had been haunted by my "Angels," that his daughters could do nothing else but repeat verses out of it. The Phippses and their nephew came to us in the evening, and supped. Have read Muller's "Account of the Ionian Isles," and Charles Sheridan's pamphlet; written a verse of the Third Sacred Song, and begun words for a fourth on the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah. Macdonald called, according to promise, upon me this morning, and lunched. Walked back with him on his way to Bowood.

13th. Brought up some arrears of this Journal. Read Hughes's pamphlet on the Greeks. Have resolved now to adopt as a nucleus for my Miscellany the plan of "Letter from a young Irishman on his way to join the Greeks."

14th. Read and wrote a little. Walked over to Bowood, where I have promised to stay till Thursday. Was to have taken Anastasia with me, but the weather too bad. Company at dinner, Miss Emily Napier, and her two nieces, the Miss Bennetts, natural daughters of the Duke of Richmond (the reforming Duke), and Stanley. Dinner very agreeable. Miss N. mentioned a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, "in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well?" and the answer was, "I begun by *traducing*." Lord L. in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospections," in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving "when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility." Mentioned also an Ode of hers to Posterity, beginning, "Posterity, gregarious Dame;" the only meaning of which must be, a Lady *chez qui* numbers assemble,—a Lady *at home*. I repeated what Jekyll told the other day of Bearcroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when Thrale, after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, "Beercraft is not my name, Madam; it may be *your* trade, but it is not *my* name." Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it), answered, at last, angrily, "Idea, Madam, is the feminine

of Idiot, and means a female fool." Sung a good deal in the evening.

15th. A very bleak, snowy day. The whole party played shuttlecock in the conservatory. I played with the Miss Bennetts. Lord L. and Stanley kept it up 2050 times. Wrote some letters. Walked a little with Lord L. before dinner. Mentioned the old Lord Liverpool (when Mr. Jenkinson) saying, in answer to some one who had called him, "That evil genius, who lurks behind the Throne," "Mr. Speaker, I am *not* an evil genius; I am not lurking behind the Throne. I again repeat, I am not an evil genius, but the member for Rye *in every respect whatsoever*" (this last a familiar phrase of his.) Stanley mentioned, at dinner, that on Lord Harrowby's going down to Brighton last year, the King (who was out of temper with his Minister) received him with a coldness almost rude, saying, "You are come down my Lord, to see your son, I suppose." "Yes, your Majesty," answered Lord H., "and for that solely." In talking of Geneva, and the sort of miniature scale every thing is upon there, Lord L. said, that one time when he was passing there, they had contrived to get up a little Catholic Question, a cession having been made to them from Savoy, of a village (Colonge, I believe), which made it necessary to discuss the privileges of these new Catholic subjects, &c. &c. Talleyrand's quizzing the Genevese, by saying that geographers had quite forgot in enumerating the parts of the world, Europe, Asia, &c. &c., to add a fifth part, Geneva. Mentioned the trial of Lord Capel in the State Trials, and the sympathy attached to his fate, as resembling very much that of Ney (?) Sung again; went through quantities of the Irish Melodies.

16th. Lord L. pressed me to stay over to-day. Made some excuses; but he brought Lady L. to his assistance, who offered to drive me over to Sloperon, that I might get my letters, and tell Mrs. Moore of my intention to remain another night. Went with her and Miss Napier. Lady L. proposed to bring Anastasia too, and she would send the carriage back with her before it was dark. Bessy did not much like my leaving her for another night; but at last she consented. Statia could not be ready in time to go. Walked over to Bowood about four. Bessy went with me as far as Mrs. Phipps's, who is not very

well. An additional guest at dinner to-day—a Mrs. Fuller, who has travelled a good deal in Greece. Sung a good deal in the evening. Read, when I went to bed, a little of "Cellini's Life;" his father giving him a box on the ear to remind him of the salamander, &c.

17th. In talking of Ricardo, at breakfast, some one mentioned that he had been buried,—which is the ceremony among the Jews towards any one who quits their faith. The friends of the convert, too, go into mourning for him. Some talk with Mrs. Fuller, after breakfast, about Greece. Has been at Scio. The people there were highly civilized; had two or three universities. The women pretty and coquettish, but ignorant, as the Greek women are. Lord L. sent me word from his room, that if I waited till after luncheon, he would walk home with me. Did so; and he, Stanley, and Mrs. Fuller, left me nearly at home. Found Mrs. P., who slept at the Cottage last night, Phipps having gone to Bath.

18th. Had written to the Longmans (who have apprised me that I must revise for a fifth edition, as they are almost half through the fourth), that if they thought it would not be too late, I could make the "Angels" completely *eastern*, and thus get rid of that connection with the Scriptures, which they fear will, in the long run, be a drag on the popularity of the poem. Received a letter to-day, in which they say, "your idea is the very thing," and encouraging me to follow it up by all means. Took a long walk. Mrs. P. remained to dinner and sleep.

19th. Turned over my "D'Herbelot," &c., for the project of turning the poor "Angels" into "Turks." Walked to Melksham. Phipps and his nephew came and dined in their way from Bath. Received, to my most agreeable surprise, a portrait of my dearest father, in wax, which some artist of the name of Moore has executed lately in Dublin, and sent to me from London.

20th. Reading "D'Herbelot." Have finished also Santa Rosa's account of the "Revolution of Piedmont," which I brought away from Bowood. A sad story, and told sensibly and interestingly. What an immortality of contempt such fellows as Prince Carignan* secure to themselves!

* Prince Carignan was afterwards the rash and unfortunate, but not contemptible, Charles Albert!—Ed.

21st. Received a note from Lord L. with last night's "Courier," which contains the noble answer of the Spaniards to the Allies.

22nd. Walked to Bowood. Saw Lord and Lady L. Asked him if his library contained Prideaux's "Life of Mahomet," and Beausobre's "Manichæism." Has only the latter. Disapproves of my idea of orientalising the "Angels," as it would be a sort of avowal that I was wrong in my first plan, which does not strike *him* in the least. Shall think a little more about it. Lord L. walked with me on my way home. Talked of going to Bath some day next week, and will take me if I like to go.

23rd. Received "Beausobre" from Lord L. and some gingerbread nuts from Bessy from Lady L. By the by, I have forgot to mention that in the course of last week, having written to Murray to have what was preparing *for* (or *against*) me in the "Quarterly," and saying that, from something which dropped from Croker, I had half a hope *he* might undertake me, I received a letter from Croker reminding me that we had both agreed no friend should ever review the work of a friend; but that still, if he had time (which he had not), nothing would give him more pleasure than attempting to do justice to my poem, &c. &c.

25th. Received a letter from Lady Donegal (to whom I have not written since my reply to her criticism), expressing great anxiety lest I should be angry with her, and asking forgiveness most amiably.

26th. Received a letter from the Longmans (to whom I had communicated Lord L.'s dissent from the plan of orientalising the poem), saying that they had again given it their best consideration, and that they continued to think such an alteration would materially serve me and my future works with the public. Wrote to Lady D. to say that I never had the slightest idea of being angry with her, &c. &c.

27th. A deluging thaw and rain. Wrote up to the Longmans for Hyde's "Religio Persarum," "Philo-Judeus," "Martin's Travels," &c., for my notes. No stirring out of the house.

29th. Lady Lansdowne called to take leave of Bessy, as their horses go up to town to-morrow. Full of kindness: offered her a chair-bed from the park for her confinement, &c. &c.

30th. A letter from Lady D., expressing great pleasure at my having taken her frank-

ness so good-humouredly, and saying that my last letter had "raised me, if possible, higher in their opinion than ever;" that she could not help showing it to Rogers, who seemed to think the same of it. Copied out and sent off three sacred songs to Power.

31st. Lord L. came to bid us good-by: sat some time with me talking of the Spaniards, the approaching war, &c. Mean to write a few such poems as my "Dream" about the Holy Alliance.

February 1st. Received from the Longmans the "Monthly Review," containing an article on the "Angels:" very twaddling; and, though meant to be kind, will do the poem mischief, as it takes up the Puritan tone about it.

3rd. Nothing particular.

4th. Walked over to Bowood to look at the "Mémoires de l'Académie" for the notes. Sat near an hour and a half in the library, reading and transcribing; and brought a volume away with me. Dined at Phipps's. A Mr. Legge of the party. Asked me to come again to-morrow to meet a Captain Amyot. Received to-day four more reviews of my poem in the "New Monthly," "London," "Gentleman's," and "Old Monthly" Magazines; all favourable enough except the "London," whose violence luckily defeats its own purpose.

5th. Sent up two sheets of the corrected "Angels."

7th to 9th. All passed at home, and almost entirely in the house, from the badness of the weather. Our dear Tom not at all well; took it for the measles at first, but it turned out to be an inflammatory cold, very common just now. Sent up more sheets of the "Angels." Have heard nothing of the Longmans for a long time, and fear my faithful correspondent, Rees, must be very ill. Received a letter from Miss Lefanu, with some very pretty verses in praise of my "Angels."

10th. Answered Miss Lefanu, and said, if she had no objection, I would have her verses inserted in the "Morning Chronicle." The uneasy sensations still continue, and alarm me a little.

11th. Bowles called, on his way to Bath. Is about to publish a poem anonymously, and wishes me to have it announced for him. Advises we should send our Anastasia to the Moravian Establishment near him.

12th, to March 15th. Have now been more than a month *sine lined*, and during that time have not stirred beyond the gates of my cottage, not being able to take the least exercise on account of these very disagreeable pains, &c. My chief occupation has been writing the new notes for the "Angels," and my "Fables for the Holy Alliance," which have been frequently advertised and puffed since the commencement of this month. Received several more reviews of the "Angels," and the long-expected broadside from "Blackwood" among the number, which is a tolerably murderous discharge, and (I must say for it) very ably served: another very abusive one in the "Monthly Museum," but ill done, and, therefore, not so mischievous. A memoir of me and a portrait in a new periodical called the "British Magazine;" very flattering; at least the memoir. Received a letter from Murray about my bond to him for the Byron Memoirs; far from civil: returned an answer in kind, and have received no reply. Wrote to Lord John, with Bessy's request that he would stand godfather for *her* forthcoming production: answered in the affirmative. Sent me some verses of his about the French armament against Spain, in which he says,

"And the part of the Eagle's performed by the Goose."

A long letter from Croker on the intended metamorphosis of my "Angels" into Turks: very kind and sensible. Wrote two Irish Melodies for Power. Received an application (an attorney's letter in fact, but very civilly disguised) from the solicitor of the Middle Temple, on the subject of my long-owing fees: shall pay them when I go to town. Two letters from Lord Byron, not at all as lively as formerly: indeed Douglas Kinnaird told me when I was in town that the vivacity of his correspondence is very much dimmed. Bessy went one day to Bath, attended by Hughes (as I was not able to go myself), and settled upon a school for our dearest Anastasia; a Miss Furness's, where there are but five girls at present, and twelve the limited number. Bessy much pleased with the lady herself, and the general air of the establishment. A sad thing that the sweet child cannot be educated at home; but there are no masters to be got; and though I would willingly myself give up all the accomplishments in the world for the

great object of keeping her heart and manners as they are now—pure, kind, and simple,—yet Bessy is naturally anxious about the cultivation of her mind; and having done all she can for her herself, wishes to give her the advantages that every other child possesses; so we must send her. The 17th of this month (the day after her birthday) fixed for her going. A call or two from my neighbour, Mr. Awdrey, and occasional visits from Mrs. Phipps, are the only interruptions the quiet of this interval has received. Nor should I ask anything happier or gayer if these pains did not hang about me obstinately. Shall consult Astley Cooper when I go up to town. Had a letter from my sister Nell, in which she mentioned (and as a matter of course) my dear old father "going out to a party" somewhere with her: long may he be able to do so! Received a letter from Murray, explaining away most anxiously any appearance of offence there might have been in his former one, and concluding "with the most unfeigned admiration and esteem," &c. On the 16th we kept my dear 'Stasia's birthday, and on the 18th Bessy took her to school. Wrote to Woolriche to know whether he was likely to be in London the latter end of the month, as I was anxious to consult him. Received an answer to say that the Duke of Bedford had got the gout, and seemed unwilling to leave Woburn; but that, notwithstanding, if I would let him know my movements, he would manage to run up to town for a couple of days to me. Lingered on in this way, without taking any exercise, but still getting gradually better, till the

27th. Left home in a chaise for town at two o'clock. Took Bessy and Tom with me as far as the corner of the road to Wans. Arrived at Newbury a little after six, where I slept.

28th. Started in the Marlborough coach at half-past ten: alone all the way, and suffered much less inconvenience from the journey than I expected. Arrived at Hatchett's at six, and dined there. Found my lodgings in Duke Street comfortably ready for me.

29th. Called at Sir A. Cooper's at ten. Out of town, and will not return till Monday. Breakfasted at the George. Called upon Power, and returned home (all in a hackney coach) before one. Saw in the newspapers a work announced, called "Angelographia," by a clergyman, "On the Nature and Offices of

the Holy Angels, partly occasioned by two poems lately published, the name of one of which, and the subject of both, is the 'Loves of the Angels.'" Had a letter from Lucy Drew, announcing her intention of being in London about this time. Dined at the George; and home early.

30th. At home and alone all day. Delicious weather for the Easter Sunday folks. Dined at the George, and home early. Employed in transcribing my Fables.

31st. Called at Sir A. Cooper's in the morning, but such crowds waiting for him that there seemed no chance. Breakfasted at the George, and returned, but still crowds. Determined to write and request an appointment. Power and Orme called upon me. Orme very smiling, particularly when I read him some of the Fables, which he seemed to think would do. Made arrangements for money with him, taking up Corry's bill, &c. &c. Dined at the George, and home early. A civil note from Sir A. Cooper, fixing to-morrow at twelve.

April 1st. Saw Sir A. Cooper, who apologized for "giving *such a man* the trouble" of coming to him. Said there was no cause for uneasiness in the symptoms I felt. Recommended me, among other things, the use of the shower-bath. Begged me to let him see me again, "as a friend, if I would do him that honour." Altogether very courteous. Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers's. Very agreeable. In talking of the "Angels" said the subject was an unlucky one. When I mentioned Lord Lansdowne's opinion that it was better than "Lalla Rookh," said he would not rank it so high as the "Veiled Prophet" for execution, nor the "Fireworshippers" for story and interest, but would place it rather on the level of "Paradise and the Peri." Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire's tragedies *interested* me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the

original of Shakspeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who being told, among other things to go and see the "Chapeau de Paille" at Antwerp, said, on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Sir Walter Scott's indifference to pictures: when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the Arts: "Painting gives him no pleasure and music absolute pain." Wordsworth's excessive praise of "Christabel," joined in by Cary, far beyond my comprehension. The whole day dull enough. Went away to call on Lady Donegal, whom I found pretty well, and very glad to see me. Mary Godfrey has been ill. Walked home, and had a restless night, as if I had exerted myself too much. Received from the Longmans a copy of the new "Edinburgh Review," in which Lord Byron and I are reviewed together, and very favourably.

2nd. Lucy arrived with Mrs. H. Ogle. Called upon her. Called upon Lord Lansdowne; admired a pretty picture of a child by Sir J. Reynolds, of which he told me that, at the sale where he bought it, the day had been so dark and misty that people could hardly see the pictures, till just at one moment a sunbeam burst suddenly in and fell upon this, lighting it up so beautifully that the whole company broke, by one common consent, into a loud peal of clapping. This sunbeam, he added, cost him at least fifty pounds in the purchase of the picture. Saw Lady L. too, who was particularly friendly; just going out of town; and asked me to dine with them next Tuesday. Dined at Lady Donegal's; and went nowhere else afterwards.

3rd. Wet weather. Driving about in a hackney coach; Lucy's; the Temple, in order to ascertain the amount of fees I owe. Begged of the solicitor to inquire for me how many

terms I have got to serve for the English bar: think of being called, for the form of the thing. Dined at Longman's; Power of the party. They mentioned, as a proof of Walter Scott's industry, that when he was editor of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," being allowed books, as is the custom, to cut up for extracts, &c., he would often, in order to save a book worth 15s. for his library, pass the greater part of the day transcribing the necessary passages. Home afterwards.

4th. Called upon Lucy to go to Chantrey's, with some specimens of Douglas's casts from medals (a valuable discovery, as he thinks), in order to know Chantrey's opinion of the invention. Poor Chantrey, but just recovering from a long illness; and his wife now dangerously ill. Seemed to think nothing whatever of Douglas's discovery, as a means of emolument. Went afterwards, in a hackney coach, with Lucy to Murray's, to show her his room and his pictures; thence to the Foreign Office. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the "London Magazine") and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best cause, least understood.'" Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellerage, 3l. 10s. 6d.," and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar-room*

occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of "any *pots* for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affliction. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

"He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly "Colonel Jack," of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification: his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes "spake," sometimes "spoke," as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon "Prophecy," &c. C. Lamb told me he had got 170l. for his two years' contributions to the "London Magazine" (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet C. Lamb. Repeated some of my "Fables," which they seemed to like. Called on Mrs. Story. Went out to Holland House, having had a kind note from Lady Holland, asking me to pass some days; but answered that I would only stay over to-night. Found Lord and Lady H. with Lord Granville. When he went away, repeated to them "Church and State," from my "Fables," which they seemed to like very much. Lady Holland went to dress; and I repeated to Lord H. the "Look-

ing Glasses," which he said was excellent, "very *radical*, but very good." The "Dissolution of the Holy Alliance" did not seem to strike him much; but he seemed pleased with the "Fly and the Bullock:" said they were like Swift. Company at dinner, Vernon and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Grey, Lord Howard de Walden, and Sidney Smith. Smith told some stories of Judge Park: his addressing the young woman in the court, "Young woman, don't stand so close to Mr. Donellan; it isn't to the credit of any young woman to be so close to Mr. Donellan;" Mr. Donellan's demand for an explanation, &c. &c. In the evening, Lord Holland assisted me to consult some books of Heraldry, in the library, for the exact number of the pearls on the different coronets, which I wanted to ascertain for my "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter." My Lady catechised me very kindly about my health; wondered I could go to such a savage fellow as Astley Cooper; cautioned me against the shower-bath; said that Willis had declared he owed to it more patients than to any other cause. Sidney Smith very comical about the remedy that Lady H. is going to use for the bookworm, which is making great ravages in the library. She is about to have them washed with some mercurial preparation; and Smith says it is Davy's opinion that the air will become charged with the mercury, and that the whole family will be salivated. "I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him." Slept there.

7th. Ordered a hackney coach to take me away; but my Lady countermanded it, and said she would send me in the carriage. Made me repeat the "Looking Glasses," of which Lord Holland had told her; said it was very witty. Gave me the engraving of her Napoleon's snuff-box. Her pretty daughter, Mary, and the Governess, came in with me in the carriage.

8th. Wrote to Lady Holland for her box, to-morrow night, at the theatre, for Mrs. Ogle and Lucy. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Misses Fox and Vernon, Sidney Smith, Jekyll, Hallam, &c. &c. Smith gave me a very cordial invitation to his house in Yorkshire.

9th. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop.

Jackson, the boxer, had called upon me in the morning, to know where that well-known line, "Men are but children of a larger growth," is to be found; said there was a bet depending on it, and he thought I would be most likely to tell. Not, he said, in "Young's Night Thoughts." Promised to make out, if I could. Received a note from Lady Holland, enclosing the order for her box. Called upon by Lucy and Mrs. Ogle at eight, and went with them; Ogle himself and C. Sheridan of the party. "Count Julian," and a melodrama, in which Miss Foote looked very pretty.

10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed. Ward's delight at the report of bad news from Portugal (defeats of the Constitutionalists, &c.), very disgusting. Went at ten, to join the Storys at Drury Lane, and saw a melodrama. Supped with them afterwards.

11th. Dined early with Rogers and his sister, in order to go see "Simpson and Co." (of which successful piece, by the by, I brought the MS. from Paris). On our way to the theatre received a note from Lucy, fixing for me to come to Mrs. Ogle's in the evening. Rogers took me to Lady Spencer's box, to which he is a subscriber, and not a little proud thereof.

12th. Was to have breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne, but sent him an excuse, Rogers having fixed for me to meet Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor) at his house; a gentle, amiable-

mannered person in very ill health, which has delayed his marriage with a person he has long been in love with; she, too, an invalid; and somebody, the other day, described the two lovers supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel. Returned home at twelve, to copy out for the printer. Called on by Lucy and her maid to go to Davison (the printer, who has married the little governess that lived with Lady Virginia.) He wishes me to interest myself with Murray for him. Thence to Valpy, about my "Thesaurus," which I thought of exchanging for his "Classics;" but find the latter would amount (what is already published) to 41l.: requires consideration. After this to Longmans', where I gave my copy, and made them show Lucy the premises. Went, as Lord Lansdowne's guest, to dine at the King of Clubs; Wishaw took me. Company—Sharpe, Lord Lansdowne, Lord King, William Smith, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Phillips and Wishaw; agreeable enough. Lord King amusing about the Church, which is now the standing butt for all irreverent jokes. Lord Bexley's motto, *Grata quies*, is by Canning translated, Great Quiz. Payne Knight's operations on the turbot; thought of the preface to his new poem, where he says his senses are *blunted* by age. Went afterwards to the opera with Lord Lansdowne; Mercadanti's "Claudio è Elisa;" saw the last act in Lady L.'s box; rather pretty, but not very striking. Went afterwards to join Mrs. Ogle and Lucy in the pit; saw them to their carriage at the end, and then home.

13th. Went to the Lansdownes' at half-past six, to be taken to Holland House to dinner. Company—the Duke and Duchess of San Lorenzo, Sir F. Burdett, Hobhouse, Lord Arthur Hill, &c. Dinner too large to be very agreeable. Lady H.'s mystery in the evening; making me sit by her in the *privileged* chair, saying that I would be of use to her there, as she had got into a scrape; then pointing vaguely to where a pretty girl (a ward, I believe, of Lord Holland's) sat, and muttering something about "the little god," &c.; all of which was so much Hebrew to me. Returned with the Lansdownes, whose carriage took me home. Was asked to the Harringtons' (to meet the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, who are arrived), but too late to go.

14th. Received an impatient letter from

Bess, which rather disturbed me, both on her account and my own. Perceive she is getting quite uncomfortable without me, and yet have quantities of things to do in town. Must manage as well as I can. Woolriche called while I was dressing, having just arrived; thinks a shower-bath will do me service, though, as I told him, Lady Holland last night rather alarmed me about this remedy, by mentioning that Willis said it has sent him more patients than any other cause. W. told me that Lord John is just arrived. Went to dinner at Lansdowne House at half-past seven, Lord L. having asked me to dine quietly with themselves in his room before their assembly. He did not come from the House of Lords till about eight. Dined without dressing; young Macdonald of the party. A good deal of talk about Ireland and the Irish parliament. I said that, notwithstanding the corruption of that parliament, its existence was serviceable in keeping alive (by the principles continually and eloquently broached in it) an active political feeling, a circulation of public spirit, which is the only antiseptic that can keep a country from decay and degradation, and which is now, in Ireland, totally gone; that this is evident from the fact of there not being, in the convulsions which agitate her, one political motive to give the slightest degree of dignity to her tumultuousness; that if there had not existed that parliament (bad as it had always been), there never would have been enough of public spirit generated to produce the grand spectacle which Ireland exhibited in '82. Lord L., who seemed to question all this, and to consider the getting rid of so profligate a parliament, at all events, a benefit, remarked that if the events of '82 were to be attributed to the influence of a parliament, there was no reason why that influence should not be progressive; whereas, on the contrary, public spirit had so retrograded from that period, that the profligacy developed by the measure of the Union was such as never had before disgraced any assembly or nation. To this I answered, That the interval between (occupied as it was by the agitation produced everywhere by the French Revolution, and which in Ireland ended in a bloody rebellion) was not a fair trial of the influence of such principles as triumphed in '82; that England herself was "frighted from her propriety," and

put in a position unnatural to her during that interval; and that therefore we cannot possibly judge how far the dawn of independence which rose upon Ireland in '82 might have brightened if it had not been overcast by this general convulsion of the whole civilized world. Sat talking a long time, though the assembly was commencing, and Lady L. came in two or three times to urge Lord L. to go and dress. Assembly not very large: saw numbers I knew. Talked a good deal with Lady Jersey, who was full of praise of the "Angels." Home pretty early.

15th. Went down to Longmans' with more copy. Had reserved myself to-day for a dinner at the Ogles', and play after; but no tidings of it. Left word for Woolriche, that if he was disengaged to-day, we might dine together. Called upon Lord John, but he had gone to the House. Called upon W. Spencer, to fix to-morrow to dine with him.

16th. Woolriche called on his way to return to Woburn. To Longmans' with more copy. Called on Mrs. Story and the Donegals. Dined with W. Spencer. Spencer not in very high feather. Mentioned those two good lines, written, he said, on Madame de Genlis, though in general supposed to be on Madame de Stael:—

"Elise se consume en efforts superflus;
La Vertu n'en veut pas, le Vice n'en veut plus."

What Madame de Stael said of Paris, *C'est la ville du monde où on peut le mieux se passer du bonheur*. Her reply to a man who, upon finding himself placed between her and a very pretty woman, said how lucky he was *de se trouver placé entre le Génie et la Beauté*. *C'est la première fois* (said Madame de Stael) *qu'on m'ait loué pour ma beauté*. A long discussion upon French heroics: had in volumes of Racine, &c. Went afterwards to Miss Drummond's, where I sung a little with Lucy; and from thence to Almack's: rather thin. Saw Mrs. Bennet and Miss Russell*, and an old London acquaintance of mine, a pretty woman, whose name I forget. Talked some time with the Lady Greys; stayed but half an hour; home before one. Have not been able to make out the source of the line for Jackson. Stewart Rose said some one had asserted it was in Roscommon; but it is not.

17th. Went to Power's with Lucy to choose

* Two daughters of Lord William Russell.

some music; thence to the Bazaar. Had gone in the morning to see Barbara Godfrey take her lesson of dancing, with my old acquaintance, Billy Jenkins. His poetical language very amusing; begging her, in the Minuet de la Cour, to imagine him and herself as sylphs that had not met for some time; the surprise, the recognition, &c. &c.; the under part of the body alone to move, the upper to remain quiet; to avoid looking like a quadruped, &c. &c. Received, on my return home, a note from the Longmans, full of panic at an opinion they have just had from their legal adviser, Turner, that the "Fables" are indictable, as "tending to bring monarchy into contempt." Dined at Lord King's (was asked also to Lord Essex's): company, Mr. Thos. Grenville, Payne Knight, Sharpe, Sir G. Robinson (who came from the House at the end of dinner, and brought us an account of Canning's foolish interruption of Brougham, "That is false," &c.), and a scientific gentleman whose name I could not make out. Conversation chiefly about grammar: Prior's "than her" and "than me" pronounced, with Lowth, to be wrong. Milton's "than whom" discussed. Knight said that the test of soundness or propriety in phrases was translating them into Latin, that language being, beyond all others, the language of good sense. I quoted those lines of Lord Byron in the "Giaour" as defying all grammar, and yet impossible (for dramatic effect) of being altered for the better—

"Faithless to him, he shrunk the blow,
But true to me, I laid him low."

Robinson quoted, as another instance, the celebrated

"Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle?"

Told Sharpe of the Longmans' panic; thought it very absurd. Lady King offered to take me to Mrs. T. Hope's, where I had promised to go; but went, instead, to Miss Drummond, where I found Mrs. Humphrey Butler and her daughters, &c.; quadrilles going on.

18th. Lady H.'s last note leaving me an excuse for considering myself as let off for to-day, resolved not to go. Went to the Longmans, and had a discussion with Turner on the subject of his opinion about the "Fables." The Longmans expected I should make alterations, but told them that was impossible.

Asked Turner whether he thought the Constitutional Association (which is what he dreads) would be content with having the author delivered up to them. Said it was most probable they would. "This then," said I, "might settle perhaps all alarms, as I was perfectly ready to meet the consequences myself in every way; though of there being any such consequences from the publication I had not the slightest apprehension." Left them to consider the matter. Bought the Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt" for four or five and twenty shillings in Holborn.

19th. Dined at Phillips's. Drove first, by mistake, to his son's in Hill Street, where the servant who opened the door said, "Perhaps, sir, it is to Mr. Phillips's of Mount Street you meant to go, for *we* are going to dine there too." Company, Sidney Smith, the George Phillipses, the Ordes, the Macdonalds, &c. Sidney Smith had that day gone through the ceremony at Lambeth, which it appears all persons must do upon receiving a second living: they are shut up by themselves, with pen and ink, and the choice of four subjects given them, on one of which they must write a Latin prose Thesis. This is really a greater tax upon pluralists than I had supposed to exist; for nine out of ten reverends must be sadly posed by the task. Not that their examiner is likely to be very strict. He says doubtless of these pluralists, *Ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis*. Found in Mrs. G. Phillips, whom I sat next, an old Derbyshire acquaintance, one of Lord Waterpark's daughters. Smith and I walked home together. Had a letter from Lady H. to-day, to say I was expected yesterday; my cover vacant, and a bed ready for me.

20th. Called upon Rogers, and consulted with him about this hitch that has taken place in the publication of the "Fables." Advised me to require a decisive answer. Called at Lansdowne House; saw Lady L., who was all amiability. Has offered me, by the by, the use of her shower-bath from the Park, till they go down themselves. It is delightful to see how that cold uncertainty which at first hung upon her manner towards me is clearing away, and giving place to a friendly, frank familiarity, which is both more becoming to her and far more comfortable to me. Home at two to receive Lord John, who has called

two or three times without finding me. Walked out with him. Called afterwards on Shee, the painter; glad to find that he has been pleased with the "Angels." Says he thought it the most beautiful thing I had ever written, or that ever had been written in that style; but that I had given the world so much in the same strain they naturally must relax in their eagerness about it; and that it was necessary for me now to change my hand. He is right. Dined at Sir G. Warrender's; company, Lady Saltoun and her daughters, Lord Lovaine, Lord Lynedoch, Sir P. Doyle, &c.; splendid dinner both in cookery and service. Doyle's account of the Spaniards (corroborated by Lord Lovaine), that there is no answering for what they will do or will not do; they may all suddenly join the French, or start up as suddenly in universal array against them. In the evening Countess San Antonio, Lady Farquhar, and a rather pretty girl, Miss Bennet, Lord Ashley (very like Lord Byron), my old friend Beecher, &c. &c. There was a young man (Captain Somebody) who sang very sweetly. I sang several songs, besides an unhappy duet with the Countess San Antonio. Warrender most cordially and earnestly entreated me to make his house my home when I should come to London; that I should be free after breakfast for the day, except upon some particular days, when he would lay an embargo upon me for a home dinner; all very kind. Was home before one, Lord Ashley walking with me the greater part of the way.

21st. A sort of half promise to go to Holland House to-day; having refused Lord Darnley on that plea, also one of the Vice-Presidents of the Covent Garden Fund dinner; and ought to go there; but determined for young Perry's, where I shall meet Kenny. Went down to Paternoster Row to learn the final resolve of the Co. Told me they had, to satisfy themselves, submitted the sheets to Denman, and would let me know his opinion as soon as they received it. Walked about St. James's to see the crowds the levee brought together. Company at Perry's, poor old doubled-up Skeffington, Beazley the architect, Hill, Kenny, and a gentleman whose name I forget, who sung in the evening to the pianoforte. Sung a couple of songs for them myself, though hating such an operation with *he*

hearers; and got home early. Found a note from the Row, inclosing one from Denman to the attorney; very clearly written, and saying (just as I expected), that though he could not guarantee against the folly of people in prosecuting, he would venture to guarantee the result of such a prosecution, which had been anticipated by Horace and Pope—

“The plaintiff will be hiss’d,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you’re dismiss’d.”

22nd. Met Lord John when I went out; walked together some time; promised to breakfast with him in the morning. Took my place in the coach for Thursday morning. Must, after all, leave my printing unfinished; and the work, which was announced in all the papers for yesterday, will not be out now for a fortnight. Went down to the Longmans; had 60*l*. To Power’s, on my way back, and looked over some music. To Mrs. Story’s; promised to dine with her to-day. Left them at eight to go to the opera. Went to Lady Lansdowne’s box, and found there Lady Davy, Mrs. Orde, and the Duc de Dalberg; Lord L. himself afterwards came in. Sat some time in Lord Essex’s box; thence to Lady Farquhar’s, to make my excuse for not calling this morning.

23rd. Breakfasted with Lord John; showed me a letter he received, a day or two ago, from the Duke, on the politics of the day, very clearly written, and full of quite a youthful ardour on the subject.

24th. Started at seven in the White Lion coach: companions, an elderly military gentleman, and a poor sickly girl, brought up in France. Arrived at home at seven, and found my dear Bessy looking wonderfully well, but little Tom ill with a feverish cold. Had brought away a wrong portmanteau, and mine was gone on to Bath.

25th. Got my own portmanteau; and sent off some corrected proofs to town.

26th. Have determined to set up a little four-wheeled gig and pony, as I doubt whether I shall ever be able to take such long walks as I used. Consulted Phipps about it, who has promised to set inquiries on foot for me.

27th. Sauntering about the garden with Bess.

28th. Sent off my preface and title.

29th, 30th. Little or nothing. Received a

letter from the Longmans, suggesting the omission of the epitaphs, to which I readily acceded; except that upon a lawyer, which I wished to have retained.

May 1st. Walked over to Phipps’s. They proposed going to Brickhill to show me Hughes’s cottage. Mrs. P. drove me, and he rode. Dined with them on our return; and they came home and played cards, and supped with Bessy afterwards.

2nd. Borrowed a donkey chaise from our neighbour, Farmer Gaby, and drove Bessy over to Brickhill to see her friend, Mrs. Hughes, who returned yesterday evening. Met Dr. Hindley on the way (who has been all kindness to my dear Bessy, both during the accident to her nose, and lately), and he seemed to think her expedition so far rather adventurous in her present situation. Went on, however, and did not get back until eight o’clock.

4th, 5th. Employed myself in bringing up this Journal. Have read since I came home Madame Campan’s “Memoirs of Marie Antoinette;” a sad story.

6th. Received from the Longmans two copies of the “Fables,” which are to be published to-morrow. Found to my great mortification, that I had by mistake sent up the uncorrected slips instead of the corrected ones (they having sent me down two sets); in consequence of which the two last sheets are published exactly as the printer’s devils left them, *comme il a plu aux diables*, with all those errors of my own, too, which I had corrected in the unsent proofs. This is too provoking. Wrote off to the Longmans immediately, to bid them put a list of errata in the newspapers; but too late for the post.

7th. Corrected one of the copies of the “Fables,” and despatched it to the Longmans, who seem to think another edition will be wanting instantly.

8th. A notice of the “Fables” in the “Chronicle;” favourable, of course, but ill done. Dined at Phipps’s. The General very gentlemanly.

9th. A notice of the “Fables” in the “Times;” done (as everything in that Paper is) with the utmost skill and good taste. Mrs. P. and the General called in their ride, and entreated me to join them again to-day; which Bessy thought it would be but kind to

do. Did so. Read them the "Looking Glasses" out of the "Times;" but it did not tell upon them. This is what I feared;—those allegories are too abstract for common readers. Wretched, uncomfortable walks home these two nights from the badness of the weather.

11th. Wrote a song for the new musical work I mean to do for Power, founded upon Sappho's beautiful lines, *Γλυκεία mater, ου τοι*. Read "Clarke's Travels," "Dodwell," &c. Mrs. P. called in the evening. Tom and I walked part of the way home with her. Received to-day three reviews of my book; two of them (though I bid the Longmans send me nothing abusive this time) full of contemptuous (but at the same time contemptible) attacks upon me. These were the "Literary Gazette," and the "Museum;" in the latter, too, a heavy, canting (but rather respectful) essay upon the character of my poetry in general, repeating the old charge of its dangerous effects upon female minds, &c. The third review was that of which little Jessie the governess's husband is the proprietor, and kind of course.

12th. Reading the Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt," and some of the speeches of Fox and Burke.

13th. A kind letter from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing one from Rogers, both speaking favourably of the "Fables." R. says that none of those who had read them (and he knew some who had read them twice) seemed to have been aware of the errors I mentioned to him. An article full of praise in the "British Press."

14th. Wrote, between to-day and yesterday, another song for the musical work, the scene of which I mean to lay in Greece.

15th. Begun another song to an air of my own, which Lucy used to like very much; "Oh, Maids of Zion." Do not see any announcement of the second edition in the papers; another flash in the pan. Application from an upholsterer in Devizes to pay his bill, as he is distressed for money. Wrote to announce to the Longmans that I must draw upon them. A "John Bull" newspaper to-day (of course filled with abuse of the "Fables") sent from the same kind hand that forwarded me this paper's attack upon the "Angels." Disappointed, however, the kind soul's intentions

(whoever he or she may be) by putting it in the fire, without looking at more than my name.

16th. Finished "Oh, Maids of Zion." Received the French translation of my "Loves of the Angels," with a most encomiastic notice of me and my works prefixed to it.

17th. An account in the papers of the public meeting for the Greeks on Thursday. Sir James Mackintosh concluded a splendid speech by quoting (with most flattering mention of me) three stanzas from the "Torch of Liberty," in the "Fables." My name received with "loud cheering." This is gratifying. How I lament not having been able to attend this meeting! Such an opportunity for me to speak in public may hardly ever again occur; the subject, the audience,—all would have been what I am most ambitious of. The Phippses came in the evening; played cards and supped.

18th. Copied out my three songs, and a fragment of a fourth, and despatched them to Power. Received from the Longmans the "Scotsman" paper, in which there is most enthusiastic praise of me and the "Fables;" says in one part, "If everybody felt as we do on the subject, the whole country would decree to him a crown of laurel." See in the "Times" report of the great meeting that when Mackintosh mentioned my name there was "much cheering." Lady Lansdowne arrived at Bowood.

20th. In returning from a saunter to Chitto [Chitway] Valley, met Lady L. and Lord Kerry, who had walked to call at the cottage; but were not let in, Bessy being, they said, fast asleep. Turned about with her, and walked some way; promised to come to Bowood before she goes.

22nd. Began another song for the Greek work. Employed at intervals, for some days past, reading the speeches of Burke, &c., on the Hastings business, Bisset's "History of George III." Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt," &c.

23rd. Received a very kind note from Lady L., in which she says she has been charged by Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Lord John (as well as various others), to tell me how much my "Fables" were admired; that it was impossible to say in a note half of what she was charged with, but that the admiration of them

was so cordial, it could not but give me pleasure; and that when she was at Holland House, the two copies they had there were fought for. This is all very gratifying. I only wish the public would catch a little more of the same enthusiasm, and buy me up more rapidly. Sent to Lady L. a letter for Rogers, in which I begged of him to put down my name to the Greek subscription for 5*l*.

24th. My darling girl's symptoms became decisive after breakfast; a message was dispatched for the midwife; and, in a little more than half an hour after she arrived, a little boy was born. My anxiety rendered still more painful by the absence of the physician, who did not arrive till an hour after all was over, to Bessy's great delight, who has a horror of his being even in the house on these occasions. However all, thank God, was as well as possible. Added a few lines announcing the event to several letters of Bessy's, which she had left open for the purpose, and wrote two or three myself.

25th. Bessy doing marvellously well, and the little fright (as all such young things are) prospering also. Wrote several letters.

26th. Began another song. Mrs. Hughes came over to see Bess; and dined with me.

27th. Still no second edition of the "Fables," nor any letter to report progress, from the Longmans. Dined with the Phippses to meet Captain Amyot. Home at ten.

28th. Being my birthday, dined in my dear Bessy's bed-room, who still keeps wonderfully well. Received a letter from Jeffrey in answer to mine about the "Edinburgh Review."

30th. Set off in Phipps's gig for Melksham; found there that I had left all my money at home; borrowed a pound of P.'s coachman, and sent a note by him to Bessy, to forward me the money by the evening coach to Bath. Arrived, by the Devizes coach, at Bath at eleven o'clock. Called immediately on my darling Anastasia, at Miss Furness's; took her out to walk. Showed me a pretty way through the fields. Sweet child! I could not help stopping every instant to look at her and kiss her. Weather very hot. Left her at home, and walked about Bath; saw my name placarded on the walls everywhere. In one book-shop's windows saw a work entitled "A Miscellany from the works of Moore, *Little*, Byron, &c." William, our servant, arrived

with my money at two, Bessy having dispatched him on horseback immediately. Had to stand a very intense stare from the Bath fashionables in Milsom Street. Walked with Lady Burdett's little doctor to Sydney Gardens. Dined at the White Lion inn alone. Went afterwards to the theatre; "Lover's Vows;" Amelia played very naturally and prettily by a nice girl, Miss Carr.

31st. Off at six in the White Lion coach. Amused by the fine dress, and plain, humble manners of a Mrs. Clarke (wife to a coach-owner in Bond Street), who, with her little child, was my only company. Her details of her father-in-law's farm, &c. &c. Passed through Hyde Park Corner at twenty minutes past six, and arrived at Story's (with whom I had arranged to dine) at seven. Have only the garret in Duke Street, all the rest of the house being occupied.

June 1st. Called at Rogers's: not in town. On Burdett, who is confined by the gout; sat with him some time. Thence to Lord Lansdowne's, whom I saw also. To Lady Donegal's, with whom I promised to dine to-day: told me of the different opinions about my "Fables;" their admiration of some parts, and their lamentations over others, &c. &c. Thence to Lord Essex, whom I found descending, over his luncheon, on the beauties of Baring's new house; took me out in his cabriolet, after tempting me much to a desertion of Lady Donegal, by asking me to meet Brougham and Lady Jersey. Made several calls with him; at Lady Jersey's (where we saw Lord J.); at Lord W. Bentinck's, at Grey's, &c. Had some conversation with Lord Grey on the subject of Spain, about which he desponds. Always pleased to meet Lord Grey. Walked through the Park. Called at Baring's; showed me his house, which is not yet furnished; his chimney pieces, by Bartollini, spoiled from over-polish; hopes to be able to un-polish them again. The bas-relief over the door, a cast from Thorwaldsen's "Triumphal Procession of Alexander." Thorwaldsen had hardly ever looked at a horse before he undertook to represent them here. Met Lady Davy, who asked me to dinner for the 15th; also Lady Farquhar, who told me Sir G. Warrender had music to-night, and begged me to go. Had a note from Sir G. to the same effect while at dinner at Lady

Donegal's, and reminding me, too, of my promise to take up my abode at his house, which he now meant to claim the performance of. Went from Lady D.'s to Lord Essex's; found Lady Jersey, and Brougham, and (what I did not expect) Lord John Russell; also a Miss Thellusson, with whom I sung two or three Italian duets. Walked away with Lord John—he to Lady Jersey's, who was at home, and I to Warrender's, where I found Miss Stephens, her niece, Mrs. Blackshaw, Captain Ratcliffe, &c. Supper and singing; Miss Stephens seemed to like my singing exceedingly. Amused her by mentioning an "Essay on Music," which I had seen in some periodical publication in which the writer, after discussing the various styles of music, declares himself at the end for "Nature, Tom Moore, and Kitty Stephens;" she expressed great delight at the alliance. Warrender again importunate on the subject of my domesticating myself *chez lui*; promised I would answer for certainty in a day or two. Did not reach home till three; and, on entering my garret (though small, and not very odorous), resolved to stick to it in preference to the baronet's fine chambers; such charms has independence! Lady Jersey told me that, in going to see her sister in the country to-day, she took my "Angels" with her to read the third or fourth time.

2nd. Paid visits. Called upon Croker. Met Bowles, who wanted to take me off to dine with Linley in Furnival's Inn, where there was to be music; but too far for my existing engagements. Dined at Richardson's in Covent Garden; weather become dreadfully wet and chilly. Home and dressed. Went first to Lady Farquhar's; a girl there with pretty features, but all awry, of whom some one said she was *La Beauté Chiffonnée*. A beautiful little girl, too, Miss Mathison, with that foreign cast of countenance which is such an improvement on continental beauty, having good English flesh and blood for its substratum; as the cookery of France in England is always better than in its native element, having the superior English materials to show off its art and piquancy upon. Caradori and Curioni sung, but not very agreeably. Went from thence to Lady Jersey's, and heard (for the first time in my life) an Italian *improvvisatore*, of the name of Pistrucci. He had already done three or four subjects, of which

one, "Don Quixote and the Windmills," must have been a puzzler to him. The subject on which I heard him was "Hero and Leander," which must have been part of his stock in hand; but still the facility surprised me. He sung it through, and was accompanied by Mad. Renaudin on the pianoforte. Went afterwards to a dance at Mrs. Bennet's (our M. P.'s wife); some pretty people there, among whom was Miss Houlton.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers; Constable of Edinburgh, the great publisher, and Bowles, of the party. In talking of the craft of book-selling, Constable said, "Mr. Moore, if you let me have a poem from your pen, I will engage to sell thrice as many copies as the Longmans ever did, even of 'Lalla Rookh.'" Very encouraging this, and comes seasonably to put me in better conceit with myself. In conversing with me afterwards, he intimated his strong wish that I should connect myself with the "Edinburgh Review." In talking of Walter Scott, and the author of Waverley," he continually forgot himself, and made them the same person. Has had the original MS. of the novels presented to him by the author, in forty-nine volumes, written with his own hand; very few corrections. Says the author to his knowledge has already received more than a hundred thousand pounds for his novels alone. Walter Scott apparently very idle: the only time he is known to begin to study is about three hours in the morning before breakfast; the rest of the day he is at the disposal of everybody, and rarely retires at night till others do. Went with Constable and Bowles to Sir George Beaumont's. A curious picture by Paul Panini of the Picture Gallery of the Colonna Palace; fine bas-relief of the Virgin and two children by Michael Angelo. Raphael has borrowed this composition in one of his pictures. In talking of this, and saying that Raphael was not very scrupulous about plagiarism, bringing, for instance, his "Paul preaching at Athens," which was borrowed from Masaccio, &c. &c. Sir George mentioned, that some great craniologist (Spurzheim it was) on examining Raphael's skull, had found nothing remarkable but the organ of *theft* very strongly developed. Received an opera ticket from Lady Lansdowne. Went early to the opera, "Donna del Lago;" visited about through the boxes, Lord Lansdowne's, Lord Essex's, &c.

&c. Lord L. told me that Mad. Renaudin sang very beautifully after I left Lady Jersey's last night; Miss Stephens, too, sang at Lady Farquhar's. This is what one loses by running about.

4th. Breakfasted with Luttrell; Sandford came in; asked him (being of the Treasury) to get Bessy's china out of the custom-house of Dover for me; said he would if I wrote an application to him in *verse*, not otherwise; hardly worth this. Quoted from "Tristram Shandy" an amusing passage; "'Brother, will you go with me to see some dead bodies?' 'I am ready, brother, to go see any body?' 'But these bodies have been dead three thousand years.' 'Then, I suppose, brother, we need not *share*.'" Must see this passage. Luttrell read me part of a journal (a large volume) which he kept on his tour to Italy; seemed very clever. Thence to Longmans, and saw a rough memorandum of my account on the "Angels" and the "Fables;" much more satisfactory than I could have expected. They have very handsomely declined taking any thing to themselves beyond the mere commission, and accordingly have put to my credit 1000*l.* for the "Angels," and 500*l.* for the "Fables," being exactly the sums I would have originally asked for the copyright of the respective works. This is doing very well in so few months; it, however, merely clears away my debt to them without giving me any supply in hand. Went to Drury Lane, and had some conversation with Dunn, the treasurer. Dined at Sir J. Farquhar's. Went to Almack's at night; full of beauty; sat awhile with the Barings, whom I like; Lady Jersey and Lady Tankerville sending various messengers after me through the room. Found it was for a dinner on the 15th, which Lady Tankerville wished to secure me for; but engaged. Some talk with Mrs. and Miss Canning. Lord John and I, reminding each other of our engagement to breakfast together in the morning, came away arm in arm, in order to be time enough, to the no small amusement of Mrs. Canning.

5th. With Lord John before eleven. Met Brougham and the Duke of Leinster on my way to him; Brougham going to Court, with his hair and beard fresh cut, "all shaven and shorn." Much talk with Lord John about my Sheridan work; how far

I should venture in passing judgment on the political events of the time; better merely to draw my conclusions from the general and obvious features of every transaction, such as they appear on the surface of history, than, by attempting to trace negotiations or develop secret motives, run the risk of being falsified hereafter, when memoirs written by the actors themselves may appear, and prove that I was completely on the wrong scent in my conjectures. An instance of this in Mr. Fox's "History," where he attributes to Argyle at one period during his invasion of Scotland, what the publication of Sir P. Hume's "Memoirs" proves to have been completely unfounded. It is with respect to the attempt to release their friends who were prisoners, which Fox represents Argyle as anxious to undertake. It is supposed that Adam has actually written memoirs of those political events in which Sheridan and himself were engaged and they will appear after his death. Lord John is about a work on the "Political History of Europe;" showed me some verses he had written about "Love and the Marriage Act;" very good; suggested some alterations. Called upon Burdett; driven home to my garret. Sir G. Warrender called to say that he dined to-day exactly at six, on account of the opera. Afraid he should find out I was a *garretteer*, and return to his importunities; but they showed him into the parlour, the proprietor of which was not at home. Dinner, consisting of Mrs. Blackshaw and Lady Farquhar. Opera (for Camporese's benefit), "Ricciardo," by Rossini, first time: several pretty things in it, but ill-performed; the *finale* of first act very good; the famous *cruda sorte* overrated.

6th. Breakfasted at the George. Called upon Mrs. Story; upon Murray, to beg him to make out my account and arrange with him about discounting my bills on Power. Went to see the picture of the Queen's Trial, and happened to seat myself next Mr. Sheddou (my Bermuda friend), who looked a little awkward on finding me at his elbow; affected, however, to be very civil, and said that he had received from Bermuda *some* of the money he had advanced towards my release of the claims, adding, that he was trying to get more from the same quarter for me: *credat Judeus*. Called upon Dr. Williams; glad to

see signs of more prosperity about him. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, &c. &c. Hume, lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the "honourable allegator." A notable receipt for *raising* Newtons in France, suggested by Beyle (the author of "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c.); *Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut s'émier des Benjamin Coustants*. Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verre* given as an instance. Whether the vagueness may not (instead of their indefiniteness) be the great convenience we find in them; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said "Yes, very good, very clever; but it wants, it wants, (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that*." May not our use of *verre*, and such words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean? Suggested this, which amused them; but they stood up for *verre*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is more excellent in art, "That which pleases the greatest number of people," produced some discussion; differed with him; may be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary—painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples Homer and Shakspeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, "whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied." If he had said *stories* instead of illustrations, it would be more correct, though not so imposing: illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, up-

on whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, "a little higher," "a little lower"), "Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you." Would any one think that he paid a compliment either to Sheridan's wit or his own, by saying that the mere caricatures of this old story had survived in his memory the admirable application of them? Thus it is that the world is humbugged by phrases. Mackintosh said that Pitt's speeches are miserably reported. He was himself present on the speech on the Slave Trade in '92 (which Mr. Fox declared was the finest he had ever heard), and the report, he says, gives no idea whatever of its merits. Burke's and Windham's the only speeches well reported; being given by themselves. Went from thence to Devonshire House, where there was very bad music; two new women, Castelli and Maranoni, execrable. The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with me (though the great Captain's hand was waiting, ready stretched out), and said, "I am glad to see you here at last." A good deal of talk with Lady Normanton and Lady Cowper. The Duchess of Sussex, bantering me upon the two fine ladies she saw so anxious to get hold of me the other night at Ahmack's (Ladies Jersey and Tankerville), said that some one near her remarked, "See them now, it is all on account of his reputation, for they do not care one pin about him." While she spoke, Lord Jersey stood close beside her, and she was (or at least affected to be) much annoyed at finding that he had heard her. Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced me to Lady Waterford, who said we used to be acquainted, and asked me to her house on Monday night.

7th. Breakfasted at Stephens's. Met, on turning a corner, my old, excellent friend Douglas (the admiral). Promised to run down and see him at his country seat before I returned to Wiltshire. Called upon Mrs. Story; on Murray, to settle my accounts and talk over my Sheridan task. Tried to see Creevey on the same subject, as I hear he knew a good deal of S., but could not. Dined at Longmans', to meet Constable and Kenny. Thence to Drury Lane, and had some conversation with Wenston the stage-manager, who is collecting materials for a "History of the

Stage," and is likely to have something relating to Sheridan's connection with it. Promised me that I should look over his stores. Thence to the opera: Lady Lansdowne's box. In talking of a children's ball, lately given by Lady Jersey, she said, "How little Tom would have shown off there!" Must communicate this to Bess. To Mrs. Baring's box, where I found Prince Leopold, and was introduced to him: very gracious. Stayed in the Barings' box, after they left it, to see the ballet, till Lord Bective came, sent by my Lady, to take me across the house to her. Saw her out and promised to go breakfast some morning.

8th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Well said by Bobus Smith, to those who were inclined to take part against Plunkett, in his late contest with the Orangemen, "Would you pull down the house to destroy a single rat?" Lord John said that he had heard of Sheridan's having walked about for several hours with Fox, trying to dissuade him from the coalition with Lord North, and that the conversation ended with Fox's saying, "It is as fixed as the Hanover succession." * Called at Lady Donegal's. Drove out with Edward Moore, in his tilbury, to Lady Bective's. Her little Edward so reminds me of poor Dalton! Went thence to call on the Cannings at Gloucester Lodge (Moore driving about while I paid my visit). Canning himself engaged, but saw the ladies: Lord Kensington there. Told of his being with the King of Naples shooting larks; said he was in expectation that Lord Spencer (who was of the party, and is famous for bringing down either keepers or dogs, or some part of the company, whenever he shoots) would have *bagged the King*. † Took Moore to Chantrey's, who seems much broken by the illness of his wife. Some talk about the monument to Grattan, for which he is to be employed. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, the Cowpers, the Tankervilles, Lords Essex, Caernarvon, J. Russell, Roslyn, Lauderdale, Bob Adair, Lambton and myself. Went in the evening with Lambton to see Lord Grey. No one there but Lord Fitzwilliam. A good deal of talk about the peculiarities of the late Duke of Norfolk.

* This story, which I had heard, does not appear to be true.—Ed.

† Lord Spencer was a very good shot, and not likely to have "bagged the king."—Ed.

9th. Breakfasted with Newton, to meet Kenny. Sat a little for my picture. Took them to see Rogers's house; R. himself at home. A note from Lucy, to announce her arrival. Called upon her about two, and went with Mrs. Ogle and her to the Exhibition. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Auckland and a whole family of Hibberts. Went to Lady Davy's: found them talking of Irving, the preacher; Tierney the only one who seemed not *quite* pleased with him. Thence to Lady Waterford's, where I heard some good music: Ronzi, notwithstanding her thin reedy voice, very charming. The beautiful duet "Amor poscente," well sung. Met several old Irish acquaintances; Sir Edward and Lady E. Baker, Sir J. Beresford, &c.

10th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Luttrell, Lady Davy, Miss Rogers, and William Bankes, who gave, as an apology for his being late, a visit he had had before he was out of bed from the Dean of Winchester, in most pious alarm about Lord Nugent's bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics. Rogers showed us "Gray's Poems," in his original handwriting, with a letter to the printer; also the original MS. of one of Sterne's sermons. Remarkable, in comparing this with the printed one, to see how he had spoiled a passage in correcting it; calling the Jews (instead of the "thoughtless and thankless people," as he had it at first,) this "ungrateful and peculiarly obstinate people" (or "peculiarly perverse," I do not exactly recollect the printed words.) Went thence to the private view of Watson Taylor's pictures. Most remarkable, the "St. John" of Parmigiano (the price of which Holwell Carr traced to me from 120*l.* to 7000*l.*), the brilliant landscape of Rubens, with the rainbow, two beautiful Hobbins, a portrait by Murillo Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Siddons as Tragic Muse." Thence with L. to Fetter Lane, &c. &c. Went to Murray's for my account. Not very correctly drawn out; left it to be revised; has not given me credit for the 200*l.* I left in his hands on the "Memoir" account. Dined at Sir C. Douglas's: company, Sir P. Codrington, Lord Strathmore, &c. Taken in for an evening party, and obliged to sing. Miss Doyle, a very pretty girl (who was not in existence in those days when Doyle and I were cronies), sang some Spanish things very pleasingly.

Ran away as soon as I could, to the opera. Reminded by Miss Canning of my promise to give her some songs of mine.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers; Kenny and Luttrell of the party. Witticisms of Foote. His saying to a canting sort of lady that asked him, "Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church?" "No, madam; not that I see any harm in it." Called on Bishop. Dined at Luttrell's: Lord Cowper, Sandford, and a Mr. Vincent. Went to Almack's.

12th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. Went to W. Taylor's pictures. Phillips (the R.A.) going over the faults of some of the pictures: the light in the portrait by Murillo not falling as it would in nature; Ruben's rainbow not like a rainbow; no country ever half so blue, &c. &c. Agreed with him perfectly; but connoisseurship in painting is to me a "sealed fountain;" there seems to be no standard of merit in it but the *price*. Thought I was engaged to Agar Ellis for to-day, and refused every other invitation in consequence. Met him going into the picture-room, and he said, "Don't forget me this day week," which dispelled the illusion. Suddenly freed for the day; felt as if chains had fallen off me. This "pre-established harmony" of dinners, in which one is carried along so inevitably, day after day, becomes servitude at last. Thought of offering myself to the Lansdownes, but decided for Richardson's Coffee-house in Covent Garden. Previously went to the British Institution, to meet Henry Grattan, with whom I had appointed, for the purpose of talking over the "Life" of his Father, which he has been engaged about, but which he seems half-inclined to transfer to me. There is no task I should feel greater pride in. Found I could not fix him to any thing. Had a note from Hobhouse, saying it was the wish of the committee for the Spanish meeting to-morrow, that I should move or second one of the resolutions to be proposed. Went to Burdett's, where I found Hobhouse, and talked the matter over. The time too short now to prepare myself as I ought. It is not so much what one is to say, as what one is *not* to say, that requires consideration. Told them I would let them know in the morning. After dining, dressed and went to Mrs. Ogle's. Thence, very late, to Lady Lansdowne's assembly. The gallery opened, and the effect of it very fine. Lady

Cowper, who asked me to dine for Thursday (when I am engaged), proposed Friday—Saturday; but bound for all. Lady Jersey, who stood by, said, "I have contrived to squeeze in a day." Some talk with Lord John about to-morrow. Mentioned to him my doubts whether it was quite in good taste for a person like me, neither a parliamentary man, nor a monied man, nor even a city man, to take any leading part in such a meeting. Did not quite agree with me, and I rather think the scruple is over-fastidious.

13th. Breakfasted at home. Drove about with Lucy, and left my name at Peter Moore's, preparatory to my application to him for materials towards Sheridan's Life. In consequence of which found a note upon my table in coming home at night, beginning, "Mr. and the Miss Moores are happy to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Moore, and will be happy to see him and Mrs. Moore," &c. &c.; asking me for dinner to-morrow, or, if engaged, "to tea and supper" in the evening. Lucy said that at Miss Johnes's, in Portman Square, where I had called to inquire about her, the servant told her afterwards that a "young gentleman" had been there to ask for her. What a *take in* upon the servant! Went, at a quarter before one, to Mrs. T. Hope's ball. Insufferably hot, and every one panting for Vauxhall. Lord John told me the success of to-day's meeting. Regret now that I lost the opportunity. The resolutions were moved by Lord J., Mackintosh, Brougham, and Lyndoch, &c. &c. Away at two.

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Nobody but Kenny and Miss R. Story of a fellow who, upon being requested by a gentleman to carry his portmanteau from the boat, inquired his name, place of residence, &c. (as if for the purpose of performing the task), and then sent him a challenge for the insult. * * *

15th. Breakfasted at home. Made some calls. Found Burdett limping about his garden. Expressed his regret at my not going to the meeting, and lamented the backwardness of the great Whigs, Lords Grey, Lansdowne, &c. on this occasion. Spoke highly of the honesty and straightforwardness of Lord John and the rest of the Russells. Lady Davy had offered me a seat in her pew to-day, to hear the great preacher, Irving. Called upon Edward Moore, whom I had asked to drive

me out to Hornsey to-day. Drove to the Hornsey church-yard, and saw my dear Barbara's grave. Nothing amiss but the looseness of the headstone, from the dryness of the earth. Spoke to the grave-digger to look to it, and said I would send him something by Edward Moore in a few weeks. Drove on to the foot of Muswell Hill, to look at the cottage I inhabited there, the only one I do not again see with pleasure. Thence to Kensington Gardens, where we walked to see the gay crowd. Dined at Sir Humphrey Davy's: company, Mackintosh, Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Barings, &c. Mackintosh's ideas of the separation there exists (or should exist) between poetry and eloquence. Granted to me what I said (in talking of Bacon) that poetry is naturally connected with philosophy, but adding, "and eloquence with logic." Find, to my no small alarm, that Mackintosh did not get the note I sent to him at the Crown and Anchor, informing him of my intention not to assist, and enclosing five pounds as my subscription. Rather a serious loss, this. Had promised Lady Tankerville to go in the evening (not having been able to dine with her), but did not.

16th. Breakfasted at Lord Bective's. Affected a good deal by little Edward's singing to me (before Lord and Lady B. made their appearance) a little tune which he had himself composed, to words written for him by his poor father, part of which were as follows:—

"When I rise in the morning, I fervently pray
To that God who protects me by night and by day,
To bless my papa, *who's in heaven above*,
And my dearest mama, whom I equally love."

Something particularly melancholy in this line, written as it was by poor Dalton, in anticipation of his approaching death—and such a death! Dined by myself at Richardson's, having set apart this day to pay a visit to my friend Douglas in Buckinghamshire, but not having been able to effect it. Went out before ten to the Storrs', to join their party to Vauxhall: night very chilly, and the whole thing dull. Met Keene there, who gave me most enthusiastic greeting.

17th. Breakfasted with Power, and went with him to call on Bishop: not at home. From thence to Moore's, the artist who sent me the portrait of my father: found that he had made a sketch of my mother, which he

gave up on finding that my sister Kate did not like it: it, however, has a considerable degree of resemblance; and I requested him to finish it for me. Called at Charles Kemble's; found only her: fell down stairs in coming away, and strained my wrist. Dined at Lambton's, though scarcely able to dress, from the pain of my wrist, and totally without the power of cutting my meat at dinner. A strong political dinner: Lord Grey, Brougham, Hobhouse, Denman, S. Williams, Creevey, D. Kinnaid, &c.: some talk upon the Queen's business, which would have been interesting from such authorities (her three defenders), but something turned it into another channel. Brougham seemed to think that she was not quite right in her head, and the chief pivot her insanity turned upon was children. By this he accounted for the circumstance which Lady Douglas deposed to; and most of which he believed to be. She was on the *point* of committing a folly upon this very same subject when she died, which would have exposed her to much obloquy. From a violent fancy she took to a child of young Wood's (the son of the Alderman), she was going to dismiss her valuable and most attached friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and put Wood and his wife in their places. Asked Creevey to meet me at Rogers's on Saturday morning to breakfast: promised he would. Found a card, on my return home, from Canning, inviting me to dinner on Sunday next: had called this morning on Lord Essex to apologise for not going to Cashiobury on Saturday next (as I half promised) to stay till Monday; so shall accept Canning's invitation. Did not go to the opera.

18th. To Bishop's, and gave him the things I had done for our great work. Went to Miss Linwood's exhibition. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, Prince Esterhazy, the Morpeths, Granvilles, William Russells, and Morleys. Sat next Lady Wm. Russell. When I mentioned the story of the new opera (the "*Freischütz*"), which is making such a sensation in Germany, her look of enthusiasm, on remembering having read the story when she was young, became her prodigiously. Am sorry, however, to perceive that the continent has weaned her a good deal from England: her indifference about the House of Commons, and ignorance of what is going on there, drew from Lady Jersey a very

well applied story of Luttrell's, about a man from India, who, on hearing the House of Commons mentioned, said, "Oh, is that going on still?" Called, on my way from dinner, to inquire about Lady Donegal, who has had another nervous attack: found them just going to bed. Made Barbara sing two or three songs, for me to hear what sort of voice she has: very promising.

19th. Breakfasted with Rogers: only Kenny; Creevey did not come. Went with Kenny to hear him read his new piece to the actors at the Haymarket; rehearsal of "Figaro" going on: very amusing altogether. Two lines in one of Kenny's songs for Liston rather amused me: talking of his hard-hearted mistress—

"And when I kneel to sue for mercy,
I meet with none—but vice-versa."

My five-pound note has at last reached Mackintosh's hands, and is acknowledged among the list of Spanish subscriptions. Dreamt last night that I saw Bessy falling out of a gig; and find, from her letter, that she and Mrs. Plupps were to drive in our new pony carriage to-day to Buckhill: wrote to her (as I indeed had done before) to beg she would not drive out any more till my return. Dined at William Ponsonby's: company, the Bouveries, Lord Besborough, Payne Knight, Sir T. Lawrence, Dibdin (the bibliographer), Heber, Wm. Spencer, &c. &c. Sat next to Lady Davy, and told her of her friend Lord Dudley, that (though I was not very apt to suspect such things) it struck me that when I met him walking with the Duke of Wellington yesterday, his bow to me was more shy and evasive than usual. She said this was not like him, and could not be the case; so probably I was mistaken. Told me that when my "Angels" appeared, she had a letter from him, saying that he was happy at last to see something of mine exhibiting higher powers of writing than he had been in general inclined to allow me. This confirmation of a suspicion which I have always had, that Lord Dudley holds but a mean opinion of my talents, is, of course, not calculated to lessen much the distaste which I own I have (notwithstanding many efforts to the contrary) invariably felt towards him. I am not given to dislike people, and therefore tried hard to

be pleased with him; but it would not do. Wm. Spencer, as usual, amusing. Knight mentioned what old Lady Townshend used to say about her son's anxiety to trace the antiquity of his family; that he ought to be prouder to have sprung from the lions of old Roger Townshend than from Chilperic, King of the Franks. Had received a note from Lady Dacre two or three days ago, asking me this evening; and at the same time begging me to fix a day to dine with them; adding, with very skilful flattery, "you must excuse my worrying you in this way; I do not so much run after the *poet* for my own self as the *patriot* for Lord Dacre."

20th. Breakfasted with Lord John, who seems to have nearly made up his mind to go to Ireland with me. The party promises most agreeably: we are to join the Lansdownes at Killarney; Lord Kenmare has invited us to make his house our quarters; and the Cumliffes, who are also going, expect us to pay them a visit in our way through Wales. Went to Power's; to Longmans'. Called at Charles Kemble's and saw the Miss Siddonses; himself at the theatre: went there, having heard that he is anxious to show me a piece from the Spanish, which he thinks might be made something of. It is called "Figlia dell' Aria," which sounds romantic; but turns out to be the story of Semiramis; and the machinery, Venus and Diana, &c. &c.; what poor Lewis used to call "the tag, rag, and bobtail of the classics;" wont do. Went with E. Moore to look after a house in a little passage of Pall Mall, whose top windows look into the Park, and which may be had he says for forty guineas a year; begged him to inquire further about it. Dined at Alex. Baring's: company, Brougham, Lord Dudley, Adair, Lord John Russell, &c. Struck with the difference between Brougham, and Lord D.; the former so natural, the latter so painfully artificial: the one a vast Niagara of intellect, overflowing for ever in spite of itself, from a thousand reservoirs; the other, like the cascades in his own neighbourhood at Hagley, got up ostentatiously for the occasion, artificial in his liveliest flow, and making up by preparation and dexterity for the shallowness and penury of his supply. These latter terms, I, of course, use as comparing his powers with those of Brougham; for that Lord D. is no ordinary man, with all

my distaste to him, I must allow. A good deal of talk about law: its contradictions and unintelligibleness: how far it would be practicable to get rid of these absurdities; the danger that would arise to property from any change in its forms; various suggestions for this purpose. Remarks upon the system of *registering* the conveyance of property, which exists in Scotland, and in Yorkshire, and Middlesex; preference people have for estates in *register* counties. Yet Blackstone is against the extension of this plan, as he thinks more disputes arise from the inattention of parties, &c. &c., than are produced by the want of registers. Went from thence to Lady Cowper's, where were the Lansdownes, Jerseys, Morpeths, &c.; some talk with Lord Cowper. Left with the Agar-Ellises, who set me down at Lady Cork's. Had not been two minutes in the room before Lady Cork came to me with the (junior) Duchess of Rutland, entreating me to sing. Begged a little respite, under the pretence of having run and put myself out of breath; and the moment they left me, actually *did* run; making altogether about three minutes and a half that I was in the house. A letter from Bessy, to-day, to say, that in spite of my dream, she got very safely and pleasantly over her drive.

21st. Have drawn from Murray 120*l.* of the 300*l.* bill upon Power at six months, which he has discounted for me. Went to the Greek Committee; Hume in the chair; hardly any answers to the 2000 letters they have sent about to solicit subscriptions; no feeling in the country on the subject. Hume begged me to put some papers about Napoli di Romania, &c., which he gave me, into a proper form for publication. Called by appointment, on Constable; long conversation with him; most anxious that I should come to Edinburgh; and promises that I shall prosper there. The "Review" (he told me in confidence) is sinking; Jeffrey has not time enough to devote to it; would be most happy to have me in his place; but the resignation must come from himself, as the proprietors could not propose it to him. Jeffrey has 700*l.* a year for being editor, and the power of drawing 2800*l.* for contributors. Told him I could not think of undertaking the editorship under 1000*l.* a year, as I should if I undertook it, devote myself almost entirely to it, and less than 1000*l.* would not pay me for this.

He seemed to think that if Jeffrey was once out of the way, there would be no difficulty about terms; read me a letter he had just received from his partner on the subject, in which he says, "Moore is out of all sight the best man we could have, his name would revive the reputation of the 'Review;' he would continue to us our connection with the old contributors, and the work would become more literary and more regular; but we must get him gradually into it; and the first step is to persuade him to come to Edinburgh." All this (evidently not intended to be seen by me) is very flattering.

22nd. Called upon Edward Moore to ask him for the use of his tilbury in despatching two or three calls. Before driving out, had gone with Moore to Warwick Chapel, where we heard the latter part of the service, and most solemn and touching it was. It seemed to come with more effect over me, after the restless and feverish life I have been leading; and brought tears instantly from the very depths of my heart. Music is the true interpreter of the religious feelings; nothing written or spoken is equal to it. Took my place in the Regulator coach for Tuesday morning. Had a note yesterday from Lady Holland (they having just returned from Paris) to ask me to sleep there to-night and stay over to-morrow. Sent out my clothes, with a note to say I would sleep and would breakfast there in the morning, but could not stay to-morrow. Made an arrangement with a hackney coach to take me out to Gloucester Lodge, and from thence to Holland House at night. Took Chinnery with me. Arrived first, and found Mrs. and Miss Canning with whom (and Canning himself, who joined us soon) I had some agreeable conversation. In talking with Miss Canning about girls reputed clever, mentioned the Miss Copley I met the other day; "You will see her at dinner," she said. Company Lord Melville, Sir Joseph Copley and his two daughters, Lord Hervey, Lord Kensington, Lady Caroline Wortley, and Stuart Wortley himself, who (among other disagreeable things about him) took the seat next Miss Canning, which was intended by her for me. Sat next Lord Melville, who did not condescend to say a word to me, until he heard my name mentioned, then became very civil and communicative. Dinner altogether rather flat; though I now and then caught a sly thing said by Canning, who was at a distance

from me. When we went up to coffee, took an opportunity of asking C. whether what Dennis O'Brien had told me of his sending 100*l.* to Sheridan (in consequence of an application from the latter, a short time before his death) was true. Said it was; that soon after his return to England, S. sent him (I believe to the House of Commons) a draft upon him for 100*l.* to be accepted, which, upon learning the state Sheridan was in, he did. Sat down together on the sofa, and had a good deal of talk about S.; said he had always thought that S. was the author of the Prince's famous letter about the Regency; and even remembers, though a boy at the time, hearing some passages of it from Sheridan before it appeared; though this might have happened without its being actually written by him. Agreed with me that it was in a chaster style of composition than he usually adopted; though in the passage, "that an experiment should be made in my person," &c. &c., seemed to think there were traces of Sheridan's finery; never understood it was by Sir Gilbert Elliot. S. did nothing good for many, many years before his death; the passage in his speech about Bonaparte, "Kings were his sentinels," &c. wretched stuff; said he seemed to have been spoiled by "Pizarro." Was sure that he might have come in advantageously with Lord Sidmouth, and believes that an offer was made him to that effect. What makes his resistance to this more meritorious was that he totally differed with the Whigs on the subject of Lord S., and thought that they ought to have joined him, as the only means of keeping out Pitt. Altogether found Canning very communicative and amiable. Showed, as a specimen of the progress of the arts in Sierra Leone, an attempt at a female figure, a sort of parody on the Venus de Medici, with a long neck like a corkscrew, and every thing else most grotesque and comical. Said that Wilberforce gazed on it with delight. On my taking leave, he begged I would ascertain whether he was at home whenever I came to London. Arrived at Holland House a little after eleven, and found only my Lord and Lady, and Allen. Lady H. told me she had found the sister of the late Duc de Richelieu (Madame de Jumillac, I think) busily employed in translating my "Loves of the Angels." Lord John arrived soon after me, and after him Lord and Lady William, who had been at the

Duchess of Kent's, where they met all the princesses. Some conversation, and to bed.

23rd. Conversation at breakfast upon the peculiarity of Frere's humour. Lord W. Russell directed my attention to an order from the Horse Guards in to-day's newspaper, beginning thus: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches," &c. Came away between twelve and one; called at Lord Listowel's in my way; anxious that I should dine there to-day to meet the Bectives, but could not. Went about various commissions. Forgot to mention that two or three days ago Dr. Williams called upon me, and insisted on repaying the ten Napoleons I lent him in Paris, which tells well for the state both of his morals and his purse. Dined at Story's at seven; Newton of the party. Left with him; doubting whether I should go home, pack up, and to bed for two or three hours; or give up sleep for the night entirely, as I must be up so early. Determined on the latter, and agreed to meet him at Richardson's to supper at twelve. In the interval he went to the British Gallery and I to the Haymarket. Home at half-past one, chilly and sleepy; continued packing till three, when I lay down for an hour.

24th. Off in the coach at six; a very pretty person of the party. Arrived at Calne a little after five, and expected to find our new carriage (as Bessy promised) in waiting for me. Set off to walk home; met our man William on the way, who told me that the carriage could not come on account of something that was the matter with the harness. Sent him on to Calne, and walked home, which I found rather fatiguing after my sleepless night. Met by Bessy at the door, looking very ill, and her face and nose much disfigured; upon inquiry the secret came out, that on Sunday evening (the evening before last) she and Mrs. Phipps and Tom drove out in the little carriage (which Bessy herself had driven two or three times before), and in going down by Sandridge Lodge the pony, from being bitten, they think, by a forest-fly, set off galloping and kicking, without any possibility of being reined in, threw them all into a ditch, ran off with the carriage to Bromham, and knocked both it and himself almost to pieces. Much shocked and mortified, though grateful to God that it had not been worse, Bessy, in protecting little Tom in her

arms, came with her unlucky nose to the ground, which is much swollen, though (as Dr. Headly says, who has seen it) not broken. The rest of the party escaped with some bruises. What a strange coincidence with my dream! It was a great effort for me to compass the expense of this little luxury; and such is the end of it.

25th, 26th, &c. to July 5th. It is needless to note each particular day, as all are alike. The horse-doctor gives hopes of the pony's recovery, and the carriage is to be made as good as new for two guineas. Took to reading over the Sheridan papers, and preparing myself to resume my task; shall take it up at the trial of Hastings. Read Mill's History over again; Burke's speeches, &c. &c.; and, after dinner and supper, got through a very pretty novel with Bessy, called the "Favourite of Nature." There is another (called "Osmond") by the same author, which she has read during my absence, and was much affected by it. Wrote one or two songs for Power; "Slumber, oh slumber," "There is a bleak desert;" and sent him up what I had written before, "The halcyon hangs o'er ocean."

July 6th and 7th. Received a letter from Lord John to say that he must give up his intention of going with me to Ireland, on account of Lord Tavistock's precarious state of health; but begging me not to mention this as his reason. A sad disappointment, and changes the aspect of my journey considerably.

8th. Bowles called; made him stay dinner. Quoted this odd passage from an article of Sidney Smith's in the "Edinburgh Review:" "The same passion which peoples the parsonage with chubby children animates the Arminian, and burns in the breast of the Baptist." Recommended Mosheim's account of the first age of Christianity as a more interesting work than his "Ecclesiastical History." Much talk about the Establishment, after dinner, and the attacks now made upon it. Said that the Calvinism of one of the Articles is considerably neutralised by another that followed it (the 16th I believe); accounts for the introduction of the Athanasian Creed by the necessity under which the Reformers found themselves of answering the objection made to them by the Catholics, that they were about to get rid of Christ and the Trinity altogether; the same motive influenced Calvin in burning Servetus;

denied that the Church had shown itself hostile to liberty, and instanced the spirited conduct of Magdalen College and Dr. Hough in their contest with James II., which Mr. Fox, he said, had not done justice to. A thorough Churchman. Bowles, and his efforts at liberality both on politics and religion, quite diverting from their abortiveness. Asked me to meet the Ricardos at dinner on Friday.

9th. Promised to dine with the Phippses on Saturday, to meet a large party whom they had invited.

10th. Bowles arrived while we were at breakfast, to say the Ricardos have fixed Saturday instead of Friday; very amusing in his agonies and exclamations, when he found I was already tied to the Phippses. Promised, however, if he could not put off the Ricardos, to come to him on Saturday.

11th. Reading and scribbling. Have begun to write about Sheridan; take him up at the trial of Hastings, for which I have prepared myself by reading all the books I have on the subject over again. A note from Bowles to say the dinner is to be to-morrow.

12th. Went to Phipps's at one, and found the Miss Walkers and their mamma and brother; sung a good deal, and so did the girl; some of my duets she did very prettily with me. Left them at four in tremendous rain (the Walkers having lent me their carriage) to go to Bowles's. Company at dinner,—Mr. and Mrs. Clutterbuck, and Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo; the women very pretty and amiable. Mrs. R. is more than pretty, and may be called lovely; her manners, too, very agreeable. Bore chiefly the *frais* of the conversation at dinner. After dinner sung, and was joined by Mrs. R. in a duet or two. Slept at Bowles's.

13th. A letter which Hughes produced from his son at breakfast mentioned a work of Dr. Routh's upon the "Fathers of the Middle Ages," which puzzled Bowles and me a good deal. Looked over the "Chronological Catalogue" at the end of Mosheim's History; was surprised to find that I knew somewhat more of many of these ecclesiastical Worthies than my reverend friend. Bowles showed me some verses written upon Bells in Nares's "Dictionary" (article, Clamour) which, he said, first made him in love with poetry when he was a child. Begged him to come and christen our young

one, which he promised to do on Monday. Said he would choose for his text to-day my words, "Fallen is thy throne, O Israel," which I sung last night, and which is one of his great-est favourites. Told him I believed these words were not in Scripture, and that he had better not venture to make them his text. He, however, introduced them thus (for he preaches always extempore):—After quoting "By the waters of Babylon," he said, "Such was the pathetic song of the Jews when they mourned over their lost country; but a still more pathetic song might be founded on that period, when they saw their temple itself destroyed, &c., and when they might say, 'Fallen is thy throne, O Israel.'" He introduced this line more than once. Left him in a chaise at two, and called at Bowood to see Lady Lansdowne, who is some days arrived; found her at dinner with the children. By the bye, Mr. Bowles copied out those pretty lines of his for me from Miss Bailey's "Miscellany," "When last I saw thee, thou wert young and fair," which he wrote to the lady whom he was so violently in love with when he composed his first sonnets, and went abroad in despair of not being able to marry her from the narrowness of their circumstances. I was with him at Bath when he saw her for the first time after an interval of thirty years, and when the lines in Miss Bailey's book were written. Went over to Awdrey in the evening to ask him to stand as proxy for Lord John to-morrow. A very pretty letter from Lady Donegal, giving me instructions as to what I am to see at Killarney.

14th. Awdrey breakfasted with us; and Bowles arrived soon after. The little fellow baptized "John Russell."

15th. Writing some of the "Sheridan;" and reading. Received another translation of the "Loves of the Angels" by a Madame Belloc, with a most flattering letter from herself, and a most laudatory preface to the translation; also a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson in the same packet, informing me that Madame Belloc, besides being so clever, is young and pretty. Madame Belloc says that there are two other persons employed in translating the "Angels" into verse.

16th. Walked over to Bowood, and saw Lord L., who arrived last night, and means to be off to Ireland on Friday; said that he had not yet arranged his plan of operations, but

would let me know them before he went away.

17th. Received after dinner a most kind letter from Lord L., telling me that if I would join him at Killarney or Kenmare any time between the 1st and 10th, he would ensure me at the latter place such accommodation as the *locale* afforded, and I should find him in a good inn at the former; that from thence he could manage to bring me as far as Limerick, where we should part till he reached Dublin, from which place he would bring me back home into Wiltshire. A splendid present of fruit came with the note, for Bessy. Sent me also Baron Fain's book about Napoleon.

18th. Tried over the Spanish music sent me by Mr. Quin; the "Canciones Patrioticas" (which he pronounces to be the best) very common stuff. Found, however, three pretty *tirannas*. Read and wrote.

20. Employed in copying out what I have written about Sheridan this week past, and what I wrote before I went abroad about his speeches in Parliament.

21st. Writing letters and making preparations for my departure to-morrow. Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time; but still most thoughtfully and sweetly preparing everything comfortable for me.

22nd. Dined at two; and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Bath, taking my dear Anastasia with me, to leave her again at her school: arrived between six and seven; and having deposited her at Miss Furniss's, went to the White Hart. Saw, in walking through Bath, the new cantos of "Don Juan;" bought a copy of the shilling edition; also a number of "Cobbett," and two numbers of the "Literary Examiner." Supped at nine, and read, with my brandy-and-water, two of the cantos: some pretty things in the first; but altogether there is a falling off, both poetically and ethically.

23rd. Off at a quarter-past seven in the coach, for Birmingham: an old gentleman my only companion for the greater part of the way. Read my "Cobbett," which was very amusing; then my "Examiner;" then began "Read's Tour through Ireland." Arrived at Birmingham about eight; went to the Hen and Chickens; thence to the play, where I saw "Simpson and Co." Supped; a very bad inn

wretched bed: hate Birmingham altogether.

24th. Disappointed of a place in the mail, by which means I lose a day; obliged to go by the coach. Met Moore of Birmingham (my old music-meeting acquaintance), who invited me most earnestly and kindly to their approaching festival. Set off in the coach at eleven; lucky enough to find in it Casey, the Irish barrister, whom I found very agreeable the whole way. Arrived at Shrewsbury at five; thought it better to go on in a chaise to Oswestry, and let the coach take us up there in the morning. Dined at Oswestry at nine, and finished a bottle of strong port between us.

25th. On the arrival of the coach, found that from some mistake with respect both to Casey's place and mine, we were to be forwarded together in a chaise. A *third* person was attempted to be put in with us; but upon Casey's making serious lawyer-like speeches on the subject, they were forced to give in, and we set off comfortably together in the chaise: a good deal of conversation all the way. Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith's temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him." Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off, "in honour of the night." Of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin; and accounting for his not going early by the fear of being pelted. "True enough," says one of them, "a two-year old paving-stone would come very nately to *compose* his other eye" (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes). Assistant barrister keeping an old woman in jail, and having her up now and then (always sending her back again upon some excuse or other), in order to prolong the commission, and continue his pay. Examination of a witness:—"What's your name?" &c. &c. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir—" "Are you a freeholder?" "I'm not, sir."—"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for?" "Mr.

Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it?" "I spint it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellow's having got the money. Of an aid-de-camp, during an expedition of the lawyers' corps into the county Wicklow, riding up to ask the reason of a halt; they made answer by some one, "It is the law's delay;" and upon the corps being ordered to take ground to the right, one of them saying, "Here now, after having aired my mud, I am obliged to go into damp wet." Story of Keller answering some one who came into court to look for Gould, having searched him everywhere without being able to find him, *Aurum irreperitum et sic melius positum*. Dined at Bangor; and slept at that most disagreeable of all inns, Spencer's at Holyhead.

26th. Sailed in the *Ivanhoe*; took to my berth and peppermint lozenges, but felt deadly sick all the way. Came in a chaise (Casey and I), from Howth, and broke down when near Dublin; got into a jaunting-car, and arrived at Casey's, where I dined. Never shall forget the welcomeness of his good mutton broth, to which was added some very old port, and an excellent bottle of claret. Went afterwards in a hackney-coach to Abbey Street. Found my dearest father and mother watching for me at the window; my mother not looking so well as when I last saw her, but my father (though, of course, enfeebled by his great age) in excellent health and spirits. Sweet little Nell, too, quite well. Called at Bilton's Hotel, to inquire after the Landsdownes; and found that Lady L. had been very ill and in her bed for two or three days past.

27th. Called upon Lord L. Asked me to dine with him at Frank's (his agent's) to-morrow, but am engaged to Casey; promised to dine with him on Tuesday. Dined at home, and walked about a little in the evening.

28th. My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Landsdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* as the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. Very good-naturedly allowed me to

walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them; but I thought it better thus. Dr. Percival having declared Lady L. fit to travel, they intend to start on Wednesday, and will give me a seat in the carriage with them. Went and bought a travelling cloak, as Jupiter Pluvius still continues his operations. Called upon Lady Morgan, who is about to publish a life of Salvator Rosa; has heard that Lord L. has some Salvators, and wishes to know the particulars of them. Walked about with Corry. Dined at Casey's; company, Tickell, Hare, the Fellow, Corry, and some others. Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the "Veiled Prophet"—

"He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles."

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:—

"He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles."

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the "Angels," by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of:—"I could not help figuring to myself," says Kyle, "all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic on a lark from the sky." Few such lively shots from our University. Dinner not very agreeable, owing chiefly to the Fellow, who mentioned the great increase that has taken place since my time in the number of the students; and seems to think that the outpouring of such a portion of cultivated intellect upon society will produce rather a dangerous swell in the public mind (not his words). Corry and I went afterwards to the theatre, to join my father and mother and Nell, whom Harris has made free of the house, to their very great pleasure and delight, particularly my dear father's, who told me, in his playful way, that he was so fond of it, he had some idea of going on the stage himself. Went behind the scenes with Abbot. He and Corry came home and supped with us. Saw this morning a poor fruit-woman on the steps of a door, eating her own currants; while

another who was passing by and observed her said, "That's *one* way of carrying on trade."

29th. Paid visits to Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. Saw Henry Webster, who told me Lord Wellesley would like to see something of me before I left Ireland, and bade me leave my name at the Castle; which I did. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Corry, Charles Fox, Henry Webster, and Franks. Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin; the two last lines were—

"Decide the case, Judge Botany I pray;
And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay*."

30th. Off at half-past seven: we in the open carriage, with four horses, and the valet and Lady L.'s maid in the chariot with a pair after us. The pretty cottages in the neighbourhood of Lord Mayor's Place, near Johnstown, very creditable to him. Fine Gothic window at Castle Dermott-Geraldine. The river Barrow, from Carlow, rather pretty; remembered the Irish poet's lines to it:—"Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course." Dined and slept at Kilkenny, at our old club-house, now turned into an inn. Went with Lord and Lady L. to see the Castle, whose thick walls, and deep windows, and tapestry, delighted her exceedingly. The man, in showing us the country from the top of the tower, said, "That house belongs to rich Maguire, who is very poor and distressed." Walked with Lord L. about the town, and recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river; looked into Cavenagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times! but not more happy than those which I owe to the same dear girl still. Fine round tower annexed to the Cathedral.

31st. Ran to the post-office before starting, to know if there were any letters for Lord L. or me; post-master answered, "I am sure there are not, sir; being two such great public characters, if there had been any I should have remarked them." Saw at Collan, for the first time in my life, some real specimens of Irish misery and filth; three or four cottages together exhibiting such a naked swarm of wretchedness as never met my eyes before. The ruined house of Killcash, on the road, that

once belonged to a Mr. Buller, struck me both from the appropriateness of its name (Kill-cash), and the dreary, shaven look of the country round it: not a bush left standing. These recent ruins tell the history of Ireland even more than her ancient ones. A line of mountains all along the way. Knocklofty a very gentlemanlike-looking place, and its vicinity comfortable and creditable. Read in the Road-Book the following euphonious designation: "Mr. Clutterbuck, of Killgroggy." Arrived at Lismore Castle to dinner; received by the duke's agent, Col. Currie, who, with his family, lives in the Castle. My old acquaintances, Dean and Mrs. Scott, came to dinner. The Lansdownes being strangers to all these people, the evening passed rather tamely. Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donnelly, the Irish champion: how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donnelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, "Oh, Donnelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he rallied, and won. How the Duke of Wellington said to Donnelly, "I am told you are called the hero of Ireland;" "Not the hero, my Lord, but only the champion." Walked with Col. Currie before dinner to the school, and heard the boys examined. He has succeeded in removing the objections of the Catholic priest to the introduction of the Bible, which is one of the great obstacles to schools in other places. Part of this Castle supposed to be the rooms which Sir W. Raleigh inhabited when commissioner for the government of Munster. Some talk next morning with Currie about the country. Is surmounting a good deal the objections to the Scotch plough; the potatoes about here planted in the English way; 40s. freeholders the great curse of the country; no getting rid of them; nobody would incur the unpopularity of a proposal to disfranchise so large a portion of the population; such a change would remove one of the chief objections to Catholic emancipation.

August 1st. Intended to have gone down the Blackwater, from Cappoquin to Youghal, but could not, on account of the violent rain.

Took to the close carriage. Found luncheon prepared for us at the College at Youghal, another house of the Duke's. Got into the open carriage again at Middleton. Youghal an interesting-looking place: saw some pretty faces out of the windows there, which were a rarity. The approach to Cork by Glanmire magnificent; a sort of sea avenue up to the town, with beautiful banks on each side, studded over with tasteful villas; gives a "note of preparation," however, which Cork itself by no means comes up to. Drove to Conway's, and dined and slept.

2nd. O'Driscoll, author of the "Views of Ireland," came to breakfast; left him and Lord L. together, and walked out. Went to the booksellers', Edwards and Savage; bought a travelling map of Ireland; told me there was not much demand for books, and that their chief gain was by other articles, stationery, &c. &c. One of them went with me to the Commercial Rooms, where I read the papers. There is another institution called the Chamber of Commerce, a sort of secession, on political grounds, from this; the Chamber of Commerce the liberal one. Purchased a book of Orange, or "Williamite," songs, at a little shop, where the man told me that the Williamites had much increased; confirmed to me by Edwards, who said that some Orange Lodges, dormant since the year '98, had lately been revived. Find since, that Edwards and Savage were Orangemen themselves. The Tithes Leasing Bill not acted upon, as no landlords will venture to be responsible for the tithes of their tenantry. A specimen of the good to be effected by the linen manufacture evident at Dingle, where, on one side of the bay, all is comfort in consequence of it, and on the other side, all is misery without it. Have heard since, however, that the manufacture there is on the decline. Walked about with Hickson, the brother of Lord Lansdowne's agent. On my mentioning to him what has been dinned into my ears all along about Lord L.'s being a bad landlord, he said, "If there be the least ground for that assertion, believe me, it must be the agent's fault alone; as never was there a representation made by my brother, with respect to the propriety of reductions or allowances, that Lord Lansdowne did not promptly assent to them." Was rejoiced to hear this, as it has all along vexed

and puzzled me to hear such imputations cast upon one whom I know to be so just and humane. Went to the Dyke Walk, which is one of the best ornaments of the town. Afterwards with Lord L. to Beamish and Crauford's brewery; had the whole explained; thence to the Institution, where a relative of Davy and of the same name is the acting person. A poor display of Cork science: among the curiosities is the jack-boot of a French postilion! O'Driscoll and Hickson dined with us. In talking of the state of the country, O'Driscoll asserted that there was a regular organization among the lower orders all over the south; that their oath was only "to obey orders," and that instructions came from Dublin; that their objects were chiefly to get rid of their landlords and establish the Catholic religion. This, though coming from such authority, appeared to me exaggerated and incredible. Took leave of Lord and Lady L., who start for Kenmare in the morning, where, if I can, I shall join them about the end of the week.

3rd. The Lansdownes set off before I was up. Received a petition, in prose and verse, from a drunken scribbler of Cork, who signs himself "Roderick O'Conner, the last of all the Bards," and in one sense of the phrase, truly so. The following are some of his lines:—

"Which has more renown,
Moore or Lansdowne,
One a coronet—t'other a laurel crown?
Needy and poor, I come to Moore;
Romantic author of 'Lalla Rookh,'
On thy bard with pity look."

Sent the "last of all the bards" five shillings. Set off in the steamboat for Cove (to see my sister Kate Scully) between ten and eleven. Saw the view to more advantage there than before, as the Glanmire side, which is the most beautiful, was now brought into the picture, with its fine seats, Demkittle, Lotabeg, Lotamore, Lota, &c. &c.; Amethyst Rock on the opposite bank. Shown a house held on the King's life, the proprietor of which cannot insure the royal life; such insurance being forbid by the law, as coming, I suppose, under the charge of compassing and imagining "the King's death." Saw Smith Barry's flag flying on his tower, and was told his fortune is rated at 40,000*l.* a year; this Orange gentleman left

his card for me at Cork. Some gentlemen aboard the boat inquired with anxiety how long I meant to remain at Cork on my return, as it was the intention of the inhabitants, they said, to pay me some public tribute, if I would allow them the opportunity. Arrived at Cove about half-past twelve. Walked with Mr. Mark (a gentleman who introduced himself to me in the boat) to see Mrs. Conner's cottage, which is very high, and commands a fine view of the Harbour. Spike Island (in fortifying which, 1,100,000*l.* having been laid out, it was found at last this expenditure was all useless, as the island is commanded by another point); Magazine Rock (in whose excavations below the sea, powder is kept), &c. &c. Kate and her husband received me with much delight; she quite well and grown fat; John not so well. About two, we all embarked aboard the steamboat to take a cruise up the Carrigaline river, whose windings are very pretty; went up as far as Mr. Newnham's fishing cottages. John Scully disbelieves O'Driscoll's account of the organization of the people; says it is merely a war of the poor against the rich; condemns the new Tithe Bill, as tending, if it was enforced, to make the clergy a greater burden than ever; the omission, however, of the compulsory clause, has fortunately rendered it a nullity. Is contented with the laws about tithe as they are, if the poor people could only enforce them by obliging the parson to take his tithe in kind; means of course, that they might be embarrassed in this process, so as to leave them but little either of gain or comfort. The cotters, however, are too poor to enter into conflict with the parson; besides, the latter always has them in his power by holding over their heads those notes which they pass to him for their tithes from year to year. The valuers never will let the people know their demand upon them till the corn is actually in. A ship, called the "Barrosa," lying now in the harbor, to take out 300 settlers to the Cape of Good Hope; this the only one, besides the Admiral's, now at Cove. John remarked upon the misnomer of *settlers* applied to the Irish, who are always un-settling both at home and abroad. Walked with John and Kate in the evening; all the *fashionables* abroad; had to stand such broadsides of staring, as disconcerted even me, used as I am. 'Twas the same yesterday in Cork;

and amusing enough to see, when I walked with Lord Lansdowne, how distracted the good people's attention was between the peer and the poet; the former, however, as usual, had the best of it. Slept at a very comfortable little inn kept by a widow woman.

4th. After breakfasting with Kate and John, set off in the steamboat for Cork; the day tolerably fine, and the view magnificent. A great pity there is not some fine architecture to meet the eye at the bottom of this approach; if they had turned the new custom-house, with a handsome façade, towards the water, it would have enriched the scene incalculably. Forgot to mention that, before I started this morning, a deputation of eight or ten gentlemen of Cove waited upon me to request I would name a day, either now or before I left the south, to dine with the inhabitants; answered that I hoped to return this way, and would, in that case, have great pleasure in accepting their invitation. John told me there were two or three Orangemen in this deputation, which I was glad to hear. An intelligent young man aboard the steamboat, who went also up the Carriagaline river with us yesterday, on my mentioning my intention of setting off for Beecher's to-day, said he was going to Mallow too, and would, if I chose, secure a place for me in the coach when he took his own. Walked a little about Cork; visit from the French Consul. Off in a sort of diligence to Mallow at half-past two; went outside with my boat friend, whose name I find to be Sullivan. Country barren and dreary till within some miles of Mallow: the first thing at all pretty, a house of Mr. Williamson's*, on the Clydagh, a beautiful stream. Near it are the ruins of a preceptory of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, called Ballynamona [Ballinamona]. A good deal of conversation with my companion upon the state of the country; says there is a strong feeling among the lower orders, that if they persevere in their present harassing and violent system, the Church must give in; that Deism is spreading very much among the common people. Beecher's gig met me about a mile from Mallow; and I arrived at Ballygiblin to a late

dinner; found Lyne, an old college acquaintance, just arrived too. He mentioned old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, "George Pitt Rose," and Sheridan replying, "Why, I think a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Mrs. Beecher's sister sung in the evening; and so did I a little.

5th. Nick Beecher drove me in the curricule to Mallow. Pretty view from the lodge; the glen on one side, through which the Black-water runs, under the highwooded grounds of Ballyellis; Mr. Jephson's old tower covered with ivy, but spoiled with the fine gilt clock. Asked Beecher whether he thought it true that Deism has got among the lower orders; says it is not impossible; such phrases are continually in their mouths as the "Religion of the heart," "God is the only judge, &c. &c." Explained to me (being himself a clergyman) the different modes of getting the tithes. The most peaceable way is by lettings, where the parson (either himself or his agent) bargains with them for a certain sum to be paid in lieu of the tithe; frequently he summons them before the Ecclesiastical Court, which is the most vexatious and expensive mode to the poor people; or he may have them before any two magistrates,—whose jurisdiction, however, does not extend beyond cases of ten pounds. The story about the fight at Skibbereen true; Morrit, the clergyman, who is in continual warfare with his parishioners, is an Englishman. The average of the seven years, in the new Composition Bill, unfair, because it comprehends the years of highest value. One good in this Act is, that by the applotments being made on the whole parish, including the agistment tenants or graziers, the proportion that the poorer tenants have hitherto paid will be considerably reduced. Thinks he will himself be able, by taking a fairer average, to make some such composition, to be regulated every three years by the price of wheat, and rise or fall with it. In reply to my inquiries as to the secret organization of the people, is of opinion that they are, to a certain degree, organized; the oath they take is, "to be secret and to be ready." Very little regard to truth among the lower orders; are tolerably educated; at least most of those under forty. Went to Ballyellis, and to another pretty place; and in returning called at a pretty

* "This was a lodge of Lord Mnskerky's. The whole valley from Ballynamona (or Mourne Abbey, the ruin nearly opposite to Mr. Williamson's) to Mallow, is very beautiful."

cottage where Beecher's sister lives. Mrs. Beecher not able, from rheumatism, to dine with us to-day. In the evening read the new Tithe Act, and find that the oath which Dean Scott objected to so much the other day is that which the commissioner is empowered to put to the parson (as well as to the parishioner) for the purpose of coming at the truth with respect to the average value of the tithes, &c. &c.

6th. A letter from my dearest Bess. Some more talk about the spread of Deism among the people; instances known in which fellows have given up going to mass, and, upon being addressed by the Methodists (as loose fish likely to come into their net), answering that their intention was not to belong to any church. Walked with Lyne to see Lohort castle; high and narrow, the outworks gone; belongs to Lord Arden; lunched there, and was introduced to Mr. Cotter, the clergyman of the place, who has invented a new musical instrument, which he calls the Basso Hibernicon, of the *serpent* family. Walked over to his house with him to hear it; a dreary spot called Castlemagner, from a ruin (named after one of Cromwell's generals) which stands on a bank above the stream. The property immediately here Lord Limerick's, who within twenty years has shorn down every tree around; and left no signs of life but a few wretched cottages. The parson's own house, a waste and ruinous concern; and the embrasure in the hall door, to fire through, speaking volumes for the comfort of his neighbourhood. Had his wife down to accompany the display of his Basso upon a wretched little old piano. The instrument very sweet and powerful, and will be, I have no doubt, an acquisition to bands and orchestras; it is seventeen feet long. Told me he took it over to London, and played on it before the officers of the First Life Guards, taking the precaution of covering it with cambric muslin lest the invention should be borrowed. What a treat for Francis Conyngham, &c! A parson from the county Cork with his huge Hibernicon wrapped up in cambric muslin! Lyne quoted to me Lord Bellamont's description of Kerry, "All acclivity and declivity, without the intervention of a single horizontal plane; the mountains all rocks, and the men all savages." Story of the hunted stag of Killarney coming near where Lord Avonmore

(then Attorney-General) and Dr. O'Leary were standing, and O'Leary saying, "How naturally instinct leads him to come to you to deliver him by a *nolle prosequi*." The name of Captain Rock is said to be the initials *Roger O'Connor, King*. A vast deal about me in the Cork newspapers. Amongst other things a letter from my own "Zaraph," describing the way in which he watched over me through Cork, his amusement, at the Commercial Rooms, in "seeing the matter-of-fact merchants staring at the Poet." Another paragraph says, after stating that Lord and Lady Lansdowne had walked about the streets of Cork, "We observed Mr. T. Moore (of poetical celebrity) leaning on the Marquiss's arm. We shall only remind him of his own lines, how—

Sooner, or later, all have to grieve
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve."

7th. Started in the gig with Nick Beecher at eleven, in order to be time enough to catch the Killarney coach at Mill Street. Passed the Castle of Kanturk, which is a much more considerable edifice than that of Lohort. Met Mr. Leader, who has a property in this neighbourhood. Made me a speech which was rather unseasonable, I being in a hurry. "This is the region, Mr. Moore, of which Sir James Mackintosh said, that religious persecution has completed in it what confiscation had begun. From the Shannon to the Blackwater all the ancient proprietors swept away, &c. &c." The coach just setting off when we reached Mill Street, and, to my horror, full. On Beecher, however, speaking to the company inside, and mentioning who I was, they consented to take me in. Found 'twas a party that had taken the coach to themselves, servants and all, eleven in number. The ladies very civil. One of them, a Mrs. Barton, whose husband, a guardsman (I think), was outside. The other her sister, with a brother, two young Cavenishes (Lord Waterpark's sons), and a Mr. Hort, a friend of Lord Lansdowne's. What luck! Found that my "Fables" was one of the books they had made provision of for rainy weather at Killarney. Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. Lord L. out on the lake with Mr. Sullivan (Lady Harriet's son), who has been here two or three days, and goes to-mor-

row. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing.

8th. The weather rather favourable. Drove down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *debüt* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Inisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear, and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Mr. Galway (Lord Kenmare's agent) and his wife at dinner. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice with many of their families to lay by, each individual, every day, one potatoe and a sup of milk for the stranger that may come. Intended riots at fairs (from the spirit of sept-ship) have been frequently put a stop to by orders from Captain Rock. Sung a little in the evening.

9th. Wretched weather. Made an attempt, however, with Lord and Lady K., to see the Upper Lake, and, in spite of the weather, was enchanted with the echo at the Eagle's Nest, and the view from Dinis [Dinas or Dinish] of the old Weir Bridge on one side, and the plank bridge over the entrance into Turk [Torc] Lake on the other. This river, between the lakes, delicious. On reaching the Upper Lake could see nothing, from the shroud of mist and rain that was over everything. Lunched at Hyde's Cottage, and returned by Turk Lake. Found the weather in this region much better, and paid another visit to Inisfallen.

10th. Read Smith's "Kerry." Was waited upon by a deputation of the gentlemen of Killarney, to request I would name a day to dine with them; but my stay is too short to do so. At three, drove out with Lady Kenmare. Called at Mr. Herbert's of Carinane, who showed us a large and most satisfactory map of the lakes, not published. Thence to Mucross. Saw the abbey, with its sculls, and the tomb of the O'Donoghue, who died lately. A sort of hermit lived some few years since in the abbey, planking up the recess which form-

ed his lodging with coffin boards. Used to dine about with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Drove through those beautiful grounds, where the *ars celandi artem* has been exerted with wonderful effect; as I understand all this lovely and natural-looking disposition of the grounds has been the product of much toil and enormous expense, not less than 30,000*l.* having been laid out upon them. Visited the pretty cottage on Turk Lake, which is to be let, and anywhere else, but in wretched Ireland, would be an Elysium. The new road from Kenmare is to pass close behind it. Drove through the grounds to the copper-mines, and quite enchanted with their endless variety of beauty. Dined at eight; only Lord and Lady K. A note for her from the Lough Lane Club, proposing to give her a stag hunt whenever she might desire. Persuaded her to fix Wednesday, in the hope that the Lansdownes, who come on Tuesday, may stay for it. O'Connell's brother was one of the deputation that came to me this morning.

11th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, to say that he could not stay longer than Tuesday. Much inclined to give him up for the stag-hunt. To-day too stormy for the lakes. Took a walk through the town of Killarney, joined by Galway, with whom I had some conversation about the state of the country. Thinks the great object of the people is to get rid of the profit that is made upon them by sub-letting. The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. —, the swaggering patriot, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentlemanlike of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

"These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

The rental of Lord Kenmare's property, 23,000*l.* a year; but so encumbered in various ways, that he has but 7000*l.*, rather precariously paid, to spend. Drove with Lord and

Lady K. to their park, and walked about. A very pretty glen, with the river Devenagh running through it. O'Connell and his brother came to dinner. Says the facilities given to landlords, since 1815, for enforcing their rents, have increased the miseries of the people; particularly the power of distraining upon the crop. Mentioned a case, which occurs often, of a man, or his wife, stealing a few potatoes from their own crop when it is under distress, being put in prison for the theft as being felony, when at the worst it is but *rescue*, and kept there till the judge arrives, who dismisses him as improperly committed, and he is then turned out upon society, hardened by his wrong, and demoralised by the society he has lived with in prison. The facility of ejection, too, increased since 1815. On my inquiring into the state of intellect and education among the lower orders, said they were full of intelligence. Mentioned, as an instance Hickey, who was hanged at a late Cork assizes, a common gardener. He fired at a boy, who he thought knew and might betray him, and his gun burst, and carried away three of his fingers, which were found on the place. A man, in seeing them, said, "I swear to those being Hickey's fingers," on which Hickey was taken up, and his guilt discovered by the state of his hand. This fellow was a sort of Captain Rock, and always wore feathers to distinguish him. During his trial, he frequently wrote notes from the dock to O'Connell (who was his counsel), exhibiting great quickness and intelligence; and when O'Connell was attempting to shake the credibility of the boy, who was witness against him, requested him not to persevere, as it was useless, and his mind was made up to suffer. Said that a system of organization had spread some time since through Leinster, which was now considerably checked, and never, he thought, had extended to the south. He knew of an offer made by the chiefs of this Leinster organization, through some of the bishops (I believe), to him (O'C.), and by him to the Government, that they would turn out for the Lord Lieutenant against the Orangemen if necessary. Says that Lord Wellesley forwarded the notification to the English Government, but no answer was of course returned. Thinks the population of Ireland under-rated, and that it is near 8,000,000. Difference between the two archbishops that

died lately; him of Armagh, whose income was 20,000*l.* a year, and who left 130,000*l.* behind him, and Troy, the R. C. archbishop of Dublin, whose income was 800*l.* a year, and who died worth about a tenpenny. Shows how cheap archbishops *may* be had. On my remarking the numbers of informers now coming in as inconsistent with that fidelity which he attributes to the lower orders, says it is always the case when an organisation is breaking up, as the late one is; never while it is going on. Even now the *dépôts* of useful arms are preserved, it is only the broken used-up ones, that are informed on or delivered up (as it is with the old stills.) The church possesses 2,000,000 of green acres. His conversation with Judge Day: "What remedy is there for Ireland's miseries?"—O'C. "I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them."—J. D. "Name them."—O'C. "A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else."—J. D. "I agree to that."—O'C. "That tithes should be abolished."—J. D. "I agree to that."—O'C. "That the Catholics should be completely emancipated."—J. D. "I agree to that."—O'C. "That the Union should be repealed."—J. D. "I agree to that too."—O'C. "Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you." Mentioned a joke of Norbury's to judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages. "You certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know."

12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy. Lunched at Hyde's cottage, and met there the party I joined in the coach, and who were going to Dunloe Gap. Sorry not to go with them, as I shall lose that feature of the Lakes. The echoes much clearer,

and more like enchantment, than the last day, and (as Lady Donegal expressed it in her letter of instructions to me) "quite take one out of this world." Just home in time to receive the Lansdownes, who give a most delightful account of the prosperity of the town of Kenmare. Cannot stay for the stag-hunt to-morrow. Lord L. gave me a letter he received for me, poetry from Tipperary. In much doubt whether I shall give up the stag-hunt to-morrow; on one side there is the pleasure of travelling with the Lansdownes, and the difficulty of getting on by the Limerick road without them; on the other, there is the stag-hunt, and my promise to Lady Kenmare. To-morrow morning must decide.

13th. A fine day for the hunt, but preferred the Lansdownes. Started after breakfast. Lady L.'s resolution in climbing to the top of the abbey at Ardfert, though in evident fear of giddiness. The windows of the abbey very perfect; the narrow lancet windows of the cathedral. At Lixnaw visited the ruins which the Kerry family inhabited; a spacious and formal dwelling. Lady L. wished to sketch it, but could make nothing of such a wilderness of chimneys. A pretty summer-house, however, which she took, is the monument of the Earl of Kerry, to preserve which Lord L. has been left the farm around it, about forty acres, being all that he inherited with the title; the Earl of Kerry having sold all his estates for a life-annuity. The family lived here in feudal state; the old Earl and Countess dining by themselves, and when in company being the only persons sitting on chairs, the rest having tabourets. Had their Board of Green Cloth like royal personages; the shutters of the windows inlaid with silver. Beyond Listowel got out to walk through the wood by the river to the Knight of Kerry's house, where we were to dine and sleep. The name of his place Balinruddery. The walk most beautiful, being high over the river (Feale) and wooded. Hickson (Lord L.'s agent) and his brother came along with us from Killarney, and it is another brother, a clergyman, who lives in Fitzgerald's house during the absence of the family, and who, with his wife, received us at dinner. The house a mere cottage, but gentlemanlike and comfortable, and the place altogether beautiful, worthy of its excellent and high-spirited owner, from whom, by the by, I

received a letter enclosed to Lord L. to-day, expressing his regret that he is not in Ireland to assist his constituents in doing due honours to me on my arrival among them. Excellent salmon at dinner. The evening most silent and sleepy. Forgot to mention that on my arriving at Tralce this morning, a poetess, a Miss —, who was evidently lying in wait for me, had a book popped into my hand at the inn, with a note full of the usual praises of my talent and diffidence in her own. The binding very pretty, and will, at least, look well in my library. Had some conversation with Lord L.'s agent, who tells me that considerable reductions and allowances have just been made to the tenants; that three gales are due, and that Lord L. has done more altogether than any landlord in Kerry, except Judge Day. The latter has, not long since, remitted a whole gale to his tenants.

14th. Off between nine and ten. The bridge of Listowel, which had been broken down, was within a few days propped up for the Judges. Thought, as it had been *sub judice*, we might venture. The view of the Shannon, as we came upon it from Tarbert, very striking. The place of Sir R. Leslie here, on an island, beautifully situated. Had been invited to lunch at Mr. Rice's, of Mount Trenchard (the father of Spring Rice), and arrived there about two. A fine old gentleman. Told us of the magnificence of the last Earl of Kerry; of his being attended always out of Dublin by his tradesmen as far as Naas, where their bills were paid, and then met on his return at the same place by the same *cortège*. Fine sweep of the river before Rice's house, and a pretty place, belonging to a Mr. Scott, in a wooded bay on the opposite side. Passed through Adare. Quantities of ruins, no less than five or six, which, from the Limerick side, have a most romantic effect through the trees. Arrived at Limerick (coming this last stage very quick) at seven; Swinburne's hotel. Lord L.'s account of his Kerry tenantry. His chief difficulty is to keep them from under-letting. Some, who pay him but 8*l.* or 10*l.*, will let their small portion out in corners to poor wretches, who marry upon the strength of this *pied-à-terre*, and swarm the little spot they occupy with children. These are they who put the key in the thatch in summer, and go begging about the country, and, under the name of "Lord

Lansdowne's tenants," bring disgrace upon him and his property.

15th. Walked with Lord L. to see the spot where the bridge is to be, connecting Limerick with the county Clare, and with his property, which will be, of course, a great advantage to him. Received a note from another authoress, a Miss —, saying she wished me to call upon her. Did so. A very handsome, showy person; has published a novel, "Isabel St. Albe," dedicated to Scott, and is about to publish another, which she proposes to dedicate to me. Walked with her to see Mr. Roche's curious gardens, made on the roof of the great corn-stores, which he lets to government. Was already discovered to be in Limerick, and saw the staring and running begin. Had taken my place in the Dublin mail for three o'clock, and was not a little gratified to find, on passing the Commercial Rooms in it, a number of gentlemen drawn up on the flag-way, who all took off their hats to me as I went by. A priest in the coffee-room, before I started, introduced himself to me; told me how much he admired everything I had written; had all my books in his possession, &c. &c. Is the priest of Castlebar; and said how comfortably the people in the west get on by means of the linen trade, in which they have been greatly helped by the money received from the English charitable subscriptions. An intelligent young man in the mail, who came as far as Nenagh, and (as I found on his leaving me) had put himself on the coach upon knowing that I was to be a passenger by it, and had come thus far with no other motive. Found him very useful in pointing out the different gentlemen's seats. Mentioned the very high character Lord Clare had held in this neighbourhood as a humane landlord and kind master. Arrived at Roscrea about eight, where I dined and slept, having secured a place in the coach to take me on tomorrow morning. The Lansdownes, after a short stay at Limerick and Mount Shannon, will proceed to Mr. Crosby's, in the Queen's County (where I was invited to meet them), and thence, in the course of about eight days, to Dublin.

16th. A small round tower at Roscrea, and a very fine ancient portal, which serves as a gate to the church; the ruins of a castle in the town. Started about ten o'clock. The curious rock, with ruins on it, in the neighbourhood of

Maryborough, called Dunamase. Sorry not to be able to stop and see it. Dined at Naas, and arrived in Abbey Street before ten. Found a letter from Lord John, directed to Sloperon, dated the 6th, saying that he had changed his mind about the journey to Killarney, and would now be very happy to accompany me; proposing we should set out the 16th, this very day! Letters also from dear Bess; all well at home, thank God!

17th. Walked about a good deal. Called on P. Crampton, and found him laid up on the sofa. His story of the boy wishing for a place under government; his powers of "screeching free-stone." "Sure, its me you hear in Dublin every Wednesday and Friday. Did you ever hear me?" &c. Told him how perfectly all my suspicions of Bushe were cleared away by his conduct since he became a judge, by his last charge in particular. Answered that Bushe had always been kept down till now by Saurin, and was unable to show himself. Lord Farnham saying during the Queen's trial that he would not make up his mind till he had heard one Italian witness, who had often been mentioned, and who might be expected to throw much light upon the matter, "one *Polacca*." Dined at home, and had Abbot to dinner. Said the great grievance of the law in Ireland lay in civil process; the delay of the sub-sheriffs; their being bribed to hold the writ suspended; ought to be forced to file it immediately, as in England. Lord Landaff used to pay regularly 1500*l.* a year to the sub-sheriffs of his county, to keep off executors, but has lately discontinued this, and mounts guard upon his house instead.

18th. Made a number of calls. Stared and run after at every step. Dined at home: the Abbots to dinner. Went (all of us) to the theatre in the evening to hear Catalani. Went to her dressing-room, and met there Stevenson, who most unfortunately goes out of town to-morrow, not to return for some time. Had brought over some sacred songs for him to arrange, which this will, I fear, put out of the question. Abbot brought Mrs. A. and my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her kindness to Nell, calling her *la sœur d'Anacréon*. A good trait in Catalani, the veneration she always felt for Grattan, and when told of his death she burst into tears. On Abbot making her a present the other day

of one of the medals of him, she kissed him. Grattan was always an ardent admirer of hers, and Catalani showed Abbot a letter of his in French to her, which she keeps treasured in a splendid box, and had either the policy or good taste to say she preferred it to all other tributes she has from kings and emperors. The letter expresses a hope that, after having enchanted the world with her song, she may be called late to add to the melody of heaven. The Abbots supped with us; and my dearest father and mother seemed perfectly happy. Had a MS. book and note this morning from another poetess, Miss —; and a letter from a Mr. Clarke, of Limerick, enclosing a poem of his to me (which has appeared in the Limerick paper), rather good.

19th. Called upon Miss —, and found her (for a poetess) pretty well. Said "she was afraid I should think her a very bold girl for writing to me." * * * * * Called this morning upon Lover, the artist, who is anxious to take my picture; but have not time. Went also with Abbot to see the machinery of the Bank, which is most curious and beautiful, and does great credit to Oldham, who presides over it, and has invented some of its most interesting contrivances. Had a letter from Lord Lansdowne to say he will be in town on Friday or Saturday.

20th. Called upon Lover with Curry and Jerry Bushe. Took us to see some pictures in Dawson Street, which were collected with a view to an Institution, but without success. A very delightful picture by Northcote of a girl riding on an ass; also Sir Joshua's portrait of Primate Robinson, very striking. Dined at Abbot's; a large party—Vallebrague and Catalani, Harry Harris, Sir Charles Geisicke of the Dublin Society, Magee of the Evening Post, Dr. Letton librarian of the D. Society, my father, mother, and Ellen, &c. Catalani took a violent fancy for my dear mother; overheard her saying to Vallebrague, *cette chère Madame Moore*. Gave me a long account, in the evening, of her quarrel and reconciliation with the King of Bavaria.

21st. Paid a visit to Mason, who has sent me, with a very flattering letter, a copy of his three-guinea book on St. Patrick's Cathedral. Went to see the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy's pictures; some of them very good indeed. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Lords Cloncurry

and Dunsaney, Caulfield (Lord Charlemont's brother), old Hamilton Rowan, and Burne the barrister. The style of the dinner quite *comme il faut*. Lord Cloncurry mentioned his having interceded with Lord Wellesley for the pardon of a man who had been, with several others, found guilty of a murder at Athy, but who, there was every reason to think, was completely innocent. A priest, riding up to Dublin, for the same purpose of intercession, died on his arrival from the over-haste with which he had travelled. Lady Morgan mentioned, that Owen had brought her one day a pattern of the sort of short tunic or shift which he meant the people of his parallelograms to wear, hinting, as a secret, that this was only a preparatory step to their not wearing any clothing at all: she hung it up, she said, in her drawing-room, to exhibit it. In the evening a most crowded soirée—Ladies Cloncurry, Cecilia Latonche, &c. Lady Clark's little girls sung with an Italian, and I also sung two or three songs. Introduced to Mr. Hughes, the American Minister to Sweden, who has been here a few days. Catalani came late; and I took flight on her appearance, seeing strong symptoms of being asked to sing for her. Took leave of Corry this morning, who starts for Wales to-morrow.

22nd. Called upon Joe Atkinson, &c., &c. Saw Henry Webster, who has been down to the county Wicklow to communicate to Lord Wellesley the time of Lord Lansdowne's arrival. Thinks Lord L. ought to go down to him before his departure, and wished that I should go with him, as Lord Wellesley has expressed a regret at his not being in town to see me. Was anxious I should translate some Greek ode he had, &c., &c. Dined at home with my dear family. Went to walk in the Rotunda Gardens in the evening, but being alone could not stand the staring I had to encounter; one man, whom I did not at all know, seized my hand, and held it while he made me a speech. Was off in a few minutes: should like to have sauntered there a little longer, listening to the music, as the scene altogether brought back young days of courtship and carelessness to my mind. Heard, in passing their hotel, that the Lansdownes had arrived.

23rd. Called upon the Lansdownes. He goes down to Lord Wellesley to-morrow, and will sail certainly on Monday. Begged him,

if Lord W. mentioned me, to say how flattered I had been by his kind messages. Went to the theatre, but did not arrive till the curtain was falling; saw Catalani in her dressing-room, and handed her to her carriage; a crowd outside waiting to see her, who said "God bless you!" as she passed.

24th (Sunday). Breakfasted with Abbot, who gave me the "Anti-Union," Scully's "Penal Laws," &c. Took my old portmanteau to Milliken's, that he may pack in it the books I have bought, and send it after me; found Rees there, who kindly asked me did I want any money. A note from Lady Lansdowne, to say that they mean to set off for Howth this evening at eight, and will take me if I choose; otherwise, I may join them there in the morning. Determined on having the last evening with my friends at home, and ordered a bed at Morrison's, in order to be nearer the Howth coach in the morning. Dined at home; packed up after dinner, took my farewell supper with them, and off for Morrison's.

25th. Coach called for me at a quarter after seven. Skinner, in whose packet we sail, the only passenger in it. Told me of the havoc these English commissioners are making in the Post Office. So much the better; it is the great seat of Orangeism; and Lord Wellesley says he *knows* that all the libels against him, during the late row, were circulated *gratuitously* through the medium of the Post Office. Found Lord and Lady L. aboard. Took immediately to my berth, and was in Holyhead in about seven hours, where we dined, and set off immediately afterwards for the first stage, Mona House.

26th. Stopped at Bangor Ferry, Lord L. having a letter to Mr. Wilson, the director of the works of the bridge, to show and explain the operations to us. Enormous undertaking, and never, I think, to be completed, though there seems, as yet, no doubt entertained of its success! It is a little extraordinary, however, that, according to Mr. Wilson's account, they have not yet made up their minds as to the mode of carrying the chains across, the great, and, in my mind, insurmountable difficulty. Went down into the rock, where the pins or bars, by which the chains hold, are fixed. Arrived to dinner at Llangollen, in the beautiful inn overhanging the water; my bedroom commanded the same view. Much

amused with the folly of those who have scribbled in the book kept here. Among the late transits was one which called up rather melancholy thoughts; "Earl and Countess of Bective, Lord Taylor (the infant), and Master G. Dalton," in her hand-writing.

27th. Off early, and arrived in the evening to dinner at Worcester. Sauntered by myself through the town a little afterwards. Lord L. mentioned an amusing blunder of Madame de Staël's, when in England, in mistaking Charles Long for Sergeant Lens (who had just refused some situation from the Government), and complimented Long (who is the most determined placeman in England) on his disinterestedness.

28th. Walked with Lady Lansdowne after breakfast to a china-shop, where Lord L. afterwards joined us. On Lady L.'s buying a pretty pastile-burner for herself (price, a guinea), Lord L. bought the fellow of it for Bessy, and bid me give it to her from him. Went out of our way a little for the purpose of seeing the beautiful view from Froster, which is of the finest kind of English prospects, extensive, rich, cultivated, animated, with a noble river wafting numerous sails through its hedge-rows and corn-fields. By some mistake at Gloucester we were sent wrong, and lost about ten miles of our road. Met at Malmesbury by Lord L.'s horses, and near Chippenham by Lord Kerry, riding. At Chippenham I parted with them, and took a chaise for Sloperton, where I arrived between seven and eight, and found Bessy and her little ones, thank Heaven, quite well. Thus ended one of the pleasantest journeys altogether I have ever taken. It is in travelling with people that one comes to know them most thoroughly, and I must say, that for every good quality both of temper and mind, for the power of enjoying what was enjoyable, and smoothing all that was disagreeable (though this latter quality, it is true, was rarely put to the trial), for ready attention to whatever was said or proposed, and for those *piaceroli e bei ragionamenti*, which make (as Ariosto says) the roughest way seem short, I have never met any two persons more remarkably distinguished than those I have just travelled with.

29th, 30th, &c. &c. Set about reading for the little work upon Ireland, which I mean to

despatch; must work for Power too. Borrowed "Wakefield upon Ireland" from Lord Lansdowne, who, in sending it to me, begged I would look over it as speedily as I could, because, with all its faults, it was his dictionary of reference on many subjects which he had to correspond about with his agents, &c.

9th. Lord L. called just as we were preparing to set off to Devizes to dine with the Hugheses. Said he had read my translation from Catullus of the "Pæninſularum Sirmio" (which I had mentioned to him as, in my own opinion, pretty well done), and expressed himself highly pleased with it. Company at Hugheses, Col. Hull, and Mr. Mayo, the chaplain of the jail. Col. H. said that the missionaries were laughed at in the East Indies, and the few wretched creatures of whom they made converts nicknamed "Company's Christians." Came overland from India. In crossing the Desert he and his two friends brought a good supply of Sneyd's claret, and used to finish a magnum or two every evening. Sneyd's claret in the Desert! times are altered.

10th. Sent an Irish Melody to Power yesterday, beginning "When vanquish'd Erin," to the tune of the "Boyne Water," which I have long wished to give a different colour to; this is *green* enough.

11th. Reading hard and fast upon Irish subjects. Just finished "Newenham," which I borrowed from Lord L. on sending him back "Wakefield."

12th. Dined at the Lansdownes. The Phippses took, as company, besides them and ourselves, the Bowleses, the Joys, and the Duncans. Bowles's comical description of "Young Angel riding after a red herring" very amusing at dinner. Mr. Duncan mentioned, that Blackstone has preserved the name of the judge to whom Shakspeare alludes in the gravedigger's argument, "If the water comes to the man, &c.;" must see this. Sung in the evening. On Bessy telling Bowles that Mrs. Phipps and she meant to go hear him preach some Sunday, he asked us all over to breakfast and dinner to morrow. Agreed to go.

13th. Set off at nine in Phipps's carriage. Bowles took for his text (as he promised yesterday he would) the "impotent man" at the Pool of Bethesda; sermon very interesting. Showed us about his place afterwards. I took a volume of Johnson's "Poets" with me, and

walked through the fields to Calne till dinner-time. Lord Lansdowne came to dinner. In looking over the library, I mentioned that it was singular enough that Sir J. Browne, the expositor of vulgar errors, should himself have been a witness on a trial for witchcraft, and given testimony to the existence of witches in Germany. Bowles said he had discovered in the names that occur throughout the "Tales of the Genii" the anagrams of those of some of the author's (Ridley's) friends. I cannot, however, perceive any of them.

17th. Received my books after dinner, and amused both Bessy and myself by reading over in the "Anthologia Hibernica" poems I sent to it when I was but twelve and thirteen years of age. "Our esteemed correspondent, 'T. M.," diverted Bessy exceedingly. Received a note from Lord L., sending me the last volumes of "Las Casas," and asking me to fix a day to dine.

18th. Read four of the Irish pamphlets since last night. Walked into Devizes in order to draw for 100*l.* at three months, on the Longmans. Got an order for 42*l.* of it to send to Bath, to pay the half-year of Anastasia's schooling. Found Mr. and Mrs. Hughes come to dinner with us on my return home. Walked to Phipps's with Bessy in the evening making about twelve or thirteen miles to-day.

19th. Sent off an Irish Melody to Power, beginning "Quick! we have but a second!" Reading pamphlets on Irish affairs; M'Nevin's "Pieces of History," Curry's Reviews, &c. &c.

20th to 23rd. Have begun writing my "Irish Tour," but get on very slowly, though I was in hopes I should be able to dispatch it in a few weeks, and get back to "Sheridan."

24th. Walked to Bowood; found them at home, and took a long walk with them and Oakden across the park to the Calne road. Lord L. mentioned a book called "A Journey to the Moon," which he had given a commission for at the Fonthill sale. The man's method of flying to the moon was by means of little phials filled with dew, which he hung about him, and which were exhaled up by the morning sun, and carried him with them. Lord L. said it had given the idea of Swift's "Gulliver;" but I mentioned Lucinus's "True History" as the original of all this class of fictions. Talked of "The Journey Underground," &c.

25th. Sent an Irish Melody to Power, beginning "Sweet Innisfail."

27th. Started for Melksham on foot at seven, in order to catch the Bath coach. Bessy to join Mrs. P.'s carriage. Arrived at Bath between eleven and twelve; breakfasted at the York House, and went thence to my dear Anastasia, whom I found in trouble. Great complaints against her from the schoolmistress for inattention to her lessons. Perceived the schoolmistress had mistaken her disposition, and supposes that it is obstinacy prevents the child from answering what she knows; when, in fact, it is the confusion arising from a strong feeling of reproof or disgrace that puts all her ideas to flight, and makes her incapable of anything while she is in that state. Lectured my dear little girl very gravely as I walked with her to meet her mamma, who also was as serious as she could be about it, though feeling all the while, with me, that the schoolmistress had (as she herself used to do) mistaken the child's disposition. Home at seven.

28th. Wrote away as fast as my slow *prose* pen would let me. The Awdreys came to take leave, and Miss Awdrey gave me a pretty sketch she has made of the cottage. In the evening took Tom a long walk with me.

October 1st. Dined at Bowood. Fellowes called to take me. Rev. — Ashe and his pretty daughter, and two other persons. Talked of the sepulchres of the Hungerfords at Farley (Colonel Houlton's place). The bodies preserved in pickle. The shoulder of a Lady Margaret of the family uncovered, and found firm and white. An antiquarian introduced a quill into it, in order to extract some of the pickle, and taste it, which he did; and his only remark was, that it was "very stimulant." Talked of Beckford; the passion he and some other men have had for the mere spending of money. Johnes of Harrod in Wales delighted when he heard his magnificent house was burnt down, because the sum for which he insured it (30,000*l.*) would be forthcoming, and he could begin to spend again. Lord L.'s new statue (by Westmacott) of the beggar woman and child just arrived; gave 500 guineas for it.

2nd. Wrote three verses of an Irish Melody for Power, beginning "'Twas one of those dreams," and sent it up to him; also a page or two of my Irish work. Walked about all

day, and enjoying the fresh sunny weather.

3rd. Walked over with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to call upon our new neighbours, the Starkeys.

4th. Left home at three to walk to Buckhill, before my dinner at Bowood. An Irishman, who called upon me some days ago to beg I would get some "gintee situation" for him, has just written to me from Bristol to say that he came from Ireland expressly with the sole hope of my assisting him, and that he now has not money enough to pay his passage back again. Begged of Hughes to let his agent at Bristol pay the man's passage, and see him on board. Met Lady Lansdowne and Lady Cawdor in the lane to the school, returning from their drive. Lady L. gave me the key of the grounds to walk through on my way back. A glorious evening: walked backwards and forwards in the lane for half an hour, observing the effect of the setting sun upon the foliage. Company at dinner, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Mr. Grenville, and the Bowleses. Felt rather a restraint at dinner from the little *hitch* there has been between me and Mr. Grenville about Sheridan's letters. In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, *Si j'y crois? oui, et même je le suis*; and instantly vanished. Bowles very amusing; his manner of pronouncing Catalani's speech about Sheridan at Oxford, that he had *beaucoup de talent, et très peu de beauté*, convulsed us all with laughter. Mr. Grenville mentioned that the last Mrs. Sheridan used to say, "As to my husband's talents, I will not say anything about them, but I *will* say that he is the handsomest and honestest man in all England." Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An arch-deacon of extraordinary learning and talents, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the disappearance of the demons on the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself* in a well."

5th. Meant to have walked home to see Bess, but the morning too wet. After breakfast, being alone with Mr. Grenville, broached the delicate subject of Sheridan, by saying that I had some letters of his (Mr. G.'s) which I should long since have sent to him but for the hurry in which I was obliged to leave England. This brought on a conversation about S., in which I found him very kind and communicative. S. after his marriage lived at a cottage at Burnham (East or West, I don't know which); and at a later period of his life, when he and Mrs. S. were not on the most peaceable terms, Mr. Grenville has heard him saying half to himself, "Sad, that former feelings should have so completely gone by. Would anything bring them back? Yes, perhaps the gardens at Bath and the cottage at East Burnham might." Was very agreeable when a young man, full of spirits and good-humoured; always disguising his necessities and boasting of the prosperity of his views. His jealousy of Mrs. S. more from vanity than affection. Fox took a strong fancy to her, which he did not at all disguise; and Mr. G. said it was amusing to see the struggle between Sheridan's great admiration of, and deference to, Fox, and the sensitive alarm he felt at his attentions to her. At the time that Mr. G. and his brother left Bath to go to Dublin, old Sheridan was acting there; and Lord Townsend (the Lord Lieutenant), wishing that they should see him in "King John," ordered that play; but on the morning of the representation, wrote them a note to say he had just had a letter from Mr. Sheridan, informing him that he had been thrown out of his carriage the day before, and had strained his shoulder so violently, that it was impossible for him to act King John,—but rather than the young gentleman should be disappointed, he would appear in a comedy, and play, as well as he could, "Sir Charles Easy." This a joke of Lord Townsend's. Great Queen Street was where S. lived when he became connected with the theatre. Story of the "Manufacturer of Shows" from Stafford, who was witness on a petition against Lord Auckland's Commercial Treaty with Ireland. Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson." "What

direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan. "The same as John Thompson's, to be sure." Thinks S. used, when a young fellow, to pick up a guinea or two by writing for newspapers, which is confirmed by the fragments of letters of this kind among his papers. Lived at a coffee-house in Maiden Lane. Is this "the Bedford" to which I find Grenville's and other letters directed? Mr. Grenville heard Erskine ask Fox, the day before his (E.'s) first speech in the House of Commons, what kind of coat he thought he had best wear on the occasion, and whether a black one would be best. Fox answered him with perfect gravity, and said, "As he was oftenest seen in black, that would be perhaps the best colour," but laughed heartily when he went away. I showed him and Lord L. an item in the Index to Wakefield's "Ireland," where it is quietly said, "Catholics will in a few years exterminate the Protestants." At dinner it was mentioned that Lord Alvanly said Sir William Scott was like a conceited Muscovy duck, which is excellent; better than Canning's comparison, who said he was like a turtle in a martingale. Mr. G. described Lord North's method of looking through his notes when he had lost the thread of his discourse, talking in his oratorical voice all the while, "It is not on this side of the paper, Mr. Speaker, neither is it on the other side." In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by Maury, that one time when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, *Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux*; upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, *Comment! veux-tu m'embrasser?* which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau. In the evening wrote out some verses in Lady L.'s album, and sung with Lady Cawdor. Slept there. Upon my expressing my intention of going before breakfast in the morning, Lady L. insisted I should not.

6th. Stayed breakfast, and set out soon after; Lord L. having asked me to come over again the end of the week, to meet Lord John who is coming, and the Knight of Kerry. Mr. Grenville and I parted most amiably. Visits from the Starkeys and Henry Joy on my return; the latter to ask me to dine with him on Wednesday.

7th. Wrote letters, and sauntered about in

the sweet sunshine all the rest of the day, stringing together a few (*very few*) sentences of my Irish work.

9th. Phipps drove me to Bath to see my dear Anastasia. A dreadful thunder-storm on our way: took shelter in a public-house. My dear little girl quite well, and everything cleared up between her and her school-mistress; stayed some time with her. Lunched at Phipps's mother's. Went to different shops to look after a lamp which I wish to purchase for my study, and left Bath at past three.

10th. Bessy and Mrs. P. drove to Devizes in our little carriage with a pony hired of a carpenter in our neighbourhood. Have determined to change the plan of my Irish work, and make it a "History of Captain Rock and his Ancestors," which may be more lively and certainly more easily done. But all I have already written, by this change, goes for nothing.

11th. Read O'Hallaran's "History of Ireland" for my new plan, and wrote a little.

12th. While dressing to walk to Bowood, Lord John came. Sent away his horses and we walked there by Chitway; delighted with the country round me, the day being most favourable for it. Much talk about Ireland; told him my plans for a work on the subject. Company at dinner, Lord Aberdeen and Rogers (who came together from Lord Bathurst's), Abercromby and his son, Lady Harriet Frampton (sister to Lady L.) and her daughter, Mr. Strangways, brother to Lady L., and Lord John. Dinner rather noisy; very little conversation. The evening somewhat better. Told Lady L. of an extract I saw from a work on the genealogy of the Earls of Kerry, mentioning the fondness which Thomas, the first Earl, had for Kerry-stone buttons, and giving some poetry commemorative of said buttons. Lord John mentioned that, when in Spain, an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave, the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the Churchman, *Da mihi beneficium tuum*. "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I could for you, but *that* is rather too much." Talked of McDiarmid's

"Lives of Statesmen;" R. praised his account of Lord Strafford. Of Gilpin's writings; his "Life of Cranmer." The unfitness of Cranmer for the scenes he was thrown into; his elegant habits; wearing gloves at supper whenever he did not mean to eat anything. Spoke of Lingard's "History of England;" reign of Philip and Mary very curious. Allen has detected him (it seems) in falsifying, or rather giving a false colour to, his authorities; particularly about the vices of the clergy, which he contrives to suppress or soften off. This is, I suppose, in the Reports of the state of the monasteries made in the time of Henry VIII. * * * Allen's hatred to the Swiss for their late conduct to the *exiles*. Wishes he could get musicians to play the "Ranz des Vaches" all through London to see if it would have the effect imputed to it of sending them all home. I looked over Murphy's "Arabian Antiquities of Spain." The apartments of the Alhambra or Alhambra (for he spells it both ways), though they look so imposing in engravings, are all very small. One of the fine buildings of Grenada given is a coal-house, *Casa de Carbon*, House of Charcoal. Asked Lord John as to his progress in the work he has been employed in. Promised to let me read what he has done. Slept there.

13th. Read some of McDiarmid's "Life of Lord Strafford" before breakfast. Some talk with Abercromby about it; agreed with me, that though one could not help admiring the vigor and talent with which Lord S. carried on his government in Ireland, it was the duty of an historian to reprobate the violent principles upon which it was all founded, and to speak of it in the softened tone McD. did, was more culpable than even the original commission of the wrongs, as the latter had, at least, the excuse of passions, ambition, &c. &c. A good deal of conversation after breakfast, arising from Southey's remark in his "History of the War in Spain and Portugal," that Pitt and Fox were both overrated men. I said Lord Chatham's was a fame much more independent of party and circumstance than theirs; that there were several men in their time nearly equal to them in debate, and superior to them in general talents; but, that Lord Chatham stood out from the canvass of his age alone. Nor was he indebted, as each of them was, to

to the adoption of his name by a party for that kind of corporate celebrity which such an association always gives. Lord Aberdeen rather contested all these points with me. Rogers produced some English verses of Lord Grenville's, to the surprise of all the party, who seemed to agree that he was one of the least poetical men they could point out. The verses were a paraphrastic translation of the lines at the beginning of the "*Inferno*," *O degli altri poeti onore e lume*, and very spiritedly done. After luncheon, went with Lord John to his room to look over the MS. of his French work. Walked out with him and Rogers. R. complained of the disposition of the walk along the water, without any trees between to break the view of it into glimpses; said he had been talking to Lord L. about it, but in vain. Sung a little for Lady Harriet Frampton and her daughter before dinner. Sung in the evening. Lord Aberdeen produced a fac-simile (which Mr. Bankes has sent him) of two or three lines from a papyrus MS. of Homer, found lately wrapped round a mummy. Must be older than any of those we have, though they have accents, which are looked upon by some to be a modern invention.

14th. Got up early and walked home before breakfast. Morning delicious. Brought away Lord John's MS. with me, and read some of it. Rather too heavy and prolix in some parts, particularly his account of the Jansenists and Jesuits; but the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV., and his character of the nobility of that time, very striking and interesting. Put pencil-marks where I thought the style wanted mending. Wrote some of my "Captain Rock." After dinner walked with Bessy to the village, and left her to drink tea with the Falkeners. A kind letter from Croker to-day, sending me a large Paris *affiche* of my publications, which he thought might amuse me.

15th. Various disturbances. Could do but little. Took Bessy to Bowood to dinner, she looking uncommonly well. Company the same, with the addition of the Barings and the Knight of Kerry. Was glad to see Lord John took Bessy out to dinner, as I knew she would feel more comfortable with him. Day very agreeable. Have seldom seen my dear girl in better looks, and her plain barège gown particularly becoming. Told me in coming home that all the women admired it exceedingly,

and were very kind to her. Lord L. asked me to come to breakfast in the morning, as the Knight of Kerry is obliged to leave them.

16th. Set off for Bowood at nine. Rogers came half-way to meet me; very agreeable and in high good humour. After breakfast heard the various criticisms on Cockerell's door to the new chapel. Baring agreed with Mr. Grenville's remark, that the door would look neater if the *small* knots were removed. Rogers thought they ought to be of the same colour as the wood, which the ancients would have made them by having the whole in brass, as the door of the Pantheon is. The door-case is copied exactly from a temple in Athens. Conversation about the architects, Cockerell, Smirke, and Wilkins; the first and last too little acquainted with the common part of their art, the conveniences, &c., of a house; and Smirke, on the contrary, too much hacked and vulgarised by the common part to succeed as he ought in the ornamental; a combination of the two would be perfection. The Knight of Kerry, after breakfast, told me of a curious dialogue which Lord Wellesley mentioned to him as having passed between Archbishop Magee and himself. Magee, in protesting against the Tithe Bill, and other innovations on the Church of Ireland, said that the fate of the English Church was involved in that of the Irish one. "Pardon me," says Lord Wellesley, "the two Churches differ materially; for instance, the English bishops wear wigs, and you don't wear any. I'll wig you if you don't take care." The knight seemed to think he did right in employing this *persiflage*, as the best method of getting rid of Magee's remark. Lord L. wanted me to stay dinner, but I promised to come to-morrow. Saw Rogers and Lord Aberdeen off to Longleat, and returned home to dinner, having, before I came away, pointed out to Lord John the alterations both in the plan and particular passages in his work which seemed to me necessary. Very sleepy in the evening, and could do nothing but read over Leland's "*History of Ireland*," which Lady L. lent me. My Irish harp arrived from Ireland, and a little one of two octaves with it for Anastasia.

17th. Finished a verse of an Irish Melody and dispatched it to Power; did nothing else. Dined at Bowood; the Barings, Abercrombies, and Lord John, with the addition of George

Fortescue. Said that Canning and Lord Sidmouth had been at Cirencester (Lord Bathurst's), before he left it; Canning very absent and silent. In talking of the way in which any criticism or ridicule spoils one's enjoyment ever after of even one's most favourite passages, I mentioned a ludicrous association suggested to me about a passage in Haydn's "Creation," which always recurs to me to disturb my delight at it. In that fine *morceau*, "God said, Let there be light," there is between these words and the full major swell, into which the modulation bursts upon "and there was light," a single note of the violin, which somebody said was to express the "striking of the flint." After dinner Lady Lansdowne said to me, in remarking upon the good looks Bessy is in now, "How *very* pretty she is! it's quite refreshing to see any thing so pretty." Was escaping about ten o'clock, but George Fortescue came after me with a deputation, as he said, from the ladies, to beg I would sing one song before I went. Returned and sung a good deal. Walked home. Quite an Italian moonlight.

19th. Set off at about eleven in my little pony carriage, with the carpenter's pony, and the carpenter himself to drive me. Arrived, by dint of hard beating, in three hours at Warminster. Took a chaise there, and got to Bennet's before six. Company at dinner, Heber, Sir Alexander Mallet, and Miss Partridge, and the Phippses. Heber said he had heard from Dr. Henley (who wrote the notes upon "Vathek"), that the foundation of this romance was certainly some Persian manuscripts, which came into Beckford's possession, and which he translated into French as an exercise. Do not believe this; the design, as well as style, is all western. In talking of false quantities, mentioned an instance of Sir J. Mackintosh pronouncing *ludicra* with the *i* short, in a quotation from Virgil, *neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur præmia*. Canning's horror when Heber mentioned it to him. Mackintosh's defence was that he had "decomposed" it; *i. e.*, made prose of it. In talking of Lord Grenville's verses, said that he had seen a good many of his Latin verses; mentioned particularly his verses on the death of his dog Tippoo; also some verses of Pitt's, made in conjunction with Canning, on Sir F. Eden.

20th. Set off to walk to Fonthill between eleven and twelve o'clock. No sale going on to-day, being Monday. Very much struck by the singularity and fancifulness of the Abbey. The ascent up the stairs at the grand entrance particularly striking, and the effect of the *coup d'œil* above and around, as you stand under the lantern, quite new and beautiful. Went up to the top of the tower, and sat on the chimney to look at the extensive prospect. Took luncheon in the servants' hall, which is converted into a coffee-room by the *restaurant* from Bath, who has established himself here. Several parties at different tables in this dark vaulted place gave quite the idea of banditti. Walked about the grounds, and caught several beautiful views of the Abbey, combined with the woods, and the small lake in a little valley under it. Met Hallam, and Mr. Addington (Lord Sidmouth's nephew), who had come express from London to see it. Benet asked them to dinner, which rejoiced me, as it gave the rational talkers a majority. Heard an imitation of a storm on the organ; very wonderful; done in the manner of the Abbé Vogler. Walked home in time to dress for dinner. Talked of Latin verses; those of Jortin's, *Quæ te sub tenerâ*. Whether the couplet beginning, *Tu cave Lathæo, or Te sequar*, should be the concluding one. The former certainly is better for an ending, from its point and workmanship, but the natural flow of feeling is in favour of *Te sequar* being the conclusion. Mentioned some Latin verses quoted by Taylor in his "Holy Living," which he never could find out the source of, addressed to Pancharilla. Said I believed they were Bonifonius's, that being, if I recollect right, the name of his poetical mistress. Hallam mentioned some pretty verses by Markham, in the "Adventurer," which I must look for. II. told of a quotation of Pitt's, one day at dinner, when Canning, and, I believe, Frere, were trying *par méchanceté* to get G. Ellis to speak of the "Rolliad;" he having, in his time of Whiggery, written in it, and the severe character of Pitt being from his pen. Pitt, from the upper part of the table, overhearing their efforts to introduce the subject, leaned across and said to G. Ellis, *Immo, age, et a primâ dic, hospes, origine nobis*. The *hospes* here very happy, as addressed to a new convert. He might, too, have gone on to *erroresque tuos*. Talking of Sheridan's

habit of borrowing other people's jokes, H. mentioned some one having said, "I don't know how it is, a thing that falls flat from me seems quite an excellent joke when given at second-hand by Sheridan. I never like my own *bon mots* till he adopts them." Endeavoured to sing in the evening to a wretched pianoforte, four notes of which were (as Sir A. Mallet said) "in Chancery."

21st. Rose early, and breakfasted with Phipps before the rest of the company, in order to drive over and see Wardour, Lord Arundel's place. Day delicious. Fine ruin of the castle which Lady Blanche defended. Her picture in the house; very feminine-looking. A portrait of Hugo Grotius, too, very different from what I had conceived him, fat and rufous: the chest must have been of no common size in which he effected his escape from prison. The chapel at Wardour very handsome. Home in time to attend the ladies to the sale at Fonthill. Stayed there till five. In coming away the setting sun lighted up the windows of the Abbey most beautifully. Immediately after dinner set off for the Abbey to see it illuminated; went in the carriage with the five ladies. The effect of the octagon and the lantern very striking, and with a sufficiency of light, the whole would be magnificent. Introduced to Lady Arundel, as I was to-day at the sale, by his own wish, to Lord Arundel. Told ghost stories to the ladies all the way home. Got Mrs. Benet to let me have a cup and saucer out of a broken set she bought, in order to take home some little memorial of Fonthill to Bessy. Regret so much she could not come here with me.

22nd. Up at seven, and set off in a chaise for Warminster, taking with me several volumes on tithes, which Benet has lent me, besides his own Controversy on the same subject with Archdeacon Coxe. By the by, Heber repeated to me, in going up to bed last night, some pretty verses of Cyril Jackson's, in which he talks of *Curtatis Decimis*.

24th. Tom's birth-day. He was to have had a party on the occasion, and to have celebrated in due form his inauguration into breeches, which takes place this day; but the illness of Hannah prevents all but the assumption of the *toga virilis*, in which he is at this moment strutting about, as proud as any five-year old gentleman in the kingdom. Mr.

Britton to breakfast. Showed me a sketch-book of Thomas Hope's, full of beautiful bits of architecture from Italy. Wrote some of my Irish work. A letter from Anastasia, who is much better, and (like a true little Irish girl) thanks mamma "for putting off Tom's birth-day for her." Sauntered about in the sweet valley of Chitway, enjoying all the sunniness and leafiness that still lingers around us so deliciously. Wrote in the evening.

28th. Bessy went to Bath for Anastasia. Walked to pay a visit to the Starkeys. The Dr. asked me to dine, and I did; amused with his odd stories of himself after dinner. Home early, and found Bessy and her little ones fast asleep in bed. Looked at them and blessed them. Saw that 'Statia was looking as well as ever.

29th. Insisted upon having the nurse into the house for Russell to sleep with, as Bessy has brought on, by her restless nights with him, the erysipelas she suffered so much with in Paris, from the same cause with Tom.

30th. Tremendous weather. Sent off to Power, either yesterday or to-day, words to a Spanish air, beginning "Oh, the joys of our evening Posada." Walked through the storm to Phipps's and got completely wet. Wanted me to stay and sleep, but refused, and ventured out through such a night as has seldom been witnessed. To add to the horrors, lost my way, and was obliged to retrace my steps for a considerable distance in the very teeth of the tempest, fearing every moment that my lantern would be blown out, in which event I should have to wander about till morning.

31st. The havoc of last night visible every where. Trees blown down in all directions. Bath coaches endeavouring to come this way, instead of their customary road, but obliged to return. Read and wrote. Saw a tree which had fallen over the path I came last night. An Horatian escape this!

November 1st. Read and wrote.

2nd. Walked with Bessy in the evening, and called upon the Starkeys.

3rd. Had a pony from Calne to try; and Bessy and Mrs. Phipps drove to Buckhill. Walked on before them, and as far as the Park; and took 'Statia to call upon Lady Lansdowne, who showed me a good epigram Lord L. had sent her from London; the two last lines of which are,—

"D'Angoulême se donne à Dieu
Et Donnaïeu se donne au Diable."

Walked from thence with 'Statia to leave her with mamma at Buckhill, and returned myself home on foot. The pony does very well: think of exchanging my other for her, if I can manage it.

4th. The celebration of Tom's birth-day, which was deferred till to-day, again frustrated by the bad weather; none of the children came, nor any body but the Phippses, who dined and supped. Played with our little ones in the evening.

5th. Had promised Bowles to go and dine with him to-day, but the weather so bad, that it was impossible to venture in my gig; so gave up all thoughts of it, and dined with Bess at two. A little after four, however, arrived a chaise ordered by Bowles; so was obliged to go. Company at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lysons and their two daughters (from Gloucestershire), Mr. Clarke (the Winchester man, who wrote a pamphlet against Brougham on the Education question) and his wife and Mr. Hume, the Vicar of Calne. Day very pleasant; music in the evening. Mr. L. and one of his daughters sung duets. "God save the King," it seems, has been at last ascertained to have been composed by a man of the name of John Bull in the time of James I. The pretty melody sung in churches to the "Evening Hymn" was composed, Bowles says, by Tallis, the famous musician in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary, whose responses to the Litany are still performed in the cathedral service. Talked of the beautiful words there are to some of Purcell's things; the four following lines charming:—

"We heard the nightingale, the lark,—
And all around seemed blithe and gay;
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
And nothing mourned but parting day."

Mrs. L. and her daughters sung "Verdi prati" to the English words. Slept there, as did the Lysons.

6th. The L.'s started after breakfast. Tried over some of Purcell's songs for Bowles; one that I sung at first sight rather surprised him; and with "Mad Bess" he was enchanted. Said my performance of these things (he being all for the old school) had elevated his opinion of my musical powers exceedingly. Proposed to him to undertake with me a set of biogra-

phical notices of these old composers; said he would. Looked over Hooker for the splendid passage about Law; found it near the beginning. Looked over J. Taylor's "Living and Dying" for a fine passage about the setting sun, which Mrs. Bowles says Irving has borrowed in one of his sermons. Could not find it; but discovered in Irving the extraordinary description of Paradise, in which he introduces an allusion to me; "Angels, not like those Three, sung by no holy mouth." His own Paradise, however, almost as naughty a one as either I or Mahomet could invent. Set off for home between two and three, and arrived to dinner. Find that the man with whom I wished to swap ponies requires five pounds with mine.

7th. Sent to the man to offer four pounds: says that my servant mistook him, and that it is *six* pounds he requires, allowing but six guineas for mine, which cost me thirteen: the poor man's luck always. Sent off to Power a song, words and music by myself; "Let thy joys alone."

8th. Read and wrote. Made up my mind to give the six pounds, and sent William with it; so that my new pony now stands me in about twenty pounds.

10th. Working away; find my Irish work more troublesome than I expected from the historical detail I have undertaken at the beginning of it.

14th. Bessy drove over to Buckhill to ask them to the reliques of yesterday. Hughes and his daughter came, and Mrs. P. Sent a song to Power, beginning, "Being weary of love."

15th. Dined at Phipps's; though Bessy at first refused, this being her birth-day, and it having long been a fancy of hers that she was to die at the age of thirty, which she completed to-day. Company, the Bowleses, Lockes, Dr. Starkey, Mr. Fisher, Edmonston, &c.

16th. My dear girl, who acknowledged that the fancy about her dying at thirty had haunted her a good deal, gave me a letter which she had written to me in contemplation of this event; full of such things as, in spite of my efforts to laugh at her for her nonsense, made me cry. Went to church. Dr. Starkey offered us the pew the Hugheses used to occupy.

23rd. Read and wrote. Have received a portrait of my dear mother to match that of my

father; and though it does not do her justice, there is, in particular lights, enough of resemblance to make it very precious to me.

28th. Bessy drove me to Buckhill, where the Bowleses met me in their carriage. Arrived with them in Bath at about half past two. Raining all day. Walked to see my dearest Anastasia, and found her quite well. The Knight of Kerry had come the day before, to ask her to dine with his children, and accompany them to the opera. Called upon the Knight, and thanked Mrs. F. for her kindness to my little girl. Dined with the Bowleses at the White Hart, and B. would give me a bottle of claret. To the opera in the evening, where my greatest pleasure was looking at Anastasia, in the front of a box opposite to us. Opera, "Il Turco;" Ronzi de Begnis charming.

29th. Breakfasted with the Knight of Kerry. Thence to Anastasia. Performed some commissions and started with the Bowleses at one. A good deal of conversation about the religion of the Church of England. James's introduction of the words "verily and indeed" into the Catechism, respecting the Eucharist, unlucky, as amounting very much to the same thing as the Popish belief. The scholastic word Trinity introduced lately into Christianity and productive of much mischief. In the contest with the Unitarians, Athanasius's Creed is one of the weapons which the Church wields as authentic, though considering it all the time a forgery. Owned that these inconsistencies were unlucky. Does not think Locke was inclined to Arianism; praised his preface to the Epistles. Arrived at Buckhill about four, and found my little gig in waiting. Hughes, who had been asked to meet me at Dr. Starkey's to day, came with us, and (as there was no time for me to go home to dress) we proceeded straight to Bromham. Company, the Phippses, Hughes, and ourselves. The P.'s left us at home at night.

December 4th. Power arrived after breakfast. Brought me some of the things Bishop has done for the Greek work besides copies of the "Irish Melodies" and "Sacred Songs," the latter of which he wishes to have first out. My own little glee, in the Greek work, "Here while the moonlight dim," goes very prettily. Asked the Phippses to dinner, as Power had brought fish and oysters with him.

5th. Bessy drove Power through Bowood

to Buckhill, while I finished some verses of the incomplete songs for him. The Phippses again dined with us, to finish the fish; also Hughes.

6th. Looked over the different works with Power. Happy to find that his zeal for the continuance of our engagement together has not the least relaxed. Made some arrangement with him to facilitate the payment of my Christmas bills. After dinner a chaise arrived, to take him to Devizes, to catch the mail. Left us at half-past five.

7th. Reading "Selden on Tithes," &c.

10th. Walked over to Bowood, to call upon Lord Lansdowne. Wrote, during my walk, a new verse to one of my "Sacred Songs." Miss Fox and Miss Vernon at Bowood. Lord L. walked the greater part of the way back with me. Showed him Croker's letter to me, begging I would ask him, in case there should exist among his papers any letters of Col. Barré's, that he would have the goodness to give me one of them, for Croker to bind up with a portrait of Barré in Cadell and Davis's Collection. Said he would look when in town, and will give one, if he has it. Says the reputation of England on the Continent has sunk considerably, with one party, for having shown an inclination to oppose them without being (as they think) able to venture; and with the other, for having given them hopes of assistance, and then left them in the lurch. The famous Gentz spoke to Wishaw in an affected tone of concern for the embarrassments that England is surrounded by, particularly in respect to the state of Ireland; and said it was rather strange that a country which took such mighty interest in the way *other* powers governed their dominions, should not have learned better how to manage her own.

11th. Sent off to Power three of the "Sacred Songs," fit for the press. Went with Phipps to dine at Walker's at Melksham, to meet my old Moorish acquaintance, Ombark. A good deal of talk at dinner about the Mahometan religion, and religion in general. In the evening looked over some sermons with Walker. Compared the strutting and labouring style of the fashionable Irving with that of Hall, the famous Leicester preacher. Read over some of the very pleasing passages in Horne's preface to his work on the Psalms: that where he compares the Psalms to the Garden of Paradise, and another, where he

speaks of the delight the task had afforded him. A little affectation in such sentences as, "very pleasantly has it," &c. &c., but altogether full of sweetness and elegance.

13th. Beautiful day. Employed about my chapter of "Tithes," but walking about the fields all the while.

14th. Received a note from Croker proposing that I should belong to a new club for literary and scientific persons, to be formed on the model of the United Service, &c. Wishes me to propose it to Lord Lansdowne also, and says, "We should not feel that we did our duty to the proposed institution if we did not express to Lord Lansdowne and to you the wish of all the present members of the committee that his Lordship and you should belong to us." Wrote my long-threatened letter to my deputy at Bermuda.

15th. Wrote a letter to Lord Byron, on his long silence to me; saying that I could not account for it unless it arose from "one of those sudden whims against the absent which I have often dreaded from him; one of those meteor-stones which generate themselves so unaccountably in the high atmosphere of his fancy, and come down upon one, some fine day, when one least expects to be so lapidated; begging, however, if I am to be in the list of the *cut dead*, he will tell me so, that I may make my funeral arrangements accordingly." Lord Lansdowne called; walked part of the way with him. Promised to dine at Bowood on Friday.

19th. Drove over to Bowood to dinner: company, Lords Malmesbury and Arundel, Bailey, a Scotch lawyer whose name I forget, Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. In the evening Lord M. produced an original letter of Locke's to a Mrs. Springer; very prosy indeed. A curious statement also of the husband of this lady (a solicitor) having fallen down ill in the street, and a rough copy of the Exclusion Act found upon him, which, with the rest of his papers, was laid before the council. Sir Robert Sawyer, who had assisted in drawing up this Act, caught a glimpse of his own hand-writing (having interlined this very copy), and accordingly, huddling up the papers, proposed that each of the Law Officers should carry a certain portion of them home with him, in order to examine their contents more carefully, taking care that this unlucky copy should be

among his own share. Talked of the correspondence between Newton and Locke, given by Stewart in his Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopedia. Lord L. read them out. The *abandon* of Newton's contrition, for having once said, upon hearing that Locke was ill, "It were better he were dead," very interesting even in its weakness. He signs himself "Your unfortunate friend." Locke's answer thought by some of our party cold and stiff, but it has, perhaps, quite sufficient kindness, with certainly a considerable portion of dignity. Verboseness is its great fault, as it is of most of Locke's writings, except (as Lord L. remarked) in a sort of a report of a debate at which he was present, inserted in his works, where he has given one of the concisest and clearest specimens of reporting that, perhaps, exist. The feeling of Newton against Locke was in consequence of the injury he thought Locke's theory of innate ideas inflicted on the cause of morality. Looked at the little casts by Hemming, a Scotch artist, of the Phigaleian and Elgin bas-reliefs. Was expected to sleep to-night, but the weather being very clear, drove home. Lord L. will belong to this new club, but bid me impress upon Croker strongly the necessity of keeping it select, as we shall otherwise be overrun with all the pretenders to literature and the arts, than whom there is not any where a more odious race.

21st. Went at two to assist at the opening of the new domestic chapel that Lord Lansdowne has built. Bessy most anxious to go, but prevented by the want of a new bonnet; Bowles's sermon much too long and desultory. The organ a very good one. Wanted me to dine, but returned home, Lord and Lady L. walking some part of the way with me.

22d. Read and wrote. Our dear Anastasia came home for the holidays. Made my first appearance on horseback for these nine or ten years. Rode to meet Bessy, who was at Devizes. Met the Phippses half way and rode back with them, the little pony going very well in company.

25th. This being Christmas Day, allowed our servants to have their friends to dinner. A large party, and most uproariously jolly in the evening. The Phippses supped with us.

26th. Abercromby (M.P. for Calne) and young Macdonnell called upon me from Bowood. Walked part of the way back with them.

A good deal of conversation about Ireland. Told them my plan of Captain Rock's Memoirs, which Abercromby said was a very "clever thought;" urged upon me the importance of setting the Rebellion of '98 in its true points of view, as an event purposely brought about by the Government. Macdonnel mentioned some curious proofs of the increase of the Catholic population in the north. Dined all at Phipps's. The same sort of Christmas party as yesterday.

28th. Drove over to Bowood to dinner: Company, Lord Auckland and sister, the Abercrombys, Macdonald (member), the Vernon Smiths, Knight of Kerry and son, &c. Dinner very agreeable; sung in the evening; slept there. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Charles Sheridan a day or two since, which seems to throw a new difficulty in the way of my "Life of Sheridan." He still considers himself as having a claim on Murray for a share of the profits (to be given to the family), in consideration of having allowed the use of the papers, a claim which Murray is not disposed to admit.

29th. Walked home after breakfast, for the purpose of getting C. Sheridan's letter, to consult Lord L. upon it. Dinner again most agreeable. Sung a good deal in the evening; Rossini, Purcell, my own, &c. &c. Had some more talk with Abercromby about Ireland. Was happy to hear him say, that his father, if bid to select from his whole life the portion he was most proud of, would have named the time of his command in Ireland. Slept there.

30th. After breakfast had some conversation with Lord L. upon the subject of C. S.'s letter. His advice pretty much what I had anticipated: evidently of opinion that I shall have no reason to be sorry even if obliged to sacrifice all the trouble I have taken, and give up the task entirely. Much pressed to stay over to-day, but returned home to dinner. Lord Auckland, Smith, and Macdonnel walked the greater part of the way with me.

31st. Wrote to Sheridan. Had a kind letter from Jeffrey, expressing some fears lest his last to me should have contained something I did not like, as I had not answered it, and entreating me to help him out with an article or two for the next number of the "Review." This I cannot do.

1824.

January 1st. Edward Moore comes to-morrow.

2nd. Moore arrived early. Walked with him to Bowood, to give him a glimpse of the house; to Bromham Church, too. The Phippses dined to meet him, and young Starkey, the Doctor being ill with gout.

3rd. Went into Devizes (E. Moore and all) to see the gaol. Practised at the treadmill, and did not find it so very bad; to light men, with pliant limbs, it is not one tenth of the punishment it must be to those who are heavy and stiff. Moore went on to Bath. Walked home.

6th. Had a little dance in the evening for the Starkeys, Phippses, and Hugheses. Our annual present from Power of a twelfth-cake gave rise to much fun; and the whole party, children and all, remained till late.

9th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Had been asked for yesterday to meet Lord Suffolk, "whom," says Lord L. in his note, "you will find a Whig to your heart's content, if not something more," and Lord Duncan. The latter went to-day. Company, the Suffolks, and Byng, just arrived. Sung in the evening. Slept there.

10th. Meant to have returned home, but they made a point of my dining again to-day. Walked to Phipps's, where Bessy met me with the gig to take me to Devizes, it being necessary I should draw for money to-day. Left me at the foot of Devizes Hill. Prew upon Power for 150*l.* at two months. Went to some of the tradesmen to ask for their bills. Walked back to Bowood, which is about seven miles, making in all about ten or eleven, through dirty and slippery roads. The Suffolks gone, only Byng, and Lord Fitzharris, who, with his tutor, arrived to-day. Sung a little. Slept there.

11th. Returned home after breakfast, and worked a little.

15th. Dined at Hughes's at Devizes, Bessy and I, and the Phippses: company, Mr. Bingham (a nephew of Bowles's), young Awdrey, and Mr. Powell. Bingham clever and talkative. Much conversation about tithes; amount generally to near a third of the rent. Sung in the evening; so did Mr. Bingham, some of Burns's and of mine, with a good deal

of spirit. Suspect the article Miss Hughes gave me the other night, which is on vocal music and very cleverly done, to be by Bingham. It is for Bentham's new Review (the "Westminster"), and has abundance about me in it, all very flattering. Received a long letter from Abercromby about my Irish work, in which he seems to take a good deal of interest.

17th. Lady Lansdowne called to see little Russell. Asked us to dine at Bowood this day week, and insisted on sending the carriage to take us there and back.

20th. Bess had a chaise to take our dear Anastasia to Bath. In walking met Lord L. riding; he sent back his horses, and we had a long walk together. Mentioned an article in the "New Monthly," which he thought might be Luttrell's, about Voltaire and Rousseau, following up my opinion of the latter in my "Rhymes on the Road," and speaking of me with praise. This led to conversation about Voltaire; his *bonhomie*, his benevolence, and the interest he took to the last in every improvement of the condition of mankind. In talking of his religious opinions, I said that line might be applied to him, *à force d'esprit tout lui parut matière*; for he was himself the best argument against materialism that could be furnished, from the unimpaired vivacity which his mind continued to possess when his body had become merely a shadow.

24th. Dinner at Bowood: company, the Phippses, Bowleses, young Talbot, and ourselves. Day agreeable. Bowles's story about the two Catholic girls that had been Protestants, and were inclined to be converted back again. His bidding them read Chillingworth, and one of them marrying an Irish labourer, who beat Chillingworth out of the field, and kept her Catholic still, &c. &c. Talk about Chillingworth. His saying that if any one could answer his book against the Catholic Church, he should not be ashamed to show the world the example of a "second conversion," he having been originally a Papist. Neale, in his "History of the Puritans" (Bowles said), has given a false account of Laud's conduct on the condemnation of Prynne, and has suppressed what both Whitelock and Rushworth have stated of his kindness to Prynne on that occasion, and Prynne's thanking him for it. Praised Whitelock's

book. Lord L. said his father had told him that one day in calling on Lord Chatham he found he had been setting his son, Pitt, to make an abstract of Whitelock's memorial as a task. How much more sensible than to set a boy to make dull Greek or Latin verses, as Lord Grenville or Lord Wellesley would probably have done!* Lord L. mentioned Whitelock's Embassy to Sweden as interesting, though little read. He gives a minute account of the proposal of the embassy to him, of his conversation with Mrs. Whitelock about it, &c. &c. Sang a little in the evening.

28th. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, written just as he was starting for town, and sending me the charge of the Archbishop of Cashel, which contains some statements with regard to the reputed wealth of the Irish Church, which, Lord L. says, I ought to look to, so as not to fall into the errors on this subject which Hume, &c. have committed.

29th, 30th. Bowles called upon me. Walked part of his way home with him. Long conversation about the Church, which he defends through thick and thin. Received a letter from Mr. Bingham, sending me the first number of the "Westminster Review," acknowledging rather a severe article in it upon me, to be written by him, and making a very candid and manly explanation on the subject.

February 1st. Dined at Dr. Starkey's with his son John and Phipps. Answered Mr. B., and sent him a paragraph to put into "The Times," &c., in order to counteract the impression of what his article states with respect to my feelings towards the Americans.

2nd, 3rd. Working hard.

11th to 26th. From this to the 27th had no time to attend to my Journal, being so closely occupied with the "Captain," which I had promised the MS. of to the Longmans much sooner. Sent up the copy of the First Book about the 19th or 20th, and told them I should be up myself with the rest by the end of the following week. Found myself very hard run towards the conclusion, and obliged to leave the transcribing till I should go to town. Our dear little Russell, who becomes prettier every day, has at length cut two teeth, which

* Lord Grenville and Lord Wellesley hardly deserve such a remark.—ED.

mamma insists upon my recording in this Journal. Wrote to Sir J. Newport to say I was coming, and meant to ask his assistance in furnishing me materials for my work.

27th. Set off from Calne in the York House coach. Two gentlemen and a lady my companions. One of the gentlemen, I found as we approached town, was a Lord, evidently a naval one: knew intimately my old friend Admiral Douglas. The young lady (who was with my Lord) was met by a gay chariot at Kew Bridge, to take her home. What a change has taken place in coach company within these few years! Arrived a little before seven; and after depositing my things at my lodgings in Duke Street, went to Edward Moore's, who had dinner prepared for me. He has fitted his house up very elegantly, and had it lighted from top to bottom to display it to advantage. Brownlow (Lady Darnley's brother) was the only other guest. Wrote to Sir J. Newport (from whom I had, before I left home, received a very kind answer, expressing his readiness to assist me in every possible way,) announcing my arrival, and saying I should be with him next morning.

28th. Immediately after breakfast called upon Sir J. Newport, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Sent me various House of Commons papers, Reports of the Board of Education, accounts of Schools, &c. &c. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Saw a pretty picture he had just purchased, by a young Scotch artist, Graham; the subject, Scott's "Rebecca." A Mr. Toole came in. Talked of Shee's tragedy, rejected by the new licenser (G. Colman), and the Duke of Montrose's most unducal letter, which is now the reigning topic. Lord L. asked me to dinner to-day, to meet Spring Rice, Macdonald, &c., but had long engaged myself to the Longmans. Called upon the Donegals. Dined at Longmans; company, Shee, Abbott (the actor), &c. Rather amusing. Shee us told he had got five hundred guineas for the copyright of his rejected play.—Abbott, in coming away with me in a hackney coach, remarked how lucky Shee was, as the sort of success that his play was calculated to obtain would not have been half so profitable as the grievance had turned out. "The fact is," said he, "all that about liberty is gone by. It won't do any longer." This, though spoken *professionally*, is but too true also po-

litically. It *is* gone by; thanks to the Spaniards, the poltroon Neapolitans, &c. &c. Went to the opera (Lord L. having given me a ticket in the morning), but was refused admittance, having gaiters on. They were French gaiters, and I flattered myself were, like French curl-papers, invisible, but it was not the case. Went home.

29th. Set to work transcribing. Have an immensity of work before me. The new materials from the papers given me by Sir J. Newport to be got in. Rogers called, and asked me to dine with him to-day to meet Luttrell and Lord John, but had promised Power. Macdonald called. Power, too, who is full of impatience for the finishing of the "Sacred Songs" and "Irish Melodies," so that I shall have this also to perplex me. At home all day till dinner, when I had a hackney coach and went to Power's. Corrected and looked over some songs in the evening. Then to Rogers's; found Luttrell, Lord John, Mrs. Graham, Miss Rogers, and Lady Davy. Talked of Lord Byron marching with the Greeks. By the by, I forgot to mention that, before I left home, I had a letter from Lord B., written just as he was starting for Missolonghi, in which he says that he means to take the field with the Greeks, and adds, "If famine, pestilence, or a bullet, should carry off a fellow-warbler, mind that you remember him in your smiles and wine." It is said that the Greek Committee have written to him requesting him *not* to fight!

March 1st. Hard at work. Lord John called, and sat with me some time. Remark-ed that it would be a very apt quotation for the Orangemen, in case of the accession of the Duke of York to the throne, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York." Talked of the high character Lord Lansdowne bears, even among people one would least expect it from: for instance, — and —, both so much more violent, and yet both expressing to Lord John their strong confidence in Lord L. and their warm admiration of his conduct. Dined at Lady D.'s, and home early. Jekyll says that people who inflict long speeches upon the country gentlemen in the House might be prosecuted under Martin's bill for "tormenting dumb animals."

2nd. Find that my close confinement for

these two days does not agree with me, and walked in the Park a little after breakfast. Luttrell called, and sat a good while with me, which, though very agreeable, interrupted my work a good deal. Dined with Moore *tête-à-tête* to go to the opera. Went to Lady Lansdowne's box, after having seen the Divertissement from the front of the pit.

4th. Went out with Rogers, and paid numerous visits. Called at Lord Essex's, and sat some time; at Lady Jersey's, who asked us to go there to-night, it being her birth-day. Brougham has bargained for a broiled bone for supper. Intended to dine at a coffee-house, for the purpose of being home early, but, Rogers being off at seven for his "Antient Music," did still better. So dined with him, and worked in the evening.

5th. At work all day. Lord John came. Showed him some of the proof-sheets of the "Captain," with which he seemed much amused. By the by, was pleased to hear from Rogers that Luttrell said, "If any body can make such a subject lively, Moore will." Wrote to tell the Donegals I would dine with them to-day. Played and sung with Barbara after dinner, and thence to Lady Lansdowne's assembly. Was introduced to Falk, the Dutch ambassador, a frank, sensible man. A good deal of talk with the Duchess of Somerset, who introduced me to her pretty daughter. Told the Countess San Antonio how disappointed I was she had not asked me to hear Rossini the evening before. Said she had no idea I was in town, and to make up, invited me to come on Sunday morning, and hear him try over his opera "Semiramide." Was to have dined with Lord Auckland to-morrow, but gave it up, on finding his sister was not to be at home, and promised Lord Essex to dine with *him*. Luttrell and I walked home together. Have been inquiring, since I came to town, about Charles Sheridan, in order to know what is to be done as to the "Life," but cannot find him out.

6th. The proprietor of the "European Magazine" came, with a letter of introduction from Shee, requesting that I would enable him to give a portrait and memoir of me in the next number of his magazine. Also Moore, the sculptor, called, begging me to sit to him before I leave town. Walked a little in the Park, and again before dinner with

Byng. Dined at Lord Essex's; company, Hayter, the painter, De Ross, &c. To the opera in the evening.

7th. Breakfasted at Power's, in order to look over and correct proofs, &c. &c. Thence to call on Luttrell, to go to the Countess San Antonio's, where we arrived (according to appointment) at one. Lady Caroline Worsley and her son came soon afterwards. I sung a little to them. Rossini did not come till near three. Brought with him Placci, Curioni, and Cocchi; Mercer came afterwards; and we joined in the choruses of the "Semiramide." Rossini, a fat, natural, jolly-looking person, with a sort of vague archness in his eye, but nothing further. His mastery over the pianoforte miraculous. A good scene ensued upon the entrance (without leave) of Count Vandramin (?), bringing in, of all people, Sir Thomas Farquhar. The Countess's burst of anger and bad Italian at the Count, and her perseverance till she got both the intruders fairly out again, was all very diverting, and seemed to amuse Rossini a good deal. Her volley of Italian admirable. Said "Sir Thomas Farquhar, indeed!" who was only *eccellente par contare i denari*. Rossini remarked, after they were gone, on the unfitness of persons who were not connoisseurs as audience at *prora* or rehearsal, because they "did not know enough to make allowance for the blunders and slovenliness that always necessarily occurred on such occasions." Dined at Holland House, taken by Abercromby and Wishaw. Tierney, at dinner, breaking out about "Lalla Rookh." "Upon my soul, I must say (though Moore is present) that's the prettiest thing I ever read in my life." Lord Holland amused at Tierney's manner of saying it, "as if he was afraid Moore wouldn't agree with him." Some talk with Lord Holland after dinner about Carte's "Ormonde," which he has just been reading. Seems to fear that I will lean too much to the Catholics in my Irish work. Mentioned (what I was not aware of) that Cromwell had, at first, on going to Ireland, hesitated between the two very opposite plans of either attacking the Catholics with fire and sword (as he eventually did), or of giving a certain sanction and establishment to their religion. This, I think he said, is mentioned in Carte.

8th. Called upon Murray to ask him to cash a bill upon Power for me, as he did last

year. Had told me at that time it was no favour whatever; but now refused, saying he should have occasion for all the money he could muster up for some time. Went to Longmans; asked them whether, if Charles Sheridan should take away the Sheridan papers from Murray, they would have any objection to undertake the work. Said not, if it did not appear to be interfering improperly with Murray. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's; company, Lord Essex, the Cawdors, Luttrels, &c. &c. Talked of the Duke of Montrose being called the "Goose," when Lord Graham (in the *Rolliad*). Lord North, one night, when, as usual, asleep, was waked to be told that Lord Graham was going to speak. "No, no," says Lord North, "he'll not speak till Michaelmas!"

9th. Went out to look after some Scotch songs for poor Lucy Drew, who has been long suffering with severe illness; packed them off to her through the Foreign Office. Called upon Croker; had some talk with him about his new club. Dined at Lord Auckland's; no one but his sisters, Luttrell, and Mr. Baring Wall. In talking about Stephen Kemble, whose sole qualification for acting Falstaff was his being able to do it without stuffing, Luttrell said, "The most difficult character I know to act without stuffing is a fillet of veal! I have seen it attempted, but it failed."

10th. Walked about for two hours; met Hallam. Dined at Mrs. Tighe's; company, Jekyll, Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord James Stuart, William Spencer, &c. &c. Talked of the manner of concluding letters. William Spencer quoted a French letter, in which the writer, complaining of a hurt he had received in his *jambe*, goes on *avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur*, &c. &c. Jekyll told of a letter from the Duke of —, when abroad, complaining how much the whole party had been bitten by bugs: "Lady Mary is also much bitten. The only person that has escaped is he who has the honour," &c. &c. Stopped for half an hour to Mrs. Tighe's assembly in the evening; some very pretty people there. Home early, as I am obliged to be every night, for the purpose of rising early to my work.

13th. Have four invitations to dinner to-day. Among others to Abercromby, whom I am sorry to lose. Company at Longman's, Mr. Jerdan (the editor of the "Literary Ga-

zette"), Mr. Mill (who has written about Hindostan), &c. Had a letter from Tom Campbell this morning, expressing his great regret at not being able to join the party; says in it, that he dreamt the other night I told him I was occupied about a great poem, and hopes it is not merely *ouïdos ouveiros*. Went to the opera; found the Duchess of Hamilton, and Souza, in Lady Lansdowne's box; had it all to myself when they went away, and prepared to enjoy the ballet alone; but Souza returned, and spoilt my treat. Charles Sheridan called when I was dressing for dinner to-day, and fixed to come up again from Hampton Court on Wednesday, for the purpose of settling definitely about the "Life."

14th. Had but a short walk in the Park. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Colchester, Sir John Nicholl, and Stratford Canning. Story of Lord Coleraine taking off the hat of the person walking with him, instead of his own, when bowing to some one in a shower of rain. Had a long discussion about divining rods. Mentioned a magnetiser in Paris who professes to correspond by means of the magnetic fluid (which he sends in a parabola over the tops of the houses) with a young lady in the Rue de Richelieu, himself living in the Place Louis Quinze. Sometimes the fluid is intercepted by other people in its way. The same professor of magnetism also produces a sympathetic feeling in his patients, by means of a lurid atmosphere, which surrounds him and them. Performed this experiment with a man's wife in the dark, the husband himself being of the party, but not able to perceive the atmosphere, which was only visible to the wife and the magnetiser. Some company in the evening, among whom was Tom Campbell. Talked to him about "Capt. Rock," and hoped he would give it a lift in his Magazine, as I felt more than an author's anxiety about its circulation and success. Promised to do so. Spoke of the dinner intended to be given to the Greek deputies; anxious that I should be in town for it, as he wished I should undertake the giving of Lord Byron's health. Went from thence with Lord Lovaine to Sir G. Warrender's, where there was music; Begrez, Mad. Vestris, Caradori, &c. &c. Among the company was the Duke of Wellington, Princes Polignac and Lieven.

15th. Walked out a little. Dined at Orme's. It turned out very agreeable; particularly in the evening, when there was a very gay assemblage of faces, quite new to me, and some of them very pretty. Sung a good deal, and danced a quadrille afterwards with a beautiful little girl, the daughter of a Circassian; there were two of them (Miss Bruces), and both quite worthy of a mother from Circassia. Had been asked to Lord Alvanley's to hear Rossini, but thought it wisest to stay where I was; and accordingly remained to supper.

16th. Dined with Lord Darnley, "to talk," as he said, "over the woes of Ireland." Is very anxious for my book before his motion on the state of Ireland; and it ought to have been out long since; but it takes an immense time transcribing, and I am interrupted every moment; besides, it swells out, in copying, to a much greater extent than I had anticipated. Found, on going up stairs, Madame Biagoli at the pianoforte, and symptoms of music; at which I took fright, and ran away to the opera with Lady Davy.

17th. Charles Sheridan came according to appointment; expressed himself anxious that, at all events (whether he could secure better terms for his brother's family or not), the work should be taken out of the hands of Murray. Advised him, however, to sound Murray as to what he would be willing to give before he finally decided. Left me to do so; and returned in an hour with the intelligence that Murray would offer nothing; that he considered the thousand pounds to me cleared everything; and that, accordingly, Charles Sheridan had signified to him that the papers would be transferred into other hands. Agreed to try the Longmans, and to let Sheridan know the result on Saturday, S. saying many flattering things about his luck in being in such honourable hands as mine, &c. &c. Luttrell said, in the course of conversation, "What a prodigality of invention there is in mankind! only think, to invent such a language as Greek, and then let it die!"

18th. Hard at work. Called for by Lady Davy to go to dinner at Hallam's; sat next to a pretty girl at dinner, Miss Morse; Rogers and Spencer of the party. In the evening went to Mrs. Stewart Nicholson's to hear Rossini (who receives fifty guineas a night for these parties). Sung his song in the "Bar-

biere," "Figaro quà," admirably; sung also "Assisa al pie d'un salice," and "Mi manca la voce," with Colbra, &c.

19th. Breakfasted with Power, to look over proofs. Mrs. Spottiswoode's carriage came for me at five to take me to dinner at her father's (Longman's) at Hampstead. Told Longman and Reese what had occurred about the "Life;" and Rees appointed to meet C. Sheridan on the subject at my lodgings to-morrow. Sung in the evening, and home.

20th. Sheridan and Rees met, and had their consultation; and Rees's proposal was, that besides making up my thousand pounds to me, they would agree, after the sale of 1000 copies quarto and 1500 octavo, to give Mrs. T. Sheridan's family half the profits of all further editions that might be printed. C. Sheridan asked a little time to consider, and said he would let us know his determination in a day or two. Dined at Holland House; taken out by Lord John Russell in his cabriolet. Company, Lord Jersey, Luttrell, Byng, young Wortley, &c. Brought back by Byng; went to the opera. Adair told to-day of Sheridan's saying, "By the silence that prevails, I conclude Lauderdale has been cutting a joke." Some talk with Lord Holland about Junius and Churchill, in which I said I would much rather, for my pleasure, read the latter than the former. "Aye, that's the jingle?" (think he said).

21st. Obligated to leave my writing, and walk out in the rain, to try and get rid of a headache. Have called several mornings upon Sir J. Newport, who has lent me several other House of Commons papers. Dined at Orde's; company, Hobhouse, W. Spencer, &c. &c. Went from thence (taken by the Ordes) to Miss White's; Captain and Mrs. Cater and Mrs. William Baring there, singing duets and glees without accompaniment, there being no pianoforte. Wanted me to sing, but only took a part in one or two glees. Promised to dine with Miss White on Sunday next, if I should stay so long in town; fixed with Newton (who was here) to breakfast with him in the morning.

22nd. Breakfasted with Newton; and sat to him afterwards. Told me Lord Lansdowne had been to see his pictures, and thought mine very like. Returned home to write. Woolriche came, having arrived in town with the

Duke of Bedford yesterday. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; the Ordes, Sir — Willoughby, Capt. Spencer, &c. In the evening, the Belhavens, Mrs. Tierney, &c. Sung a good deal; Lady Davy sobbing violently at "Poor broken heart!" The Lansdownes came late; sung my new song, "Sing, sing," for the third time, to them.

23rd. Lord John called upon me; walked out. Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of "The Times;" company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrell, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gaiety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry; his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, "You see what it is to be in the *secret*;" invincible good humour. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, "In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice." Lord H.'s story of the man stealing Mr. Fox's watch, and Gen. Fox laughing at him about it, &c. &c. Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch. Went to the opera with Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Baring (whose box I sat in some time) renewed very kindly her invitation to me and Mrs. Moore for the summer, and begged we should bring the two little ones with us. Barnes, this evening, asked me to dine with him on Sunday next, and Rogers advises me to get off my engagement with Miss White, and go with him, as he is a person well worth cultivating; have refused Lord Lansdowne also for Sunday, but rather think I shall take Rogers's advice.

24th. Dined with Watson Taylor: company, C. Ellis, Planta, Wilmot (the Under Secretary), Jekyll, Lord Ancrum, Lady Sandwich, the Davys, &c. &c. Got near Jekyll and Wilmot,

and found it agreeable enough. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying to a witness, "Why you are an industrious fellow; you must have taken pains with yourself; no man was ever *naturally* so stupid." Conversation about the negroes; Davy's opinion that they are decidedly an inferior race, and that it would take many generations of high culture to bring them to a level with whites. It required, he said, forty generations to make a wild duck a tame one; and to bring the negroes to the perfection of civilised whites, would take nearly the same lapse of time. Sir Humphry talks wildly sometimes, and *de omni scibili*. Went from thence to Mrs. Hope's; had promised her I would sing, and got hastily through two songs, but refused any more, as there were too many people assembling. Found there the Hollands. Lord H. asked me whether I could get him the particulars relative to the attainders of Harvey and Colclough in Ireland; as, now they are revising the Scotch attainders, he thinks something might be done with respect to these Irish ones; said I would inquire. Was to have gone to Mrs. Mitchell's ball, but did not.

25th. Lord Belhaven called upon me between four and five to take me to the House of Lords to hear Lord Kingston's motion about tithes; walked down with him. Much fun expected from Lord Kingston's account of the terrible tithe-proctor "Cruel Delany;" but Lord Harrowby produced more laughter by his seriousness about it, than any of the others did by their jokes. Asked to dinner in the House both by Lord Essex and Lord Auckland; but was engaged to Lord Cawdor. Company at Lord C.'s, Seymour Bathurst, Lady Georgina Bathurst, Lord J. Thynne, Greville, &c. Sat next Lady Georgina, and found her very agreeable; talked of a prologue written by Canning last summer, for a charade acted while he was at Saltram; during which time, they said, he seemed to have resumed all his former vivacity. Greville repeated the prologue, which turns chiefly on allusions to craniology, and is pleasant enough; but might have been written by any other lively member of society as well. Introduced to Lord Bath, in the evening, who expressed a wish to see me at Longleat.

26th. Woolriche called; walked out. Dined at William Maddocks's: an immense dinner,

chiefly of Welch people; knew none of the company, but Lord Limerick and Lord Kinoul. Singing in the evening; Linley and Mr. and Mrs. Gattie (formerly Miss Hughes); I sung a good deal and was much lauded. Went from thence to Mrs. G. Philipps's assembly. Quite ridiculous the swarms of invitations that beset me; entreated that "I would fix a day, however distant," &c. &c. Met my old friend Admiral Douglas, who wants me to meet Lord Exmouth at his house, some twenty miles from town, to-morrow; but it is impossible.

27th. Was to have dined at Holland House to-day to meet General Mina; but found myself so hard run with my printing and transcribing that I could not spare the time. C. Sheridan (who wrote to me a day or two since, communicating his assent to the proposal of the Longmans, and enclosing a copy of an agreement for them to sign) called this morning, and received from me the paper signed by them; so that I have now only to give Murray a draft upon the Longmans for the money I have had of him (about 350*l.*), and transfer the MS. at present in his hands (containing the early part of the "Life") from him to them. Dined alone at Richardson's; and returned home to work in the evening.

28th. Walked a little in the Park after breakfast. Dined with Barnes in Great Surrey Street, beyond Blackfriars Bridge, having written the day before yesterday to explain to Miss White, and promised to come to her in the evening. Company at Barnes's, a Secretary of the French Embassy, Haydon the painter, and a Scotch gentleman whose name I could not make out, but who is also a chief writer for "The Times." Barnes more forthcoming a good deal than he was at Rogers's. Spoke of that day, and said how much he was delighted with Lord Lansdowne, whose unaffected modesty struck him as particularly remarkable in a person of such high talent and rank; was also very much charmed with Lord Holland, as far as regarded the liveliness and variety of his conversation; but considered his manners so evidently aristocratic and high, as to alarm the pride of persons in his (Barnes's) situation, and keep them on the alert lest this tone should be carried too far with them. Told him that this latter apprehension was altogether groundless, as Lord Holland's good

nature and good breeding would be always a sufficient guarantee against any such encroachment; but, at the same time, could not help agreeing with him (though rather surprised at his perceiving it so soon through all the cheerfulness and hilarity of Lord Holland's manner) that there is actually a strong sense of rank and station about him; while, notwithstanding the greater reserve and discretion of Lord Lansdowne's conversation and address, there is not anything like the same aristocratic feeling in him as in Lord Holland; indeed, few noblemen, I think, have less of this feeling than Lord Lansdowne. A good many stories about Lord Ellenborough. Went to Miss White's; found Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth, Jekyll, &c., who had dined there; told Rogers what Barnes had said about Lord Holland; made me repeat it to Tierney, who seemed to think it very extraordinary, and to have quite a different opinion himself; looking upon Lord Lansdowne, as, if anything, the more aristocratic man of the two.

29th. Had half promised to dine with the Davys to-day, but gave it up, in order to work in the evening. Told Moore I would come and eat a cutlet *tête-à-tête*, with him; found, however, that, in the interim, he had asked two men to meet me, Prendergast, M. P., and Bonham.

30th. Dined with Bingham at Gray's Inn; company, Mrs. Austen, a Mr. Gattie, and another gentleman; all Benthamites, and quite different from other people. The lady talked political economy; told me she had taken a young Frenchman in hand; had tried to get Mill and Bentham into his head, but that he said they were "too *clear* for him." How far he must carry his *beau idéal* of the unintelligible!

April 1st. Have been finishing the preface to "Captain Rock" these two mornings in bed, and hurried over some of it clumsily enough; took down the last copy to the Longmans myself. Forgot to mention that yesterday I received Murray's account, and that, between the money he advanced me and the books he has supplied me with, it amounts to 350*l.* Has written me also a note, begging that I would apply to Douglas Kinnaid for the assignment of Lord Byron's "Memoirs," which he continues, he says, to withhold from him, leaving him no security for his property in

them. In consequence of this, called upon Kinnaid; read over the assignment with him and Hobhouse; and they being of opinion that there was no objection to letting Murray have this instrument in his possession, till such time as I should be able (according to my intention) to redeem the "Memoirs" altogether, I brought it away with me. Called upon Murray, but did not find him at home. Asked to Lord Belhaven's and several other places to-day, but could not go in consequence of an early and odd engagement I had made to accompany Lord Dillon to a *coterie* of blue stockings at Paddington. Dined with the Lansdownes, who were going to the Matthews, and from whom I could therefore get away in time. Called upon by Lord Dillon at eight, and went to Paddington.

2nd. Breakfasted with Newton. Went from thence to Murray, and gave him the assignment.

3rd. Breakfasted again with Newton, in order to meet Russell the actor, who had promised me a dress to take down with me to Bath, Bessy having expressed a wish to go to a masquerade there on Monday, and I having agreed to meet her in Bath for the purpose. Excellent this; having an appointment with my wife at a masquerade! Promised me a Figaro's dress.

4th. Up at half-past five and off in the White Lion Coach at a quarter before seven; two shrewd solicitors my companions: much talk about public characters; and evidently puzzled to make out who I was; seemed for some time to think I was Hobhouse. Arrived in Bath at the White Lion between seven and eight; supped, and to bed, a good deal fatigued; my last two days in town having been full of worry and bustle.

5th. Bessy and Tom arrived between eleven and twelve. The dear girl has not been at all well for some weeks, but as brisk and alive as usual, notwithstanding. Went to see dear Anastasia, and took her and Julia Starkey to see the panorama of the Coronation; ordered our dominoes for the night, my Figaro dress being given up. Dined at Mr. T. Phipps's; home and dressed. The masquerade, as a spectacle, beautiful, and when we were allowed to cast off our masks very agreeable; the room, with the booths for refreshments on each side, better imagined and managed than

any thing of the kind I ever saw, and no expense spared to make all perfect. Bessy delighted; and danced towards the end of the night with Tom Bayly. Not home till between six and seven in the morning.

Walked about Bath with Bayly. Had visits from the Holtons, Mrs. Elwin, &c. &c.; and left Bath for home at three. Met Dr. Crawford, by the by, and made demonstrations of feeling him for his visits to 'Statia; but he took me aside, and said he hoped I would not rob him of this opportunity of showing what he felt towards me, and that he was most cheerfully ready to attend her in the same way whenever she might require him. Very kind this. Glad to be at home after my five weeks of anxiety and bustle.

9th. Received copies of "Captain Rock," which is published to-day. Rees tells me in his letter that Lord Liverpool sent for a copy yesterday morning; this was on account of Lord Darnley's motion on the state of Ireland last night. Notices of the work to-day in "The Times" and "Morning Chronicle;" the former of which devotes one of the leading articles to me. Very flattering. The "Chronicle" gives near two columns of extracts.

10th. Had people in the evening. John Starkey just arrived, and joined them.

11th. A letter from Lady Holland, full of the warmest praise of "Captain Rock," which she says abounds with "wit and sprightliness;" the historical part she calls a *chef-d'œuvre* of perspicuity and pleasantry." Had John Starkey and his sister to dinner; sung to them in the evening.

12th. Working at my "Sacred Songs." Received a letter from the Longmans, which I ought to have had yesterday, saying that at their sale on Saturday there were so many "Captain Rocks" ordered they should find it necessary to print off a second edition of a thousand on Monday (to-day); and that if I had any corrections to make they would be in sufficient time by being sent off immediately. This, of course, out of the question now; but proceeded to make some corrections upon the chance of being time enough.

13th. Finished my hasty correction of the work, and sent it off. Started at three o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the mas-

querade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days this week; Bessy, however, not well enough to go. Went in my little gig as far as Trowbridge, and took a chaise from thence; did the four miles in less than twenty minutes. Company at dinner (besides their three fine girls and John Houlton), Colonel Davy, Mr. Elwyn of Bath, and a Mr. Langford. Mr. Elwyn mentioned (what I have heard Lord Lansdowne tell) of a French *exposition*, in which some *coiffeur* exhibited an image of a bald head, with a Cupid hovering over it, and about to let a new-invented wig fall on it; the motto underneath, *Le génie répare les torts du tems*. Young Houlton and the third girl sung, in the evening, Cimarosa's duet of "Se non credi" very well; and Isabella played some airs on a two-stringed guitar beautifully. I tried to sing, but the piano forte so loud and harsh that I could not manage it.

14th. Walked about the grounds with Mrs. Houlton and the girls; and was much delighted. Saw the ruins of the old castle and chapel, and the mummies of the Hungerfords. One of these broached some time since by an antiquarian, who introduced a quill into Lady Margaret's shoulder, and tasted some of the liquid from it, which was strongly aromatic. The first Speaker of the House of Commons is lying there, perfect still. A fine monument of the time of Charles I. in high preservation in the chapel. The Phippses arrived to dinner; the day very agreeable, and could hardly be otherwise. A pretty house, beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good champagne and moselle, charming music; what more could a man want? The nursery piano forte was brought up in the evening, and I sang to it with somewhat more success; Isabella, too, had recovered her voice, and sung as well as played, forming a picture like one of Stothard's, as she hung over her guitar.

15th. Had some music after breakfast. I sung a good deal; one of the songs, "Could'st thou look as dear," sent poor Mrs. P. out of the room. Again visited the ruins; and set off with the Phippses, to return home, at a little after two. Stopped at Trowbridge to call on Crabbe, but he was not at home. On my return found letters from Lords Holland Lansdowne, John Russell, and Dillon, about my book. Lord Holland says, "It has far surpass-

ed my expectations; and my expectations were very high. It is so full of wit and argument, learning, and feeling." He then proceeds to some details with respect to First Fruits, which I wish I had known before I published. Lord Lansdowne says, "Every one that I have seen is delighted with your book;" and Lord John begins his letter, "Success! success! The 'Captain' is bought by every body; extravagantly praised by Lady Holland; deeply studied by my Lord," &c. &c. Dillon says it is the finest thing since Swift, &c. &c. All this very encouraging.

16th. Answered Lords Holland, &c.; and sent off some things to Power.

18th. Had a letter from Rees, telling me that the second edition was published, and 550 of it ordered. The corrections had not arrived in time, but would appear in the third edition, which they were soon about to put to press.

20th. Odd enough, no attack yet upon me in "John Bull!" My task now writing additional verses for the new number of "Irish Melodies;" have also to find airs for two more, there being as yet but ten that I shall retain: pretty airs deplorably scarce.

23rd. A letter from Rees, inclosing one from Milliken, the Dublin bookseller, in which he speaks of the great sensation produced by the "Captain" in Ireland. "The people," he says, "through the country are subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and he should not wonder if the work was pirated." Milliken's letter also contains an order for a further supply of copies, which, when executed, Rees says, will leave but 100 on hand; so that he expects the third edition will be called for on Saturday (to-morrow).

24th. Have written two new Irish Melodies, "She sung of love," and "Oh bear me to that gloomy lake," which completes the number.

25th. Drove to Bowles's to dinner. Left my gig at Hughes's, and walked with H. to Brehmhill; found Bowles suffering, more from nervousness and apprehension, than from real illness; is horrified by some extracts he has seen from "Captain Rock."

26th. Dined at Dr. Starkey's. Had a letter from Lord Lansdowne, in which he says he has not heard a single dissentient voice as to the merits of "Captain Rock."

May 1st. Mrs. Bowles called, with a Gene-

ral Peachey; asked me to go back with her to dinner, which I did. Walked from Money's through Bowood to Bremhill; found Bowles in the same nervous state as before, but laughed him out of it; and he was as hearty and lively at dinner as ever. Would insist that he was a Whig; a Whig of Burke's school. I said, "Yes, such a Whig as Burke was after he had turned." Took my book to leave with him, but he refused to read it. His paper, the "St. James's Chronicle," abuses it, he tells me, most violently; and he will read the abuse readily enough, though he won't the book. General Peachey, who is a neighbour of Southey's, mentioned some amiable traits of him.

3rd. Went to Bath, Bessy and I and Mrs. Phipps; the post-horses took us there in somewhat less than an hour and three quarters. Went with Bayly to the rehearsal of a play which the amateurs of Bath give to-night for some benefit; all very anxious that I should stay for it. Our darling Anastasia walking about with us. Went to Upham's to look over the newspapers; find that "John Bull" has at last taken notice of me; but shabbily enough; expected he would have shown better fight. The "Westminster Review," too, has an article about me, written, I rather think, by —; *quantum suff.* of praise, but so managed on the whole as to be disparaging. Had a cold dinner at the inn; and left Bath at six o'clock. A letter from Lord Byron at Missolonghi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy: "the physicians," he says, "do not know which; but the alternative is agreeable."

4th. Still writing verses for the new number of "Irish Melodies." Received the Irish Observer" (O'Driscoll's new paper), with an article about "Rock" in it, highly laudatory. Received, too, under Lord Lansdowne's frank, a letter from the Secretary of the Catholics of Drogheda, thanking me in their name for my "able and spirited exposition of their wrongs," &c. &c. This is gratifying and satisfactory, as I rather feared the Catholics would not take very cordially to the work on account of some infidelities to their religion which break out now and then in it.

10th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne: told me he had the other day (in consequence of the passages quoted in "Captain Rock" from the Report of the Hibernian Society) refused

to take the chair at the meeting of that society, unless a pledge was given that no more such attempts at proselytism should be made. Talked of Stanley's speech, the other night, in defence of the Church of Ireland; I said he had misrepresented me with respect to my estimate of Church livings, and that I had some thoughts of putting a paragraph in the paper to correct him. Saw Lady L.; congratulated me on what she calls "the complete success" of "Captain Rock." Met Newton, who spoke of Lockhart (Sir W. Scott's son-in-law), now in town; said he met him and some other "Blackwood's Magazine" men lately, and was surprised to find (notwithstanding their tone in print) with what liberal praise they spoke of me; asked me to meet Lockhart at breakfast to-morrow. Bursts of congratulation from every one I meet on the success of "Rock:" Lord Essex, Lord Cowper, all loud in praise of it. Dined at Longman's to meet Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law), an agreeable, sensible man.

11th. Breakfasted at Newton's with Lockhart; found him agreeable. Told of Sir W. Scott once finding Crabbe and some Scotch chieftain (in his full costume) trying to converse together in French, Crabbe having taken the tartan hero for a foreigner, and the other, on being addressed in French by Crabbe, supposing him to be an Italian abbé. Called upon at Newton's by Murray*, with whom I walked for some time, talking of our respective wives, and praising them *à l'envers*. Dined at the Wiltshire Anniversary. Sir F. Burdett was to have been in the chair, but detained at the House. Gordon, M.P. for Cricklade, took it. My health given and drunk with great cordiality: indeed it was almost the only toast that seemed to rouse the party to anything like enthusiasm. Made them a speech: said that the possession of a thatched cottage and half an acre of garden was the only claim I had to be accounted a Wiltshire gentleman. Irishmen, however, could take many disguises. An Irish Colonel, once, upon meeting a man whom he thought he recognised in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment, said, "How's this? you are an Irishman, aren't you?" "Faith I am, your Honour." "And in the uniform of a Scotch regiment?" "Yes, your Honour, I am what they call a lamb in wolf's clothing." I should

* Who married Mrs. Moore's sister.—ED.

have said that Gordon, in proposing my health alluded to "Captain Rock," saying that I had lately appeared in a new character, that of a writer of statistics.

12th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me it had been remarked invidiously, that the only persons I had praised in "Captain Rock," were Peel and Canning, and that some had *defended* me (most probably himself) by saying, "It is a hard case that Moore, who has been abusing people all his life, should not be allowed to praise a little now." Carpenter (who has been costive enough in his praises since I ceased to publish with him) said to me, speaking of "Rock," "Sir, there is but one opinion as to its cleverness among men of all parties; it has placed you high too upon a ground which many were not inclined to think you could ever occupy." Lunched with Bennet, while he was dining. Overtook Mrs. T. Sheridan alone on her way to Almack's for her ticket; gave her my arm, being on the same pursuit. Went to the Literary Fund Dinner, of which I was a steward. Surprised on finding so large a portion of its directors and visitors to be persons whose names I had never heard before; in short, the only downright literati among them were myself and old George Dwyer, the poet, who used to take advantage of the people being earthed up to the chin by Dr. Graham, to go and read his verses to them. Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and Lord John Russell next him; I sat opposite to them. Lord L. gave my health in a most flattering manner, and nothing could be more warm than the reception it met with from the company; made them a long speech, which was interrupted at almost every sentence, by applause. It had been proposed to me before dinner to take the chair after Lord Lansdowne, who was obliged to go away early, but I declined it. Left with him and Lord John, who went to the French play, while I went home to refresh and dress myself again for Almack's. Everybody there, and all overflowing to me with praise of "Rock." A good deal of conversation with Lord Downshire, who said he thought it would do considerable good: that Englishmen, in general, knew nothing of the history of Ireland; that he himself, brought up as a boy in England, was for a long time ignorant of everything relating to Ireland, except that it was the place where his estates lay; that this book will turn the attention of

Englishmen to the subject. Stanley came to me, and, with much earnestness, said that Lord Lansdowne had mentioned to him my idea of his having quoted and misrepresented me, but assured me that all he quoted from me was the assertion with respect to the incorrectness of the pamphlet on the wealth of the clergy. Praised Lady Grantham's beauty to Miss D'Esté, who lost no time in mentioning it to her, and I was in consequence, by Lord G.'s desire, introduced to her; asked me for Friday. A note from Lord Jersey to tell me that Lady J. and her little child were doing very well, and adding that both he and Lady J. thought "Captain Rock" one of the cleverest books ever published.

13th. Drove to Hampstead to see Miss Robinson; strange scene. Dined early with Rees in order to go to a party at Longman's in the evening. Rees asked me had I called upon Murray yet to complete the arrangement entered into when I was last in town for the redemption of Lord Byron's "Memoirs;" said I had not. Told me the money was ready, and advised me not to lose any further time about it.

14th. A letter in the "Morning Herald" to-day about my speech at the Literary Fund, accusing me of having represented Napoleon as a friend to the liberty of the press. What absurdities malice will, in its blindness, rush into! Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the "Memoirs" lay. Lord L. said, "You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon." Went off to the "Morning Chronicle" office, and saw the "Courier," which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that "in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the 'Memoirs,' which he had agreed upon between us when I was last in

town." Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the "Memoirs," but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the mean time to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the "Memoirs" were, and saying that he was ready on the part of Lord Byron's family to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.

15th. A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the 2000 guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the "Memoirs" at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work),

and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by me, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, not of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the "Memoirs" was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines), the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the "Memoirs" into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for the 2000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's

advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i. e.* of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2000 guineas for me on Monday morning. Paid eleven shillings coach-hire to-day, and got wet through after all. Dined with Edward Moore, finished a bottle of champagne, and home. Was to have dined to-day with Watson Taylor to meet the Phippses.

16th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and when the clause was mentioned, said, "Is there such a clause?" but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had written, "two thousand pounds," into "two thousand guineas," and adding "with interest, expense of stamps," &c. &c. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every

object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it.

[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as "the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power." He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript, to be dealt with as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations.

Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest.

The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agree-

ment was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.

The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.

As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet.—J. R.

18th. Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the Princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Col. Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, viz., Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyl, and Lady Poulteney and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, "The wreath you wove" (rather pretty) and "The Legacy!" She played also a march, which she told me she had "composed for Frederick" (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, "Oh, where's the slave!" and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favorite sister of his Majesty George IV. * * * We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyl said that Kenyon died of eating apple pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie; "which," said Jekyl, "we used to call apple pie-ty."

The Princesses also told of how "the King" used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the Despatch Box to him at a quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably. Gave up my other engagements and dined with Woolriche, at Richardson's. I ought to have mentioned that in the course of my conversations these two days past with Hobhouse, he frequently stated that, having remonstrated with Lord Byron the last time he saw him on the impropriety of putting a document of the nature of these memoirs out of his own power, Lord B. had expressed regret at having done so, and alleged considerations of delicacy towards me as his only reason for not recalling them. This, if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice.

19th. A statement in "The Times" to-day; true as to the leading facts of the destruction of the MS. and my repayment of the money to Murray, but incorrect as to other particulars. Occupied about the insurance of my life. Dined with the Bryans, and went to Mrs. Story's in the evening. Not well.

20th. Went to breakfast at Holland House. Lord John and Sydney Smith there. Smith told me, in speaking of "Captain Rock" (which he had not yet read), that he once drew up a little manual of Irish History, much, as he conceived, in the same spirit and intention. Went from thence to pay a visit to Canning; driven part of the way by Lord John; not at home; left card. Met Stanhope (Lord Mansfield's son-in-law), who asked me whether the statement in "The Times" was true. Told him the two chief facts were; on which he said, "You have done the finest thing that ever man did—you have saved the country from a pollution." Here I stopped him, and assured him that this was a mistake; that there was but very little of an objectionable nature in the first or principal part of the memoirs, and that my chief objection to the total destruction of the MS., was the sanction such a step would give to this unjust character of the work. A clever letter to-day from Corry about "Rock;" thinks me too Catholic. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lord Ellenborough, Caulfield, &c. Went to

Lansdowne House; a large assembly. Duke of Gloucester said to me, nearly in the words of Stanhope, "You have done the handsomest and finest thing that ever man did;" spoke also of "Rock," and said he feared there was but too much truth in it. The Duke of Sussex, too, very civil: said he had a quarrel with me, because I never came to see him. Walked about a good deal with the Phippses, to point out to them the lions of the party. Long conversation with Luttrell, who has had a letter from Wilmot Horton, urging my acceptance of the money back again from Murray: Luttrell strongly of opinion that I ought to take it. Repeated my determination not to do so; but promised to talk with him on the subject in the morning. The most ridiculous statements going about these two days; one, that the parties broke by force into my lodgings, and carried off the MS.; another, that Hobhouse had held me down with all his might while they were burning it. By the by, met the Misses Law this evening at Lord Charlemont's, and found them all kindness to me, notwithstanding my sad offences against their father.

21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Discussed the offer of W. Horton over, but he could not convince me. My views of the matter simply these: from the moment I was lucky enough (by converting the *sale* of the MS. into a *debt*) to repair the great error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power, I considered it but as a *trust*, subject to such contingencies as had just happened, and ready to be placed at the disposal of Lord Byron, if he should think proper to recall it; or of his representatives, if, after his death, it should be found advisable to suppress it. To secure this object it was that, at Luttrell's suggestion, I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement with Murray, giving me a lapse of three months after the death of Lord Byron to raise the money and redeem my deposit. That the clause was not inserted, as I intended, was a strange accident, and would have been to me (had the omission been discovered in time to take the disposal of the MS. out of my hands) a most provoking one. But luckily, by the delay in producing the agreement, I was enabled to proceed exactly as if all had been as I intended; and to restore, of my own free will, and without any view to self-interest, the trust into those hands that had the most

natural claims to the disposal of it. Were I now to take the money, I should voluntarily surrender all this ground, which I had taken so much pains to secure to myself; should acknowledge that I *had* put the MS. out of my power, and surrendering all the satisfaction of having disinterestedly concurred in a measure considered essential to the reputation of my friend, should exhibit myself as either so helplessly needy, or so over-attentive to my own interests, as to require to be paid for a sacrifice which honourable feeling alone should have dictated. Luttrell proposed our calling upon Hobhouse, assuring me, at the same time, that no one could be more kindly disposed towards me than Hobhouse was. I felt glad of the opportunity, and we went; the meeting very cordial. Talked again over the offer of the family, and Hobhouse (to whom Wilmot Horton had also appealed on the subject) concurred with Luttrell in urging it on me. I went over, as strongly as I could, my reasons against it; and at last Luttrell, with a candour that did him much honour, said, "Shall I confess to you, my dear Moore, that what you have said has a good deal shaken me; and if you should find (but not till *after* you have found) that Lord J. Russell and Lord Lansdowne agree with these views of yours, pray mention the effect which I freely confess they have produced on me." This avowal was evidently not without its influence upon Hobhouse, who, after a little more conversation, looked earnestly at me and said, "Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly what I would do if I were in your situation?" "Out with it," I answered eagerly, well knowing what was coming. "I would *not* take the money," he replied; and then added, "The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it." This was an honest and manly triumph of good nature, over the indifference (to say the least of it) to my reputation, which must have dictated his former advice. He then talked of Murray's dissatisfaction at the statement in the "Times;" on which I offered to draw up a paragraph correcting its errors, and giving Murray full credit for having at first declined receiving the money, when proffered to him. Did so, to the satisfaction of both L. and H. and took it to the "Times" office. Went to Longmans' to finish my insurance transaction, and brought them round without

much difficulty, to approve of my refusal of the money; this was a great point gained, and more easily (considering their commercial views of matters) than I expected. Dined at Lansdowne House. Went early for the purpose of consulting Lord L. with respect to my refusal of the money, or rather to *tell him what I meant to do*; for having made up my mind, it would have been mockery to affect to ask advice. Told him therefore, at starting, that though I should be most delighted to have the sanction of his opinion, yet that nothing could change my own views of the matter. Had but little time, however, for my statement to him and Lady Lansdowne before the company arrived. The party were the Hollands, the Gwydirs, the William Russells, the Cowpers, the Duke of Argyle, and Sydney Smith. Saw in my short conversation with them, that both Lord and Lady L. were strongly for my taking the money. Went off at ten o'clock to Paddington; a rather strange scene. Forgot to mention that one of the days I called upon D. Kinnaird, he read me a letter he had just received from a girl, entreating of him (in consideration of her family, who would be all made unhappy by the disclosure), to procure for her her letters, and a miniature of her, which had been in the possession of Lord Byron. Told Kinnaird I could guess the name of the lady, and did so. Forgot to mention that Hobhouse told me W. Horton had said that "if there was any power in law to make me take the money, he would enforce it."

22nd. Was early with the Lansdownes. Went over all my reasons for the refusal, but did not make much impression on them; begged me to consult Abercrombie, and hear what Lord John had to say on the subject. Met Murray in St. James's Street, who said, taking me by the hand, "I hope there is no objection to me shaking hands;" received this coldly, and said, I hoped he was satisfied with the statement in the "Times" to-day? "Pretty well," he answered; but added there were dreadful statements against him going about, and that Lord Lansdowne (who of all men, he should be most sorry to have think ill of him) had said such things of him the other day at the Literary Club, that he had thought, it due to himself to write a letter to his Lordship on the subject. I answered, "Mr. Murray, you need not fear any injustice

from Lord Lansdowne, who is well acquainted with every particular of the transaction between you and me from beginning to end. As to this last affair, I am ready to bear testimony that your conduct in it has been very fair." So saying, we parted. Went home. Lord John called upon me, full of Wilmot Horton, who had been working at him too on the subject; was of opinion that there existed no objection whatever to my taking the money. A long conversation; said he would think over what I had said against our next meeting. Went to Rogers's, and found him and his sister equally inclined with the rest to consider my refusal of the money as too romantic a sacrifice. Recapitulated my reasons, much more strongly and eloquently than I could ever put them to paper. Saw they were both touched by them, though Rogers would not allow it; owned that *he* would not receive the money in such a case, but said that my having a wife and children made all the difference possible in the views he ought to take of it. This avowal, however, was enough for me. More mean things have been done in this world (as I told him) under the shelter of "wife and children," than under any other pretext that worldly-mindedness can resort to. He said, at last, smiling at me, "Well, your life may be a good *poem*, but it is a damned bad matter of fact." Dined at Lord Belhaven's; company, Lady Uxbridge, Lords Duncan and Maitland, &c. &c. Sung a little before I went to the Opera. That beautiful person, Lady Tullamore (who came in the evening), so affected at "Poor broken heart," that she was obliged to leave the room sobbing violently. Lady Belhaven took me to her: told her how little reason she had to be ashamed of feeling music so much, &c. &c. Too late for "Tancredi." A long statement of the whole transaction of the burning, &c. in the "Courier" this evening, affecting to be very minute, but full of falsehoods, suppressing, too, the material fact of my having paid the money, and leaving it to be implied that the whole merit of the sacrifice lay with Murray. Evidently the manufacture of one of Murray's clerks. Lady Mansfield at the Opera. Asked me to dine with her early next Tuesday to see the whole of "Tancredi." Promised to get off from Lord Auckland's, if I could.

23rd. A bouncing lie in "John Bull" to-

day; says that it was Mrs. Leigh's friends redeemed the MS., and that "in the meantime little Moore pockets the money." In writing a note to Hobhouse I said, "for God's sake don't let any one contradict that lie in 'John Bull' to-day; it's worth any money." Had reserved this day and to-morrow to go and pay a visit to Admiral Douglas, but gave it up.—Walked about and made calls. Dined by myself at the George, and having one hour before Countess St. Antonio's party, went to the Houlton's. Found them at home, and sat listening to Isabella's guitar, and singing to them till it was too late for the Countess'. Home early. This morning Bryan delighted me with a piece of intelligence, which showed the kindness of *his heart*, as much as it made mine happy. He means to put out a thousand pounds to interest for my dear Anastasia, to whom he considers his duty of godfather transferred, since the death of poor Barbara. Said that he would not have mentioned this to me, but that he thought it might be some relief to my mind now in the sacrifice I was making; presented me also with a gold repeater; evidently much pleased with my conduct in this transaction, though he, at first, thought with the rest that I ought to take the money.

24th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Found him strongly of opinion that I ought to give some public contradiction to the statement in Saturday's "Courier," and the "Observer" of yesterday. However I might despise it myself, and however little impression it might produce upon him and those who knew the circumstances, "yet to others it conveyed the idea that Murray had the whole merit of the sacrifice, and that the money was not paid by me." Went to consult Luttrell and Hobhouse, who thought a short statement from myself was the best mode of setting all right. Drew up one, and took it to Barnes; who undertook to send a copy of it to the "Chronicle." Called at Longmans'. Went home and sent copies of the statement to Hobhouse, Luttrell, Frank Doyle, and Wilmot. Lord John, who came in while I was thus occupied, took charge of the inclosure to Wilmot Horton, as he was going to the House of Commons. Informed them all that there would be time enough before ten that night to make any alterations they might suggest in the statement. Drove, with Edward Moore, to the Regent's Park, with

which I was enchanted, never having seen it before. Dined with him in order to keep myself open for the evening. Received, while at dinner, notes from Doyle and W. Horton, both entreating me to defer my statement, and reconsider my resolution against receiving the money. "You are, I think," said Doyle, "(though from motives of high honour) mistaken in your view of the matter." W. Horton requested that I would at least wait for a narration of the whole proceedings, which he would draw up against twelve o'clock next day, and transmit to me for the purpose of being shown to Lord Lansdowne, and my other friends, before my final decision should be taken. Drove off with E. Moore to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices, to countermand the statement. Found Barnes on his Panopticon of Europe: and were a good deal interested by seeing the great machine of the political world at work. Wrote a slight paragraph *ad interim*, to counteract the lies that are afloat; thence to the "Chronicle," and did the same; struck by the more scatter-brained appearance of the "Chronicle" establishment. Called on the Aucklands this morning, who promised to dine early enough for the Opera to-morrow.

25th. W. Horton's narrative not having arrived at one o'clock, went out. Called upon Lady Mansfield, to say that Lord Auckland held me to my engagement, and promised to dine early enough. Lady Caroline sang *Ombra Adorata* for me; much improved since I heard her in Italy. On my return home found W. Horton's narrative (as he calls it), detailing the circumstances of Murray's having called upon him on the Saturday after the news of Byron's death arrived: his offers to place the MS. at the disposal of the family, upon receiving the sum he had given for it: W. Horton's taking time to consult the family on the subject: my interview with him on Saturday: and so on through the whole of the circumstances that ensued. All very fairly and truly stated. The point, however, on which he founded his argument for my accepting the money was, that as the property was now proved to have been in Murray, and a negotiation, or rather a parole agreement for the purchase of it had taken place between him and Murray on Saturday, he had thus a *prior* claim to me, and Murray had no right

to part with the MS. to me, or any one else under such circumstances. That, therefore, the obvious and natural way of settling the matter was for Murray to give me back my money, and for the family to be allowed to proceed in the arrangement they had begun with Murray. I inclosed the narrative, according to his desire, to Lord Lansdowne; at the same time telling Lord L—— that it had made no difference whatever in my views of the transaction. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, Miss Villiers, Macdonald, &c. Went pretty early to the Opera. Countess St. Antonio, in reproaching me for not having come to her the Sunday before, desired that whenever I heard that she was at home I should consider myself invited, whether I received cards or not.

26th. Had written part of my answer to W. Horton yesterday. Breakfasted with Lord John, and took it with me to finish it there. Found Lord John converted to my opinion with respect to the refusal of the money. Went from thence to Lord Lansdowne, who also (under the new view which the narrative gave him of the transaction) approved of my not taking the money. He had thought before it was from the family I was to receive the remuneration, and in that case he still said he saw no objection to my receiving it; but in the manner it was now proposed to repay me, namely, by having the money given back to me by Murray, he certainly agreed that I was right in declining it. Was rejoiced at the sanction of his concurrence, though not perfectly understanding the distinction he drew; for, after all, it was the family that would actually pay the money in both cases. Went to Moore's, where I finished my answer to Wilmot Horton. His argument of a "prior claim to the purchase" was easily despatched. I then went over much of what I have already stated: my views in converting the sale of the MS. into a debt: my precaution in ordering a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me a power of redeeming it after Lord B.'s death, all for the purpose of keeping the trust in my own hands, and enabling me either to restore it to Lord Byron, if he should change his mind with respect to its destination, or, in the event of his death, placing it at the disposal of those most naturally interested in all that concerned him. Had the omission of the

intended clause been sooner discovered, I might have found some difficulty in acting up to these intentions, but luckily the ignorance in which we were left with respect to the terms of the agreement, left me free to pursue the course which I had always resolved upon, and to put self-interest completely out of the question in concurring with the other friends of Lord Byron in a step thought so necessary to his own fame and the feelings of those he left behind him. With respect to the argument used by some of those who advised my acceptance of the money, that Lord Byron, having given me these memoirs for my benefit, the family were but *making good* to me the intentions of their relative: I said that if Lord Byron were himself alive, and should say to me, "Here, Moore, was a gift which I meant for your advantage; circumstances have frustrated my intention, but I insist on your receiving from me an equivalent," I would, without hesitation, have accepted such an equivalent from the hands of my friend; but I acknowledged no such right to make me a present in persons with whom I had not even the honour of being acquainted; nor could I, by deriving profit from a work which they had pronounced unfit for publication, lend my sanction to the old satirical proverb, *bonus odor nummi*, let it come from whatever source it may. This (with a few acknowledgments, of the delicate manner in which Mr. Horton had conducted himself through the negotiation) was the substance of the answer which I despatched to him, and the chief of the reasons which I alleged for declining to receive the money in any shape, or through any channel whatever. Drove with Moore in his cabriolet, and left the letter at W. Horton's myself. Thence to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices with my statement, which I now felt myself at full liberty to publish. Dined with Rogers at six, to meet a party who were going to the Ancient Music: Lord Essex, and Miss Capell, Miss Stephens, Sir P. Codrington, Dr. Woolaston, &c. &c. Left them at half-past seven, and went to dine at Lord Wicklow's, where I met the Aberdeens and Charlemonts. Sung a little in the evening.

27th. My letter in the "Morning Chronicle," "Herald," "Post," and "Times." Called upon W. Maddocks, found Peter Moore with him, who promised me materials about Sheridan.

Met Lord Lansdowne; said my letter was quite right, but that he still grudged the money. Called upon Admiral Douglas, and fixed to come to him on Sunday. Went at one o'clock to the Comte de la Garde's, who has translated my "Melodies" into French with French airs, and fixed this morning for me to hear them. A large party, chiefly English, assembled. Madame Castelli and her husband sung the Melodies, and Ciarehottini accompanied; also a French girl on the harp, and a flute player from the French opera. At the conclusion a Cantata was sung with full accompaniments, written and composed for the occasion in honour of me; words by M. la Garde, the music by Signor Castelli. Rather an embarrassing honour; did not know how to look while they were shouting out *C'est nommer Moore à la postérité!* Adair was among the audience. Dined at Lord Belhaven's; company, Lord and Lady Cathcart, &c. &c. Lord Caernarvon said to me, while they were singing a quintet, "Really I don't see any difference between this and any other kind of noise." Talked with Frankland Lewis about my affair with W. Horton; he said, my conduct in it was perhaps rather "chivalrous;" but that I was, of course, the best judge of what my own feelings required.

28th. Was to have dined at Lord Cowper's, but went to Sir H. Davy's; company, Lord and Lady Darnley, Andrew Knight, &c. &c. Had called in the morning on Devereux, the busy Catholic, and found Eneas Macdonnell with him, who thanked me for the way in which I had mentioned his pamphlet in *Rock*. Sir H. Parnell, by the by, made the same sort of acknowledgment the other day for my mention of his speech. Went to Mrs. Turner's in the evening; heard the "wonderful boy" Listz.

29th. Dined at Lord Fortescue's; sat next Lord Ebrington, who talked to me abundantly about "Captain Rock," as did also Sir J. Newport, who never ceases praising it. Went to the Opera, and sat in Lady Lansdowne's box.

30th. Off at eight to Douglas's, near Uxbridge; a most cordial reception from him and his wife, but a wretched cold spoiled my enjoyment of the evening.

31st. Returned to town at half-past twelve. Dined at Moore's to meet the Phippses; company, Washington Irving (just arrived from

Paris), Lattin, and Beecher. Lattin amusing after dinner.

June 1st. Dined with Willbraham, joined Mrs. Story and Irving at the play afterwards.

6th. Started between seven and eight, and arrived at Bath between nine and ten, having gone out of our way to take a son of Major Armstrong's from school. Bessy met us at the York House.

8th. Called upon Edward Moore's mother and sister, and promised to go again to-morrow to be introduced to a Catholic Bishop, Dr. Baynes.

9th. Was presented to the Bishop, who is a violent admirer of "Captain Rock." Showed me a letter from the famous Dr. Doyle, in which he "My Lords" and "Lordships," his brother Baynes, in every line.

10th. Bessy and I set off for the cottage before the Bryans, who were to dine with us, but who did not arrive, from an accident happening to their wheels, till between five and six. Seemed really delighted with our little establishment. Left us for Chippenham, on their way to Holyhead between eight and nine.

12th to 14th. Nothing remarkable. Nervous and languid from the agitation in which I was kept in town. Ordered some tonic draughts from the apothecary, which were of service to me.

15th. Went to Bath, Bessy, Mrs. B. and I to the Music Meeting. Met Irving, who had come there to join us. He and I dined together (the ladies having dined before we left home), and all went to the evening concert, which was not very good.

16th. All went to the Music at the Cathedral; the Mount of Olives very dramatic. Some of Bowles's "Ark," composed for the occasion and performed; wretched. Bessy and Mrs. B. returned home afterwards, taking Anastasia with them; and Irving and I dined with Mr. Elwyn. Company, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Houlton, and Dr. Crawford. Went to the concert in the evening.

17th. Called upon Vallebraque; Catalani not visible; gave me an order for the Messiah to-morrow; not likely to make use of it. Irving and I set out for the Cottage between ten and eleven. Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful

as a domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne (come down in consequence of Lord King's illness), who walked part of the way back with us. Read me some parts of his new work "Tales of a Traveller." Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him 1500*l.* for it; might have had, I think 2000*l.* Told him the story which I heard from Horace Smith about the woman with the black collar, and the head falling off; thought it would do well for his ghost stories; but mentioned H. Smith having told me he meant to make use of it himself, probably *has* done so in the "New Monthly Magazine."

18th. Irving full of the woman with the black collar; intends to try his hand at it. Resolved to leave us this evening, though evidently much pleased with our little quiet establishment; owned he did not expect to find us in such perfect comfort. After dinner walked with him to Buckhill to meet the coach, having sent his baggage there before us. Missed the coach, and took a chaise to Bath, intending to proceed to his sister at Birmingham to-morrow. Forgot to mention that, during the last week of my stay in town, I heard from Moore, the artist (to whom I was sitting for a model), of an old friend of mine being in London; one whom I knew at Bermuda, when she was about eighteen or nineteen, and I three and twenty, and never had seen, or even heard of her since. Moore said she had expressed a strong wish that I should call upon her, which I did, and the meeting was, from a variety of considerations, interesting to me. She had been married some time to Major Moore, brother to General Moore, with whose wife I found her. Time has made considerable alteration in her, but still the soft black eyes remain.

19th to 30th. The two or three ensuing weeks may be taken *en gros*, as they were diversified by little that calls for detail. I resumed my Sheridan task, and worked at it with tolerable industry, writing with more facility and quickness than usual. Forgot to mention that before I went to town, Charles Sheridan had written to say that he had been requested by Lord Fitzwilliam to allow the Bishop of Rochester to have the Westminster Hall Speech for his forthcoming "Life of Burke." Told him when in town the objec-

tions I saw to his complying with such a request; the injury it would do to our work by taking away the novelty or rather authority which this authentic report would give us, the voluminousness of it, &c. &c. C. Sheridan, however, said, that having promised it, he could not be off his word; and besides, he thought it would be creditable to his father's fame to have this speech placed beside those of Burke's upon *equal terms*; those of the latter upon this occasion not having been dressed up for publication, like his other great speeches. Upon my mentioning, however, his intention to the Longmans, they said they should consider it as a breach of his agreement with them, if he gave any papers furnished for our work, into other hands till we had first published them. Wrote also some songs for Power, "Go and forget what now," and "Thou lovest no more;" besides correcting the proofs of a new edition of the "Irish Melodies." Received several letters from Rees, partly concerning inquiries connected with "Sheridan's Life" in which I employed him, and partly to urge my immediate application to Lord Byron's family, and to all other sources likely to furnish them, for materials towards my intended "Memoirs of Byron." Answered that I would do so, as soon as the funeral was over, but that it would be indecorous till then. Looked over the Journals, &c. I have of Byron's, and find much in them that may be made use of. Received an application (through Mrs. Hutchinson) from Madame Belloc, the translator of the "Loves of the Angels," requesting that I would allow her to have the translation of my "Life of Byron," whenever it appears; her letter most enthusiastic. Answered most graciously, and told her I had heard of her beauty; said also to Mrs. Hutchinson in my note, "your fair friend is too faithful a translator to deserve more than half of the title, *La belle Infidelle*, which somebody gave to one of the versions of old Amyot." Went on Sunday to Bowles's church (Mrs. B. with us), and dined with him. Bowles still wild against "Captain Rock;" has begun an answer to it, part of which he read to me, "all in good humour," as he pathetically says, when he is most bitter. Received a copy of "Captain Rock detected;" suspect it to be by a friend of my Sister Kate's, O'Sullivan; tolerably abusive of me; but worse of Lord Lansdowne, which I regret for

many reasons. Have now seen the following comments, reviews, &c. of Captain Rock:—"Blackwood's Magazine," intended to be very fatal, but overcharged and inefficient; calls the work "dull," "weak," &c. &c. "The London Magazine," laudatory. "Westminster Review," half and half. "Universal Review," have *not* seen, but hear from Bowles that it is powerful against me. Baron Smith's "Prefatory Notice," very flattering to the talent, but thinks the work likely to be mischievous. To these and the newspapers, may add Stanley's notice of me in the House of Commons; and the Bishop of Limerick's in the House of Lords. The latter quoted my words, "It has been called an omnivorous church (hear, hear); a preposterously rich church (hear, hear)." The noble lords, who cheer these expressions, if they knew," &c. &c. At a Baptist Meeting, also, the other day, some reverend gentleman did me the honour to quote it thus: "In that most pestilent and detestable book the 'Memoirs of Captain Rock;' this is charming. Have received two copies of verses from women about it; one anonymous, and the other from the little Paddington Sappho. The fourth edition reduced to two or three hundred, and the Longmans about to print a fifth. Answered a letter I had received from a Miss Sophia — in France, expressing the most passionate feelings about Lord Byron's death, and entreating me to inform her of the particulars; whether he suffered much pain; whether he had any friends with him, &c. &c. Gave her all the information I could. Received a letter in English from some German (whether female or male, don't know) near Dresden, beginning "As you are not only the first poet in the world, but also the best man," and inclosing me a letter to transmit to Lady Byron, signed with a most unpronounceable name, Graff Whackerback, or some such horror. Sent the letter to Lady Byron through Frank Doyle.

July 1st to 9th. Began to think whether it would be necessary for me to go up to Lord Byron's funeral. Wrote to Hobhouse, who told me his own wish had been to have him buried in Westminster Abbey; but that Mrs. Leigh had decided for Newstead, and that therefore the only mark of respect would be sending carriages.

9th. Saw in the papers that the friends of

Lord B. would accompany the funeral out of London, and determined to go up; wrote to Rogers to-day, to know what his intentions are; cannot, however, wait his answer, which would not arrive till Sunday (the day after to-morrow), and the funeral is to be on Monday. Resolved to start to-morrow morning.

10th. Mrs. B. went with me in the gig to Buckhill, where I took the coach and arrived in town five minutes after six; no rooms at 15 in Duke Street; was obliged to go to a glazier's opposite. Dined at Richardson's. Called at Power's, who showed me a thing called the "John Bull Magazine," in which there is a long rignarole, professing to be an extract from Lord B.'s "Memoirs." Rees told him that people believe this to be genuine; people will believe anything. Called and left my name at Hobhouse's.

11th. Called on Rogers after breakfast; said he had written in answer to my letter, that I need not disturb myself to come up, as there was no occasion. Hobhouse had asked him to go in one of the mourning coaches, but he did not intend it; seemed inclined, however, to change his mind; and at last I persuaded him to accompany me to the funeral. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, who was surprised to see me. Walked with Edward Moore. Was with Rogers again at four, to go with him to dine at Highbury (his brother's). A good deal of talk in the hackney coach about Burke, Pitt, and Fox; seemed to think Fox's opinion was right as to Burke's changing his style after the Westminster Hall Speech of Sheridan; fired out impatiently at my hinting that I thought Burke and Sheridan men of more real talent than Fox and Pitt; politics and party alone having given the latter a station above them. He said that William Pitt in speaking of Fox, had called him "the greatest of us all." Forgot, by the by, to tell him (what I think I heard from Tierney), that Pitt thought Sheridan a man much superior to Mr. Fox. Company at dinner, Offley and his daughter, and Mrs. Rogers and her son. Conversation about the arts; the history of which [R. says] Offley knows more than any one. Returned at night in the stage; found a letter from the undertaker requesting me to go as mourner, and fixed nine to-morrow morning as the hour. Agreed to breakfast with Rogers at eight.

12th. Was with Rogers at half-past eight.

Set off for George Street, Westminster, at half-past nine. When I approached the house, and saw the crowd assembled, felt a nervous trembling come over me, which lasted till the whole ceremony was over; thought I should be ill. Never was at a funeral before, but poor Curran's. The riotous curiosity of the mob, the bustle of the undertakers, &c., and all the other vulgar accompaniments of the ceremony, mixing with my recollections of him who was gone, produced a combination of disgust and sadness that was deeply painful to me. Hobbhouse in the active part he had to sustain, showed a manly, unaffected feeling. Our coachful consisted of Rogers, Campbell, Colonel Stanhope, Orlando (the Greek deputy), and myself. Saw a lady crying in a barouche as we turned out of George Street, and said to myself, "Bless her heart, whoever she is!" There were, however, few respectable persons among the crowd; and the whole ceremony was anything but what it ought to have been. Left the hearse as soon as it was off the stones, and returned home to get rid of my black clothes, and try to forget, as much as possible, the wretched feelings I had experienced in them. Stanhope said in the coach, in speaking of the strange mixture of avarice and profusion which Byron exhibited, that he had heard himself say, "He was sure he should die a miser and a bigot." Hobbhouse, to-day, mentioned as remarkable, the change in Byron's character when he went to Greece. Finding that there was ardor enough among them, but that steadiness was what they wanted, he instantly took a quiet and passive tone, listening to the different representations made to him, and letting his judgment be properly informed, before he either urged or took any decided course of action. Campbell's conversation in very bad taste; among other subjects talked of poor Bowles, calling him "rascal," &c., upon which Rogers took him up very properly. Fixed with Stanhope to come to breakfast with Rogers on Wednesday. Walked with R. into the park, and met a soldier's funeral, which, in the full state my heart was in, affected me strongly. The air the bugles played was, "I'm wearing awa, like snow-wreaths in the thaw." Walked down to Paternoster Row, and dined with Rees. Told him I had consulted Rogers with respect to my applying to the family for materials, and that his decided

opinion was, that I should make no such movement at present; and that he thought I would rather injure my chance by doing so than otherwise. Rogers, by the by, in expressing this opinion to me, spoke as if there was something more in his mind than he chose to communicate. He said, "I entreat of you to take no step of this kind till I release you. I have particular reasons for it." Have little doubt, though I did not say so to him, that this mystery relates to some plan of the family for settling the 2000*l.* on little Tom. *A la bonne heure*; so I am not consulted on the subject, it is not for *me* to interfere. Went from Paternoster Row to call upon the Morgans. Found Lady Morgan half-dressed, and had the felicity of seeing the completion of her toilette; looking, however, much more at her handmaid (Morgan's pretty daughter) than at herself. From thence went to Mrs. Story's and supped with her. I and the girls went to Vauxhall: a most delicious night. Rogers told me of Burke taking a tour on foot with his brother, and when they came to two branching roads, Burke held up his stick to decide which they should take. The stick said Bath. Burke went there and was married.

13th. Breakfasted at our new club, the Athenæum. Called on Mrs. Montgomerie, who had written to the Cottage to say she had a parcel from Lucy for me. Her account of poor Lucy very disheartening: told me, and cried while she said so, that there was little hope of her getting through the autumn. Lucy's own account, however, is much more cheering, and this I will try to believe. Gave me a little memorandum book, which L. sent by her for me. Walked about with Woolriche. Asked by Bennet to dine with him; but dined with Rogers and his sister. Thence to the Opera, Lord Lansdowne having given me a ticket. Sat quietly, for a wonder, at the front of the pit, and heard almost the whole of the "*Donna del Lago*;" Ronzi charming. In looking over Rogers's "*Common-place Book*" with him this evening, found some highly curious records of his conversations with eminent men, particularly Fox, Grattan, and the Duke of Wellington. Grattan thought that Mr. Fox's best speeches were during the American war; his best time about 1779. Quoted several fine passages from Lord Chat-

ham. "I care not from whence the wind comes," &c. &c. (which I must procure from R.), and the passage about the intention of the Americans to resist, "I am pleased to hear," which Grattan thought surpassed anything in Demosthenes, "Mr. Pitt," said Grattan, "is a discreet man; he is right nine times for once that Mr. Fox is right, but that once of Mr. Fox is worth all the other nine times of Mr. Pitt." * * *

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Leicester Stanhope. Much talk about Lord Byron, of whom Stanhope saw a good deal at Missolonghi. Byron entirely guided in his views by Mavrocordato; "a mere puppet in his hands;" Mavrocordato always teasing him for money, till Byron hated the very sight of him. The story of Byron's giving four thousand pounds to raise the siege of Missolonghi not true. A little money goes an immense way in Greece. A hundred pounds might sometimes be the means of keeping a fleet or army together. Mavrocordato appointed B. to command the army of western Greece. Stanhope thought this appointment of a stranger injurious to the dignity of the Greek nation, and told B. so, which annoyed him. S. expressed the same to some members of the Greek government, who said it was done by Mavrocordato, without consulting them. In the passage from Cephalonia, the ship, aboard which were Count Gambia, Byron's servants, packages, &c. &c., was taken and carried into a Turkish port; but, by some management, got off again. Byron himself, next morning, at break of day, got close in with a Turkish frigate, which, however, took his small vessel for a fire-ship and sheered off. B. gave but little money. After his severe attack, when he was lying nervous and reduced in bed, insurrection took place among the Sulists, who would frequently rush into his bedroom to make their remonstrances. Byron would not have them shut out, but always listened to them with much good nature; very gallant this. Asked Stanhope as to his courage, which I have sometimes heard the depreciating gossips of society throw a doubt upon; and not long ago, indeed, was told of Lord Bathurst's saying, when somebody expressed an apprehension for Lord Byron's safety in Greece, "Oh, never fear, he will not expose himself to much danger." Stanhope

said, on the contrary, he was always for rushing into danger; would propose one day to go in a fire-ship; another time, to storm Lepanto; would however, laugh at all this himself afterwards, and say he wished that — (some one, I don't know whom, that was expected to take a command) would come and supersede him. Stanhope had several stormy conversations with him on business. In one of them Byron threatened to write a pasquinade against him; and Stanhope begged him to do so, and he would give him a hundred pounds for the copyright. Said it was an extraordinary scene when the leeches had bit the temporal artery in his first attack; the two physicians squabbling over him, and he, weak as he was, joking at their expense. Capt. Parry was his favourite *butt* at Missolonghi. Went from Rogers to call on Charles Sheridan; mentioned to him the objections of the Longmans to the speech being given out of my hands; said he had promised Lord Fitzwilliam, and would rather break the agreement with the Longmans than fail in his word to him; told me, however, I might delay giving the MS. a little longer, as Lord F. was told it could not be had, till I was quite done with it. Went off at two o'clock to the Chapter Coffee House, where Rees had got me a private room for the purpose of looking through the old pamphlets in search of something about Sheridan. Stayed there till five, but got very little. Dined at Longmans': company, Archer (bookseller from Dublin), Abbot (the actor), Oldham (from the Bank of Ireland), &c. &c. Oldham told some good Irish stories. Had fixed to go with Mrs. Story to Vauxhall, but a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, and lightning put it out of the question.

15th. Breakfasted with Newton, and sat to him. Called upon Lady Lansdowne, who asked me to dine quietly with them, but was engaged to Rogers. Called, and sat some time with Lady Jersey, who also wished me to dine with her to meet Lord Grey; found Agar Ellis there who offered me a ticket for Garcia's benefit in the evening, if I would call for it at his house. Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Kenny, and Leslie, the painter. Expected that Irving who arrived to-day, would be of the party, but he dined with W. Spencer. Kenny brought to R.'s a copy of a letter from Trelawny, in which there is such a curious ac-

count of Lord Byron's conversation with him about his courage. Went to the Opera; sat in Mrs. A. Ellis's box, and Lady Jersey's. Lord W. Russell in the latter, who talked about Woolriche, and praised him. The opera "Semiramide:" first time in England, and very imperfectly performed. Interesting to see Rossini himself presiding in the orchestra, and his anxious looks at the choruses, &c. &c.

16th. Breakfasted at Holland House. Asked Lord Holland several questions about Burke suggested to me by reading Prior's "Life of Burke" on my way to town. Burke very anxious (Lord H. says) for the Coalition. The fifty-four articles of Impeachment against Fox were written by Burke *before* the separation. In his "History of the English Colonies," Burke suggested (Lord H. thinks) American taxation. Burke always a jobber. Advised me in giving Sheridan's character, to take into account the much looser notions of conduct that existed in his times; a strictness at the present day, of which they had not then any idea. The laxity of principle in the higher classes pervaded all Europe, and might be traced to the dissolute Court of the Regent. The consequence was, the people lost their respect for the higher classes in France. Acknowledged that in England, George III., by the decency of his private life, and Mr. Pitt ("though a drunkard") by his freedom from the more glaring irregularities of high life, kept up the tone of moral conduct, and that so far Pitt did more service to England than Mr. Fox (though so much more amiable) could ever have done, because the example of the latter rather tended in the other direction. Mr. Fox was never a member of the Friends of the People; never a Reformer, in the sense of those who think the people have a right to change the representation. When he was for reform in 1797, "meant really Revolution," because he thought that a Revolution of another kind was coming on, and preferred, of the two, a *popular* one. His speeches at the time prove this. Has papers, which if well grounded, go to prove that the breach with Burke had such an effect on Mr. Fox, that but for party ties, he would at that time have left Parliament altogether; the breach, if not brought about, considerably widened and embittered, by Sheridan, Grey, &c. Sat with Lady Holland some time in her own room. Joined by Lord H. and talked of Lord

Byron. B. shocked by Lady H.'s calling her son Henry "hoppy-kicky;" &c. His fancy and liking for persons who had this deformity; mentioned that Stanhope told me of his having taken into favour some Count in Greece who was thus deformed. Lord H. related the circumstances of his speaking to Byron about the attack upon Lord Carlisle. Byron's horror when he mentioned the personality of the line*, &c. which had never occurred to him before; left him resolved to make an *amende* for it, and (as Lord Holland supposes) in the dedication of the "Corsair" to me, which he was just then about to write. But the very next day came out the attack upon Byron in the "Courier," which totally changed his conduct as he might be supposed (he feared) to have been bullied into the reparation of this abuse. Lord Holland's remark on the singularity of all the best writers of Comedy having written their plays so early in life. This would prove that liveliness of fancy is more necessary for the task than knowledge of the world. Left them to meet Kenny by appointment. Lord Holland, by the by, having told me that when I came, in my "Life of Sheridan," to the period of the Whig Administration, he would (if I pleased) look over what I said on the subject, not for the purpose of communicating anything to me, which he could hardly do, but in order to prevent me from falling into error. Fixed with Kenny to meet Mrs. Shelley at breakfast, with him to-morrow. Called upon Peter Moore but ineffectually. Dined at Miss White's; company, Stratford Canning, Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, Lady C. Lindsay, Mrs. Tighe, and her sons; agreeable enough. A good deal of talk about Burke. Hallam mentioned *five* speeches of his, among which the choice was bewildered. Newton, Irving, and others in the evening. Sung to as ugly a group of old damsels (with the exception of Lady Listowel) as ever were brought together. Irving said that I ought always, on such occasions, cry "Send out for some girls, and I'll sing for you."

17th. With Kenny a little after ten. Mrs. Shelley very gentle and feminine. Spoke a good deal of Byron; his treatment of Leigh Hunt, by her account not very good. Made

* Alluding to a line on Lord Carlisle in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—Ed.

some remarks upon him in a letter to Murray, which reached Hunt's ears, and produced an expostulation from him to Byron on the subject; B.'s answer aristocratical and evasive. Asked her whom she thought this person could be, whom Sir Egerton Brydges had announced to the Longmans as about to bring out a sort of Boswell diary of Byron's Conversations, having lived much with him, and noted down all he had said. Supposed it must be a Mr. Barry, a partner in the bank at Genoa, with whom Byron used to sit up, drinking brandy and water, and tell him everything; did not think it could be Captain Medwin. The Guiccioli refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think). Spoke of the story of a girl in the Giaour. Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent on his account the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the sack. Must inquire of Lord Sligo about this, as B. once showed me a letter of his upon the subject. Sung to Mrs. Shelley and Miss Holerof, who was with Kenny. All walked together to Newton's, where we found Irving. Had despatched in the morning a note to Edward Moore to know whether I might ask Irving, Newton, and Kenny to dine with him to-day; answer, to say I might. Walked about with Irving; called at Power's, &c. &c. Wrote to Mrs. Story to say we should all sup with her to-night. Dinner at Moore's (Fitzroy Stanhope making the sixth) very agreeable; the supper too much after it. Kenny mentioned to-day Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him such a "charming man!" &c. &c. ending with "I know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but d—n him at a hazard." Rogers yesterday, as an instance of broken metaphors, quoted a line of Croker's in his "Talavéra," "a column of the flower of France."

18th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Peter Moore, and found him at last. Told me a good deal about Sheridan, some of which I have noted in my memorandum books. Gave me the printed reports relative to Drury Lane, and told me that Burgess has all the deeds of that property from the beginning. Must apply to him. Mentioned the art with

which S. got possession of his friend Ironmonger's house at Leatherhead, advising him to go to France, and he would take house, furniture, &c. &c. off his hands for five years. Ironmonger obliged to come home on account of Bonaparte's *sortie* from Elba, and had great difficulty in getting possession of his house again. Sheridan, he says, raised 30,000*l.* by new shares. When S., after the theatre was in Whitbread's hands, went down to Stafford, they told him that if he could manage to raise 2500*l.* it would secure his election; S. drew upon Whitbread for the sum, but it was refused. S. paid his way at Stafford most punctually, and I forget how much Moore said it had cost him; must ask again. Took a hackney coach and went off to Paddington, in consequence of a note from Miss R. Walked about the garden with her for an hour. Waited on Paddington Green for Mrs. Story, who had promised to meet me in her carriage there; and then walked into town. Called at Power's. Newton and Irving came to my lodgings between five and six; and all went off together to dine at Lord Listowel's; rather a dull party.

19th. Off at a quarter before seven for home. Found all well on my return, and Mrs. Branigan still with Bessy, but Anastasia gone back to school. Forgot, by the by, to copy down from my pocket-book some things Rogers told me of Sheridan. S. said to him *twice* that every sentence in the "Stranger," as it is acted, was written by him. Can this be true? R. saw Sheridan's pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," the first act of which was very good; Grimaldi, as "Friday," excellent. Sheridan annoyed at school by being called a player boy and an actor. Said he never saw Garrick on the stage; never saw a play all through. Garrick played against the "Duenna," and some actor said, "The old woman will break the heart of the old man." Mr. Fox thought that Tom Sheridan ought to have accepted the Registrarship, but some of the violent of the party (Lady R. Spencer, R. thinks, among others) advised the rejection of it. On some one asking S., after the Westminster Hall Speech, "Why he had mentioned the 'luminous page of Gibbon,'" he replied, with a wink, "I said voluminous." Hobhouse, at Byron's funeral, told me that he looked at the corpse at Hanson's desire, who thought it

necessary some one beside himself should see it, and that there was hardly a trace of identity left. Could hardly believe it was he; the mustachios, the puffy face, the shaggy eyebrows, &c. The brains weighed a third or fourth more than is usual.

20th to 26th. Set to work at Sheridan. Lord Lansdowne called on me this week (the 22nd I believe), and I walked part of the way home with him. Told me that before he left town he had a long statement and a heap of papers from Wilmot Horton on the subject of the money, still insisting that I had no right to pay the money, and that I ought to receive it back again. "I am afraid you will be angry with me (said Lord Lansdowne), but I gave it as my opinion that you *ought* to receive the money." On inquiring the new points in their statements which decided him for this opinion, I found that they had dwelt a good deal upon Murray's protest against being paid the money, and that Lord L. in his answer told them he should have been a good deal embarrassed in coming to the conclusion he did if there had been anything like a *free* acceptance of the money on Murray's part, as that would have been, so far, an acknowledgment of the right of property in me, on the total absence of which they furnished their argument for my taking back the money from him. On my mentioning *now*, however, to Lord L. that Murray (after a not very strong protest) not only took the money himself, but ordered his clerk to bring the account of interest, &c. &c., and furnished me with the materials for drawing on Rogers for the amount; not only this, but that he sent the draft to Rogers the next morning, in due course, for payment, Lord L. acknowledged that these circumstances materially changed the ground on which he gave his opinion, and said that he should lose no time in writing an explanatory letter to say so. Asked me to dine next Tuesday to meet Dumont. Sent to Power this week the poetry for two songs; one, "Array thee, love, array thee!" and the other, "As once a Grecian maiden wove."

27th. Dined at Bowood: company, Dumont, Lord and Lady King, Hickson and Mahony (both from Ireland). It was mentioned that the Bishop of Limerick, in his late tedious speech, had his notes written on cards, and the Chancellor said to Lord L., "I have always

hated cards, but never saw a pack I took such an aversion to as that." They thought the Bishop never would have done, and when he *did* stop, Lord King cried out distinctly "bravo!" Dumont, in talking of poetry, said, quoting from some one, *La difficulté, c'est la dixième Muse*. I mentioned some verses in which this is illustrated by the *jet-d'eau*, which is made stronger and higher by pressure. He remembered the verses, and repeated them. Came home at night.

28th to Aug. 2nd. Working at Sheridan. Lady Lansdowne called one of these days, and asked us to dine next Tuesday to meet the Hollands, who came on Monday. Bessy had gone to Bowles's to hear some music from the Moravians. Had a letter from John Scully, informing me that the author of "Rock Detected" is the Rev. Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, so that I guessed right. Expressed great admiration of "Captain Rock," which he says will do more for the fame of its author and the good of Ireland than any book that ever was published.

3rd. Bessy and I dined at Bowood; she not a little alarmed at the encounter with Lady Holland, who, however, was all graciousness to her. Some ludicrous verses quoted at dinner; among others the following by Rogers on Theophilus:—

When I'm drinking my tea
I think of my *The*,
When I'm drinking my coffee
I think of my Office;
So, whether I'm drinking my tea or my coffee,
I'm always a thinking of thee, my Theoffy.

Lord H. mentioned some one being defied to find a rhyme for Carysfort; and writing—

I'm writing a note to my uncle Carysfort,
He has got the gout, and is gone to Paris for 't.

In talking of people who prepared their conversation, Lord Lansdowne mentioned a Frenchman who once dined at his father's, and who, taking him aside when they stood up from dinner, said, "There are one or two things which I had prepared to say to-day; but as there was not time or opportunity to bring them in, I will, if you will allow me, tell them now to you." In the evening talked with Lord Holland about Sheridan. Burke, though very magnanimous in forwarding Mr. Fox when he appeared in the arena of politics, did not feel the same to Sheridan, but regarded

him with great jealousy. There are proofs, Lord H. says, that Burke, after leaving office upon Rockingham's death, was negotiating for a sinecure place with Lord J. Cavendish, who stayed in some time after him for the transaction of business; the proof of this is in the unpublished "Memoirs of Walpole," which Lord H. has in his possession. Sheridan's strong wish to make his power felt in politics grew still stronger in his latter days from vanity and disappointment. Lord H. knows of no regular application from S. to see Mr. Fox when he was dying; never heard of his refusing to see him; though, at the same time, is sure that he would not have liked it. Thinks Sheridan was slow in argument; did not all at once see your drift. Looked over the new etchings to the story of "Fridolin" with Bessy, while Lady Holland explained the story. Came away before ten, promising to go to luncheon to-morrow.

4th. Went to Bowood at two; met by Rogers halfway. Sat with Lady Holland, Rogers, and Allen in the garden talking. Offered Lady H. our little pony-chaise for to-morrow. Went with Lady Lansdowne and Mary Fox into the garden to eat strawberries. Lady H. and Rogers anxious that I should stay dinner, but, though having a general invitation, did not like to do so without a special one. Stayed till five o'clock, when Lady L. very kindly pressed me to stay, and ordered Rogers not to let me go; but I felt somehow as if I had forced the invitation from her by staying so late, and thought it better to come away. Found Bessy at Phipps's waiting for me, and the Phippses just sitting down to dinner. Joined them at it, and returned home early. Lady Holland, to-day, spoke highly of Bessy's beauty.

5th. Drove in the gig to breakfast at Bowood. Talked with Lord H. and R. afterwards about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.'s father said, "Talk of the merit of Dick's comedy! There's nothing in it. He had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd find there the characters of both Joseph and Charles." Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that "he even permitted himself to say," &c. &c. Must say something kind of Tom Sheri-

dan; his case a hard one; brought up amid all the splendour attached to his father's name, and the extravagance of his mode of living; left without education or example, yet turning out so amiable. Lord H. mentioned a letter from the Prince to the King, after the first Regency question, exculpating himself; has a copy; does not think it has been printed. At the time of Mr. Fox's assertion about the Prince's marriage with Mrs. F., the Prince wanted Grey to contradict it, but Grey refused; upon which the Prince said "Then I must get Sheridan to say something." The Prince *did* authorize Mr. Fox to contradict the marriage, though he afterwards denied it. Lord H. saw a letter from Monkton in answer to an appeal S. made to him, and saying, that so far was S. from being under any pecuniary obligation to him (Monkton), that if the balance was fairly struck, it would prove to be rather the other way. His pride on being told by some physician that he had a very large heart. The Prince's reason for not going near Sheridan latterly was, that he feared his influence over him. The Prince, when the King last went mad, kept aloof from the Whigs, which Lord H. now thinks he was right in, though they all thought differently then. Never saw even S., though S. wished to have it supposed he did. S. latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at an hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row. "They talk (says S. one day to Lord H.) of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake; they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant." Proposed to Lord Lansdowne to stay dinner, and he said he expected I would. When I told Lady Holland why I did not stay yesterday, she said, I guessed it was so; England is the only country where such things could happen." Walked with Dumont and Rogers. D. mentioned Piron's reply to Voltaire, on his boasting that he did not hiss his tragedy, *Quand on baille, on ne siffle pas*. Rogers quoted Lord Chatham's saying, on some motion which he made and in which nobody seconded him, "My lords, I stand alone;

my lords, I stand like our first parent, naked but not ashamed." Name of a novel, "Delia, by the author of Julia." It was at Osterley, the parish (?) where Child lived, and where Sheridan had a house, that he wrote the sermon for O'Beirne to preach; poor O'Beirne throwing his voice most pointedly into Child's pew. Child had been harsh in punishing some poor person for making free with a few vegetables; and the text (R. says, though this differs from O'Beirne's own account to me) was "It is easier for a camel," &c. &c. A storm coming on before dinner, Lady L. begged I would send home to say I should sleep at Bowood; I did so. Our pony chaise used to-day by Lady Holland in going over the pleasure-grounds; the set-out excellent; the poor pony led slowly along, with Allen walking on one side of the procession and Dumont on the other.

6th. After breakfast had again some conversation with Lord H. about Sheridan. S.'s comparison of Lord Sidmouth's administration to Theseus, taken from a letter of Gilbert Wakefield to Mr. Fox. Looked for "Wakefield's Letters" in the library, and after a long search found it. The letter in which this was is evidently omitted, but Mr. Fox, in his answer, alludes to it; and Lord H. clearly recollects having seen it, and heard his uncle read it. Told me a good deal about Sheridan's conduct in the first negotiations with Lords Grey and Grenville for coming into power after the Regency; their remonstrance, and Sheridan's representations to the Regent upon it; all of which I have written down in one of my memorandum books. Also a whole account of Canning's early connection with Sheridan, which I have written down in the same book. Lord H. mentioned a translation which he had just made of a Greek epigram, but did not recollect nor know where to find the original. It struck me I had quoted it in the notes on Anacreon, and that it was written by some poet whose name began with an A. Looked through the index of the Anthologia, but could not find it. Walked home at two, and Rogers accompanied me to the cottage; looked over Bessy's books, kissed the children, and was very amiable.

7th. Interrupted by visitors all the morning; Bowles, with Archdeacon Nares, Nugent, &c. &c. What *am* I to do?

8th and 9th. Contrived to send off yesterday two songs to Power; one with music of my own, "When the Balaika;" and the other words for Bishop to set, "I come from a land in the sun-bright deep."

10th. Worked at Sheridan a little. Lords Holland, Lansdowne, and Belgrave, called near our dinner-time; was denied to them. Lord H. left word that he meant to leave Bowood to-morrow morning.

11th. Drove over to Bowood at ten in the morning. Told Lord H. that the verses I meant were those by Ariphron, Ὑγίεια, περισβυτα μακαρον. Saw the Hollands off before twelve. Talked with Rogers and Lord John (who arrived on Sunday last); talked of Chatham. Rogers quoted what he said when commenting on a speech of the king's, which was known to be the joint composition of Lord Holland and Lord Mansfield; * "Here rolls the Rhone, black, turbid, and rapid; while here steals the Saône, whispering, with flowers on its banks." People used to repeat these beautiful things that Lord C. had said as they walked up Parliament Street. Pitt's style very unlike; more suited to business. Courtney said of Pitt's speeches, that "they were like Lycurgus's money, that did not pass out of Sparta;" this very pretty, but not true, as Pitt's speeches *did* tell through the country. Lord John proposed to me to go to Longleat, when he and the Durazzos go there from Bowood; shall do so if I do not go to the Salisbury music meeting. Rogers sets off to-morrow for town.

12th. After writing a few sentences of Sheridan, set off to dine at Bowood, Bessy leaving me there, in her way to Buckhill. Company, Lord Belgrave and Lady Elizabeth, Lord John, and the Durazzos. Lord L. told me in the evening that old Sheridan once gave a very bad character of Richard Brinsley to his father Lord Shelburne; said he was a person not to be trusted. Lord S. met old Sheridan out riding when he had this conversation with him; and it happened on the very day of the dismissal of Lord North's administration; Lord S. finding on his return home, the message relative to the formation of a new one. Talked with him of the opinions of Fox

* More properly, I believe, Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) and the Duke of Newcastle.—Ed.

on the Regency; Pitt's evident exultation when Fox committed himself in his first speech on that subject; slapped his thigh in triumph, and said to some near him (from whom Lord L., as well as I could understand, heard it), "I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life." Sung a good deal; tried over some Italian things with Madame Durazzo. Slept there.

13th. At breakfast, Madame Durazzo, in talking of poor Miss Bathurst (who was drowned at Rome), mentioned that Talleyrand in reading an account of it (in which it was said that her uncle plunged in after her, and that M. Laval was in the greatest grief), said, *M. de Laval aussi s'est plongé, mais dans la plus profonde douleur.* Walked home, the Lansdownes having made it a point that I should return to dinner. Bowles came about our lodgings for Salisbury Music Meeting; but Bessy has given up her desire to go. Walked back in the rain to Bowood; the same party as yesterday. Singing in the evening. Slept there. Went after breakfast, with the ladies, on the roof of the house, to see the prospect; visited, too, all the belhooms. Lady E. Belgrave having expressed a wish for a verse of "Oh, come to me, when daylight sets," written out by myself, did it for her. Lord John told me that Crabbe (who was here the beginning of the week, and whom I had but a glimpse of) said that I was "a great poet when I liked." My pony carriage arrived to take Lord John and me to the christening of our little Russell, which he had fixed for to-day; after the ceremony, Lord John lunched with us. Showed him some parts of my Sheridan work, which he seemed to like. Told me he had heard from Dudley North (one of the managers of Hastings' trial), that when the managers used to retire to take any doubtful point into consideration, Burke used to say, "Now let us defer to the superior wisdom of Mr. Fox." Drove Lord John back to Bowood, and returned to dinner. Mentioned what Brougham said lately, in allusion to the adoption by the Ministers of all the Whig measures, "The fact is, *we* are in power, and *they* are in place." Had some people, Hughes, Phipps, &c. to tea and supper; sung for them; a Miss Miller, too, sung some French songs very sweetly. The Lansdownes have invited Bessy to dine to-morrow, but she does not

seem inclined to it; "Tell her," Lord L. said to-day, "we have nothing to offer her but a haunch of venison, and Lord John."

14th. Sent an excuse to Bowood. Worked at Sheridan.

15th. Lord John and the Durazzos called in their way to Longleat. Madame Durazzo full of amiable praises of every thing she saw; the children, library, &c. &c. Wanted to take me out with them, but I promised to join them on Thursday. Walked with Bessy in the evening.

16th. Writing away. Luttrell and his sister, Mrs. Scott, called; had invited them and Nugent to come to dine to-morrow, but they go to Longleat. Received a very amusing letter from Washington Irving.

17th. Writing a little. Began a song for Power on a subject from "Valerius Flaccus;" the transformation of Cæa into an island.

19th. Set off in my pony carriage to go to Longleat; arrived at Warminster about three; lunched, and left that in a chaise for Longleat. Approach to the house by this road very magnificent. Found Crabbe just going out to walk, when I arrived; joined him; the gardens about the house beautiful. Company at dinner; the Durazzos, Lord John, Lady Clarendon, Luttrell, and Nugent, Miss Copley, Lascelles and Lady Louisa, and the Belgraves. Rather stiff and formal during dinner; the silence of the master of the house, and the largeness of the company naturally producing this effect. Crabbe told me of his visit to Walter Scott while the King was in Edinburgh; the King drinking a glass of wine with Scott to the health of the Ladies of Edinburgh, on being presented by him with some offering from them; Scott's begging of the King to allow him to have the glass as a memorial; and his letting it fall and break to pieces just as he reached his own door with it. Crabbe said this seemed to be a prognostic of the disfavour which he fell into with the King, who did not appear to like his pushing himself forward so officiously. Talking in the evening with Luttrell on some peculiar phrases of the Scotch; they say a man is married *upon* such a one. Sung, Lady Louisa joining me in some things; and so did Lord Belgrave. The first appearance of formality vanished, and all very agreeable. Lady Bath cried at "Oft in the stilly night," and was obliged to leave the room;

told me afterwards it was because this song had been frequently sung to her by her sister, Mrs. Seymour, who is not expected to live long.

20th. After breakfast walked through the grounds with Lord John and Madame Durazzo; she very agreeable. Lord J. mentioned what Voltaire said in his answer to an address presented to him by the College of some little town which called itself *fille de l' Université de Paris*. "I have no doubt of it," said Voltaire, "and certainly a *fille très sage, qui n'a fait jamais parler d'elle*." Lord John reminded me of the circumstance mentioned by Lord Byron in his "Memoirs," of his receiving a letter from some young girl, dying in a consumption, who said she could not go out of the world, without thanking him for all the pleasure his works had given her," &c. &c. Talking of mistakes made by private actors: "I wouldn't give *that* for you (snapping his fingers)," being all spoken, stage directions and all, in the same manner. The old Lord Lansdowne, in some private plays, always said, "I'll spoil your intrigue (aside);" pronouncing intrigue, too, as three syllables. I mentioned the actor who could never be got to say, "stand by and let the coffin pass," but instead of it, always said, "stand by, and let the parson cough." Had music again in the evening; Lady Louisa sung "Dost thou remember;" with me, very sweetly. Lady Bath mentioned the ridiculous anecdote Madame de Genlis tells of her losing her way between London and Dartford; and promised to look for the book it is in to show it to me. Looked over with Lord John Russell, to-day, some of the proof-sheets of his new work.

21st. After breakfast prepared to set out with M. and Madame Durazzo to see Fonthill, and attend mass at Wardour to-morrow. Lord John stays in the meantime at Longleat and will meet us on our way back to Bowood at Warminster, on Monday. Lady Bath produced Madame Genlis's book; and on my asking her for the loan of it, begged me to keep it entirely. It is evident, I think, from her account of her nocturnal wanderings, and the proceedings that followed, that it was all a concocted trick of Sheridan's to keep her some time longer in England. Set off between one and two; arrived about four at Hindon. Despatched the letter we had from Lord Lans-

downe to Lord Arundell, accompanied by one from myself, asking the hour of mass to-morrow. Set off for Fonthill; and to make sure of our admission there, drove first to Bennet's. No one at home but Anna, who represented her father's hospitality most worthily; asked me where we meant to sleep, and on my saying at Hindon (though she knew neither who nor how many were the party), exclaimed, "That is impossible; papa and mamma will be home from Salisbury in an hour or two, and you must all come here." Despatched a man and horse, bearing a note to Captain Philipps (the agent of Farquhar), in consequence of which he attended us, and showed us marked civility. Durazzo's astonishment at the oddity of Fonthill, exclaiming at every step, *Je ne conçois pas. Un homme doit avoir le diable au corps pour bâtir une maison comme ça*. Returned to the inn at seven; a good plain dinner. Durazzo went soon to bed, and left me with Madame, who was very agreeable. Gave me a whole account of the delirium which followed a typhus fever she had some years since; and which lasted so long after the fever, that it was thought her mind was gone. Her idea all the while was that angels were inviting and opening heaven to her; while the restraints under which she was kept prevented her from enjoying that happiness. Music the only thing that did her good; used to cry when she heard it; sung airs of her own during the time, to words of Metastasio and Shakspeare that she had in her memory. Notes from Lady Arundell, who had just returned from the music meeting, offering us accommodation at Wardour, and saying that mass would be at half-past ten in the morning.

22nd. Set off for Wardour after breakfast. Received very kindly by the Arundells. Bowles there, having come over from Salisbury; attended mass with us, which Durazzo could not understand. Bowles, himself, said to me, as we knelt together, "Only think of my being on my knees beside 'Captain Rock' at mass." The singing, to a fine organ, very good, Lady Arundell herself joining in it. Bowles remarked the effect of the light falling on her face as she sung. A most barbarous explication of the Gospel given by the priest; entering into particulars about the personal appearance and manners of Christ; almost said as much as that he was very gentlemanlike; and

read the whole of the old spurious letter to prove that, though some represented him as despicable in his appearance, he was very good looking. Went to see the old castle, and started at half-past two, Madame Durazzo in very beautiful alarm and despair at the idea of arriving so late at Bowood. Took up Lord John at Warminster, where he had been waiting long enough to read the whole "Dunciad" through. Wished me to go on to Bowood with them; but as I passed my own door, thought it better to stop there; found the Phippses, and dined off cold meat. Have written at intervals during these few days past three or four verses about Gēa.

23rd. Had a note from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to take a parting dinner with the Durazzos and Lord John to-morrow; promised to go. Luttrell and Nugent called in passing by, on their way from Longleat.

24th. Sent Power the song I had written. Walked over to Bowood: company, the Hopes, Durazzos, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Lady Lansdowne had ordered Ascoli's duets, and made Mad. Durazzo and I try several of them over together. Sung also my own national duets, "Come to me when daylight sets," and "Dost thou remember?" Intended to return home to-night, and William had come for me with the lantern; but they pressed me so much to stay and see Lord John off in the morning, that I could not refuse. William told me that the pony had kicked this evening with Mrs. Phipps, and broken the little carriage; so there is an end of poor Bessy's driving, as I cannot now in conscience ask her to venture again. Lord Lansdowne asked me to show him Irving's letter, Luttrell and Lord John having told him how clever and lively it was.

25th. Lord John and the Durazzos off, after breakfast, to Middleton. Luttrell anxious for me to go to Lord Bathurst's next week, Seymour Bathurst having begged him, before he left Longleat, to try and persuade me to it. Should like to go, if it were only for the fun of the thing, *de m'y roir*, as the Doge said. Luttrell walked home with me. Called at Phipps's on our way to see the pony carriage, which was still there, Mrs. P. doubting whether I should wish to have the circumstance known to Bessy; thought it better, however, that she should be told. Sent off an

invitation to Luttrell's sister, Mrs. Scott, and her husband, to meet L. and Nugent at dinner with us on Friday. William, our servant, ill, from the fright of the pony kicking last night. On my saying that I thought the strong beer at Bowood might have something to do with it, Luttrell said, "Yes, he's *aleing*, I suppose." Saw him back a good part of the way.

26th. Worked away a little at Sheridan.

27th. Luttrell, Nugent, Mrs. Scott, and Luttrell's son came to dinner; Mr. Scott himself being engaged. Luttrell had put his joke about "*aleing*" into verse:—

Come, come, for trifles never stick,
Most servants have a failing;
Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,
But mine are *always aleing*.

Our dinner very ill drest, which was rather provoking, as Luttrell is particular about the *cuisine*; it had no effect, however, either on his wit or good humour, for he was highly agreeable. Remarkd many unaccountable things in Ireland: plenty of plovers, but no plovers' eggs; chaises in abundance, but no return ones, &c. &c. The Lansdownes' carriage brought Luttrell and Nugent to dinner, but they walked home, with the assistance of my lantern.

28th. Wrote before I got out of bed, a parody on Horace's *Sic te Dica potens Cypri*, addressed to the *lantern* that I lent Luttrell last night:—

So may the Cyprian queen above,
The mother of that link-boy Love;
So may each star in Heaven's dome,—
Those *patent Sinehursts* of astronomy,—
That light poor rural dinners home,
After a dose of bad gastronomy;
So may each winter wind that blows
O'er down or upland, steep or level,
And most particularly those
That blow round corners like the devil;
Respect thee, oh! thou lantern bright,
By which, for want of chaise and Houhwyynn,
I trust my Luttrell home to-night!
With half a poet's larder in him.²

That bard had brow of brass, I own³,
Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,
To ask fine gentlemen from town
To come and eat a d—d bad dinner;

¹ Navis, quæ tibi ereditum
Debes Virgilium—

² Et serves animæ dimidium mese.

³ Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat.







